

Lethal Injection: III

May 9, 2012 | Tulsa Convention Center - Tulsa, Oklahoma

Lethal Injection III

Introduction

It's time to take a break from watching midget porn as you erase YouPorn.com out of the address bar and type in DeathRowWrestling.com. It is time as you click the "Live Stream" button and wait for it to buffer. Then, not long after, the Lethal Injection logo comes across the screen. As it fades, 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 guillotine.

The camera zooms in on a frightened man who is blindfolded and locked into the mechanism. The tall masked man from weeks before walks into the scene and over to the release cord.

Masked Man: It's time.

He yanks the cord and the blade begins to drop. At that point the entire scene just witnessed stops and plays backward at a fast speed. As the cell doors close back, the Lethal Injection logo burst through them and settling on the crowd as the camera pans across the front row of screaming fans before landing on the announcer's table. Waylon Wolf, Sr. and Tommy Ace sit, waiting for the action to begin.

Wolf: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Death Row Wrestling! I'm Waylon Wolf and joining me is the one and only, Tommy Ace!

Ace: Thanks Waylon, but I'm the man who needs no introduction baby, YEAH!

Tommy pops his collar with confidence.

Wolf: What a show we have for you tonight as three men fight for the right to name the stipulation of the championship title match on the next edition of Lethal Injection.

Ace: We also have a tables match Waylon!

Wolf: Then there is a two on one handicap match that Tim Ross set up as punishment for Chance Von Crank's cockiness last week.

Ace: It's going to be one hell of a show!

The camera passes across the front row where Greg "G-Man" Manix is seen sitting in a business suit with what eems to be some associates of his.

Lethal Injection: III

Wolf: Celebrities in the house tonight. Greg Manix has a rich history in the sport of professional wrestling.

It's Time to Sign

The scene cuts to a view outside the entrance to the Tulsa Convention Center. Pulling up, as slowly as death itself, is one of the oldest-looking limousines still in commission. The white, with off-white vinyl covering, round boat of an automobile comes to a screeching halt.

As the back passenger window of the limo retreats down into the door inch by inch, Doozer's disenchanted face sneers at an object located near the arena entrance. The camera pans over in the direction of The Dooze's target to investigate.

A wooden table sits, with a Death Row Wrestling banner draped over its front. The text bleeds over the black background in a crimson red text.

Doozer: [muttering in defiance] Can't believe that fuck's makin' me do this, Dude. Look at that bullshit table...

The Dude's stoned dome juts forward into view and he peers at the setup.

The Dude: Yeah, this is dumb... I hate both of those colors.

Doozer slowly turns his head toward his manager, scrunching his face in disbelief.

The Dude: Just sayin'... I think a white and baby blue would work much better. I know someone who'd agree...

Redeemed. It's rare, but the Mr. COOL reference actually got a grin from old Doozy.

Then... something even better.

A teenager, most likely between the age of 13 to 15, approaches the table with slight hesitation. With what seems to be a gift card in one hand and a pen in the other, the blond-haired, fair-skinned boy carefully scans his surroundings as he takes each step.

The Dooze catches sight of the young lad and his face brightens like that of a cub scout leader at Chucky Cheese.

The Dude: [attempting to build on his success with the previous statement] Furthermore -

Doozer: [interrupting] Shut the fuck up, Dude. Let's go brighten some motherfuckin' lives...

Almost as if he just shed 10 years off of his life, Doozer throws the door open with so much force it almost busted and jumps up out of the beaten down limo.

Lethal Injection: III

Doozer: ... Just like we always used to...

Yoshii vs. Dylan Daniels

We switch to ringside.

Wolf: It's time to get the action started!

Dylan Daniels famous theme comes over te big speakers and a montage of his independent career for his video. He walks down the ramp to a mixed reception from the Death Row crowd...

Announcer: Hailing from Seattle. Washington weighing in at 219lbs., DYLAN DANIELS!!!

Wolf: You can see a difference in Daniels now than when he was apart of the DREAM Roster in 2010. He seems more determined now than ever before.

Daniels rolls into the ring and heads for the corner turnbuckle.

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.

Announcer: And his opponent, being accompanied by Jed Eye. From Tokyo, Japan. Weighing in at 493 pounds. GODZILLA HIMSELF!!! YOOOOSHHHHIIIIIIIIII!!!

Wolf: Yoshi is a monster of a human being!

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 awaits 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 "??? !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! !!!!!

Ace: This man is huge, he killed Jesco Black last week.

Wolf: Wasted.

Yoshi comes at Daniels with a shoulder block knocking him to the mat with violent force. Yoshi backs to the ropes slinging himself forward for a diving headbutt!

Ace: MISS!

Wolf: Daniels just avoided death with a barrel roll! Daniels jumps to his feet, BULLDOG ON YOSHI!

Lethal Injection: III

Catching his breath flat on his belly Yoshi rises to his elbows to a Spinning Wheel Kick! Ace: Damn! Daniels has taken control here early on. Wolf: He has come to fight tonight, he has just applied a crossface armbar! The referee is watching for Yoshi to tap! The referee circles the two men laying on the mat watching every movement of Yoshi's arms and hands. Yoshi slings his shoulder back then forward causing Daniels to flip over his back and into the corner. Doing this causes his shoulder to come out of place. The crowd pops at seeing this with a mixed reaction.

Wolf: His shoulder just came out of place on a beast of a man in Yoshi!

Ace: That's Nasty!

Daniels looks across the ring at his huge opponent. Yoshi holds his injured arm at the shoulder popping it back into place without a single wince. The two men charge each other and Yoshi gives Daniels a powerful swinging neckbreaker as they meet center ring. Yoshi goes for the pin but Daniels kicks out before the Referee can even make a one count. Daniels wobbles into Yoshi's waiting arms!

Wolf: Sidewalk Slam by Yoshi!!

Ace: Daniels hit the mat with such force!

Yoshi gets to his feet and charges Daniels, who stumbles to his feet but is playing possum! He moves out of the way of Yoshi's Big Boot and he gets caught up in the corner turnbuckle. Daniels jumps on Yoshi's back and applies a sleeper choke hold. Yoshi flops around attempting to throw him off his back and break the hold. Yoshi reaches for the ropes and grabs ahold of them. He attempts to catch his breath as Daniels hits the ropes and baseball slide drop kicks the back of Yoshi's kneecap! Yoshi hits one knee as Daniels hits a reverse neck breaker nailing it and going for the pin!

1.....2.....KICKOUT!

Ace: ALMOST GOT THE MONSTER THERE!

Wolf: That was close 2 and a half!

Daniels becomes frustrated as Yoshi crawls to his feet. Daniels charges! Yoshi suplex him nearly out of the ring! Daniels laying on the skirt of the ring nearly on the steps. Yoshi walks over and begins to stomp Daniels over and over. Finally the Referee pulls Yoshi off. Yoshi turns to argue with him for it. Daniels takes full advantage of this climbing the turnbuckle but just as he gets to the top he is pushed off by Jed! Yoshi turns to see Daniels hit the mat and gives a nod of approval to Jed. Yoshi picks up Daniels by his neck and gets him in a sit down PILEDRIVER!

Wolf: USED HIS OWN FINISHER ON HIM!

Ace: That has to be it! HAS TO BE! Yoshi goes for the pin!

Lethal Injection: III

1.....2.....KICKOUT!

Yoshi can not believe this and argues with the Referee once more. Holding up three fingers in protest Yoshi doesn't realize behind him Daniels is back to his feet. Yoshi begins to turn around just as Daniels first punch lands on his jaw. He keeps hitting Yoshi. The two men finally tie up and Yoshi slings Daniels away from him but Daniels rolls back to his feet and spears Yoshi to the mat. He lifts up his head and punches it twice more before hitting the ropes and coming back with a KNEE SMASH! Yoshi hits the mat once more as Daniels keeps on top of him. He lefts Yoshi's head once more and brings him to his feet using every bit of his strength to do so. He kicks him in the gut causing him to bend at the abdomen and he underhooks Yoshi's head and falls into a sitting down PILEDIVER!

Ace: Daniels GOES FOR THE PIN!!!

1.....2.....3!!!

Wolf: Amazing! Dylan Daniels has won his début matchup here on Lethal Injection III!

Ace: What an upset! Dylan Daniels has done it ladies and gentlemen!

Announcer: You winner by pinfall. DYYYYYYLLLLLAAAAANNN DANIELS!!!!

Ace: Amazing really. Amazing.

I Will Break You

The dark confinement of the backstage area is where we find ourselves. The camera rest on a shadow in a dimly lit corner. Goliath can be made out as the silhouette.

Goliath: Tonight... I face Rykor in a tables match...

He places his head in his hands then looks up.

Goliath: Rykor... I... Will..Break... YOU!

Goliath lunges toward the camera, yanking it down, apparently breaking it.

Chance Von Crank vs. The Black Skulls

Ace: Welcome back for my favorite match on the card. The Black Skulls standing in the ring awaiting our version of Elvis Presley,...

The lights dim in the arena. Nothingface's "Bleeder" hits the PA. The heavy guitars fuel raw lyrics...

Lethal Injection: III

"It's not ending...

What's it to you....

Isolate me.....

Feel unsure.

Tired of waiting."

Announcer: They're opponent hailing from Harlan Kentucky, weighing in at 260 pounds, The Trailer Park Prodigy! The Shock-N-Rolla! CHANNNCEE VOOONNN CRANK!

The crowd boo's the very mention of his name. Out from behind the curtain walks CVC!

Wolf: Last week Chance forfeited a match with the top wrestler in the DRW.

Ace: Shhh, he's going to talk...

Chance walks out wearing one of his robes. He throws it into the crowd. The robe is tossed back immediately. He smiles at this gesture and holds the mic up to his lips.

cVc™: Oklahoma Sooner? Sooner I get the fuck out of here the better you mean. Look at all you assholes in this crowd. Tim Ross your the biggest pussy in this entire place and oh BOY! Is that a statement.

The crowd boo's.

cVc™: You sit there and boo the RAZZLEDAZZLER, TRAILERPARK Prodigy?? Yet you can cheer for my opponents?

Chance looks toward the ring at his opponents. Pointing a single finger in they're direction.

cVc™: Who You calling Pussy, Faggot? Look man you can't talk right? Did your partner skull fuck you retarded? Quit skull fucking your friend retarded, Guy! You two look like an old version of something that use to be good. I see those mean contorted faces... How about TTP comes down there and knocks the fucking ugly right OFF! Your Faces? The Shock-N-Rolla, Here-2-Show-Ya...

Chance holds his mic out toward the crowd who scream right along..."COCKED BACK AND FUCKING LOADED!!! CHANCE VON CRANK!"

Chance walks to the ring, the purple and orange tassels around his biceps bounce as he rolls in the ring. Chance jumps on the turnbuckle to a near dead even mixed reaction now from crowd. He smiles realizing this just as one of his opponents pulls him to mat, mullet first.

Wolf: The bell sounds as THE Sam Skull pulls Crank to the mat.

Ace: His hair has to be good for something.

Lethal Injection: III

Chance quickly rolls over and to his feet. he grabs the back of his hair showing the referee he had been pulled down.

Wolf: Quit whining. Death Row referees don't care if your 80's hair style is used as an offensive move.

THE Sam Skull runs past Crank, leaps to the second rope and jumps off with a roundhouse kick to the back of Chance's head.

Wolf: Springboard roundhouse kick to the back of Chance Von Crank's skull.

Ace: He nearly took his head off with that one.

Wolf: That's what Chance gets for taking his chances and not paying attention in this handicap match.

Ace: I see what you did there. "Chances."

Ace laughs to himself as Kenta Urino lifts cVc to his feet, moves around behind and grabs ahold of him. Meanwhile THE Sam Skull climbs the turnbuckle to the top.

Wolf: Kenta lifts, belly-to-back suplex!

As Chance hits the mat face down, THE Sam Skull leaps.

Wolf: Top rope double foot stomp the shoulders of Chance Von Crank!

The crowd pops.

Ace: The fans are hot Waylon!

Kenta Urino runs and slides.

Wolf: Baseball slide to the face of Chance Von Crank.

Ace: I don't think Chance will piss Tim Ross off anymore after this match!

Wolf: This isn't a match, this is an execution!

cVc rolls around going between holding his face to his back.

Wolf: The Black Skulls lift Crank to his feet.

Once they have him up, both men run past cVc. As they bounce off of the ropes with momentum he turns to face them in time to see them leap.

Lethal Injection: III

Wolf: Double shoulder block by the Black Skulls!

Ace: Chance has no... chance of winning this match!

Ace laughs loudly.

Ace: See what I did that time?

Wolf: Yea, creative.

In the ring, THE Sam Skull pulls cVc to his feet, grabbing his arm and whipping the Trailer Park Prodigy hard into the corner. Chance's chest hits with force and he drapes his arms over the top rope.

Wolf: Crank not in a good position at all.

Ace: THE Sam Skull coming in with a single ax handle to the collar bone of Chance.

cVc grabs his shoulder and stumbles backward, turning around. Kenta moves in with a backhand chop catching cVc off guard.

Wolf: Another back hand chop, followed by another.

Kenta steps back, slaps Chance's chest, the rolls around with a ferocious chop.

Wolf: Devastating Kesagiri chop!

Ace: That hurt to watch.

The fans go crazy as Chance bends over in obvious pain. THE Sam Skull grabs cVc and pulls him out of the corner. He hooks Chance's arms, lifts and leaps.

Wolf: Tiger Driver!

Ace: THE Sam Skull might have just broke the neck of Chance Van Crank!

Fans: Holy Shit! Holy Shit!

Crank sells the fuck out of the move, flopping around on the mat, holding his neck and screaming in pain. Kenta Urino runs past cVc and jumps to the second rope, leaping.

Wolf: Urino connects with the moonsault to Chance Von Crank. Lets wrap this one up cause it's over!

Kenta covers cVc and the referee goes for the pin.

Lethal Injection: III

Wolf: Chance Von Crank is one.

As the referee hits two, Chance throws his leg over the the bottom rope.

Wolf: Whoa! Somehow Crank saveshimself!

Ace: I can't believe it.

Wolf: I don't think The Black Skulls can either, or the fans for that matter!

As Kenta gets up, Chance quickly scoots to the ropes and wraps his arms and legs around the bottom rope.

Wolf: Von Crank trying to squirm his was out of the danger zone.

Both Kenta and THE Sam Skull grab the top rope and together swiftly kick the back of cVc causing him to release his grip and fall to the mat.

Wolf: Perfectly legal here in Death Row!

Ace: Chance might need to think about giving this one up. The Black Skulls are too aggressive and work as a team with perfection.

THE Sam Skull reaches down to grab cVc who rolls out of the ring and falls to the floor with a thud.

Wolf: This may be the oppertunity Chance needs.

Ace: Yea, to run to the back quickly!

In the ring, The Black Skulls talm amongst themselves as on the outside the camera zooms in on Crank who seems to be reaching into his trunks.

Wolf: The Black Skulls exiting the ring to the outside.

As they surrond cVc, the duo bends down to lift him up. With a quick motion he tosses what seems to be a white powder into their eyes.

Wolf: What was that?!

Ace: Brilliance!

Both Black Skulls hold their eyes as Chance crawls on his elbows to the steps. He lifts himself up, steading as best as he can.

Lethal Injection: III

Wolf: What is Crank doing?

The Black Skulls turn, still blinded as cVc jumps off of the steps with both arms out.

Wolf: Double Flying Clothesline connects!

As the team hits the floor, Chance rolls over to the barrier. Inside the ring, the referee begins to count.

Wolf: Chance Von Crank needs to do something now if he plans on walking out the winner.

Ace: The odds are stacked against him.

cVc tries to move from the barrier and drops to his knees after taking a few steps.

Wolf: He is worn out and rightfully so.

Ace: The Trailer Park Prodigy showing a lot of heart to be honest. The Black Skulls are two of the toughest men in professional wrestling, and he is still standing... sort of.

As Chance Von Crank gets back to his feet, he heads toward the ring. THE Sam Skull pushes up. Grabbing cVc's arm, THE Sam Skull turns him around and whips him into the side of the ring.

Wolf: THE Sam Skull back in this as Kenta Urino now is moving around as well.

Ace: Is anyone paying attention to the referee's count?

THE Sam Skull walks over and helps Kenta Urino to his feet as Crank rolls himself into the ring. As The Black Skulls head toward the ring, the referee calls for the bell.

Ace: I guess not!

Wolf: What?! Chance Von Crank wins via count out?!

Ace: I don't even think he knew how close the referee's count was. Wow.

Wolf: What a match! Chance Von Crank somehow beats the odds and has got a win over The Black Skulls.

The Black Skulls stand on the outside of the ring, their hands on their hips, just staring in disbelief. cVc uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet. He looks over the top one, resting on it, and talking smack to The Black Skulls as they begin up the ramp.

Wolf: I don't know what to say, I am amazed!

Lethal Injection: III

Ace: Me too, but isn't it great?!

Truth Hurts

Tim Ross is shown sitting in his padded leather chair in his office backstage. The Boss has a shit-eating grin on his face as he waves his boys from Tha Krew into the room.

Tim Ross: You mu'fuckas know I don't normally do this shit. Not durin' hours or nothin'... but you GOTTA check dis shit out!

Ross laughs and grabs a remote sitting on his desk nearby. Tha Krew circles around back of The Boss and they all direct their attention to the big screen TV across from them.

Directly connected to a camera outside the Tulsa Convention Center, the television displays Doozer sitting behind the Death Row Wrestling table. He's draped, from head to toe, in Death Row gear... which, for those who don't know, he had to buy himself. His manager, The Dude, sits to his left.

The Dude's wearing a 'Cancer Fucking Rules' t-shirt. He apparently is still on that kick...

On the other side of the table, stands the young boy seen waiting for Doozer's arrival earlier in the show. The visual seamlessly changes from inside Tim Ross' office to the outside camera they were observing, and audio from outside kicks in along with it.

Doozer: How's it goin, lil buddy?

Young Boy: N-not bad...

Doozer: Well it's about to get pretty good, I'd say! You're about to get an autograph from one of the most famous wrestlers in the industry...

A slight pause.

Doozer: Well... sorta in the industry... Anyway, cheer up, kid-o! And tell me your name while you're at it. I'm going to write a special message just for you, big man.

The boy hesitates.

Doozer: Don't be shy, little guy! I know what it's like to meet one of your idols... can be pretty scary, trust me! But if you don't tell me your name, then I can't write you an awesome note that all your friends will be jealous of!

Lethal Injection: III

Young Boy: But... it... it's not for me.

The kid awkwardly looks at the ground and makes a circle on the ground with his right foot.

Doozer: Oh, that's cool, too... who's it for? You're brother? Sister? Cousin? Just tell me their name and I'll write something up for them! No big deal...

Even though it obviously bothered Doozer a little to realize he obviously wasn't the kid's idol.

Young Boy: It's for my mom... It's Mother's day this weekend and she has all these old posters of you down in the basement. She keeps them locked up and won't let me touch them. She says they could break if I don't handle them carefully enough. When I saw you were gonn -

Doozer: [interrupting] Get the fuck out, kid.

Out of pure shock and a side of terror, the boy takes a step back.

Young Boy: Wh-what?

Doozer stands up from his chair and leans over the table, staring the young teen directly in his eyes.

Doozer: Get your little fucking rat-face out of my sight.

The kid turns and high-tails it around the corner of the arena. Doozer scoffs, shaking his fallen head.

Doozer: Probably a fucking Maynard Crane fan...

Rykor vs. Goliath

The lights dim as a strobe flickers once the guitar riffs of Metallica's "For whom the bell tolls" begin. Pyro shoot right before Rykor walks through the curtain.

Announcer: From Oakland, California. Weighing in at 280 pounds. He is... RYYYYKKKKOOOOORRRR!!!!

Rykor slowly walks to the ring, sliding in under the bottom rope and leaning in corner like a predator in wait.

Ace: Rykor comes off as a tough guy. Kinda tough guy that hangs dry wall on the weekend.

Wolf: You don't say?

Goliath runs to the ring towards Rykor.

Announcer: From Las Vegas, NEVADA! . Weighing in at 263 pounds. THE BODDDYBREAKER,

Lethal Injection: III

GOLIATHHHHHH!!!

Goliath slides in the ring.

Ace: The BodddddyyyyyBreaker!

Wolf: This should be good. This will be our first tables match here in Death Row.

A table is standing at all four ends outside the ring. The referee explains to win you have to send your opponent through a table.

Wolf: Great matchup we are in for here tonight!

Ace: GOLIATH WILL OWN!

Wolf: Stop being so bias towards the talent you son of a bitch. HERE WE GO!

Ace: The BodddddyyyyyBreaker!

Wolf: This should be good. This will be our first tables match here in Death Row.

A table is standing at all four ends outside the ring. The referee explains to win you have to send your opponent through a table.

Wolf: Great matchup!

Ace: GOLIATH WILL OWN!

Wolf: Stop being so bias towards the talent you son of a bitch. HERE WE GO!

Goliath slides out of the ring and slides a table in the ring. Rykor hits the ropes and comes straight towards Goliath. Rykor dives of the top rope and out of the ring into a DROPKICK! Goliath's drop kick nearly knocks out Rykor completely.

Ace: That was Crazy!

Wolf: Wow what an athlete...

Rykor continues sliding the table on into the ring, he than picks up Rykor, rolling him into the ring. He jumps up on the apron and slides through the ropes. He dodges a low blow from Rykor, then picks him up into a Powerbomb!

Wolf: POWERBOMB!

Lethal Injection: III

Ace: Goliath is in total control here!

Rykor gets to his feet as Goliath is standing up the table. He charges Goliath and catches Goliath's massive forearm and full weight from the violent clothesline. Rykor turns a complete flip in the air from the clothesline. The table is stands now as Goliath lifts the head of Rykor for a smashing DDT!

Ace: He has given this man a beating so far, Wolf!

Wolf: Goliath came for to fight!

Rykor uses the table to get to his feet as Goliath spears him coming from across the ring! He spears him while his back was against the edge of the table, however both men fall out of the ring through the ropes just missing going through the table!

Wolf: I thought that was all she wrote!

Ace: Close! Goliath keeps on the attack after Rykor!

He pulls Rykor to his feet by his left arm then slings him into the steel steps ringside with a sickening smash!

Ace: Damn!

Wolf: He wants to kill him.

Rykor slowly stands up but before he can catch his breath, Goliath comes with pure fury with a Big Boot! Goliath slowly struts over to Rykor lifting him up and in to the ring once more. Rykor is knocked out now as Goliath rolls in the ring underneath the bottom rope right by Rykor. He picks up Rykor on his shoulders and looks over at the table preparing for the Demolisher! Suddenly before he does he slings over the opposite shoulder in a slam on the opposite side of where table is.

Wolf: He changed his mind!

Ace: What's he going to do!?!

Goliath moves the table directly in front of the ring turnbuckle but far enough for wiggle room off the top rope. He walks over and picks up Rykor in a firmans carry and walks over the turnbuckle now adjacent to the table. Slowly he takes one step using one hand as a brace for his weight and Rykor's. He turns toward the table as he gets steady on the top rope still holding a lifeless Rykor. The Crowd pops as he jumps off! Goliath performs The Demolisher in mid air! He slams Rykor into the table with his neck breaking most of his fall! The referee calls for the bell!

Ace: Holy Shit! He may have killed him!

Lethal Injection: III

Wolf: His neck has to at the very least be broken!

The bell sounds and the referee checks on Rykor.

Ace: He just wasn't on his game tonight.

Wolf: If his neck isn't broken I'd hate to be the next person he faces!

After a few moments, the referee helps Rykor to his feet. He holds his neck and pulls away, refusing to take assistance.

Wolf: Goliath can not believe Rykor is still able to stand, and quite frankly neither am I!

Rykor walks over and begins to exit the ring as Goliath mouths obscenities at him.

Wolf: Adding insult to injury as Goliath talks smack to Rykor.

Ace: He needs to be happy he can walk, and ignore Goliath.

Rykor stops and moves back into the ring, he turns toward Goliath who begins talking even more. Suddenly Goliath lunges forward with a clothesline.

Wolf: CLOTHESLINE!

Rykor begins stomping away at Goliath with a fury. The referee tries to remove him but Rykor rips away and continues his ferocious stomps.

Ace: It's not over between these two by a long shot!

Finally the referee gets Rykor to back away. He holds his neck with one hand and raises his free arm.

Wolf: Goliath may have won the battle, but the war is far from over.

Pre-Match Smoke

The camera focuses, revealing El Toro standing with his arms crossed, trying his best to look dangerous and far bigger than he really is. The camera zooms out and up and we see Dark standing behind the midget, a cigarette hanging haphazardly out of his mouth. Dark appears uninterested.

Dark: Ladies and Gentlemen. El Toro.

On cue, the little midget performs a flashy twirl, lowering his head revealing his horns.

Lethal Injection: III

Dark: El Toro, the spectacted fat masses of the internet.

As a means of hello, El Toro extends a stubby, fat, middle finger.

Dark: Now that you've been properly introduced, let me remind you all that your pornography can wait. It can be pulled up and stretched out on a whim. May your libidos restrain themselves, if only for a moment. May your gonads wait a mere five minutes before they deplete themselves all over your keyboard. There's company in the room, and besides Death Row is on. You like violence, don't you? Violence and pornography, Tim Ross has the right market here on the internet. I don't intend to pretend to understand you swine, for really I do not care. You're watching now because you like violence, and you're doing it far away, from the safety of your rooms, from the safety of the anonymity of the internet. You're cowards.

Dark takes a long drag and spews smoke at the screen, revealing slimy, yellowed teeth.

Dark (cont'd): As for my opponents. First it seems Pyroclastic Youth has some trouble with my name. Well what is in a name anyway? Our deviant youth wishes to know my last name, as in his world people only have two names. Their first name, and their last name. Forget about middle names, or prefixes, or suffixes. Forget all of that. I am a fool because I have no last name. How childish and immature. Well Pyroclastic Youth. You wanna know something? Huh my dear child? Well, here you go dear youth, my last name is Dark. I am Mr. Dark. They call me Mr. Dark.

Dark laughs and toro joins in.

Dark: Have you not followed my career? And how childish. Picking on a name. Perhaps next you'll say you don't care for my hair color? Or perhaps my eyes aren't to your liking? Oh dear Pyro, you diluted fool. . . FJ may the fishing you undertake after your defeat bring you much enjoyment, though you won't be able to smell the lake on account of your broken nose. Pyro, may you snip many flowers in defiance, may you spend another night in the clinker, acting tough despite the misdemeanor that got you there, though it may be difficult to do with a broken hand. That's right boys, the big ole drunk aint too drunk to kick your ass. Cause that's all you could muster, wasn't it? I'm just a big ole drunk. Drunks can't do anything. On the contrary. . . But wait...

Dark lifts his head, his eyes dilated, his nose sniffing the air.

Dark: But wait. I can hear the cries of bloodlust. The sexually frustrated internet masses are demanding blood, and I can't help but appease their cries. They need release, and if they don't get their blood, they'll resort to some strange sexual act by means of release--which means no neighborhood dog is safe. . . Mr. Tombs, Mr. Juvenile, prepare thyselfes, for your ignorance in the realm of a profession you claim to understand merits you the death penalty. Although your days are numbered, you will not die as martyrs--for you both further no holy cause--but as the total asses you both really are.

Cancer Jiles vs. Maynard Crane

Lethal Injection: III

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

Announcer: Entering 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 himself makes his way to the ring. Cancer slides in the ring to roars of cheers.

Wolf: Jiles is the most beloved wrestler in all of DRW.

Ace: I love his new t shirt.

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

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.

Ace: A very strange individual...

Wolf: Indeed, Ace... Indeed.

Crane lunges at the Cool Guy and is met with a huge shot to the right side of his head and hits the mat.

Wolf: Powerful shot from Jiles!

Ace: DAMN! Bitch Slap!

Crane gets back to his feet as Jiles turns back towards him. They lock up and Jiles gets the upper hand and lifts Crane straight up into the air. Jiles is surprised as he loses his hold and Crane comes back down to his feet. Crane lifts him up and then falls back nailing a vertical suplex! Crane rolls Jiles up in a pin and does not even get a one count.

Ace: Crane reverses the suplex! Crane gets to one knee as Jiles throws himself using his back to his feet!

Wolf: Uh Oh.

Jiles nails a standing drop kick! Crane gets his hair yanked by Jiles in his attempt to control his opponent's head. Neckbreaker!

Ace: Jiles nearly tore his head off with that!

Lethal Injection: III

Jiles picks up one leg and flips over Crane into a boston crab. He applies pressure as Crane reaches for the ropes. The Referee circles the two men as Crane begins to scoot his side with an out reached veiny arm for the bottom rope. He reaches with a lunge hitting the mat with an open hand. The referee watches closely but realizes this was no tap. Jiles argues as Crane does reach the rope and the referee has to break the hold.

Wolf: Cool Guy argues his case with the referee about Cranes possible tap there!

Ace: No Tap! He better his head in the match!

Jiles still arguing with the referee turns into Crane's Big Boot! Crane hits one knee to catch his breath. Jiles gets to his feet and Crane goes in for the kill. He comes right at a wobbled CCJ and catches Terminal Cancer!!!

Wolf: That is all she wrote! THIS IS OVER!

Ace: Both men are down!

Jiles falls down and is doing everything he can to make his way to Crane. The referee starts his ten count as CCJ crawls toward Crane. The referee is at seven as Jiles makes the cover and pulls one of legs off the matt, pushing his back flat against the mat!

1.....2..... KICKOUT BY Crane!

Ace: What? No Way!

Wolf: I cannot believe that!

Crane kicked OUT! Jiles gets to his feet and heads toward the corner turnbuckle. He climbs the ropes to the top turnbuckle to roars of cheer. He sits in wait on Cranes to make his way to his feet. As he does so Jiles leaps off and is caught by Crane, he wraps both arms around Jiles midsection and does a 180 spin into a violent SPINEBUSTER!

Ace: Holy!

Wolf: Shit!

Crane quickly goes for the pin! The Referee hits his belly to count...

1.....2.....KICKOUT!

Wolf: These two men came to Tulsa to win!

Ace: Neither man has quit in them!

Lethal Injection: III

Crane gets back to Jiles as quickly as he can but catches a low blow just out of the referee's view! Jiles begins throwing haymakers backing up to hit the ropes catching a clothesline from Crane as both men hit the mat once more.

Wolf: Both of these men have given they're all here tonight!

Ace: Neither man can mount a sold offense due to strong defense by both men!

They both get to they're feet and charge, Jiles slides between Cranes legs and comes up behind him, Inverted DDT! Crane, quickly back to his feet is hit by a solid drop kick from Jiles.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles refusing to become the next victim of Maynard Crane!

Cancer looks down at Crane and then to the fans. He walks over and bends down. However, before he can grab Maynard to lift him, Crane reaches up with his massive hand and locks an Iron Claw to the temples of Cancer Jiles. Cancer lets out a scream as Maynard sits up, still holding the lock in, then raises to his feet.

Wolf: Somehow Maynard Crane as gotten that vicious claw locked in on the head of Cancer Jiles!

Maynard raises Cancer high in the air, using only his brute strength and his iron claw. Cancer kicks his feet but is unable to get loose.

Wolf: Cancer looks to be the latest victim of that deranged man right there.

Ace: Maynard Crane is a monster. Whoever wins the championship title needs to watch out for him.

Cancer Jiles' body goes limp. Maynard raises him up, putting his hand behind Cancer's lower back and tosses him to the mat. Crane then drops down, covering Cancer.

Wolf: Thank God!

The referee counts and the bell sounds.

Wolf: Can anyone get past this man?

Ace: I don't know Waylon, I just don't know.

Maynard stands to his feet and looks to the crowd with a sadistic glare.

Finishing it?!

Prior to the big match of which he is only a third participant in, Pyroclastic Youth leans back-first into the hallway with teeth gritted and eyes forward.

Lethal Injection: III

Pyroclastic Youth: I hear all, I see all and despite the shallow minds of every mother effing man in the Row, I know *all*. The whisperings, the laugh-ats and the mother effing piss-ons on P-Yoot is going to take a hard halt after tonight.

There is a clarity in his voice although it is a forced bass.

Pyroclastic Youth: This fight for who is King of The Row.-- Its mother effing epic. Epic in that you can't find three more *opposite* mother effers in the world. The Drunk, The Punk and The Monk.

Slapping his open palms together with an ear-cracking connect and holding it in a prayer position.

Pyroclastic Youth: Tombs The Monk. Got to do *this*. Got to be *this*. Been saying it the past week to every mother effing open ear. You -- ain't--changing-- this-- mother--**effing**-- culture. *Nobody* is! The Row is what it mother **effin** is.

Grabbing his neck quickly, rubbing it in a massaged but aggravated movement.

Pyroclastic Youth: And Dark, it's a bright bulb mother effing moment for you *tonight*. I'm a flip the switch mother effer. In a society like this, *on* this day-- I *am* the mother effing *finisher*! I finished Yoshii. I **would** have finished Crank if he wasn't such a hard-on. The F-Word is in full effect on the five nine. You are *what* I say *you are!!*

Mouthing 'Finished'.

Pyroclastic Youth: [screaming] **FINISHED!!**

A hard bump-through on the cameraman's shoulder, P-Yoot blows past the camera with sheer anger toward his opposition in mere minutes.

Dark vs. FJ Tombs vs. Pyroclastic Youth

"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, FRANK JOE TOMBS!!!!

FJ walks up the steps and climbs into the ring. He walks over to the opposite corner and looks on for his two opponents.

Wolf: Tombs is ready for this moment if anyone is, FJ is.

"Binge and Purge" by Clutch hits the PA. Dark strolls down the isle never taking his eyes off FJ.

Lethal Injection: III

Ace: Dark scares the hell out of me.

Wolf: Everything scares the hell out of you. Your scared of CVC's mullet.

Ace: Terrified.

Announcer: One His opponents for this Triple Threat Match, from Bakersfield, California. He is The Illustrated man... Weighing in at 250lbs, DAARRRRKKKK!!!
250lbs.

Dark hops in the ring and charges Tombs as the two men roll around the ring. "Lava" by Ministry begins to play as Pyroclastic Youth rushes out onto the stage and down the aisle.

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

Ace: HERE WE GO!

Wolf: Main Event TIME IN TULSA!!!

Pyroclastic Youth rolls into the ring as the the referee calls for the bell.

Wolf: We're under way, what a match this will be!

FJ Tombs challenges Pyroclastic Youth to a test of strength.

Wolf: Youth reluctant, but accepts the challenger's offer.

As they grasp hands, both men begin pushing. Tombs begins to overpower Youth.

Wolf: FJ Tombs gaining control, wait, no... now Pyroclastic putting all he has into it.

Ace: Look at Dark just watching these two idiots. This is the smart thing, wait until they wear themselves down then attack.

Tombs begins to lean back as Pyroclastic takes the lead. Suddenly, FJ breaks the lock up with a boot to Pyroclastic's stomach, followed by a rising knee to his face. The fans begin to cheer as Youth hits the mat.

Wolf: FJ Tombs catching P-Yoot off guard.

He bends down and grabs Pyroclastic's head, pulling him to his feet.

Wolf: FJ Tombs forces Youth into the corner. He raises back, big chop. Another.

Lethal Injection: III

FJ grabs the top rope for leverage.

Wolf: Furious stomps by FJ Tombs to P-Yoot.

Pyroclastic falls to a sitting position as Tombs continues to stomp. Dark grabs the top rope and joins in with the stomps.

Wolf: Dark joins FJ Tombs in attacking Pyroclastic Youth.

Ace: But remember, alliances in a match like this do not last.

FJ yanks Pyroclastic up with force, grabs his left arm, and sends him so hard across the ring that he falls to the mat as Pyroclastic bounces off the ropes with authority. Tombs lunges up with a clothesline that seems to have been meant to take Pyroclastic's head straight off.

Wolf: My lord what a clothesline by FJ Tombs!

Dark runs and leaps up.

Ace: Followed up with a big knee drop from Dark!

Dark lifts Youth to his feet and holds him as FJ Tombs kicks P-Yoot in the gut.

Wolf: Tombs hooks Youth and lifts, flipping him over for a powerbomb.

Pyroclastic Youth throws his body down, using his legs to flip FJ Tombs over.

Wolf: Youth counters!

FJ is flipped over, forward, and to the mat. The fans boo. Pyroclastic is obviously disoriented as he rolls over to the edge of the apron and lays, in pain, halfway hanging out of the ring.

Wolf: What a counter!

FJ continues to roll, holding his head from a hard landing.

Ace: Not too shabby.

We get a replay of the counter.

Wolf: Tombs, using the ropes to pull himself up now.

He looks around and sees Pyroclastic hanging halfway out of the ring. He runs over to the ropes, grabs onto

Lethal Injection: III

the top and looks out to the crowd.

Wolf: What is FJ Tombs planning on doing?

He uses the ropes to lunge himself up and over, throwing his legs out in the air. As he comes down with a leg drop across the neck of Pyroclastic, he hits the side of the apron wrong himself, and then hits the floor on the outside awkward. The fans begin chanting 'Holy shit'.

Wolf: My God! FJ Tombs just went air born!

Ace: Holy shit is right!

Pyroclastic sells the hell out of the leg drop as he flops around on the mat, gasping for air. On the outside officials are checking on Tombs.

Wolf: I think FJ Tombs may have just injured himself folks.

We see a replay where FJ hits the apron wrong then the floor even worse.

Ace: You never like to see this.

A referee stands up and makes the 'X' sign with his arms.

Wolf: I haven't seen FJ move, this can't be good.

More officials begin down the ramp, behind them a stretcher comes.

Wolf: This match looks to be over for Tombs as they are bringing a stretcher out.

The crowd is almost at a hush as the fans stand, trying to see if FJ is OK. We get more replays of the blotched landing.

Wolf: They are carefully moving Tombs to the stretcher. We still have no official word on what exactly is wrong. However, the way he landed it could quite be a career ending injury.

Ace: Even Dark seems to be concerned, and I'm not used to seeing the illustrated man concerned about anything but booze.

While they strap FJ to the stretcher, protecting his neck, Pyroclastic uses the ropes and pulls himself up in the ring.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth making his way up, I don't think he knows what is going on.

Lethal Injection: III

He walks over and looks outside of the ring at Tombs on the stretcher. Pyroclastic climbs the turnbuckle to get a better view from above.

Wolf: Youth can't believe that it's over already.

He looks out to the crowd then down to Tombs. He begins yelling to the crowd, getting them to boo.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth trying to get the fans pumped up, but why?

All of a sudden, he shows us why. He yells down and the officials look up. Pyroclastic points down at Tombs.

Wolf: He isn't?!

Ace: He is!

Then Pyroclastic leaps, with the perfect five star frog splash. The officials all jump out of the way as Pyroclastic lands through Tombs, breaking the stretcher in two. The arena roof is blown off by the fans.

Wolf: HE DID!

We get replays from several angles then go back live, to see Pyroclastic roll in pain as Tombs is in obvious agony. Pyroclastic rolls over and uses the side of the ring to pull himself up. Blood trickles down his arm.

Wolf: It looks like Pyroclastic Youth' arm was cut open slightly on a broken piece of that stretcher.

He pushes through officials trying to hold him back and heads to Tombs who is now moving around, trying to get untangled from the stretcher straps that once binded him.

Wolf: Youth knocks the straps away from Tombs and grabs his head, pulling him up.

FJ is obviously hurt as you can see by the way he's moving, but he pushes on as Pyroclastic grabs the back of his head and directs him to the nearby announcers table.

Wolf: Whoa! Both men are right here. Dark is now exiting the ring as well.

Waylon Wolf and Tommy Ace get up and moves back as Pyroclastic slams FJ's head into the table. He turns him around and delivers several shots to the side of the head before rolling Tombs up on the table.

Wolf: Come on guys, not our table!

Pyroclastic moves up on top of the table, and picks FJ up. He places his head in a DDT hold, and throws one arm out before hitting the actual DDT. The entire table collapses.

Lethal Injection: III

Wolf: DDT THROUGH THE TABLE!

The fans begin to chant 'Holy Shit' again.

Wolf: I can't believe the carnage of this match. These men are putting their lives on the line tonight.

Pyroclastic rolls over and is able to get to his feet. As he does, Dark runs, throwing his arm out.

Wolf: CLOTHESLINE!

Ace: Dark destroying Pyroclastic Youth!

Dark begins to stomp away at Pyroclastic Youth with authority. He reaches down, lifting him to his feet.

Wolf: Dark directing Youth to the steps.

Ace: I think he is about to introduce Pyroclastic to some steel.

Dark slams Pyroclastic Youth's face into the steps. He flies back and hits the floor.

Wolf: Dark now picking the steps up!

Ace: This can't be good for Pyroclastic Youth.

Wolf: It sure can't!

Dark brings the steps down with force across the chest of Pyroclastic Youth who lets out a blood curdling scream.

Wolf: That had to hurt! My God!

Ace: These guys will stop at nothing to win the right to call the stipulation for the championship title match!

Dark walks over to the fallen FJ Tombs.

Wolf: As Dark bends down to grab FJ's head, Tombs shoots his hand up and jabs Youth in the eyes.

Ace: Vicious eye poke by Tombs. Usually not a move he would use, but in this type of match, you have to do what you have to do Waylon.

As Dark stumbles back, holding his eyes, FJ slowly turns over and begins to push himself up. He falls over; catching the barrier, then uses it to stand completely up.

Lethal Injection: III

Wolf: FJ Tombs to his feet now.

He stumbles a few feet forward. Dark is able to regain his vision and rushes FJ. Tombs shoots forward, and in one motion grabs the bell from the time keeper's table and swings it around and into Dark's head.

DING@!~

Dark is twist all away around and falls forward to the floor. FJ drops the bell and rest for a moment.

Wolf: What a shot, and in this match it is allowed!

Tombs heads over and lifts Pyroclastic to his feet, then directs him to the apron where he slams his face on the corner of the ring. As Pyroclastic pops up, he turns only to get a forearm to the side of the head.

Wolf: It has been back and forward so far as these three fight for the right to advance to the championship match and name the stipulations on the next Lethal Injection! There are no rules to this match, however, pin falls and submissions can only be counted inside the ring. If they want to win this match, someone will need to get their opponent back in the squared circle!

FJ grabs Pyroclastic's arm and whips him up the ramp. About twenty feet away his momentum slows and Pyroclastic falls face first but is able to cushion the fall into a roll and back up to his feet. However, when he gathers himself and turns, FJ Tombs meets him with a clothesline.

Ace: FJ Tombs wants the belt, but as you said, he needs to be heading in the opposite direction!

Tombs grabs Pyroclastic by the head, lifting him to his feet.

Wolf: Big right from Tombs, followed by another! Dark is now heading up the ramp as well.

Ace: This is going to get crazy!

The fans begin to pop, until Pyroclastic throws his arm up to block FJ's next punch attempt.

Wolf: Countered! Pyroclastic Youth now returning the favor!

Pyroclastic gives FJ his own lefts and rights, forcing Tombs backwards up the ramp and onto the stage.

Wolf: Youth grabs Tombs's arm, whips him!

FJ slams into the metal beam holding the set up. As he stumbles back, Pyroclastic runs towards him.

Wolf: Quick drop kick to the back of FJ Tombs on top of the stage!

Lethal Injection: III

Ace: Did you see the height on that leap?

Pyroclastic lands hard on the stage as Tombs is sent forward, head first back into that beam, then falls back to the stag himself. Youth rolls over and slowly pushes himself to his feet. He limps over to FJ and pulls him up.

Wolf: Youth has Tombs by the back of the head. He is directing him... through the curtains?!

Both men disappear backstage. Suddenly, Dark sprints to the back as well.

Ace: We need to get a camera man back there, quick!

Wolf: I don't even know if we have one to go backstage!

After a few moments, the screen changes to a camera view that is obviously from the perspective of a camera man running through the backstage. The screen is shaky. It comes to a door that suddenly busts open. FJ Tombs falls backwards through the door and Pyroclastic Youth enters in behind him.

Wolf: OK folks, we have a camera back on the competitors.

Pyroclastic heads behind FJ and grabs his head, ramming him into the nearby wall. He rams him again. After this time FJ stops the assault, grabs Pyroclastic's head and puts in into the wall. Dark runs at both, throwing his arms out.

Wolf: Double clothesline!

Dark holds himself up on the wall and begins to stomp between the other two.

Wolf: This is pure insanity!

As Dark begins to focus on Pyroclastic, FJ Tombs rises behind him.

Wolf: Tombs now able to get back into this match. Big chop to the chest of Dark, followed by another.

FJ grabs Dark in a side headlock and drags him to a door marked exit. He uses one of his free feet to kick the door, opening it, and then forces Dark to head out with him.

Wolf: It seems they have made their way to the parking lot!

Ace: How about Pyroclastic Youth though?

FJ tosses Dark up on the hood of a nearby parked car. He begins giving him big punches to Dark's head as he kicks his feet, cracking the windshield.

Lethal Injection: III

Ace: Wait! That's my rental!

Dark's boot breaks the windshield more.

Ace: I didn't buy the insurance! NO!

Wolf: That is no good Tommy.

Ace: The humanity!

FJ climbs up on the car, and lifts Dark up half way.

Ace: Don't do it FJ!

Tombs looks as if he is going for a power bomb when Dark lifts up, flipping him over onto the roof of the car.

Ace: Back body drop, completely screwing me when I return the car.

Tommy can be heard sighing as the action continues. As Dark slides down to the ground, he pulls Tombs off the roof. He crashes down to the ground, breaking the driver's side mirror.

Ace: Ah come on

Wolf: It could be worse.

Ace: How?

Wolf: It could be my car.

Ace: Funny.

Dark kicks FJ a few times before he grabs his head, and drags him to his feet. As Youth directs him to the wall we get a shot of Tommy's car.

Ace: This is horrific.

When we return to the wrestlers, Dark is booting Tombs up against the wall again.

Wolf: Dark on the offense as... what?

He turns and at that moment Pyroclastic burst into the scene driving a golf cart

Wolf: A golf cart!

Lethal Injection: III

Tombs stumbles a few feet back and falls, landing in the back of the cart. Pyroclastic honks the horn and begins to drive.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth is driving the golf cart, hauling FJ Tombs!

Ace: Dark trying to catch up but can't!

The cart disappears out of the camera's view as we switch angles to show ring side. The camera angle heads up the ramp in time to see the cart burst through the curtain. The fans pop LOUD.

Wolf: HERE THEY COME!

Pyroclastic drives the cart all the way down and stops near the ring. He sort of trips as he exits the cart, heading back and yanking FJ Tombs off of it. Dark is seen running from the back and down the ramp. He stops midway and tries to catch his breath.

Ace: Dark needs to get to the ring before he loses this match.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth rolls FJ Tombs in the ring; he wants to end the match now!

Pyroclastic heads up to the apron, and climbs the turnbuckle from the outside. Inside the ring, FJ Tombs is up. He turns to see Pyroclastic.

Wolf: Pyroclastic is going to fly!

As Pyroclastic twist around and flips backward for a moonsault, Tombs turns around quickly and steps back. Youth soars down, head first. He is unable to make the complete flip around as FJ grabs his legs in midflight.

Wolf: Tombs grabbed him!

FJ quickly adjust himself and drops down to his knees.

Wolf: THE TOMBS DRIVER! MY GOD!

The fans are on their feet cheering as Tombs turns him over and covers Pyroclastic. Dark slides into the ring.

Wolf: The referee is down for the count!

Dark leaps with an axe handle but the referee's hand hits the mat before he makes contact. The bell sounds.

Wolf: FJ TOMBS WINS! FJ TOMBS WINS!

Ace: FJ Tombs will pick the match stipulation between him and Dark on the next episode of Lethal Injection!

Lethal Injection: III

Dark rolls over and to his knees as FJ Tombs holds the back of his head. Pyroclastic Youth just lays still, breathing hard.

Wolf: These three men went the distance tonight as anyone focused on championship dreams.

Ace: They sure did Waylon, but I'll tell you this. Someone will be paying for my car!

Wolf: We'll see about that.

The referee helps FJ Tombs to his feet and raises his arm high as Dark gets to his feet. FJ pulls his arm away from the referee and stares Dark in the eyes.

Wolf: In two weeks these two men go face to face right here on lethal Injection!

The copyright logo fades up and the stream goes to black.

Lethal Injection: III

Show Credits

Segment: "Lethal Injection III" - Written by Ben.

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