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The scene opens fixated on a sign which presents the street corners of 8th Ave and 113th Street. There is a clear chill in the area as the camera rotates 360 degrees to show the goings on. Cars litter the streets and drive manically in all directions; narrowly avoiding collisions against one another. Several pedestrians fill sidewalks and are accompanied by steaming bags of what appears to be piping hot food. Each bag is marked with the name “Big Daddy's”, and the camera continues its slow pan of the region. Just then, movement strikes the perspective as the cameraperson begins to proceed in a forwards motion. It looks up; showing a brightly neon colored sign marked “Big Daddy's”. A hand reaches out for the glass door in front of it and enters the building.

Steam fills the lens and requires wiping with a light microfiber cloth. After dispersing from sight, the camera reveals a steady flow of African-American men crowded around a cramped buffet table. They hastily grab piles of flatbread and accompaniments from the clearly hot warming table below. As the camera continues forward, the operator momentarily trips through the meandering pile of unkempt bar stools and chairs. A voice from behind the camera yells towards a muscular ebony man behind the bar area.

“Where's Big Daddy?”

The man does not respond to his plea but instead points around the corner. The operator continues forward and passes a table filled with teapots and coffee presses from which a small sample of African-American women graciously accept offerings. Turning a corner, the camera reveals Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds sat at opposite ends of a table. At the head of the table is a large, dark skinned man. He is the figure which was seen bringing peace to an otherwise hostile situation at the ShowDown! event in the past. Unlike last time, however, he is dressed in more casual attire to include a loose black t-shirt covered by varying splashes of red, yellow, and green. He stands for a moment to dust fragments of bread from his blue jeans and retakes his seated position. He speaks.

“Step forward. Welcome to Harlem, and welcome to Big Daddy's Ethiopian cuisine. What brings you here this evening?”

The camera comes to a rest upon what could perhaps be a tripod or a similar seated position from its operator. Now clearly centering the monstrous man at the head of the table, a voice comes out from behind the camera.

“Big Daddy V; tonight is the night of your debut in Ultra Pro Wrestling. We're currently running a show from Summerville, Georgia. What exactly are you doing over driving 800 miles away?”

Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds both shake their heads in disagreement. They take a moment to sip from their white porcelain coffee cups while Big Daddy V flashes a smile on his face. Seemingly going on a tangent, Big Daddy V gains the attention of a nearby waiter and shouts.

BDV: Tibs!

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A nearby waiter sprawls to the kitchen area and is quick to return with a platter of meat fragments lightly stewed in a fiery red sauce. He speedily collects a piece of flatbread from the buffet area and presents it before Big Daddy V. Big Daddy V nods in appreciation and allows the servant to exit the scene. Reaching forward to adjust the plate as an offering to the camera scene, he continues to speak.

BDV: Please, help yourself. Food is aplenty and you will find our traditional house roast coffee at the table behind you.

“But sir, you haven't answered my question. Why are you not in Summerville, Georgia?”

Big Daddy V reaches forward and removes a fragment of flatbread from the plate offered to the camera operator. He is careful to avoid the swimming red concoction as he studies the object in between his protruding index finger and thumb. Placing it in his mouth, he continues to speak whilst chewing.

BDV: Meet my Associates. In the world of professional wrestling I have often been regarded as far too dangerous to compete; I even lost employment from a high status promotion. Upon signing with Ultra Pro Wrestling, I made it clear to our President Scott Knudson that I would only compete under duress. He willingly agreed to sign a man of my abilities and I went about my most recent business venture; the building you're sat in right now. As you can see, someone of my physical stature is geared to restaurant operation and my skills are geared towards my fellow man in Harlem. My Associates, Brother Boss Man and Brother Reynolds, do my bidding. I feel no need to soil my hands with the blood and sweat of competition, no.

“But sir, if you were successful in the tournament you would meet Muhammad Hassan for a chance to become World Heavyweight Champion!”

BDV: Just what is a champion, brother? I feel a great wealth looking out upon my success in humble servitude to my community; my family. I will become Ultra Pro Wrestling's World Heavyweight champion in time. Now is not the time. Unfortunately, my Associates were not successful in my bidding but I do not hold them accountable. As with any brotherhood there may be rifts between their bond. Our former event was testament to that, and I have forgiven them of their transgressions against one another.

“So will you be in Summerville, Georgia this evening?”

BDV: Try my special recipe tibs. The cut of beef is fresh from the cattle.

Reaching forward, a left hand rips the flatbread and liberally moves it throughout the red sauce. Big Daddy V smiles as the bread disappears from the scene to a strong huff from behind the camera. A strong choking sound ensues as Big Daddy V, Big Boss Man, and Jack Reynolds rise to their feet. Reynolds is first to remove his orange “Royal Mail” overcoat and throws it to the wall behind Big Daddy V. Big Daddy V's proclaimed “Associates” step forward to the center of the camera as its

operator tumbles to the floor below.</i> <p> Continue (Part 3/20)</a href> <p>
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<i>A flagrant choke fills the scene as Big Boss Man and Jack Reynolds step into the view. The camera now points to the ceiling above as Boss Man reaches down; taking the camera from the grasp of the operator. He sets it down on the nearby coffee table and points it in clear view of a suffering lean, white male. Accepting a cue of readiness from Boss Man, Jack Reynolds begins mercilessly stomping on the male. His choke and cry for help grows louder as Big Daddy V emits a roar of manic laughter. His bass laden voice strikes fear into the diners who sprawl away from their dishes and pack themselves in the towards the front door. <p>

Jack Reynolds continues his merciless assault on the cameraman as Big Boss Man approaches the scene. He reaches into his utility belt resting on his clean, aqua blue shirt. He removes his Government issued baton and demands Reynolds pick the cameraman up. In a similar grasp to a baseball heavy hitter, he begins striking the chest of the camera operator who begins to spew the red substance mixed with his own blood and other bodily matter. This brings a smile to the sadistic face of Big Daddy V who suggests they “stop before someone calls the police”. The trio laugh as Boss Man points to his earned stars and stripes, and once again violently whacks the operator in the chest with a blunt strike. </i> <p>

BDV: That's enough, brothers. You've done well. <p>

<i>Big Daddy V motions for Big Boss Man to pick up the lifeless body from his floor beneath the scene. Boss Man willingly obliges to Big Daddy V's demands and presents the carcass of a fallen camera operator. Big Daddy V makes a whipping motion with his arms and reaches out in a “come on” motion to the operator. The duo of Boss Man and Jack Reynolds forcefully throw the camera operator towards Big Daddy V. He struggles to move and simply falls into Big Daddy V's grasp. In one clean and fluid motion, Big Daddy V hoists the operator onto his shoulders and executes a stiff Samoan drop known as the “Ghetto Drop” through the platter of food and drink. The three announce their pleasure through a strong laugh as Big Daddy V returns to his feet. He walks unaccompanied over to the camera, kneels down, and begins to speak. </i> <p>

BDV: Welcome to Big Daddy's! May I take your order? <p>

<i>Big Daddy V claps his hands loudly as waiters and other members of staff rush to his side. He points to the mutilated body behind him using his right thumb and the workers quickly rush to scrape what remains of the operator from the floor. The group disappears through the kitchen area and a sickening thud fills the scene. This is soon accompanied by the boisterous rattle of what could be perceived as garbage bags within a dumpster, and the scene fades to black. </i> <p>

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<i>The scene opens within the confines of the Dewey Hoskins Gym in Summerville, Georgia. A slanted wooden door ushers in a capacity crowd who continue to fill their seats. Muhammad Hassan was the victor of the previous event which saw South Carolinians leave the Goose Creek Community Center in disgust. Will tonight be a different story? </i> <p>

As the final few members of the audience take their seats, Tony Schiavone walks from the backstage area through a delicate black curtain. He receives a standing ovation from audience members, and is quick to take his seat behind the commentary booth. With a firm grasp he places the audio headset upon his head and begins to speak to UPW's onlooking camera crew.</i> <p>

TS: Good evening everybody and welcome to what should be an extraordinary night of professional wrestling. Ultra Pro Wrestling is still in shock as per the events we all witnessed last time. Muhammad Hassan walked away victorious after three successful battles in Heat A. Tonight, we will find his opponent for the World Heavyweight Championship! <p>

<i>Almost simultaneous with the end of Schiavone's statement, John House comes stumbling from the backstage area. He receives a mild positive reception from the crowd and flings himself into the commentary area. House falls backwards onto the commentary table and Tony Schiavone leans in closer to examine him with a look of repulsion on his face.</i> <p>

TS: Just what exactly do you think you're doing this week, John House?! You showed up to our first event intoxicated and now it's a matter of Deja-Vu! <p>

JH: I love it, Schiavone! HA HA! <p>

TS: This building is joined to the A.C. Carter public school! How do you think the parents of all of these youngsters in the crowd tonight feel? <p>

JH: Don't be a buzzkill, Schiavone! It ain't like these folks 'round here ain't seen their daddies having a great time! <p>

TS: Get yourself into that seat, House! We've got a show to call here tonight! <p>

<i>John House manages to roll off of the desk, taking all objects with him, and falls before the audience in his chair. He raises his arms in a suggested victory pose which receives a favorable response from the fans in attendance. Tony Schiavone is quick to assist House with his headset, and after numerous babyish struggles manages to adorn it upon his head. Schiavone continues.</i> <p>

TS: We have an action packed card of events here for you this evening. The first match we are about to witness will feature a great mix of age and prowess to youth and eagerness.</i> <p>

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<i>With that, three men fill the entranceway to a mixed reaction from the fans in attendance. The first man in sequence is dressed in a rather generic combination of a white shirt, black pants, and leather shoes. His seemingly “throwback” style is accented by a black leather jacket and a pair of thick circular shades. He takes a moment to briefly preen his hair and discard the toothpick from his mouth. He continues with a cocky swagger towards the ringside area with the other two men. <p>

The second in sequence sports spiked shoulder pads which the other men either side of him avoid. He rolls the knuckles of his right hand in his clenched left fist, and seems to sport a sort of timid rage. His shoulder pads are accented only by the various fragments of facepaint scattered all over; joining together to form the image of a spider in the center of his forehead. He takes a moment to study the crowd and nods as a few shout their approval in his direction. <p>

The final man in sequence is a dark skinned individual. He sports loose athletic jeans and presents his tremendous upper body physique through his shirtless mannerisms. He is a clear fan favorite in the region as he points in all directions; smiling wherever his index finger lies. Upon reaching the ring, the three men enter through the middle rope in unison and take a respective ring corner. Ring announcer Tony Chimel enters the mix and proceeds to make his introductions. </i> <p>

TC: Introducing first, he hails from “the other side of the tracks”! He stands 6’1” tall and weighs in at 240 LBS! He is Dice Domino! <p>

<i>Domino takes a moment to remove his black leather jacket and shades, and discards both items to the ringside floor beneath him. He turns around and awaits his opponents.</i> <p>

TC: Introducing next, he hails from Chicago, Illinois! He stands 6’1” tall and weighs in at 285 LBS! He is Road Warrior Animal! <p>

<i>Road Warrior Animal removes the massive shoulder pads by pressing them high above his head and gently lowers them to the ringside floor area.</i> <p>

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

<i>Ron Killings raises his arms to the crowd who cheer in his presence. He exasperates a firm “What’s Up?” to the crowd which receives a strong positive reception. He turns to face his opponents as the bell sounds. Ron Killings quickly measures both of his opponents up by scurrying in various directions around the ring. Animal and Domino gaze at the speedy Killings and wonder what it is he is trying to do.</i> <p>

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Ron Killings continues a duck n' dive motion which prevents oncoming attacks from both Road Warrior Animal and Dice Domino. A frustrated Animal turns to face Domino, and receives a swift jab to the jaw for his efforts. The force of Domino's impact sends Animal reeling towards the back while the opportunistic Killings hits both competitors with a clothesline. The fans rise to their feet in appreciation as Domino and Animal crash to the mat below. Killings, now notably rising in speed, whacks the grounded Animal and Domino with several alternating stomps to the chest which forces both men out of the ring to the floor area.

TS: Ron Killings looks to be in great form against Road Warrior Animal and Dice Domino!

Both Dice Domino and Road Warrior Animal rise to their feet simultaneously. While staggering, they are grounded once again to the protective mats below as Ron Killings dives through the middle rope while executing a flying clothesline. Killings is quick to rise to his feet and shouts "What's Up?" to the crowd looking on in amazement. Suddenly, he is brought to the ground with a chop block to the back of his leg by Road Warrior Animal who rolls himself into the ring. This receives a mixed reaction from the audience and he seems to not be phased by any commotion. He walks to the nearby ring corner while Killings and Domino rise to their feet. Immediately spotting one another, Domino and Killings engage in a hand to hand brawl which sends both competitors teetering around on the outside protective mats. Killings eventually forces Domino into a nearby security railing and grounds him with a stiff kick to the side of the head. Domino falls face first into the nearby ring steps and appears to convulse in pain.

JH: It doesn't look like Dice Domino is going to get back into this!

Ron Killings rolls under the bottom rope and quickly rises to his feet once again. He and Road Warrior Animal begin to engage in a stare down which quickly leads into a tie up. Killings assaults Animal with a variety of knee strikes to his mid section which forcibly winds the road warrior. Killings, capitalizing on the opportunity, jumps on the nearest set of ring ropes and corkscrews himself into a guillotine style scissors kick. The impact of this move quickly forces Animal into the mat and Ron Killings rolls him over into a pinfall position. The referee counts.

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Killings' own rap composition titled "What's Up?" fills the arena and fans rise to their feet in cheer. After eventually rising to his feet, Domino is quick to disappear from the scene in embarrassment. Ron Killings celebrates after having his arm raised in victory; performing a short dance routine before a cheering audience. He exits the ring happily and skips towards the backstage area. The scene then pans towards the commentary area as Animal is assisted out of the ring by the referee.

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TS: The aerial technique of Ron Killings certainly came to his aid against Dice Domino and Road Warrior Animal. <p>

JH: Gotta admit I like the kid, Schiavone. <p>

<i>As Road Warrior Animal disappears from the scene, three new competitors fill the stage. They are each of very large proportions and their mass thunders down the entranceway. The first in sequence is a dark skinned man sporting a dark brown and black lycra singlet accented by the word "Chocolate". He proceeds to the ring with a slow saunter and seems to flash a smile a select few women seated at ringside. <p>

The next in sequence is a white masked man. He is dressed in a red and black combination with a mask that meets in a "V" shape around his face. He takes a moment to extend his arms for the crowd which forcibly pushes the two men next to him away. This generates some positive reaction from the crowd as he signals a "V" using four of his fingers. He continues his slow pace towards the ringside area as the camera pans to the final man in sequence. <p>

The final participant adjusts the eyeglasses which perch firmly on his nose. He is dressed in more formal attire which features a white shirt, black pants, and a red necktie. He is carrying a solid steel briefcase which appears to weigh down the right side of his body; he doesn't look too happy to say the least. <p>

As the three participants reach the ringside area, they each enter the ring by ascending the ring steps and bow through the middle rope. Tony Chimel proceeds to the center of the ring and begins his introduction of the next set of combatants. </i> <p>

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

<i>Mark Henry takes a moment to readjust the shoulder straps of his singlet as the fans cheer on at his presence.</i> <p>

TC: Introducing next, he hails from The Rocky Mountains. He stands 6'5" tall and weighs in at 458 LBS! He is Big Van Vader! <p>

<i>Vader presents the "V" sign using his fingers as the fans cheer on the now imminent bout.</i> <p>

TC: And finally, he hails from Washington, D.C.! He stands 6'3" tall and weighs in at 248 LBS! He is Irwin R. Schyster better known as "I.R.S."! <p>

<i>Schyster discards the heavy briefcase to the floor with a tremendous thud. Tony Chimel quickly scrambles from the ring as the bell sounds. The three massive individuals study each other and each begin a charge towards the center of the ring.</i> <p>

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<i>Together, the three men collide in a heap of bodily mass which sends each participant teetering around the center of the ring. Vader is first to recover from the incident and begins throwing stiff right jabs to Irwin R. Schyster. Mark Henry takes a moment to walk away from the scene and perches his hands on the top rope; collecting himself before turning around and flashing a grin to the wrestlers and audience past them.</i> <p>

TS: We've got three massive men here, John House. Who is your pick to take it all? <p>

<i>John House fails to reply as Mark Henry proceeds towards the duo of Irwin R. Schyster and Big Van Vader. Vader continues to trade blows with Schyster and Mark Henry quickly involves himself in the mix with a series of his own punches. One strong right hand from Henry sends Schyster into the ropes, and he is quick to reply with a clothesline to the chest of Vader. Not able to stop his own momentum, Schyster collides with Henry and the two fall to the mat below.</i> <p>

JH: What a trainwreck! <p>

<i>Irwin R. Schyster is first to respond to the collision by rolling out of the ring through the bottom rope. This generates a negative response from the crowd, and he in turn reaches for his glimmering steel suitcase. He clutches the large object and hoists it into his arms. Mark Henry and Vader bring themselves to their feet in unison within the squared circle, and once again begin trading blows to the head. Vader grabs Mark Henry by the left arm and whips him towards the ropes but in the process accidentally hits the referee who falls down unconscious. Both Vader and Mark Henry throw their arms up in anger and begin arguing with one another over their wrongdoing. The temperamental Vader quickly responds to the situation by throwing Mark Henry once again into the ropes, and as Henry turns to face Vader he is met by a stiff blow from the briefcase of Schyster. Henry flies forward and lays motionless on the mat. </i> <p>

TS: And just what was that, John House? <p>

<i>A proud Irwin R. Schyster enters the ring and taps at the motionless body of Mark Henry with his leather shoe. He smiles as Henry fails to respond and looks up to the monstrous Vader. An audible "Pay your land taxes, rural dweller" is heard which infuriates Vader. Vader swiftly locks up with Irwin R. Schyster and the two jockey for position towards the middle of the ring. A strong Irish whip to the ropes sends Schyster crashing into the east facing ropes but the move fails to affect him as Schyster responds with a flying clothesline which grounds Vader. He quickly turns around and hooks Mark Henry's near leg and motions for a now moving referee to begin the pinfall count.</i> <p>

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<i>The sound of metallic typewriters fills the Dewey Hoskins Gym as Irwin R. Schyster rises to his feet in victory. He has his right arm raised by a struggling referee, and the two exit the ring in unison. Schyster takes a moment to recollect his object of destruction and both the referee and Schyster proceed to the backstage area. Vader slams his fist in rage as he too exits the ring and disappears from the scene. Meanwhile, Mark Henry is assisted by a newly revealed referee and is escorted to the backstage area. The camera pans to the commentary section as John House begins to speak.</i> <p>

JH: I knew 'ya never trust a taxman! They rob 'ya of your money and now Irwin R. Schyster just robbed us of a fair fight! <p>

TS: That may be so, John House. Nevertheless we have two more exciting contests to determine our next two semi finalists. As Irwin R. Schyster has proceeded in the tournament he will meet Ron Killings. The next two competitions.. <p>

<i>Just then, Tony Schiavone is interrupted by a stage hand who rushes out to whisper a quick sentence in his ear. Schiavone continues.</i> <p>

TS: Ladies and gentlemen, I've just been informed that Big Daddy V has forfeit his place in the upcoming match and thus it will now be a one-on-one bout. I've just updated the brackets and it looks like we'll be seeing two fan favorites here now. Let's take you ringside for the introductions. <p>

<i>The camera pans to a more central area as two men enter the stage. Like others in the tournament, they do not come accompanied by any music but their entrance is well received by the fans sitting in the audience. The first in sequence is a man adorned in KISS makeup. He walks down to the ring with a slow saunter and takes a moment to study his spiked shoulder pads and the Hellish flames on his cape. He grins; nodding towards the audience who cheer in a frenzy. <p>

The second of the pair sports a blue jacket covered in lightning bolts. His curled blonde locks swagger as he moves, and he seems to walk with lively mannerisms. The two reach the ringside area and both enter the ring through the middle rope after using the steel ring steps. Tony Chimel enters the ring and proceeds to the center of the ring where he begins his introductions.</i> <p>

TC: The following is qualifying match to determine the third semifinalist to “Heat B” in the Tournament of Champions! Our third participant, Big Daddy V, has forfeit his position in the tournament which renders this match a one-on-one bout! <p>

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

<i>The Demon takes a moment to kick his feet as he removes the spiked overcoat which covers the entirety of his back and legs. He discards this item as he razzes his tongue at his opponent.</i> <p>

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TC: And his opponent, he hails from The Jersey Shore! He stands 6'5" tall and weighs in at 253 LBS! He is Diamond Dallas Page!

Diamond Dallas Page removes his jacket and makes a diamond shape using his thumbs and index finger. He centers The Demon in this image and shouts a forceful "feel the bang!" towards The Demon. Page breaks the diamond in a quick jerk as the bell sounds. Tony Chimel exits the ring as both The Demon and Diamond Dallas Page circle each other in the center of the ring. The two tie up, and The Demon is quick to hit Page with a series of knee strikes to the stomach. This forces Page into the northeastern turnbuckle and there The Demon breaks the hold. Demon retracts a few paces and invites Page to join him towards the center of the ring.

TS: A show of sportsmanship on behalf of The Demon.

Diamond Dallas Page quickly brings himself to a tall standing position and paces towards The Demon. Again, the two tie up and begin to push one another back and forth around the ring. This receives a positive reaction from the fans who await any upcoming movement, and are soon treated to a quick belly to belly suplex from Page to The Demon. Demon bounces after receiving the throw and manages to somersault himself into the nearby ring corner. In a similar action to Page, Demon reels and brings himself to his feet in the ringside corner only to receive a "let's go" motion from a central Diamond Dallas Page.

TS: The two competitors appear very evenly matched here, John House.

The Demon approaches Diamond Dallas Page in the center of the ring and connects with a stiff right fist to the jaw. The otherwise ruckus cheers of the crowd are brought to a silent gasp, and Page responds with strikes of his own. The two competitors begin an aggressive brawl with both exchanging an even amount of blows to the face. Page begins to get the upper hand in the confrontation which forces The Demon to reel backwards and begin blocking the strikes. The crowd roars in eager anticipation as The Demon is forced into a corner. Page quickly jerks and jumps backwards in attempts to execute The Diamond Cutter, but his attempts are blocked and Demon pushes him away which sends Page stumbling over his feet and into the mat below.

TS: The Demon manages to block the Diamond Cutter attempt by Page!

The Demon capitalizes on a grounded Diamond Dallas Page by bouncing off the ropes and dropping a firm leg drop across the chest of Page. He quickly hooks Page's far leg and the referee falls into a pinfall position.

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<i>Diamond Dallas Page kicks out of the pinning predicament as The Demon quickly jumps on top and begins a series of right hands to the temple of Page. The referee stops the villainous assault and forces The Demon to break free from Diamond Dallas Page.</i> <p>

JH Ohh it looks like The Demon is gettin' a little fired up! HA HA!<p>

<i>As The Demon is forced into the nearby southwestern ring corner, Diamond Dallas Page brings himself to his feet and faces his opponent. He quickly rushes over to The Demon and begins to elevate himself into a cutter position but instead is caught in a cobra clutch. The Demon grounds page in the submission hold, but instead of applying it more forcefully he lifts Page and grounds him with a devastating slam. The Demon hooks Page's nearby leg and begins a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

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<i>"God of Thunder" by KISS fills the arena as the fans rise to their feet in cheer. The Demon has his right arm raised in victory, and he motions for Page to return to his feet. Page fails to respond to his request so The Demon reaches down and pulls him to his feet. Page staggers, but The Demon manages to raise his arm in unison as the two competitors accept praise and cheer from the onlooking audience. Both Diamond Dallas Page and The Demon exit the ring in unison and proceed to the backstage area; Page noticeably staggering after the vicious cobra clutch slam known as "Love Gun".</i> <p>

TS: Well there we have it folks! The Demon has advanced in the Tournament of Champions and will meet the winner of the following bout. What are your impressions so far, John House? <p>

JH: Listen here, Schiavone! I am sick and tired of this damn tax man throwing his gut around and makin' me nervous over here! I pay my taxes; sort of! <p>

TS: So Irwin R. Schyster is not your favorite to be our finalist in Heat B? <p>

JH: Hell no, Schiavone! I'd rather see that damn terrorist be the finalist of Heat B! <p>

TS: If you're referring to Muhammad Hassan, he was our victor in Heat A just two weeks ago! <p>

<i>John House emits a roar of expletives which cues a return to the ring where Tony Chimel awaits the next set of participants.</i> <p>

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<i>John House is brought to a silence as the final batch of three enter the arena for their qualifying match up. Both the first and final man sport near identical looks to participants seen in the first qualifying match. At the far left is a man with boisterous spiked shoulder pads. He razzes his tongue to the audience and receives a favorable response because of it. His attire and painted face looks similar to that of Road Warrior Animal's, though this man sports line segments as opposed to something which forms a cosmetic design. His spiked pads rub against the second man in sequence who doesn't appear pleased with the almost claustrophobic walk. <p>

The second man appears of to be of American Indian descent. Upon his head is a feathered war bonnet which coordinates with other feathered material affixed to his trunks and wrestling attire. He is slightly bulky in the midsection, and it is this width which rubs against his opponents as the trio makes their way to the squared circle. <p>

The final participant, like the first, sports a look similar to a man in the first series. Like Dice Domino, this man sports dark shades and a dark leather jacket. Underneath it is a clean pair of black slacks and white shirt. The man runs the fingers of his right hand through his slicked back hair which receives a negative response from nearby spectators. <p>

The three reach the ring and enter it in their own unique ways. The Native American begins a movement which is perceived as a ceremonial cleansing ritual and his two opponents follow closely behind him. As the movement is brought to a standstill, Tony Chimel enters the ring and begins his introductions. </i> <p>

TC: Introducing first, he hails from Chicago, Illinois! He stands 6'3" tall and weighs in at 275 LBS! He is Road Warrior Hawk! <p>

<i>Road Warrior Hawk removes the large shoulder pads perched upon his torso and gently discards them to the floor below. </i> <p>

TC: Introducing next, he hails from Pembroke, North Carolina! He stands 6'2" tall and weighs in at 285 LBS! He is Tatanka! <p>

<i>Tatanka removes the war bonnet from on his head and places it near to Hawk's shoulder pads.</i> <p>

TC: And finally, he hails from "The Other Side Of The Tracks"! He stands 6'1" tall and weighs in at 235 LBS! He is Deuce Shade! <p>

<i>Deuce Shade removes his dark sunglasses and throws them in the face of Tatanka. The bell sounds as Tatanka charges towards a much smaller Shade. The impact of Tatanka's charge sends Tony Chimel bouncing off of the ring apron as he attempts to exit, and Shade feels the full blunt of it with several strikes to the face.</i> <p>

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<i>Tatanka continues his merciless assault on Deuce Shade who is brought to his knees with the force of the strikes. The referee attempts to get involved and separate the two, but Tatanka refuses to release his control over Shade and continues his repetitive strikes to the face and upper body. The referee motions to Road Warrior Hawk to become involved, but Hawk raises his palms to the referee's face and backs away. </i> <p>

TS: A smart move on behalf of Road Warrior Hawk! I wouldn't want to get involved with that either! <p>

<i>Tatanka unleashes a series of tribal related war cries as Deuce Shade fades in and out of consciousness. He backs away from the wounded man, and watches him as Shade begins to cough an eruption of blood from his mouth. Tatanka grins at the sight of this and once again charges towards Shade with a running knee smash to the face. The force of the impact visibly jolts Shade's jaw, and a series of teeth fall down the rigid black leather jacket which he was unable to remove prior to the bout. </i> <p>

JH: Looks like Deuce Shade just had his jaw jacked! HA HA! <p>

<i>Tatanka brings a teetering and bloodied Deuce Shade to his feet and sets him in the ring corner. He shouts a further series of war cries and batters the top of his head with numerous tomahawk chops to the skull. The impact of these strikes quickly grounds a now motionless Deuce Shade. After a few stomps to the chest, Tatanka turns to race Road Warrior Hawk who quickly scurries from the ring to the outside. Tatanka nods in spite of himself and drags Deuce Shade to his feet; executing a forceful Indian Death Drop to the defenseless Deuce Shade. Tatanka goes for a pinfall attempt</i> <p>

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2..

3! <p>

<i>Tatanka rises to his feet as "The Native American Theme" fills the arena. Road Warrior Hawk quickly disappears from the scene as Tatanka's arm is raised in victory. He receives a series of boos from the crowd who are displeased with the carnage seen in the ring. Tatanka makes several hand gestures towards the audience before tapping his heart with a closed left fist, and raising it to the ceiling above him. He exits the ring and proceeds to the backstage area. The camera quickly pans to the commentary area.</i> <p>

JH: You know what, Schiavone? I'm sick of all these damn Indians, yeah I said it, thinking they can rule over our land just because they were "here first". Why can't they stay in their own reservations that the white man gave them? <p>

TS: You'd better watch what you say, John House. Tatanka might come out here and give you the treatment Deuce Shade just endured! <p>

JH: Oh shut up, Schiavone! <p>

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Deuce Shade lies motionless in the ring. His hacking coughs continue to add to the pool of his own fresh blood which forms puddles on the canvas. A few members of a medical team quickly rush to the ringside area and prop Shade on to a wheeled stretcher. The team frantically run away with Shade as a voice shouts over the audio system.

”Y'all know what time it is..”

Suddenly, a spotlight fixates itself on a nearby back exit door which quickly swings open. Ron Killings walks into the scene as eager fans happily run towards him. A few members of a low budget security team separate the stampede, and fans attempt to fight their way through them to get closer to Killings. He smiles and begins singing the lyrics to his own rap single “What's up?” as he approaches the ringside area. Fans cheer and pat his chest and shoulder region as Killings makes his way through the crowd. He quickly hops the steel barricade as he continues his rap, and enters the ring with a quick hop on the apron and step through the middle rope. The accompanying music is brought to a silence as Ron Killings begins to speak.

RK: Summerville, Georgia!

The crowd bursts into cheers as Ron Killings continues.

RK: What's Up?!

The crowd echoes his question as the arena suddenly becomes filled with the sound of metallic clanging typewriters. A voice overlaying it brings former cheers to sounds of disdain as Irwin R. Schyster appears from the backstage area.

I.R.S.: Listen up all of you tax cheats. I am an official representative of the United States Department of the Treasury. I have each and every one of your confidential tax documents on file, and I know every single one of you have cheated on your tax returns this year!

Irwin R. Schyster reaches the ringside area and enters through the bottom rope. He brings himself to his feet and discards the steel suitcase which hugs closely to his right side. He approaches Ron Killings and begins to speak.

I.R.S.: And how fitting is that I am assigned to deal with slime like you, Ronald Killings. You see, I know your kind and I have audited your kind; I know that the music industry at large are some of the biggest tax cheats in the United States today. Oh, you may entertain these people who probably go to your concerts using the savings they accumulate as a result of their illegal claiming of Section 8 Housing, but you see I am smarter than that. I know a legal tax return when I see one and I know people in Summerville, Georgia do not play by the rules. It can only be expected when 20% of this stinking town's population live below the poverty line!

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<i>The crowd roar in their disapproval of Irwin R. Schyster as he continues to confront Ron Killings.</i> <p>

I.R.S.: I know you live not to far from here, Mr. Killings; Charlotte, North Carolina isn't well off in my records either! Or should that be "ain't dawg"? <p>

RK: Are you finished? I know I pay each cent I owe you in my taxes; I know you're an overpaid loser and these people paid good money to come see a wrestlin' show! <p>

I.R.S.: And a show they will get, Mr. Killings. I suppose I should worry about competing against a convicted felon such as yourself. Was that and your affiliation with the music industry ways of avoid paying what's due in taxes? <p>

RK: Yeah I did spend time inside. And you know what, Schyster, it made me a better man. I ain't have to do what I did but I wanted to shine. I wanted to make it to the top of my game and I paid the price in the process. No, not the price of your taxes but a true hard knock life! I know my fans here in Summerville, Georgia can relate to what I'm talkin' about! <p>

<i>The fans in the audience cheer as Irwin R. Schyster shakes his head in disagreement.</i> <p>

I.R.S.: On the contrary, Mr. Killings. I don't believe imprisonment is a result of your actions, no, it is the result of your selfish and greedy heart's desire to get out of paying your taxes while the State gives you free accommodation and lodging! Now you tell me that isn't what you were doing! <p>

<i>Irwin R. Schyster begins forcibly tapping the chest of Ron Killings with his index finger as Ron Killings replies.</i> <p>

RK: Oh, I'll show you what I was doing! <p>

<i>Ron Killings replies to Irwin R. Schyster's words with a stiff punch to the side of the head which brings him to the mat below. The bell sounds as Ron Killings begins unleashing a series of chest stomps to Irwin R. Schyster who struggles to flop and roll his way out of the bottom rope. Schyster emits a strong roar of frustration as Ron Killings poses to an overwhelming cheer from the fans in attendance.</i> <p>

TS: It wasn't too smart of a move on the part of our resident tax man to get on the bad side of our fans! <p>

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<i>Irwin R. Schyster studies the ring before him and attempts to slide under the bottom rope. His efforts are immediately stopped in their place by an aggressive Ron Killings who resumes his stomps to the body. These strikes force Schyster to the outside of the ring, and he immediately claims that he's unable to resume the contest. The referee forces Ron Killings to back up which receives a negative response from the fans, and Schyster quickly gets back in the ring. The tax man confronts Ron Killings in the center of the ring as the two begin exchanging blows. Most of Killings' strikes are blocked and Schyster chances with a tie up. The two wrestle around the center of the ring while attempting throws that the other blocks, and Schyster eventually gains the upper hand with a belly to back suplex. This sends Killings bouncing across the ring into the southeastern corner. </i> <p>

Irwin R. Schyster rises to his feet in pride and takes a moment to adjust his necktie. The fans begin a tirade of jeers to throw him off, but this does little to phase the tax man. Schyster approaches a grounded Killings and hoists him back to his feet. This revives the fallen Killings as he begins to strike Schyster with a series of left and right hooks to the face. The force of the blows sends Schyster teetering towards the center of the ring, but in an effort to respond Schyster ties up with Killings and hits a delayed vertical suplex to the mat below.</i> <p>

TS: An impressive show of strength by Irwin R. Schyster <p>

JH: You wouldn't know it with that gut hanging over his belt! <p>

<i>Ron Killings is forced to the ground with a tremendous thud and Irwin R. Schyster quickly covers up for a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

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<i>Ron Killings manages to kick out of the count and rolls himself to the northwestern ring corner. Irwin R. Schyster lifts himself to his feet around the center of the ring and approaches a gasping Ron Killings. He brings Killings to his feet; whipping him into the eastern ropes in the process. Simultaneously, Irwin R. Schyster runs the western ropes and executes a strong flying clothesline as the two collide in the center of the ring. He quickly covers a grounded Killings.</i> <p>

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3! <p>

<i>The sound of metallic typewriters fills the arena as Irwin R. Schyster has his arm raised in victory. He rolls a winded Ron Killings through the bottom rope to the outside of the ring, and raises his arms in victory once more. Ron Killings disappears from the scene as Schyster points to fans in the audience and makes a “money” motion with his thumb and index fingers. He receives a flurry of boos from the audience as the camera pans to the commentary area.</i> <p>

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TS: Irwin R. Schyster is our first finalist to meet the winner of the upcoming bout. Your thoughts, John House?

JH: Shut up, Schiavone! I hope whoever faces the pig whips his ass! HA HA!

TS: Our upcoming bout should be a very interesting one as The Demon meets Tatanka. Tatanka has proven himself to be a dangerous competitor in the ring but how will he match up with the quick and cunning Demon?

Just as the sound of typewriters fades out and Irwin R. Schyster disappears from the scene, “God of Thunder” by KISS fills the arena. Fans immediately rise to their feet in cheer as The Demon appears from the backstage area. He is once again adorned with his spiked cape and KISS style makeup. He proceeds to the ring with a slow saunter and gazes into the eyes of the cheering audience. He nods his head in agreement as he jumps into the ring through the bottom rope. He rises to his feet as God of Thunder begins to fade. He awaits his opponent, but suddenly a male stage hand runs through the stage and approaches Tony Schiavone. He then rushes down to Tony Chimel and seemingly repeats what he said to Schiavone; who himself begins to speak.

TS: Ladies and gentlemen, I've just been informed that Tatanka has been arrested on assault charges pending further investigation as a result of his match with Deuce Shade. We have video footage that Ultra Pro Wrestling will now present to our recorded viewers..

The scene immediately fades into a classroom within the A.C. Carter school. Tatanka is seen roaming the halls and is trailed by a representing cameraman. He kicks through a classroom door and storms into the room where Deuce Shade is being treated for medical complications by emergency staff. He begins throwing the medical personnel around the class, and proceeds to stomp into the immobilized body of Deuce Shade. The medical staff beg Tatanka to stop but their pleas fall on deaf ears.

Tatanka leans over the fallen body of Deuce Shade and forcibly rips all airway instruments away from his mouth which expels a torrent of blood and other bodily matter to the epoxy coated floor below. Tatanka smiles as Shade continues to leak blood and internal debris. Suddenly, Dice Domino charges through the door and strikes the wide shoulder blades of Tatanka. This infuriates the Native Tribesman who turns around and punches the temple of Dice Domino. Domino loses his footing and trips into the chest of Tatanka; who in turn throws Domino back into a glass storage cabinet. The outer layers of glass shatter and rain down on Domino with a tremendous shatter. Some shards manage to cut his skin and blood oozes down his arms and upper body. A grinning Tatanka watches on as Domino slumps into a deep unconscious rest.

Tatanka emits a strong tribal war cry as police suddenly fill the classroom. They are each armed with protective masks, batons, and riot shields. In unison they surround the angry Tatanka.

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Tatanka: You can't do this to me; I'm a Native American! <p>

<i>A policeman from within the crowd raises his voice </i> <p>

“Tatanka, I'm arresting you on the suspicion of aggravated assault. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law....”

Tatanka: This is illegal! I'm not a white man! <p>

<i>Tatanka pushes the camera from the grasp of the cameraman as the scene fades to static. Tony Chimel then makes his declaration in the ring</i> <p>

TC: As a result of a backstage incident, Tatanka is not able to compete in the semi final match. Therefore, your winner as a result of a forfeit is The Demon! <p>

<i>”God of Thunder” by KISS roars over the audio system to the cheers of the audience. The Demon strikes his chest in self serving praise, but his moment in glory is soon cut short by the sound of metallic typewriters filling the arena. The fans immediately react with boos as Irwin R. Schyster appears from the backstage area. He clutches a microphone in his hand and begins to speak.</i> <p>

I.R.S.: Listen up all of you tax cheats! I have once again returned to meet yet another member of the music industry. This time rock n' roll; this time a representative of KISS. Now, I know all of you impoverished tax cheats love to listen to 1970s rock music on vinyl records but this is 2010! It's time to start claiming all of your money you made on the illegal cash only trade of LP singles. I'm sure it's less than 25 cents but a fraction of that belongs to the IRS; belongs to me! <p>

<i>The fans continue to spew hatred at the tax man as he enters the ring and discards his microphone. The Demon attempts to strike Irwin R. Schyster but his attempt is blocked by the in ring referee. The Demon is instructed to stay in the nearby ring corner as Schyster drops his steel briefcase and awaits the announcements by Tony Chimel.</i> <p>

TC: Ladies and gentlemen, this is your final match in Heat B of the Tournament of Champions where the winner will go on to face Muhammad Hassan for the World Heavyweight Championship! Introducing first, he hails from Olympus. He stands 6'7” tall and weighs in at 275 LBS! He is The Demon! <p>

<i>The fans cheer loudly for The Demon as Tony Chimel continues.</i> <p>

TC: And introducing his opponent, he hails from Washington, D.C.! He stands 6'3” tall and weighs in at 248 LBS! He is Irwin R. Schyster better known as “I.R.S.”!

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<i>The fans boo loudly at Irwin R. Schyster as the bell sounds and Tony Chimel flees from the ring.</i> <p>

TS: Here we go, John House. The winner of this match is our Heat B finalist and will go on to meet Muhammad Hassan for the World Heavyweight Championship. Both I.R.S. and The Demon would make interesting opponents for Hassan! <p>

<i>The two competitors meet in the center of the ring and study one another from a distance. The Demon threateningly kicks his legs out in parallel directions and assumes a wide stance; awaiting for any oncoming attacks Irwin R. Schyster may throw at him. Schyster remains at a distance and opts to study his opponent further. The lag and suspense before the action draws a negative response, and The Demon replies to their jeers with a series of right handed shots to the torso of Schyster. Schyster reels backwards and uses the nearby ring ropes to support his body. The Demon does not give up on his relentless attack and continues to strike the body of Schyster. Ultimately, one right handed punch is blocked and caught by Schyster who responds with a stiff lariat to the larynx of The Demon.</i> <p>

The Demon falls in a heap while gasping for air following the forceful shot. Irwin R. Schyster takes a moment to readjust his necktie and continues his assault with a series of flat footed stomps to The Demon's chest and upper body region. He struggles against the attack of Schyster and motions to the referee to stop his plight. The referee complies and forces Schyster to move away from The Demon; allowing him to return to his feet in the process.</i> <p>

TS: Could Irwin R. Schyster be on his way to face Muhammad Hassan? <p>

JH: I sure as Hell hope not, Schiavone! <p>

<i>Both The Demon and Schyster once again lock up and trade a series of minor impact strikes and scrapes to the body. The Demon is first to respond successfully to the maneuver by jerking Schyster to his knees and grasping a double underhook while suplexing him in the process. The Demon quickly rolls over on top of the tax man and executes a pinfall attempt.</i> <p>

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<i>Irwin R. Schyster kicks out of the pinning predicament and The Demon is quick to return to his feet in the process. He drags Schyster into a standing position, but is surprised when he responds with numerous blows to the upper torso region of The Demon. The Demon manages to stop some of the heavier blows and Irish whips Schyster into the ropes; responding with a standing dropkick. Both competitors go to the mat below and The Demon once again attempts a pinfall.</i> <p>

1.

2. <p>

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Irwin R. Schyster once again kicks out of the pinfall attempt by The Demon. The two competitors roll away from each other and rise to their feet; exchanging various strikes in the process. The Demon capitalizes on a bent Schyster and quickly grounds him with a DDT. He returns to his feet and runs the northern ropes. Upon returning to a grounded Schyster, he gracefully drops a legdrop to the back of Schyster who convulses upon impact. The Demon rolls Schyster to back exposure and begins yet another pinfall attempt.

1.

2.

JH: Just what's it gonna take, Schiavone?!

Irwin R. Schyster manages to free himself from The Demon and escapes the ring to the nearby floor area. He quickly re enters the contest so as to not allow The Demon the chance to keep him outside, and charges at him with a strong shoulder block. The force of the impact sends The Demon in a staggering spiral towards the ropes but fails to bring him to the ground. Schyster sees this as an opportunity to grasp firmly against the right arm of The Demon and whips him forcefully into the far end eastern facing ring ropes. In turn, Schyster bounces off of the closer western ropes and attempts to execute a flying clothesline towards the center of the ring.

His attempt misses and Irwin R. Schyster crashes to the ring mat below. The Demon manages to brace himself upon running to the opposite ropes by grasping on to the top, and stops his own momentum in place. Schyster brings himself to his knees but is grasped firmly in a cobra clutch submission hold. The Demon firmly hoists the body of the tax man into the air and slams him down with a sickening thud. Again, he attempts a pinfall.

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JH: Wait a minute!

"God of Thunder" by KISS fills the arena as The Demon has his arm raised in victory. The fans erupt in a frenzy of cheers as Irwin R. Schyster slowly regains his composure and realizes that he has lost the match. He covers his face with the palm of his left hand and kicks his legs in defeat. Exiting the ring, Schyster proceeds to the backstage area accompanied to a variety of taunts and gestures from the crowd.

TS: There you have it, folks! The Demon has defeated Irwin R. Schyster and will face Muhammad Hassan for the World Heavyweight Championship. Ultra Pro Wrestling will return in two weeks time from Evergreen, Alabama before heading out to Natchez, Mississippi for our first super card! **la ilâha illallâh.**

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<i>The fans in attendance roar in obsessive disdain as Muhammad Hassan walks from the backstage area. He stands while clutching a microphone in his hand.</i> <p>

JH: And just what is that damn terrorist doing here?! He isn't scheduled to be here tonight! <p>

<i>Muhammad Hassan takes a moment to adjust the agal which fastens his keffiyeh. Raising the microphone to his mouth, he begins to speak.</i> <p>

MH: My name is Muhammad Hassan and I am an Arab-American! Words can not describe the feeling of anger and humiliation I feel right now! This is just yet another example of the prejudiced and racist administration which I have been forced to endure for so many years! <p>

<i>With the fans roaring in dismay, Muhammad Hassan continues.</i> <p>

MH: Look at what stands before me tonight; look at him! He is a man who feels it necessary to assert his own feelings of white supremacy by painting his face white! Never have I been more disgusted to be an American citizen. The tyranny of white leadership has looked down on people like me for too long. I will destroy the evildoers who have suppressed talented individuals such as myself. Men who work hard and strive endlessly for goals only to be kicked in the face while we're down! What happens to your kind, Demon? Nothing. You apply feminine cosmetics and the world bows down at your feet. You are repulsive and make me sick to my stomach, swine. <p>

<i>The Demon motions to Tony Chimel for his microphone who promptly surrenders the item into his grasp. The Demon immediately silences roars of anger and hostility and turns them into adoring cheers.</i> <p>

TD: OH YEAH! <p>

<i>The Demon repeats this question in a series of three as the fans each echo his cry. He lowers his voice into a more sensual, softer tone and looks out to the audience in attendance.</i> <p>

TD: Well alright.. <p>

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TD: I know all about your kind, Muhammad, yeah; even slept with a few of your kind.. <p>

MH: <i>suker khaljic</i>, <i>suker khaljic</i>! The women of Islam are not permissive sluts like the women of the Western world; the women here tonight. To say such a thing is in defiance of Allah and His Prophet (PBUH)! <p>

TD: That may be so, Muhammad, but where exactly are your spiritual leaders? You take solace in a book. But I, and all of my Creatures Of The Night here in Summerville, take solace in the pleasure which can only be received when Shandi is on our Love Gun. <p>

<i>A roar of laughter from The Demon sends Muhammad Hassan into a fury. In reply, Hassan continues.</i> <p>

MH: The fruit of the <i>Zaqqum</i> be yours, swine. I have continually watched the fabric of our society disintegrate since 9/11. We were once a collectively prosperous and moral nation. Even if we were under the bastardized Christianity the Western world knows today, I was happy to live in this country. But now our world has become nothing more than a cesspool where the fatties stuff their faces with McDonalds and the “attractive” white men prey on young white girls. I have grown to hate this country, and it's all because of people like you. I hereby declare that you will be annihilated in that Mississippi bound wrestling ring by the grace of Allah; powerful and True.. <p>

<i>The Demon quickly interrupts Muhammad Hassan.</i> <p>

TD: And Natchez is gonna be Hotter Than Hell! <p>

<i>”God Of Thunder” by KISS roars over the stereo system as Muhammad Hassan throws his microphone in rage towards the entranceway below him. He quickly disappears from sight as The Demon stands tall in the center of the ring; razzing his tongue at Ultra Pro Wrestling's audience as the scene fades to black.</i> <p>

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