

Lethal Injection: I

April 12, 2012 | Freeman Coliseum - San Antonio, Texas

Welcome to Death Row

With a digital age upon us, it is only right that the newest professional wrestling promotion to hit the scene embraces technology. Without a television deal in sight, it's time to premier live to the world via streaming video directly from DeathRowWrestling.com.

So whether you are watching from your computer, smartphone, or have access to the web from your TV, sit back and relax and get ready to enjoy. It's time.

Welcome to Death Row...

Introduction

From black we are introduced to cell doors. As they open, a long, dark, and gritty hallway is exposed. Slowly at first, the camera moves down the hall picking up speed until it rest on a door. As the door unlocks and opens we see a room set up for lethal injection.

A body is tied into the chair. A masked man walks around it, and picks up needles hooked into the system. The man screams for him to stop. The masked man inserts the needle into the veins of the strapped down man who begins begging for his life.

The camera zooms in on the masked individual who positions himself next to the injection button.

Masked Man: It's time.

He pushes the button and the liquid begins to pump. At that point the entire scene just witnessed plays backward at a fast speed. As the cell doors close back, the Lethal Injection logo burst through them.

As the logo fades the shot pans over the crowd inside of the Freeman Coliseum.

Wolf: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Lethal Injection!

The camera changes to show the lead announcer, Waylon Wolf, SR, sitting behind the announcer's table.

Wolf: I'm Waylon Wolf here to bring you all of tonight's action from the inaugural Death Row Wrestling show streaming live via internet! What a night it will be as we beginning the World Championship title tournament in order to crown our first champion in just a few weeks!

The camera heads to the entrance curtains and sits.

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Wolf: Things are about to kick off here as we await the arrival of Tim Ross, general manager and owner of Death Row Wrestling.

Da Boss Speaks

"It's a fight" by Three 6 Mafia begins to play as red and blue lights flash. From behind the curtain steps out the owner of Death Row Wrestling, Tim Ross, along with Tha Krew, his personal enforcers of Death Row Wrestling. Dressing informal in baggy jeans and a jersey type shirt, Ross makes his way towards the ring with a microphone in hand while Tha Krew make sure that fans don't get close to "Da Boss."

Wolf: The majority owner of Death Row Wrestling is making his first public appearance tonight live here in San Antonio! Ross built Death Row Wrestling in order to hopefully stay legitimate after a lengthy stay in a prison right here in Texas. However, I don't know anything about the two men he has with him. Da Boss walks up the steps and across the apron, before stepping into the ring.

The fans scream as they know the action is about to begin shortly.

Wolf: For a man who comes from a lifestyle like Ross has, I have to say his enthusiasm for professional wrestling is a much better outlet.

The music fades and the lights go back normal. Tim raises the microphone to his mouth to speak.

Ross: San Antonio, how the fuck yall doin'?!

The fans cheer. As he speaks, Tim uses body language a lot. Tha Krew just stand behind him, arms crossed.

Ross: I know yall motha fuckas don't know me, but that shits about to change. I'm Tim Motha Fuckin' Ross, the motha fuckin' boss around these parts. Better known to ya baby mammas as that nigga she fuckin' when yo ass is at work.

The crowd pops.

Ross: I chose Texas as the location for the first event cause, well fuck, I feel like I'm an honorary Texan myself. I did some time down in Huntsville not too long ago.

The crowd pops again at the usage of "Huntsville."

Ross: But that's all in the past man. I wanted to use my paper for good man, and entertain yall folks. That's what Death Row is all about, motha fuckin' entertainment. Not that bullshit you see on TV every week, but real motha fuckin' action.

Another huge pop radiates from the crowd.

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Ross: Now, motha fuckas been asking me what to expect from Death Row. It's simple; expect professional wrestling with real passion behind that shit. If there's beef backstage, I don't want to keep motha fuckas apart, I want them to throw motha fuckin' 'bows in front of you.

The crowd continues.

Ross: I also want to give you some shit that's been lacking man, some more edgy shit. We don't edit motha fuckin' curse words, and we sure as hell don't stop no motha fuckin' match cause someone is cut above their eye. Nah motha fuckas, we wanna push this shit to the limit. Ain't no limit where Death Row is willing to go. Bet that.

The roar is ferocious from the audience.

Ross: Now, I don't want to hold yall motha fuckas any longer. Let's get this shit poppin'!!!!

"It's a fight" begins to play again as Tim holds his arms out and walks around the ring, absorbing the crowd's energy before exiting the ring.

Wolf: Unconventional language by Tim Ross to say the least, but the passion is insane not only from him but this crowd here tonight!

As Tim and Tha Krew makes their way into the back, the music fades and everyone gets ready for some wrestling.

Jesco Black vs. Chance Von Crank

"The Man Comes Around" by the late Johnny Cash can be heard throughout the building. The fans react with cheers from the song, and Jesco walks out from behind the curtains making his way down the aisle, keeping his head forward and heads straight for the ring and rolls in.

Wolf: Jesco Black has wrestled all over the world including Japan.

Announcer: Haling from Boone County, WV and weighing in at 287 lbs "The Grappler" Jesco Black!

Wolf: Jesco may not have any glam or glitz to his entrance but he sure can wrestle.

"This Ain't No Motherfuckin' Stickup!", Fire Engine Number 9 by the Deftones can be heard as The Trailer Park Prodigy emerges from behind the curtain. Everyone in the arena immediately begins to boo, and a "CVC Fucking Sucks!" chant breaks out throughout the crowd.

Announcer: And his opponent from Atlanta, Georgia... Weighing in at 260 pounds, The Reluctant One, The Trailer Park Prodigy, Shock-N-Rolla... Chance VON Crank! Being accompanied to the ring by his manager

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Downtown Eddie Slapdown Jones!

Downtown Eddie SlapDown, long time Manager, and well respected Trainer trails behind Crank as he makes his way to the ring. Crank turns ever so often to each side of the crowd, simulating masturbation out in front of his crotch and his famous "Aw Ski" after a few simulated strokes, signaling he`s finished. He slides through the ropes as he reaches the top of the steps, throwing his "TTP @ChanceVonCrank" officially licensed Death Row Wrestling shirt into the crowd. It is tossed back at Downtown who is now sitting down beside Death Row Commentator, Wolf. Crank jumps on the turnbuckle holding his arms high amongst all the boo's and "Fuck You CVC!" chants.

Wolf: Ah, this could be one of the most hated wrestlers on the face of the Earth. He taunts the crowd as he makes his way to the ring. This crowd is telling him just that here tonight. Downtown what are you doing? I have this all under control.

Downtown Eddie: I am just here to make sure you call this match like it's meant to be called Wolf.

Wolf: Both these men look prepared and ready to go for the first match of Lethal Injection.

The bell sounds as Jesco immediately locks up with Von Crank.

Wolf: Jesco is using his size advantage here and has wrapped up him up from behind hitting a german suplex!

CVC is on his back and jumps from his back to both his feet while Black has his back turned to him. He picks up Crank by his hair and whips him into the corner and raises one arm to acknowledge the crowd and a cheer from them soon after.

Wolf: Jesco whips CVC into the ropes.

As he hits the ropes on opposite side and Crank completely avoids him, clearing him with one leap. Both men hit the ropes once more on opposite side than before, Jesco comes back with a ring rope slingshot catapult clothesline!!

Wolf: Jesco is showing right here now who the veteran is in this matchup!

Downtown Eddie: Bah! Jesco, still on the attack picks up and whips Crank into the corner turnbuckle. He takes off toward his opponent full speed!

Wolf: BOONE COUNTY SPLASH!!!

Just before Crank falls face first to the mat, Jesco catches him and pushes him back into the corner and he climbs on to the second ropes with both feet, straddling Crank and playing to the crowd before he begins to punch CVC over and over.

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Wolf: The crowd counting along and as he connects. Jesco gets to ten and Referee O'Conner steps in.

He jumps off the turnbuckle and CVC falls to the mat face first. Black turns around after playing to the crowd and is met violent guillotine face driver!

Downtown Eddie: WOW!

Wolf: Out of nowhere Crank hits a guillotine face driver! Crank has been on the circuit in the deep south for the last 3 years and has plenty of experience in the ring. Jesco being turned away from any opponent that amount of time shows lack of respect for the man he has!

Crank pulls Black to the center of the ring quickly by his right leg and applies a SharpShooter! Jesco Black reaches for the ropes when he realizes he is dead center in the middle of the ring. He puts his fists on the mat and begins to pull himself towards the ropes.

Wolf: He may tap here, he is now pulling himself closer to those ropes, but The Trailer Park Prodigy has Jesco right where he wants him.

Black reaches with every bit he has left for the ropes.

Wolf: He reaches... Reaches... He Has The Ropes! The referee is forced to break the hold!

Downtown Eddie: Looks like he may have cheated there if you ask me. How did he get from center of the ring to there without cheating? Really?

Wolf: It's called a Will To Win, Downtown Eddie Slapdown. Mickey O'Conner steps in to break the hold. Black is hugging the bottom rope when the hold is finally broken. He quickly trips Crank then applies an ankle lock. Now Crank is near the middle of the ring in a hold that could result in his ankle being broken. His twist and turns just cause Black to apply more pressure to his ankle.

Wolf: Referee O'Conner is watching both of Crank's hands here just waiting for him to tap out.

Downtown Eddie: No Way, Wolf! What a chicken shit way to wrestle, attempting to keep the best wrestler in this place on the mat the entire match!?

Wolf: Wait, where are you going?

Downtown Eddie rushes over to the side of the ring from Wolf's table. He begins to argue with the referee about calling a straight match. Suddenly CVC goes limp and drops his head, and appears to be out cold. Jesco screams for the referee that he has won the match! He turns to see what has the ref's attention and releases his hold on Crank's ankle.

Wolf: What is going on here? Get down Eddie!

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Jesco walks over to the referee to explain what has just happened and they all three now are arguing when Downtown Eddie winks at Jesco while still arguing with the Referee. Jesco turns suddenly and is whipped into the ropes, where he is leveled in the center with The Reluctant Slam™! The Referee is now back calling the match and Downtown Eddie makes his way back to Wolf.

Wolf: Talk about some hang time and the most violent SpineBuster I have ever seen in all the matches I have called

Downtown Eddie: I told you Wolf... This Kid has the potential to take over this sport in one leap.

Wolf: The Trailer Park Prodigy Has Arrived! Even if it meant cheating.

Downtown Eddie: Cheating? Crank never cheats.

Wolf: Whatever helps you sleep at night.

He whips him into the corner of the ring. Jesco hits the turnbuckle and nearly flops out of the ring but instead is now seated in the turnbuckle corner with a closed eyed, already defeated look across his face. "Wank It Crank!", "Wank It Crank!" chants starts because of his popular move the crowd can feel coming.

Wolf: These fans are hot already tonight.

Crank does his Aw Ski taunt ball his fist and pumping it up and down out from his crotch and after so many pumps he opens his hand quickly at the top of his last pump simulating orgasm. He then takes off in Jesco's direction. He leaps right before he gets to him, Jesco, who is still seated in the very corner of the ring being propped up by his arms resting on a rope on both sides of the corner. He hits the Aw Ski in the corner bouncing up and down on his opponent's chest and abdomen area.

Wolf: Chance's version of the BroncoBuster is finally broken up by Ref O'Conner.

Jesco is slow to reach his feet, as soon as he does get both feet down and begins to rise to face Crank, he is caught with a huge Knee Smash and is out on his feet!

Downtown Eddie: That's it! OVER WITH!

Wolf: That Knee Smash which I believe is called Shock-N-Rolla™ has knocked Jesco out on his feet!

Jesco is stumbling from the impact of CVC's Knee hitting him in the face at a great velocity. He stumbles right into the waiting grasp of The Reluctant One, Chance Von Crank who delivers the Razzle Dazzle™!

Wolf: The Referee completes a One, Two, Three count and calls for the bell.

The crowd is booing and many chants break out as Chance climbs to the top turnbuckle to taunt the crowd.

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Chance begins to do the championship belt motion while on the top rope causing roars of boo's and obscene chants to break out.

Wolf: Chance Von Crank wins the first ever match here in Death Row Wrestling and will advance to round two of the World Championship Tournament.

Downtown Eddie takes his headphones off and goes to celebrate with Chance as we go to the back.

The Time is Yoshii

A close-up of the Death Row World Championship title is centered in on the screen. It pans out to show Jed Dye stand to the left of it, and the 493 pound sumo, Yoshii.

Jed Dye: Fee fye fo fum...bahhh, kid talk. This isn't fairy tale land tonight folks, tonight I UNLEEASSSHHHH, Godzilla!!!

Both men laugh.

Yoshii: Godzilla!!! Yoshii!!!

Jed Dye: Ladies and gentleman, tonight marks the night of a new historic American memory that will be crushed into our memories forever. Tonight, TONIGHT, marks the night that this man-

Jed points to his left at Yoshii.

Jed Dye: -this man will change 'professional' wrestling forever and come one step closer to gold. It's just unfortunate that it will have to come at the hands of an immature youth, such as Pyroclastic Youth.

Yoshii stares into the camera, 100% in-the-zone.

Jed Dye: You want to trash Japanese restaurants Pyroclastic? You like to have temper tantrums like little kids do? Psh, such a loser. Hide the women and children. Because there's going to be a bomb dropping murder tonight!!!

Yoshii: YOSHII!!!

Jed smacks Yoshii's chest as they walk off straight ahead at the camera, out of view.

Pyroclastic Youth vs. Yoshii

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"Lava" by Ministry begins to play as Pyroclastic Youth burst through the curtains, jetting down the aisle.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth heading to the ring like a cheetah on cocaine.

As he slides under the bottom rope and jumps to his feet, Pyroclastic Youth pulls his jacket off and waits for his opponent.

Announcer: From St. Helens, Oregon. Weighing in at 219 pounds. PRYOCLAAASSSTTTTIIICCC
YOOUUUUUTTHHHH!!!!

The fans begin to boo.

Announcer: And his opponent, being accompanied by Jed Eye. From Tokyo, Japan. Weighing in at 493 pounds. He is... YOOOOSHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

The entrance music "The National Anthem" by the Yoshida Brothers hits and the lights go dim with a hint of red. A spot light shines down at the entrance ramp and out walks Jed who stops and extends his hand to show the 493 pound Godzilla, Yoshii.

Wolf: The size of Yoshii is astonishing. I am unsure how Pyroclastic Youth will be able to handle the size difference.

He walks out and walks to the ring with a serious and concentrated stare, as the light follows and Jed trails right behind him. Yoshii takes the steps up into the ring and walks along the apron and waits as Jed sits on the middle rope to let Yoshii get into the ring with ease. The lights re-lighten just in time for the fans to see and hear Yoshii look up and yell "??? !????? " ... ?????? -? !!!!!

Wolf: The bell sounds and here we go! Pyroclastic Youth is now sizing up his enormous opponent.

Youth charges Yoshii with a shoulder, but as he hits, Youth is knocked back and falls to the mat.

Wolf: Jed Eye seems pleased from outside as he watches the mat.

Yoshii slowly walks over to Pyroclastic Youth. He raises his right leg up and drops it down to stomp Youth hard.

Wolf: Folks that cannot feel good at all.

As Yoshii raises his leg again, Pyroclastic Youth rolls out of the way and then out of the ring under the bottom rope. The fans boo.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth taking a breather, well, no. I think he is refusing to continue!

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The fans boo as Pyroclastic Youth waves Yoshii off and turns toward the curtain.

Wolf: The fans do not like this one bit.

A "You Suck" chant begins as Youth walks up the aisle. Empty cups are being thrown on him.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth being taunted by the fans.

Pyroclastic Youth obviously gets mad as he charges toward the fans on the edge of the row who chant even louder.

Wolf: Youth has made no friends here in San Antonio.

He turns and jets back to the ring, sliding underneath the bottom rope and jumping to his feet.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth back in the ring and to his feet before Yoshii even knows what's going on. Youth runs, drop kick!

Yoshii stumbles back a bit but doesn't fall. Pyroclastic Youth pushes up and rises again.

Wolf: Youth rushes the Japanese behemoth again, he leaps!

Yoshii catches Pyroclastic Youth in a huge bear hug.

Wolf: He catches Youth and squeezes.

Yoshii squeezes harder and Pyroclastic screams in agony. The fans begin to chant for Yoshii.

Wolf: The former sumo wrestler getting the fans behind him as he squeezes the breath out of the cocky youngster.

Yoshii squeezes tighter, keeping his hold on Pyroclastic Youth tight.

Wolf: The pace of this match set a lot slower than Pyroclastic Youth wanted as Yoshii holds tight.

Yoshii squeezes again and then jumps up and slams Pyroclastic Youth.

Wolf: Side belly-to-belly slam from a bear hug by Yoshii! Pyroclastic Youth hits the mat with a tremendous thud!

Then fans begin to scream and yell as Yoshii uses the ropes to pull himself up.

Wolf: Yoshii grabs the arms of unconscious Pyroclastic Youth and yanks him toward the corner turnbuckle.

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Yoshii turns and begins to climb the corner to the first rope, preparing for his finisher.

Wolf: Yoshii setting up to end the match early after complete domination of Pyroclastic Youth.

Yoshii leaps back.

Wolf: Yoshii Bo... PYROCLASTIC YOUTH MOVES!

Yoshii sits on nothing but mat, his face shoots with surprise then pain.

Wolf: He missed! Pyroclastic youth was able to roll out of the way just in time.

Youth uses the ropes to begin pulling himself to his feet.

Wolf: Pyroclastic to his feet now.

He holds onto the top rope for leverage as with a swift side kick, catches Yoshii in the face.

Wolf: Yoshii laid out on the mat! What a kick to the face!

The fans begin booing as Pyroclastic Youth goes to the outside apron.

Wolf: What is he doing? A man with Yoshii's size is hard enough to get down, but to keep down? Pyroclastic Youth needs to act quickly.

Youth uses the top ropes to pull himself up, leaping then holding his balance on the top before jumping down with both feet.

Wolf: Springboard Double Foot Stomp by Pyroclastic Youth!

Pyroclastic Youth quickly covers Yoshii.

Wolf: The referee drops for the count.

At two, Yoshii pushes Pyroclastic Youth up and off of him. The fans pop.

Wolf: Two count. Not quite there. It's going to take more than that to keep a man of Yoshii's stature down.

Pyroclastic Youth rolls out of the ring for the second time as Yoshii begins to get up himself.

Wolf: Get back in the ring and fight like a man!

Youth waves Wolf off and begins walking around the ring toward the exit side.

Wolf: Jed Eye stepping in!

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Jed Eye gets in front of Pyroclastic Youth holding his hands up, trying to stop him.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth pushes by Yoshii's manager, and heading to the back once again.

The fans begin to boo Pyroclastic Youth again as he walks toward the back.

Wolf: The fans do not like this at all.

"It's a fight" hits the sound system as Tha Krew and Tim "Da Boss" Ross comes through the curtain.

Wolf: Its Tim Ross and his enforcers!

The fans begin to cheer as they cut Pyroclastic Youth off and begin yelling at him to get back into the ring.

Wolf: There's no escaping when you're in Death Row!

Pyroclastic Youth takes a swing at Leon Williams, who scoots back. Wes Payton moves in and scoops Pyroclastic up on his shoulders. The fans pop louder.

Wolf: Wes Payton walking Pyroclastic back to the ring as Yoshii just stares!

Payton gets to the apron and rolls Youth into the ring.

Wolf: Yoshii wasting no time! Stomps to Pyroclastic Youth!

Outside of the ring, Ross walks back toward the curtains as Tha Krew stand with their arms crossed, watching the rest of the match.

Wolf: Tha Krew making sure Pyroclastic can't leave again.

Yoshii reaches down and pulls Youth to his feet.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth trying to fight back. Chop across the chest of Yoshii, another!

Yoshii pushes Pyroclastic who stumbles into the ropes.

Wolf: Leon and West heading toward the ring.

Leon bends down and digs under the ring, pulling a chair out.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth turns toward Yoshii to meet a chop from Godzilla.

He holds his chest and steps back. Leon gets to the apron with the chair.

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Wolf: Youth turns around.

Leon swings the chair over the top rope.

Wolf: Yoshii doesn't see Leon.

Yoshii charges Pyroclastic Youth from behind, who sees Leon, and drops down to the apron quickly. The chair connects with the skull of Yoshii who falls back to the mat, shaking the entire ring.

Wolf: Leon hit the wrong guy!

Tha Krew drop to the floor and look on, obviously seeing they hit the wrong guy but not really caring either way. Jed Eye begins screaming at them.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth scooting across the ring, he drapes his arm over Yoshii!

The referee drops down and begins the count. The fans roar in displeasure as he hits three.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth steals a victory.

Jed Eye gets in Leon's face, still screaming about his interference.

Wolf: Big right hand by Wes Payton of Tha Krew, sending Jed Eye to the floor.

Pyroclastic Youth rolls out of the ring on the other side of the ring and exits through the crowd as we switch to a video from our sponsor.

Cancer Jiles vs. Goliath

Screaming Jay Hawkins belts out I am the COOL over the PA system, signaling the start of something... COOL.

Announcer: Coming to the ring, from Philadelphia Pennsylvania, standing six feet and one and half inches tall.... Weighing in at a Cool, 225 pounds. The one... the only... Mr. Cool!!!! Cannnnnnnnncerrrr JILES!!!!!!!"

The chorus of cheers rain down the from the fans, as Mr. Cool struts his COOL ass down to the ring is deafening. The O-G of COOL playfully taunts the crazed fans, who have come to develop a fine love to hate you type of relationship with the self-proclaimed, Cool superstar.

Upon arrival, Mr. Cool slides under the bottom rope, and then ascends the turnbuckles for a little show and tell. He reciprocates the fans appreciation of him, flipping them off a couple of times before throwing his customary pair of Cool shades into the audience. Mr. Cool then finds his final resting place atop the third

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turnbuckle. There, the heir of all things COOL stays perched, awaiting the opening bell.

The bell sounds. They touch fist and step back. Both loosening up and getting ready for the match.

Wolf: Looks like they are ready to go. I'm being joined out here for commentary by our resident interviewer, Tommy Ace.

Ace: Hey hey! Thanks for letting me join you Waylon. Gotta do something to make that money.

Both men move in and circle before tying up. Goliath uses his size advantage to immediately push Cancer Jiles back, before grabbing his arm and whipping him across the ring.

Wolf: Jiles heading towards the corner.

Goliath runs behind him. Cancer grabs the top rope, and leaps up. Goliath smashes shoulder first into the turnbuckle as Cancer lands on his feet behind him.

Wolf: That agility by Jiles!

Ace: He leaped higher than when I found out my last date had a dick!

Wolf: Just stick to calling the match Tommy.

Goliath grabs his shoulder, obviously in intense pain, as Cancer leaps up with a drop kick to his back, sending The Monster into the corner.

Wolf: Cancer has the advantage early on, especially with it appearing Goliath may have hurt his shoulder in the first few moments of the match!A

Ace: Not good for Goliath if he wants to move forward toward the title.

Cancer rushes, climbing up the ropes behind Goliath, straddling him. He begins to punch the top of Goliath's head from behind.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles is on top of Goliath, and on top of the world right now as he continues to lead this match!

Ace: Mr. Cool keeping his cool and completely dominating.

After a few strikes, Cancer climbs up from the middle rope to the top. He steadies himself before falling to a sitting position, wrapping his legs around Goliath's head. Jiles leans back, and with the momentum flips Goliath over and to the mat face first. The fans can't help but go nuts.

Wolf: Inverted Hurricaranna by Jiles. What an outstanding move!

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Ace: That was pretty fucking sick.

The crowd begins clapping.

Wolf: Our fans are defiantly into this match as Cancer Jiles and Goliath try to advance in this tournament.

Goliath rolls over, holding his shoulder as Cancer gets to his feet. Jiles steps back, and stomps his foot, signaling that it's almost time for his patented super kick.

Wolf: If Cancer Jiles hits that Terminal Cancer it will be over for Goliath, relatively early here in the match.

Goliath rolls over and gets to his knees, leaning forward, still holding his shoulder. Behind him, Cancer can be seen itching, ready to launch. He flings his arms, tauntingly, waiting for Goliath to get up.

Wolf: Jiles wants it, he wants to leave his mark right here, tonight.

Ace: That's a devastating kick if he can hit it.

Goliath gets up to his feet. He still holds his shoulder. He then turns. As he does, Cancer shoots forward.

Wolf: TERMINAL CANC...

Goliath side steps to the left, thus allowing Cancer to go past him. As Cancer's leg goes past Goliath's face, he throws his arm out, catching Jiles.

Wolf: Clothesline!

Ace: He nearly took Cancer's head completely off!

As Cancer falls to the mat, Goliath stumbles a few feet forward, and falls to his knees. He grabs his shoulder again.

Wolf: Goliath is favoring that shoulder; I think it could really be hurt.

Goliath Uses his unhurt shoulder to pull himself up on the ropes. He turns, walking over to Cancer.

Wolf: Goliath, with his free arm, bends down and lifts Jiles up by the head.

Still holding his other arm close to his chest, he pulls back, chopping Cancer across the chest.

Wolf: Another hard chop.

Ace: Jiles' chest is glowing.

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The fans winch in unison with each additional chop. Goliath grabs the back of Cancer's head, and pulls him into his knee.

Wolf: Even with an injury, The Body Breaker pushing through the pain to give the fans what they came to see.

Ace: If they are wanting destruction, then they are getting it.

The Monster then hits a quick DDT.

Wolf: Simple, yet effective with that DDT.

The fans cheer the action as Goliath sits up. He moves his injured arm in a circle, holding the upper corner of his shoulder. He then gets to his feet, still moving it.

Wolf: It looks like Goliath is set on fighting through the pain as he confirms that he still has use of that arm.

Ace: No pain, no gain Waylon. When you run with The Row you better be willing to put your body through anything.

Goliath looks down at Cancer, and then runs his way. He leaps up in the air, throwing both legs out.

Wolf: Double leg drop Goliath!

The fans pop for the action.

Wolf: This folks is entertainment.

Ace: This is awesome!

As Goliath gets to his feet, he pulls one of Cancer's legs up with him.

Wolf: Goliath stepping in.

Cancer uses his free leg to kick The Monster back. As Goliath stumbles back a few steps, Cancer Jiles is able to roll over and push himself to his feet. Goliath regains his composure and takes a step towards Cancer who jumps.

Wolf: Standing drop kick by Cancer Jiles! Where did he find the energy?!

Ace: He must have had some coke hidden in his shorts. I thought he was gone!

The fans go absolutely bonkers. Cancer scoots over and uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. As he

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leans on the top rope he looks out to the crowd.

Wolf: Jiles is a man full of surprises. He could be one step closer to being champion after tonight!

Ace: You've said that like three times already.

Wolf: Hush up.

Ace: Call the match, be quiet. Make up your damn mind.

Goliath pushes halfway up, looks up at Cancer, and then hits the mat with his fist. He then continues to his feet.

Wolf: I don't think Goliath really thought his opponent had this in him, but Cancer Jiles is showing that he can hang with the big boys tonight!

Ace: Cancer is a former multi time champion, of course he can.

Goliath begins toward Cancer, who steps off the ropes and meets Goliath half way.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles now with a knife edge chop followed by another, and another. He grabs The Monster's arm, whips him across the.. no, Goliath reverses. Cancer Jiles off the ropes.

Goliath bends over to catch Cancer, but Jiles leaps over him, pulling The Monster down.

Wolf: Sunset flip!

Ace: Boom!

Cancer holds Goliath down, who begins to frantically kick his legs before being able to break away.

Wolf: Only a one count. Cancer Jiles almost had that one.

Ace: It's going to take more than that to keep Goliath down.

The crowd continues to go crazy. As Cancer gets to his feet, he once again pulls Goliath to his.

Wolf: Jiles with a big right hand, followed by another. However, Goliath blocks this one and returns fire with his own. Goliath scoops Cancer up, Jiles slides behind him, landing on his feet!

Cancer pushes Goliath who falls a few steps forward, stopping at the ropes. As he turns around, Cancer runs at him.

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Wolf: Goliath moves, pulling the top rope down.

Cancer goes over the top rope, catching it as he goes over. Goliath smirks and points two thumbs to himself at the crowd as Cancer uses his strength to flip back over the ropes and into the ring.

Wolf: Goliath turns, Cancer Jiles showing off his agility with yet another standing drop kick!

Ace: Look at him fly!

Cancer leans over, picking up Goliath's legs. He stomps his inner thigh before looking out to the fans.

Wolf: Jiles about to go for something.

He leans back, falling to the mat.

Wolf: Slingshot! Goliath flies into the nearby corner post.

As he hits, he bounces back and stumbles around. Cancer Jiles sets up behind him, almost stalking Goliath.

Wolf: Goliath turns; Jiles lunges forward and leaps with a swinging neck breaker!

Ace: It's over now.

He quickly goes to cover Goliath again, however this time the referee stops before his hand hits the mat for a one count.

Wolf: Goliath is somehow able to put his leg up on the bottom rope. His resilience is like none other.

Ace: That's good mental focus.

Jiles gets to his knees, then up to his feet.

Wolf: Quick and stomps by 'Mr. Cool' Cancer Jiles.

Cancer yanks Goliath to his feet, and quickly guides his head into the nearby top turnbuckle. He doesn't let go. With his free hand he points to the corner post on the opposite side and walks Goliath over to it, slamming his head into that turnbuckle as well before turning him around and shoving him into the post back first.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles using the top ropes for leverage as he stomps repeatedly into the mid-section of Goliath.

Ace: Cancer losing his cool it seems. He needs to not let his emotions get the best of him.

Lethal Injection: I

Goliath falls to a semi-sitting position in the corner as Cancer continues to stomp. He walks to the middle of the ring and points at Goliath as he looks out to the crowd.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles runs.

Goliath quickly grabs the ropes, pulling himself up and side steps as Cancer comes crashing through with a boot up. His leg wraps into the post before he falls back hitting the mat.

Wolf: Maybe the opportunity that Goliath needed to turn this match around.

Ace: He needs to end this match as quick as possible if he plans on beating Cancer.

Cancer Jiles holds himself in pain as Goliath steps over him and climbs to the second rope. He holds onto the top rope, using it to launch himself up, before coming down with a knee drop. Cancer rolls out of the way and Goliath collides with the mat, rolling forwards and clutching his knee. Cancer remains on his hands and knees for a moment before using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. Jiles looks at Goliath and shakes his head, before lumbering forwards and pulling his opponent to his feet.

Wolf: The match is continuing... Both Cancer Jiles and Goliath showing amazing resiliency here!

Cancer pushes Goliath back.

Wolf: Cancer needing to get back into this before it's too late.

Jiles hits a right, then a left. He swiftly kicks Goliath's legs, dropping him to one knee.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles on the come back! Can he do it? Can he beat Goliath?!

Cancer grabs Goliath's head and lifts him up.

Wolf: What's this?!

From the crowd comes a man in a trench coat.

Wolf: That's Rykor! The son of Kevin Hawk is here!

He pulls his coat off and slides into the ring.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles immediately in a defensive pose.

Cancer backs up and puts his fist up, but Rykor goes right past him and behind Goliath.

Wolf: He locks Goliath in, BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX! No rhyme or reason for this!

Lethal Injection: I

Rykor quickly gets to his feet and stares Cancer in the eyes before backing up and sliding out under the bottom rope.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles unhappy with the interference, and rightfully so!

The camera shows Rykor backing up toward the curtain, with a blank and steady stare on his face. Inside the ring, Cancer drops down and covers Goliath.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles gets the three count to end a very competitive match on a sour note.

As Cancer's music hits he can be seen talking to the referee about that being "crap."

Wolf: Mr. Cool moves forward in the tournament, but very upset at how.

Introduction To Your Personal Hell

The sounds of Ice Ice Baby by Vanilla Ice rings through the PA system, as the music fades to just a background distraction heavy breathing is heard loudly.

Voice: Is this thing even on? GET ME A WORKING MICROPHONE DAMMIT!
Some other sounds exit from the microphone before a stagehand is heard.

Stagehand No sir, its working and they can hear everything, even your loud breathing!

A few laughs from the crowd is heard, as silence almost overtakes the place minus the awful music in the background.

Voice: The world of Death Row is about to shake and the sink hole this hell hole rest in will crumble beneath you all. As it does, you will fall into eternity of brimstone and ash. And you sir, Cancer Jiles, will no longer be COOL. Oh no, you my dear longtime friend will be sweating like a whore in summer. So proclaim your fame for now, rise to the top or sink to the bottom. The price you pay for either one is not what you have been billed!

Your time in the world of wrestling is about up. Those fifteen minutes of fame came and went hours ago. Sorry I have been away and unable to correct that mistake. When I am done with you, you will wish for some Terminal Cancer to end your miserable existence.

When we clash, I am taking the victory, your fame, your fortune, and your career. I am leaving you a hollow shell of the egotistical ass rash you have become. I am the A & D Ointment, you are the rash. Time for some chemotherapy, cancer stop being a big deal years AGO!

You hear the microphone hit the floor, somewhere backstage as the sounds of Ice Ice Baby blares back up

Lethal Injection: I

and the crowd in attendance and Cancer Jiles, standing before them all in the ring looks on slightly confused.

Wolf: Could be Doozer? Could be Shadows? Could it be Polowy? Maybe the hero himself, Talon? All that is known, Cancer has company and just like all company you hate, he is not leaving anytime soon!

The Message

The show cuts to the office of Tim Ross, who is nowhere to be found. The camera zooms in on an answering machine sitting on his desk.

Ring - ring - cht.

Ross (Via Answering Machine): Sup, bitch? You've reached da voicemail of da mothafuckin' boss, Tim Ross. 'Membah time is money, playa... so be cheap, when ya leave it at tha beep. Y'heard.

Sounding distant, Tommy Ace comments from ringside.

Ace: You know you're the boss when you can leave voicemail greetings like that! The motherfucking boss! What a guy... bet he knows how to party! Huh, Way-Way?

As the post-message beep bounces off the arena walls, Waylon Wolf Sr. mutters in retort. Surely, he did not appreciate the pet name.

Wolf: Sucking up 'n' sounding like a god-damned moron - first show, first hour. Great...

Despite, in all likelihood, hearing the gripe... Tommy shakes it off. He does so in the nick of time, too, as the caller begins leaving his voicemail - with an eerily-familiar voice to any having truly followed this industry within the past decade or so...

Doozer: It's me. You - uh... you said to call again if you hadn't gotten back to me by now. So yeah... just thought I'd do that and see if you'd made your decision or not. Hopin' you're just busy or somethin'...

A deep, hopeless sigh leaks out of the speakers.

Doozer: I'm not gonna lie to you, man. I need this. I don't want to come off pathetic or anything... even though I pretty much am. But I can help you, too. I swear it. They'll love to see me again. Maybe I can't compete in ring anymore, maybe I can... but I won't need to. I promise. They'll just be glad I'm back. I'll be glad I'm back...

Another, even more depressing sigh.

Doozer: Please.

Lethal Injection: I

Cht.

Wolf: Well, I guess that means our mystery man is not Cancer jiles' former partner, Doozer. Who can it be?

FJ Tombs vs. Maynard Crane

"Kiss My Country Ass" hit the Pa and the crowd starts cheering. After a few seconds, FJ Tombs walks and points to the right side of the audience and then to the left. He smiles and starts walking to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Texas at 275 pounds, standing 6 feet and 5 inches, FJ Tombs!

FJ walks up the steps and climbs into the ring. He walks over to the opposite corner and stretches till his opponent enters the ring.

Announcer: His opponent, from Parts Unknown, standing 6'6 and weighing in at 236 pounds.
MMMMAAAAYYYNNNAAAARRRRRDDDD CRRRAAAAANNNNNNNEEE!!!

The introductory chords to "Love?" by Strapping Young Lad plays throughout the arena as Maynard Crane walks down to the ring. He has his white rat Paco against his ear, listening to him, nodding in agreement, and then places him in a cage already in his corner. He climbs inside and sits down in his corner, eying his opponent until the bell rings.

Wolf: After all the action, we're getting ready for our main event!
As the bell sounds, Maynard rises to his feet.

Wolf: And we're off!

Both men step toward each other and grapple.

Wolf: They hook up. Maynard has an inch on FJ, but Tombs has the weight advantage of about forty pounds. This should be a pretty even match.

FJ Tombs over powers Maynard, sending him back and into the turnbuckle.

Wolf:. Tombs runs and leaps. Big splas... no! Crane moves!

As Maynard side steps out of the corner, FJ hits the turnbuckle with his chest. He grabs his chest and stumbles back a few feet.

Wolf: Crane quickly on the offense as he swoops in, NECKBREAKER!

Maynard quickly gets to his feet.

Lethal Injection: I

Wolf: Maynard with a couple of big stomps.

FJ continues to hold his chest as Maynard reaches down with his huge hands.

Wolf: Crane pulling FJ Tombs up by his head.

As Tombs gets to his feet, Maynard leans over and scoops him up.

Wolf: Scoop slam by Crane!

The fans boo as FJ Tombs rolls on the mat..

Wolf: Maynard Crane in complete control of this match. If FJ Tombs wants to win, he needs to pull off some offense and soon.

Maynard bends down, grabbing the head of FJ Tombs with his massive hands, and begins to squeeze.

Wolf: Iron Claw by Crane

FJ grabs ahold of Maynard's wrist but cannot break his grasp.

Wolf: Maynard applying pressure, can FJ Tombs find a way out of this hold?

Tombs raises his foot and is able to drape it over the nearby bottom rope. The referee calls for Crane to release his opponent.

Wolf: The sadistic Maynard Crane refusing to release his grasp on FJ Tombs, continuing to squeeze the temples of Tombs!

Lead referee, Frank Knox, begins to count as Maynard gets a look on his face as if he is in only one zone, and that zone is destroying his opponent.

Wolf: Crane refusing to release Tombs! Folks this is a devastating move that can cause death if held too long! My God!

Knox calls for the bell. As it sounds, Maynard presses harder against FJ's temples.

Wolf: This match is over. Maynard has yet to release his grip on Tombs who seems to have lose consciousness!

The bell continues to ring. Finally, Frank Knox gets involved.

Wolf: Referee, Frank Knox, grabs the back of Maynard and begins to pull.

Lethal Injection: I

Maynard releases FJ Tombs and stands up, quickly turning toward the referee.

Wolf: Knox not backing down as he is yelling at Maynard for his actions!

Maynard steps toward Frank who steps right up to him.

Wolf: Our referees take no slack from anyone here in Death Row!

Knox pokes his finger into the chest of the towering Maynard Crane, who moves it away and just stares.

Wolf: Knox pushing past Crane and checking on Tombs who seems to still be out. FJ Tombs moves on to round two of the World Championship tournament if he is able to.

Maynard retrieves Paco and exits the ring as officials run from the back to join the referee on helping FJ Tombs.

Wolf: Maynard Crane is a monster! We must wonder what to expect from this diabolical individual here in Death Row!

As the copyright information comes up, the screen fades on FJ Tombs being assisted by Death Row officials and medical staff.

Lethal Injection: I

Show Credits

Segment: "Welcome to Death Row" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Jesco Black vs. Chance Von Crank" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "The Time is Yoshii" - Written by jace.

Match: "Pyroclastic Youth vs. Yoshii" - Written by Ben.

Match: "Cancer Jiles vs. Goliath" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "Introduction To Your Personal Hell" - Written by Ben.

Segment: "The Message" - Written by Ben.

Match: "FJ Tombs vs. Maynard Crane" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite