

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VI

July 4, 2012 | DeSoto Civic Center - Southaven, Mississippi

Lethal Injection VI

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Lethal Injection VI

4 Jul 2012

DeSoto Civic Center,

Southaven, Mississippi (seats 11,000)

Introduction

Though it is The Fourth of July, you don

t care much for your family. You don

t care much for your family so you

re in your room, sweating it out in the heat surfing the endlessness of the internet. But then you remember:

Oh SHIT The Row!

You navigate to the Death Row page just in time; you haven

t missed anything. Aint you a lucky motherfucker, sitting there in your patriotic American flag underoos. Why, the founding fathers would be real proud of you with a get-up like that. But, like the last woman you ever slept with said in bed

s not all about you,

so let us get to Mississippi, shall we?

3. . .

2. . .

1. . .

Welcome to Death Row.

We fade up from darkness, and the collective noise of some 10,000 or so people fills the arena, echoing around the DeSoto Center. The obligatory panoramic shot of the crowd is shown, revealing an arena full of people that seem to have taken on a certain patriotic theme. People are dressed in reds, whites, and blues, Ole Glory seen flapping here and there throughout the crowd.

Signs in the crowd say things like

PROUD TO BE AN AMERICAN

DICK (with a depiction of a big floppy dick)

FJ Tombs

biggest fan (with depictions of Tombs set in front of a Texas flag)

Lee Best Owns Tim Ross

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Without further ado, we see the Death Row Commentating team, looking especially patriotic.

Wolf: Here we are, ladies in gentlemen, at the packed DeSoto Civic Center, here in the heart of Mississippi. I m Waylon Wolf, and of course, with me as always is Tommy Ace. Tommy?

Ace:

That

s right, Tommy

Ace! The Tommy Ace, the man holding all the cards and winning all the chips. I

m an Ace in the Hole baby!

The Main Draw

Lethal Injection Six hits the airwave via Best Studios. The Lethal Injection logo flashes across the screen followed by Best Studios one. A short replay of the main event from the previous replays the stabbing sequence as the crowd pops. cVc defeating Cancer Jiles for the second time in singles compeition. The cVc flag then flashes on the screen before it fades...

Wolf: Welcome to Lethal Injection Six!

Ace:

And Happy Fuckin' 4th of July, Ladies and

Gentlemen!

Wolf: What a show we have here tonight, in our Main Event we have a Three Way battle for the Death Row Championship. We will see Skidd Row and Cool Cancer Jiles attempt to take the gold from Dark.

Ace: The Trailer Park Prodigy is the special guest ref in that one, Wolf!

Shotgun cocks

Shot Gun Fires!

Shock N Rolla...

Here to Show....

Cocked Back And Fucking Loaded!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Chance....

Von....

Crraank.."

As his theme music gets started up Chance walks out on the stage in his pink robe covered in rhinestones and other assorted fake gems. He glares at the crowd in Southaven, Mississippi from behind his aviator sunglasses.

"CVC IS A FAGGOT" chants break out as he smiles at the crowd and they're hatred for him.

cVc

Fuck All You Faggot Stains! Gonna Rock this 4th with our cocks out! LET'S DO THIS!

The crowd boo's Chance furiously.

cVc

As you fuckers could CLEARLY see from watching the video shown a minute ago, Cancer Jiles has been beaten not

once, but goddamn motherfucking twice by the

Shock N Rolla... Tonight Skidd Row and Cancer face the Death Row Champion for my strap. Row is like Prince Adam, Cancer is skeletor and Dark is

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He-Man in the Masters Of The Cocksuck. Hit your cocksucking knee's to be grateful that the Trailer Park Prodigy

is referee for this shit bag of nut sack sweat.

The RazzleDazzler

takes in the crowd again and the hatred spewed his way. He walks around the stage pumping a closed fist at his crotch simulating masturbation.

cVc

Nice hype for the match Jiles, dude you just do not give a fuck anymore? This Terd Cutter Enthusiast does not deserve half the shots he's gotten. Ungreatful, cockhugging, piece of shit wrestler from who gives a fuck.

Well after tonight I will finally have your stupid ass out of my way. Let's just face it Skidd Row, I got you in this match working the system claiming you were cheated when clearly even a Doozer FuckHole can beat you. Remember Row I paved that way your trying to walk if you listen real close ill even teach you the talk.

Dark what can I say about OUR OWN DEATH ROW

CHAMPION!?! Dark can suck my Dicky, don't work the blistered head too quickly, your face will get all sticky. Motherfucker comes out here acting like he matters and is relevant? I have revived Cancer Jiles career single-handedly carrying two of the best matches in DRW History on the past two Lethal Injections.

Goodluck replicating that with FudgePack Miner and some kid out of his league.

The crowd begins to chant Fudge Pack Miner.

cVc

I will affect the outcome of this match. If I have my way Skidd Row will walk out champion. Atleast he has proved he can fight somewhat. The talent pool backstage is shallow, so shallow we called our final measure of its depth

The Dude Balls Deep. Cort as a number one contender is like pulling out instead of giving that whore a cream pie. Just Fucking Waterhead Retard that loves the recently deceased Nickleback retarded. These two new number one contenders are just as fucking bad. The Death Row strap is on a closeted homosexual with daddy made him stroke off while being recorded issues. Cancer Jiles needs this loss so he can realize TPP is the real draw. He needs to be realistic and realize the type of real deal with his own theme video and music is here. Then realize only playing hide the cock with Doozer is all he has left.

The crowd continues to chant Fudge Pack Miner.

cVc

Ross comes out here running his man pleaser about me and his security won't be able to help his DBO looking ass survive this night. I have had it with this cock stain coming out here explaining how easy it is to get on all fours and be fucked by Lee Best. Hey that makes me think of HOW and the last time CCJ was relevant between these ropes. Do Not Turn the Channel, The RazzleDazzler is here and in

HD,

Don't adjust your tv screens, I ooze epic and shit awesome. Look at this hair, these clothes, a motherfucking joke I Am Not. Expecially the hair these faggots in Death Row call a Mullet. I call it business in the front, and a fucking party in the back. It's like a homosexual tendency breaking out in a eGG Bandits tree house meeting and Always Happening. Shock N Rolla... Here to Show YA!....

Cocccckkked.... Back!!

And Fucking Loaded, Death Row Champion Soon to fucking Be...

CCCChhhhhAAAAAnnnce! VON! CRANK!

Chance drops the mic and walks toward the curtain facing the crowd to his theme. Both arms held high into

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the air...

Seth Stratton vs. Tye Plaisance

Wolf: Happy Fourth of July everyone, thanks for spending your holiday with Death Row wrestling.

Ace: Hopefully by now you

ve consumed lots of American beer, maybe even taken in a fireworks show. I know I

ve had about seven hotdogs today Wolf. Can

t get enough of them. Now comes the bloodshed, rather fitting when you think this country was founded on

bloodshed Wolf. Why when I think of General Washington and General Lincoln and General Franklin I just

get all revved up inside. . . like I wanna punch me a foreigner, or fuck a blonde in the back of a pickup truck. .

. something

anything that just reeks AMERICA!

Wolf: Lincoln was never a General you fool. . . Nor Benjamin Franklin.

Ace: Sure ole Franklin was. Didn

t he cut down that cherry tree? Didn

t he win the Battle of the Bulge? Did he not invent the microwave? I know my American history Wolf. . . don

t test me on my American history

not today

not on this day of our Nation

s victory over the French. . . the same limey fucks we fought over in DeNang. It would be disgraceful for you to continue like this.

Wolf: DeNang? Battle of the Bulge? Just what the hell are you talking about? You are hopeless beyond words Ace. . . I apologize for him folks, as he knows not his manners. Gather around the computer everyone, as we spill a little blood of our own tonight. Our Fourth of July edition of Lethal Injection starts now, with our first match of the night. We

ve got two new comers here, looking to test their skills for the first time tonight.

Ace: Wake up, Row; new meat coming down the line!

An unfamiliar guitar intro is heard by the Death Row fans, and although it is foreign to them a few of them cheer. Sporadic cheers come from the crowd as the music continues. When the intro is done the lyrics start up:

I

ve got Elvis on my elbow And when I flex Elvis talks

The curtains part and Seth Stratton appears. At the sight of him a few of the fairer sex in the crowd swoon, or so he likes to tell himself.

Wolf: Remember fans to follow us on twitter and tweet along tonight! Let everyone know we

ve got a debut!

Hashtag Deathrowwrestling. Here he is making his debut ladies and gentlemen, Seth Stratton

The Sultan of

Sweet!

Ace: Why do you suppose they call him a sultan? He doesn

t even look Arabic. . .

Wolf:

Alliteration will get you everywhere these days, Ace.

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I

ve got a hula

girl, on the back of my leg, And she hulas, when I walk

Seth walks down the direct center of the aisle, wishing for no one to touch him. In vain the fans reach out, and as one gets close Seth draws away from the hand, acting as if it were covered with disease.

Ace: He

s a peculiar one, aint he Wolf?

Wolf: Yes, a little OCD if you ask me. This Seth guy isn

t all there. They say he left tennis because they wouldn

t let him play anymore. He was forced to leave. He was blacklisted.

Ace: You mean to say this guy was worse than John McEnroe?

Wolf: Yes. . . he was even worse than McEnroe.

Ace: My God Wolf. . . this guy must be a total asshole! Welcome to the Row!

Van Halen continues to play as Seth gingerly climbs up the ring steps. He takes a moment to look around before reaching the apron, where he steps through the ropes properly, for it is his opinion that sliding into the ring is for Goddamn animals.

The crowd quiets down as The Way I Am by Enimen starts up. The crowd pops at the familiarity of the song, as the beat pumps through the arena.

Wolf:

Here comes his opponent, Ace

Tye Plaisance. This is a very close match

up, Ace. Both men stand at six feet, two inches.

Ace:

Not quite, Wolf. It is rumored that Seth Stratton isn

t six

foot, two, though he

s quite adamant that he is. Actually when the match was billed he was told he was going to be measured officially and he stormed out of the room and has been ever since.

The lyrics begin as Tye Plaisance emerges from behind the curtain. He gets a mild pop as he emerges, and he looks out on the crowd. Suddenly he raises his arms, and as he does a great explosion of pyrotechnics goes off, blasting the ears of everyone in the stadium and leaving a cloud of smoke in the air.

Wolf: What a blast, Ace!

Ace: I think the temperature just went up several degrees in this place!

Wolf: Tye just woke up this crowd, that

s for sure!

Ace: Check your undies Wolf, that blast may have shaken you colon loose!

Wolf: Don

t be ridiculous Ace. My colon is just fine, thanks. I

ve had a colonoscopy you know!

Ace: Please

m trying to forget.

Tye walks down the ramp, the fans reaching out to touch him. He looks out over the crowd and heads to the

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ring. He climbs in and immediately heads to a corner. Pulling himself up he raises his arms over his head to a mild pop from the crowd. He lowers and turns to face Seth, who
s staring him down.

Ace: He

s gonna have to be careful in there, if Seth

s wrestling career is anything like his tennis career, we can expect a lot of cheating.

Cheap shots galore, Wolf.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, the following matchup is scheduled for a twenty minute time limit, the winner being determined by submission or pin fall.

Introducing first. . . from Mill Valley, California. . . Standing in at six feet, two inches, weighing in at two-hundred and thirty pounds, he is

The Sultan of Sweet,

Sethhh

Straaatttoooooon!

Seth raises his arms and demonstrates his killer backhand. The crowd boos and settles down for the next announcement.

Announcer: And his opponent. . . hailing from Gueydan Lousiana, standing in at six feet, two inches, weighing in at two hundred and fifteen pounds, he is

The Natural,

Tyyyee

Plaaaaiisaannnccee!

The crowd cheers Tye and quiets down as the bell rings. . .

Ace: Plaisance, what

s that mean anyway?

Wolf: Well if you ask Seth, it

s French for Anal Warts.

Ace:

Hmm, Tye Anal Warts

quite the ring to it.

The two men meet in the center of the ring, the crowd buzzing with anticipation of the action. They stare one another down, exchanging inaudible words. Standing face to face it is apparent that Seth isn

t as tall as he claims he is, as Tye is nearly a head taller, looking down at him.

Seth appears to be trying to make friends and extends a hand toward Tye. Reluctant, Tye looks to the fans for support.

Wolf: What have we got here? A little sportsmanship from Seth Straton?

Ace: Hey, he could have changed his ways, you never know.

The fans cheer on Tye, so he reluctantly stretches out his hand to shake Seth
s. Their hands interlock, and just as Tye relaxes Seth charges him with a clothesline, knocking him clean to the mat. Seth stands over Tye laughing as the crowd boos.

Ace: Or not.

Wolf:

Massive clothesline by Seth Stratton, Tye never saw it

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coming!

Ace: This guy really is worse than McEnroe!

Wolf: You said it, Ace!

Still laughing Seth stomps Tye in the back of the head, then again, and once more.

Wolf: Apparently this is all very funny to Seth.

Ace: Of course it is funny, he
s beating the other guy! Look that
s how you pick up a man.

Seth grabs Tye by the hair, lifting him to his knees. Seth looks around at the crowd, laughing at their disgust in his actions, as Tye reaches up and punches him with a quick right to the gut. The crowd pops, but Seth is unfazed by the blow and promptly gives Tye a punch to the face for all his troubles. Grabbing Tye he whips him into the ropes, and on his return he goes for another clothesline, which Tye ducks.

Wolf: Seth with the clothesline, ducked by Tye. Tye returning now. . .

Seth turns around in time to see Tye returning after a bounce off the ropes on the opposite side of the ring, and, sizing him up he spins and hits him with a backfist to the abdomen.

Wolf: Backhand from Seth!

Ace: Service!

Tye doubles over and Seth hooks his head under his arm and plants him with a DDT. He goes for the cover and the referee scrambles to the mat:

1

Wolf: Kickout! Seth going for the early win here!

Ace: The Row aint as easy as a tennis match!

Frustrated Seth lifts Tye and tosses him into the turnbuckle. He taunts the crowd as he saunters over toward Tye and proceeds to give him several chops to his chest.

Wolf: Seth working Tye in the corner now with those vicious chops to the chest.

Ace:

You can see all those blood vessels bursting Wolf, Tye is gonna be bruised
tomorrow!

When its good and red he lifts Tye to the top of the turnbuckle and climbs up on the second rope.

Wolf: No! What

s he doing! What

s he doing?!

Ace: What

s it fuckin

look like Wolf?

He hooks Tye

s arm around his head and steps up to the top rope and lifts him up over his head slamming him to the mat with a superplex.

Wolf: Massive superplex from the top rope!

What strength, Ace.

Ace: Apparently beating up blind kids does much for the muscle!

Wolf: He beat up a blind kid?

Ace: You better believe it Wolf. You better be careful, he probably doesn

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t mind beating up geriatrics either!

Tye writhes on the mat as Seth flexes for the crowd. He shows off another backhand from his old tennis career and heads toward Tye. He lifts him up by his hair and tosses him into the ropes, as Tye returns he lifts him and slams him to the mat, all in one motion.

Wolf: Textbook power slam from Seth. He goes for the cover! 1. . . 2. . . NO!

Tye kicks out, Tye kicks out!

Ace: Tye needs to find him a way out of this one. Seth is all over him tonight, this crowd meanwhile is trying to get behind Tye.

Seth lifts Tye to his feet and the crowd starts to cheer on Tye with the hopes of reviving him. Seth looks around at the crowd and laughs. He tries to toss Tye into the ropes, but Tye holds his ground and their arms flex taught. He tries to toss Tye into the ropes again, but again Tye puts on the brakes. Seth shakes his head and Tye spears him to the ground.

Wolf: Tackled by Tye!

Ace: I always liked better.

The crowd pops as Tye grabs a shocked Seth and brings him to his feet. He throws him into the ropes and upon his return Tye slams Seth to the mat with Japanese arm drag.

Wolf: New life here from Tye! Seth is up again, he charges

Tye, Tye grabs

him, another quick arm drag from Tye, the fans are going crazy here Ace!

Ace: Tye has found his second wind! But wait, look, Seth is up again!

Tye charges Seth but Seth catches him and throws him over his head with a belly to belly suplex. All of Tye's momentum is quickly lost, and the crowd quiets down. Seth sells his injuries a little before stomping Tye several times in the back on the head.

Wolf: More ground and pound here from Seth. Tye

s got to change things around here or he

s going to be in for a long, painful night.

Ace: I don

t think he can change things Wolf, he

s just plain out matched tonight.

When he

s done he grabs Tye by the hair and lifts him to his feet. He then locks up with Tye. They struggle and Tye kicks Seth in the stomach.

Wolf:

Kick to the stomach by Tye, Tye hooks Seth. . .

With the opening he hooks Seth under his arm. Seth

reverses, twisting behind Tye whilst grabbing his arm into a rear hammer lock.

Wolf: Hammer lock applied by Seth. Tye has got to get to the ropes.

Ace: He really is the best around Wolf. That entrance music aint just a pretty song, it's truth!

Seth wrenches Tye

s arm and Tye grabs at his shoulder instinctively, trying to stop the pain. With his forward momentum Tye

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brings Seth to the ropes and with his offhand grabs the ropes. The ref breaks the hold.

Wolf:

Tye able to get to the ropes here, Seth will have to break the hold.

Ace: But he isn

t Wolf! He

s not letting go!

Wolf: Well we expected him to cheat and so far he has lived up to that expectation. Come on ref, get in there!

The ref counts, 1

Seth breaks the hold and backs away from Tye, receiving a warning and a smelly finger in his face from the ref. Seth backs away, pleading innocence, as Tye works to pain out of his arm.

Wolf: I can tell you already I don

t like this Seth kid. He

s full of himself and doesn

t even play the game right. If only we could blacklist him! Good riddance!

Ace: Hey this is The Row, anything goes Wolf.

Tye rubs his eye as he meets Seth in the center of the ring and the two quickly lock up. Tye gains the upper hand and kicks Seth in the stomach, bending him over at the waist. Tye then lifts his leg and brings it down on the back of Seth

s head, bringing him to the mat all in one motion.

Ace: A little life here from Tye, he

s giving it all he

s got.

Wolf: Yes but it just might not be enough. . . A cover by Tye, 1

Seth kicks out! Seth looks frustrated as hell!

Ace: He was just one second away from losing!

Wolf: Tye is up now, a bit shaken.

Tye is to his feet first, and tries to tie up with Seth but quickly Seth ascends upon Tye and pokes him in the eye.

Ace: Yes!

The crowd protests as Seth laughs and grabs Tye by the head. He spins around, bringing Tye with him down to the mat with a spinning neck breaker.

Wolf: Textbook spinning neck breaker from Seth Stratton. Tye is not in a good place.

Tye grabs his neck as Seth bounces off the ropes for momentum and drops a knee right on Tye s face.

Wolf: Pin here, 1. . . 2. . . No! Seth lifts Tye

s shoulder! He

s not done yet. He wants to destroy Tye here, not just beat him! He wants to make a statement! Off all the rotten things--

Ace: Well he

s gonna make a statement alright. If this works out he

ll look like a brutal bastard, but if he fails it

s gonna haunt him. People in the back are gonna call him a dumb ass! If you

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ve got a chance to win it, you take it. Especially here in The Row, where at any moment you can lose your life at the hands of a guy like Tarasque!

Seth lifts Tye up off the mat, hooking his head under his arm and lifting him completely vertical on the air. Seth holds Tye there for a few seconds, illustrating his strength before dropping him directly on his head.

Wolf: Massive brain buster from Seth. Seth taking a page, it seems, out of our Death Row Champion's book! What strength to hold Tye up there like that!

Ace: I like Dark

s brainbusters more. Somehow it seems more miraculous, like you can't believe the drunk is capable of lifting a man, let alone dropping him perfectly on his head. But yeah Wolf, apparently there

s more to this tennis player than meets the eye! Wrestling just may be the perfect niche for him!

By now Tye is properly fucked up, and Seth realizes it, looking down at Tye and watching his eyes roll about his head. Seth raises his arms as if to give everyone a chance to assess the damage he has done.

Wolf: He

s just playing with him now! Seth is just playing with him now! Pin the poor kid and get it done with!

Ace:

No, I wanna watch him

squeal!

Lifting Tye he steps back and watches him stumble about the ring.

Ace: Look he

s walking like Dark!

Seth eyes up a kick like a pro kicker and the proceeds to kick Tye right in the balls.

Ace: OHHH!

Wolf: Well...

Tye crumples to the ring as the ref gets up in Seth

s face and gives him a warning. The crowd showers Seth with boos.

Ace: Looks like Tye will be singing soprano for the rest of the night Wolf.

Wolf: Well. . . Right in the family jewels!

Ace: Someone get a bucket!

Wolf: Ace? What?

Ace: What, don

t you feel like you gotta puke when you take a good shot to the nuts?

Wolf: No.

Ace:

That

s right, I forgot. . . you don

t have any balls.

In

pain, Tye tries to crawl to the ropes, perhaps even climb out of the ring for a breather, but Seth stalks along behind him, stomping his hands whenever they extend out past his body.

Wolf: Tye trying to get to safety here, but it

s a little too late I

m afraid.

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Ace: Look at him! He can
t even walk! Do em in ole Seth! Serve him up! Service!

Finally Seth tires of this and brings Tye to his feet and shoves him into the corner. He proceeds to work his ribs with a couple of lefts and rights, Tye dazed and taking every shot. Seth backs away and as Tye stumble forwards Seth spins and this time hits Ty with a forehand shot to the abdomen.

Wolf: Massive forehand this time from Tye! Look out! Look out!

Tye doubles over and Seth bounces off the rope and elbows him right in the back of the head.

Wolf: Match Point! Match Point! A massive, vicious elbow to the back of Tye
s head! I think he

s out! I think he

s out! Seth goes for the cover! 1. . . 2. . . 3!

Ace: Game, set, match!

Seth

s music begins to play as the referee goes over to him and lifts his arm in victory. The crowd boos as Seth
sucks air, tired from beating Tye

s ass.

Wolf:

Impressive debut here for Seth Stratton, Ace.

Ace: There just may be more to this ex-tennis player than I thought Wolf. Everyone better be on the look out
for Seth Stratton

s a dirty fucker! He

ll get you coming and going!

Wolf: Not exactly a fair player, but he got the win tonight.

Well, I guess that

s all that really

matters, right?

Ace: In The Row? You bet your ass it is. Every win is another step toward a shot for The Death Row title,
which, again fans, is being defended tonight in a triple threat barbed wire match!

Wolf: Stay tuned for that one folks! We

ve got two full hours of wrestling action for you here tonight, streaming live, and only at Deathrow.com

Why Am I Here?

The cameras catch up to

Bobby Dean in his designated locker room as Bobby Dean sits in front of his open locker, dressed and ready
for his upcoming debut match.

Judging by the look on his face, BBD is not looking to pleased as he glances around his
accommodations, his agent and friend Jeremiah Sloan seated in a chair across the room, tweeting or texting
or whatever it was he was doing on his phone.

BBD: I don

t understand it Jay

Jeremiah Sloan: What don

t you understand Bobby?

Jay doesn

t even bother to look up from his phone as he asks.

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BBD: We
re in a shit hole, wrestling in front of how many people?

Sloan: I don
t know, a few hundred? A thousand, perhaps a little more? Why, what
s it matter?

BBD:
Jay, I was main eventing in front of hundreds of
thousands! Millions of people were buying the PPVs I was headlining. And now I feel like I
m at a birthday party wrestling in some kid
s backyard for all his little thumb sucking, snot nosed friends.
Dejected Bobby Dean slams his locker closed, and looks up at the ceiling like a man at a complete loss of
words, looking back on his life. He suddenly asks the million dollar question that
s been plaguing him all afternoon and evening.

BBD: Why the hell am I here?
Finally putting his phone down Jeremiah looks at Bobby with sympathy in his eyes. But being just as blunt as
BBD, he admits the truth of the situation, in a way only Jay knows how.

Sloan: Basically because you shit on everyone everywhere else, and Death Row is the only place that would
accept your application

BBD: That
s not true, my good friend, Mike Best, could put in a good word for me over at
HOW. I
m sure his pops, Lee
Best, would jump at the chance to sign ole BBD.

Sloan: I
m sure he would, then you
d go and piss him off and he
d can your ass in a heart beat. Plus, you
d end up having to run a program with Mike eventually, and, well, every time you and Mike square off he
shows how you
re just not on the same level he is. I.E. Everything Begins Again.

BBD: But, but, but have you seen the stuff these guys do!? Barbed wire, fire, glass, man, that one cat got
stabbed in a match with an actual fucking knife!

Sloan:
Yeah, I couldn
t believe that either
I don
t think I
ve ever laughed so hard in my
life!

BBD: So tell me again, why the hell am I here?
The door to the locker room opens as some nameless backstage employee pokes his head in and gives him
the count down.

Nameless Backstage Employee:

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Bobby Dean, you
re up next.

With Bobby Dean disappearing out the door, following the footsteps of the nameless backstage employee, Jay is left all alone in an empty locker room, so naturally he chooses that exact moment to finally answer the question.

Sloan: You
re here to do what you always do; piss people off by not give the fans what they want to see.

Bobby Dean vs. Tarrasque

Wolf: Don
t you navigate away now, we
ve got us another match coming up right now with yet another debut.

Ace: I still can
t get over that Tennis Freak. He
d screw over his own Grandmother!

Wolf: There
s no doubt about that Ace. . . Well, next up we
ve got a man they call

Bobby Dean. If this guy is as good as he says he is, Ace, the rest of The Row might be in trouble.

Ace: Well, guys do come and go here in The Row. We
ve got us a 60% drop out rate! Pussies need not apply! If you hate the sight of your own blood, there
s the door, don
t let it hit you on the ass on the way out!

Wolf: Amen to that Ace, but is Bobby a pussy, or not?

Ace: This man is a former eGG Bandit. . . So maybe.

Wolf: But they say he
s the best around, Ace!

You
re the Best Around, by Joe Esposito starts up and those that recognize the tune cheer.

Ace:
Man this brings back memories, Wolf. SWEEP THE
LEG! But sensei
SWEEP THE LEG!

Wolf: Yes folks, if this tune sounds familiar, it
s the song from none other than the original Karate Kid. Hopefully some of our viewers are old enough to
have seen it. They should
after all we aren
t PG.

Ace: My Karate Kid is Italian. Not Black. Why do movies always have to do that?

The Death Row community gets its first view of Bobby Dean, and it is a doozy. The
one emerges from behind the curtain wearing a blue sequin robe. He raises his arms out, allowing everyone
a good look at what he believes is a perfect specimen. The crowd begins to boo, the men finding him to be a
pompous asshole, the women not seeming very impressed. When he

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s sure they

ve gotten a good eye full he adds a pelvic thrust for good measure.

Wolf: Well some choice maneuvers here from Bobby Dean.

Ace: That reminds me, you gonna go see Magic Mike? I

ve heard some rave reviews.

Wolf: What was that Ace?!

Ace: Nothing. . . nothing. . .

Bobby Dean begins his walk to the ring his arms out at his sides, opening his robe a tad, showing the muscles underneath. He spins around allowing everyone a three hundred and sixty degree look at him, and he climbs into the ring. He raises his shoulders in the center of the ring and the robe slides off. He then places his hands over his heads and wiggles his hips. When he

s done he

s satisfied at least half a dozen women in the crowd have already creamed their panties.

Ladies and Gentlemen by Salvia comes in through the arena, and the crowd pops.

Wolf:

His opponent is the only surviving monster left in The Row. He took out Maynard Crane in a cage match allowing him such distinction. . . He

s the quote super soldier unquote of the Warhammer Corporation. . . He often rips the heads off of chickens. . . I

m talking about Tarrasque of course, Ace.

Ace: Yes fans, he loves his protein, and his preferred means of getting it is by eating raw meat. Any part of the cow, just give it to him and watch out. You think he goes through bone too?

Wolf: I don

t see why not. . .

As Tarrasque emerges the more blood thirsty of the fans in Mississippi start to cheer. With the eyes of a beast he looks out on the crowd, and before roaring spits out a piece of gristle from a recently devoured raw t-bone.

Ace: You think Tarrasque ever bites the hand that feeds him?

Wolf: What do you mean, Ace?

Ace: Like, you think Tarrasque ever gets wise to the fact Allen Anderson is just using him?

Wolf: Doubtful. They

ve probably programmed it into Tarrasque

s head never to question his superiors. But lookee here Ace. Where

s Allen Anderson?

Ace: No Anderson? The beast is coming out without his trainer? Everyone run for your lives!

Tarrasque makes his way to the ring, looking different without Allen Anderson with him. When he reaches the ring Tarrasque reaches up and pulls himself up to the apron. He then steps over the top rope, looking Bobby Dean directly in the eyes.

Wolf:

The eyes of an animal, Ace.

Ace: Tarrasque fight! Tarrasque fight pretty man now. No lose!

Wolf: I

ll let Tarrasque know you

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ve been mocking him

Ace: Nooo!

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall aand has a twenty minute time limit. . . introducing first, from

Houston, Texas. . . weighing two hundred and four and a half pounds. . . he is The Name That

Entertains,

Beautiful,

Booobbyyyy

Deeeaaaann!

The crowd boos as Bobby raises his arms, adding a couple of pelvic thrusts.

Announcer: And his opponent, in this corner, from Akira, China, weighing in at two hundred and eighty-five pounds, he is. . . Taaarrrraaaassqueee!

The crowd cheers Tarrasque as the monster and his opponent meet in the center of the ring.

The bell rings and Bobby Dean circles the ring, assessing Tarrasque, who stands in the center of the ring. Tarrasque

s chest heaves as he breathes, gorging oxygen.

Wolf: What has Bobby got to do against a monster like this? I mean he can t match his power, can he Ace?

Ace: He

s gotta pray Wolf. It

s all he can do.

Bobby Dean bounces off the ropes and charges Tarrasque, hitting him with his shoulder as he passes, but Tarrasque keeps his ground. Bobby Dean looks at Tarrasque, who roars, and in response Bobby Dean grinds his hips.

Wolf: My God its like running into a brick wall!

Ace: Hey, here

s a fun drinking game for all of you alcoholics, take a shot every time Tarrasque roars!

Determined Bobby Dean bounces off the ropes again this time hitting Tarrasque with a dropkick to the knee. The beast stumbles, but does not fall, the dropkick seeming to only anger Tarrasque more. Tarrasque lets out a roar.

Wolf: Well a dropkick right to the knee and this beast is still standing!

Ace: That

s what he

s got to do Wolf. He

s got to try and incapacitate Tarrasque. Use his speed and smarts to overcome Tarrasque s brawn.

Wolf: Bobby Dean off the ropes once more! Look, he slips right through Tarrasque s legs!

Bobby Dean bounces off the ropes and as Tarrasque tries to grab him he evades it by sliding through the monsters legs. Bobby quickly roles to his feet, and before Tarrasque has a chance to turn around Bobby Dean tackles his knee, finally taking the monster down.

Ace:

Fee Fi Fo Fum, Tarrasque just fell on his big fat

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bum!

Wolf: Bobby Dean has got him down!

Immediately Bobby Dean starts stomping Tarrasque

s knee, each stomp bringing a grimace to the face of Tarrasque. Grabbing his leg Bobby Dean rolls Tarrasque onto his belly and applies a single legged Boston crab. Tarrasque, in the center of the ring reaches toward the ropes as Bobby Dean wrenches back, applying pressure.

Wolf: Impressive Boston crab by Bobby, but can Tarrasque get to the ropes before his leg is snapped clean off?

Ace: You can

t snap a leg like that off. Look at Tarrasque

s thighs! They

re as big across as a man

s chest!

Tarrasque tries desperately to get him to the ropes, his despair doubled by the knowledge of the fact that had Allen Anderson come to the ring with him, he would be there to encourage him in his time of need.

Tarrasque lets out a roar and uses his very own leg to toss Bobby Dean off of him.

Wolf: Uh Oh I think he just pissed him off Ace!

Ace:

In case you drunks missed it, Tarrasque roared again

time for another

shot!

Bobby Dean scrambles to his feet as Tarrasque gets up himself, favoring his left leg. Dean charges Tarrasque and tries to take him down with a cross body, but Tarrasque just catches him, holding him across his chest. Tarrasque roars.

Wolf: Look at the strength, Ace! He just caught Bobby Dean like it was nothing!

Ace: Just like snatching at flies Wolf. Must be all that raw beef he had before the match!

Wolf: Tarrasque just tossed Bobby Dean over his head like it was nothing!

Tarrasque tosses Bobby Dean, using his hips to toss him over his head. Bobby hits the mat with a loud thud and Tarrasque roars at the sound. Turning around he picks up Bobby and places his hand violently around Bobby

s throat.

Wolf: Tarrasque with that huge mitt of a hand wrapped all around Bobby

s throat. He lifts him, choke slam! Massive choke slam from Tarrasque.

Ace: Bobby

s not looking too good.

Bobby sells his back as Tarrasque drops to his knees and covers Bobby.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin! The ref is on the mat! One! Two! No! Bobby kicks out! Bobby kicks out of the choke slam.

Ace: He

s probably better off taking the loss. Every second in the ring with Tarrasque is like being in with a wild animal!

Tarrasque picks up Bobby and tosses him into the corner of the ring, where he slumps against the turn buckle, his arms on the ropes holding him up. Tarrasque walks patiently to the other corner, roars and

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charges at Bobby Dean, hitting him with a massive clothesline.

Wolf: My God Ace!

Ace: Another roar, another shot!

Wolf: Oh would you shut up already? No one is drinking to this match!

Ace: Betcha Dark is. . .

The power of the blow send Bobby to the matt, still in the corner. Looking down Tarrasque takes his boot and applies it to Bobby

s throat, choking him with it in the corner.

Wolf: That huge size sixteen is pressed right across Bobby
s windpipe!

Ace: Crush his windpipe! Crush it!

The ref counts, 1. . . 2. . . 3. . . 4. . . Tarrasque savagely removes his boot, raking it across Bobby
s throat. The ref tries to get in Tarrasque
s face but he merely brushes him aside, nearly sending the referee as first to the matt.

Wolf: Woah look out there Frank Knox!

Ace:

That

s The Row, Wolf. Not even the referees are
safe!

Tarrasque picks up Bobby Dean, lifting him high over his head and toss him out of the ring.

Wolf: Well that

s one way to get out of the ring.

Tarrasque follows, climbing over the top rope and landing with both feet outside of the ring. He picks up Bobby Dean, irish whipping him into the guard rail. Walking over to him he punches him in the face, several times, each blow rocking Bobby up against the rail.

Ace: Look at that kid in the first row! He looks like he
s absolutely about to shit himself!

Grabbing Bobby he rams his head face first into the steel steps. Bobby falls to the ground grabbing his face as Tarrasque lets out another roar. Tarrasque then lifts Bobby and tosses him into the ring over the top rope.

Wolf: Tarrasque treating Bobby like a rag doll! That

s a two hundred pound man he

s throwing around like its nothing. He crawls to Bobby Dean, he

s going for the cover! 1. . . 2. . . Bobby kicks out! How does he do it Ace?

Ace: Again, he is the best around. What do you expect?

Tarrasque runs off the ropes and drops down on Bobby Dean with a leg drop, but Bobby rolls out of the way and Tarrasque lands flat on his bad leg.

Wolf:

Well, Tarrasque is showing us all the importance of Allen Anderson. I

m sure if he were here he

d be telling this dimwitted beast that he probably should use his own injured leg to try and hurt someone else.

Tarrasque grabs for his

leg, the crowd buzzing as Bobby Dean tries to get up under his own power. He stumbles to his knees upon

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trying to get up, and then works his way to the ropes, pulling himself up with the top rope. Tarrasque too has gotten to his feet, favoring his left leg.

Wolf: Another dropkick to the knee from Bobby Dean! Tarrasque is down again!

Ace:

Fee fi fo fum, Tarrasque just

Wolf: We know, we know Ace. . .

With the dropkick complete Bobby Dean lifts his foot and stomps Tarrasque onto of the knee, bending it against the joint. Bobby Dean grabs his leg, and drops down into a figure four leg lock.

Ace: There it is! The famed figure four leg lock!

Wolf: Applied expertly to Tarrasque

s already injured leg! That

s what he

s got to do Ace, just chop down this tree until it

s felled.

Bobby applies pressure, Tarrasque groaning every time he wrenches back on his leg. Tarrasque struggles in the center of the

ring, far from the ropes, even for him. Bobby looks around at the crowd, smiling.

Ace: It

s like Beauty and the Beast in there. Look at Bobby, he

s simply ravishing.

Wolf: Don

t make me sick. This Bobby is about as attractive a shit flavored lollipop.

Tarrasque punches Bobby in the face with one of his huge fists, but Bobby keeps the hold. After another blow the hold is released and Tarrasque quickly crawls to the corner of the ring, looking to pull himself up.

Bobby is up first and heads over toward Tarrasque, pulling his hair to lift him up. Tarrasque in desperation grabs Bobby from the back of his knees and pulls his legs out from under him, slamming him to the mat.

Wolf: Both man down here, in our second match of the evening.

Ace: We

ve still got more action to go, though I

m afraid the evening might be over for one these men soon.

Tarrasque gets up gingerly, and as Bobby gets up he picks him up into a press position, and then slams Bobby back down the width of his thigh. Bobby crumples, but so does Tarrasque.

Wolf: Massive back breaker from Tarrasque, but again he used that injured leg to hurt his opponent. We re all seeing how dense Tarrasque really is without Allen Anderson tonight.

Ace: Yeah, where is he? Doesn

t he realize this might cost Tarrasque the match?

Wolf: Punishment for running away and having a night out on the town perhaps?

Tarrasque stumbles to his feet and a Bobby Dean gets to his feet he kicks him in the abdomen. Bent over, Tarrasque grabs Bobby and slams him to the mat with a power bomb.

Wolf:

Power bomb by Tarrasque, Bobby Dean looks like he

s in trouble.

Ace: Tarrasque sure put the power in power bomb with that one.

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Bobby sells the powerbomb, but Tarrasque doesn't go for the cover.

Wolf: What

is he doing, go for the cover you big ape!

Instead Tarrasque picks up Bobby and lifts him over his head in a military press, showing his strength. He lets out a roar before dropping Bobby face first on the mat. Bobby lies motionless on the mat as Tarrasque soaks up the cheers of the crowd.

Ace: He is human after all Wolf. It

is like that they say, all you need is love, and Tarrasque is sure getting it now.

Wolf: Wait, what

is Bobby doing?

Bobby can be seen reaching in his tights. His hands reach in and looking around he hands his hands from the referee. Tarrasque turns and brings Bobby to his feet, and get

is a massive right from Bobby. Tarrasque falls like a tree and Bobby quickly covers.

Wolf: No! No! We

have got a cover. . . 1 . . . 2. . . 3!

Ace: Bobby wins Bobby wins!

Wolf: I

am just disgusted. Is the ref blind? It

is as plain as day. Bobby had some weapon in his possession.

Ace: You

are seeing things Wolf.

A replay shows, showing Bobby reaching into his pants and placing something on his hands.

Wolf: Really Ace? What

is he doing there? What

is he doing?

Ace: Hey, sometimes, as a man you

have got to make adjustments. Bobby

is a wang was probably in the way or something.

Wolf: Right Ace

Well I don

not like it, but Bobby Dean is your winner.

Ace: And rightfully so. He

is the best around.

Wolf:

More like the worst around, I

am disgusted.

Reaction to the Match

Tarrasque rolls out of the ring without much fanfare. Without even lifting his head from looking at the floor except to check where he is

going, Tarrasque heads towards the back.

Wolf:

Defeated by FJ Tombs and then Bobby Dean, Tarrasque seems to be sliding away down after his first victory

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against the now

missing, Maynard Crane.

Ace: That's what happens when you get your ass kicked! Maynard would have beat him too if not for that sucky ref!

Wolf: That's not fair. Tarrasque defeated Maynard fair and square. He's just on bit of a downstreak.

Tarrasque walks sullenly to the back until he gets to the entranceway when he is greeted by a sight.

"The Brain"

Allen Anderson stands there with a Shocktrooper on either side of him, though this time at least they are unarmed. Anderson has a microphone in his hand.

Anderson: If you would have just accepted the punishment I gave you and not escaped? You might be in the ring right now and celebrating your victory. Now? You have proven yourself to be a failure. To be despised. Punished. Are you coming with me now to take what's coming to you so you can prove yourself as strong? Or do I need to make more friends of your's vanish?

Tarrasque looks up at Anderson, his expression one of hurt and shock.

Eventually, he just gives up.

Me come. Me weak.

Anderson grins.

I know. I know. It is justice.

Wolf: Should we be just sitting here while Anderson leads Tarrasque away to tortures that are just too horrible to imagine?

Ace: Who cares. He should have taken his medicine right in the first place!

Tha Krew vs. The Untouchables

Wolf: What the night we

ve had so far, Ace, with two impressive debuts. Seth Stratton of course defeating fellow newcomer Tye Plaisance, and Bobby Dean defeating the monster Tarrasque.

Ace: I

m a big Bobby Dean fan already.

Wolf: You would be. . . Well we

ve got some tag action up next, with

Tim Ross

s muscle, Tha

Krew, competing with The Untouchables.

Ace:

The Untouchables are in need for a serious name change, Wolf. These guys have done nothing but get thrown about the ring since entering The Row.

Wolf: Maybe the name refers to their sex life?

Ace: You

re probably right Wolf, they can

t get none!

Wolf: Will they prove us wrong tonight, or will Tha Krew further prove The Untouchables are indeed anything but?

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Ace: Will if history tells us anything, it
s gonna be the latter, Wolf.

2 of Americaz Most Wanted, by Tupac featuring Snoop Dogg starts up and the crowd cheers. After a few moments their cheers grow even louder as Leon Williams and Wes Payton emerge from behind the curtain, the men known collectively as Tha Krew. After a few moments Tim Ross appears behind them smiling.

Ace: Its Da Boss!

Tha Krew begins its decent down to the ring, doing their best to look hard. As they reach the ring Leon Williams climbs in, followed by Wes Payton. Tim Ross walks around the ring and joins Wolf and Ace at the commentators table.

Wolf: Well it appears we
ve got ourselves a guest for this match.

Ace: Welcome Boss!

Tim Ross is seen putting on a headset, sitting to the left of Waylon and Ace.

Ross: I thought you niggas could use a little help with dis match.

Ace: Thanks Boss! The more the merrier

You know, you

ve done a great job with The Row

Tha Krew has been a wonderful addition.

Ross: Yeah they some tough niggas, and in The Row you need some protection.

Ace: You know, as soon as The Row started up I felt we needed a Wesley Snipes type. . . and now we
ve got Wes Payton.

Ross: Yeah that nigga sure looks like Wesley Snipes. But unlike Wesley Snipes my nigga Wes aint been to
jail for pussy shit like tax evasion.

More Human Than Human

rips through the PA system as the crowd cheers. Jeff Andrews immediately stroms through the curtains with his fists raised overhead. Soon, the other half of the Untouchables, appears, Ronnie Long, who stands atop the stage, raising his arms in the crucifix pose.

Wolf: Well, here they come ladies and gentlemen, The Untouchables, who have not won a match yet. Last
week of course they had the night off.

Ross: I outta fire these niggas.

Ace:

Well you are Da Boss. Whatever decision you make, I
m sure it

ll be a good one.

Ross: Shit nigga, get yo tongue outta my ass.

Wolf:

Told yah Ace

The Untouchables head down to the ring, Ronnie Long climbing into the ring
first, followed by

Jeff Andrews. Once in the ring, Tha Krew quickly attacks them.

Ross: My niggas! Ring the damn bell!

The bell rings, as the teams have paired off, Wes Payton fighting Jeff Andrews and Leon Williams squaring
off with Ronnie Long!

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Wolf: We

ve got pandemonium folks! The ref is gonna have a hell of a time getting this all sorted out!

Ace: Aww just let em fight it out!

Ross: You know I like the way you think, playa.

Wes Payton can be seen punching Jeff Andrews in one corner of the ring. On the opposite side of the ring, Leon Williams is doing the

same, laying into Ronnie Long who stands prone in the corner of the ring. Wes Payton looks back, saying something to Leon. Leon hears it, and both men irish whip their opponents to the center of the ring, causing Ronnie Long and Jeff Andrews to collide with one another in the center of the ring.

Ross: Look at dis niggas, running into one another!

Ace: Not so untouchable that they can hurt one another!

Ronnie Long and Jeff Andrews stagger back, and Wes Payton comes out of the corner with a huge clothesline, knocking Jeff Andrews to the ground. Leon Williams takes his opportunity and drop kicks Ronnie Long to the mat. With both men down, the referee orders

Leon Williams out of the ring. Protesting, Leon Williams heads to Tha Krews neutral corner and waits on the apron. Meanwhile Ronnie Long rolls out of the ring.

Wolf: Finally, we

ve got ourselves a legitimate tag match!

Ross: The Untouchables are still in for trouble, playa.

Wes Payton crawls over to Jeff, still on the mat and goes for the cover.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin, 1. . . 2. . . no Jeff kicks out! Kick out my Jeff.

Ross: That

s alright, my nigga aint done with him yet.

Ace:

Yeah, The Untouchables are still

breathing! Come on Krew!

Ross: Ace, my nigga

What did I say about sticking yo tongue up my ass?

Wes Payton brings Jeff Andrews to his feet and tosses him into the corner. He then tags Leon Williams who quickly enters the ring. Wes Payton tosses Jeff into the ropes and upon his return lifts him into the air. Leon then runs off the ropes and drop kicks Jeff just as Wes drops him to the matt.

Wolf: What a tag team move their from Tha Krew! What do you call that, Ross?

Ross: I call that fuckin

a nigga up.

Wolf: Well fair enough!

Leon Williams then brings Jeff to his feet and taunts the crowd. The two lock up and quickly Leon gains the upper hand. He then kicks Jeff in the abdomen and hooks his head, slamming him to the matt with a DDT.

Ross: There goes your head, my nigga.

Wolf: That DDT just planted Jeff face first into the mat!

Leon Williams stomps Jeff twice in the back of the head and then goes for the tag. Leon hooks Jeff s arm over his shoulder, Wes hooks the other arm, and they both bring Jeff to the mat with a double suplex.

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Wolf:

This is classic tag team wrestling, Ace.

Ace: I love Tha Krew!

Ross: Yeah, my niggas are trying to make a name for themselves. They best watch out though, if they thinkin

bout takin

over my federation!

Leon exits the ring as Wes Payton goes to work. He picks up Jeff and tosses him into the ropes, when he returns he slams him into the mat with a sky-high.

Ross: My nigga Wes, used to be homies with D-Lo Brown.

Ace: I thought that move looked familiar, hey hey we
ve got a pin!

Wes scrambles over Jeff and goes for the pin.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . kick out by Jeff!

Jeff sells the sky-high as Wes stands over him, laughing. Wes then picks up Jeff and works him into the corner of the ring, where Leon is waiting for the tag. He punches Jeff a few times in his face and then makes the tag.

Wolf: Another kick tag for The Krew, keeping fresh, keeping fresh.

Ace: Meanwhile Ronnie Long is combing his hair! He
s been turned into yet another spectator tonight.

Wolf: Jeff is gonna have to get the tag in if The Untouchables have any chance tonight.

Wes runs to the other corner of the ring and then charges Jeff, hitting him with a body splash in the corner. Jeff comes stumbling out of the corner and Leon Williams catches him. Leon grabs his face and slams him to the mat with a reverse Russian leg sweep.

Ace: Jeff just got a face full of mat!

Ross: My nigga.

Wolf: The Untouchables are in trouble here, well, to be more specific Jeff Andrews is in trouble, as Ronnie Long hasn
t had a chance to wrestle yet tonight.

Ace: And that

s what you

ve got to do Wolf. You

ve got to isolate the man in the ring from his partner. All the work you put in with one man is taken away when he tags in a fresh partner.

Ross:

Don

t you worry none, Ronnie Long won

t be getting

in da ring anytime soon. Believe that.

Leon reaches down and hooks Jeff around the
chin, pulling back.

Wolf: Rear chin lock here from Leon! Jeff is all alone in the center of the ring!

Ross: Yeah, that nigga is fucked, Wolf.

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Leon wrenches back, and the referee comes and checks in on Jeff. Jeff shakes his head and seems to struggle with his breathing. Leon keeps the hold, and after long Jeff's eyes begin to get heavy, fluttering in the ring.

Wolf: Leon is taking the life out of Jeff! He may not have any left!

The ref checks on Jeff, but he doesn't

respond. Looking around the ref reaches for Jeff and lifts his arm. His arm rises and falls to the mat, without any resistance. The ref lifts his arms once more, and again his arm falls to the mat, his hand hitting the mat.

Wolf: Jeff is out! Jeff is out!

Fed up, Ronnie Long enters the ring and kicks Leon to the back of the head, causing him to drop the hold. Jeff hits the mat with a thud. The ref gets up in Ronnie's face, trying to hold him back and out of the ring, but meanwhile Wes Payton has gotten into the ring and his helping stomp a seemingly lifeless Jeff Andrews.

Ross: That

s how we do boys.

Wolf: They

re beating a defenseless man! This is wrong!

Ross: Wrong? What

s wrong is calling yo

self Untouchable when you aint.

Ace: Yeah Wolf! Who are you all of a sudden? A saint?

Ross: Ace

last warning my nigga. Only women get to toss mah salad.

Wes Payton exits the ring as the referee turns around. Leon picks up Jeff, but Jeff just falls over. Laughing Leon looks to the crowd and to Wes Payton.

Wolf: Pin him! Pin him! He

s obviously out.

Ace: It

s been nothing but offense from Tha Krew tonight.

Ross: What the fuck did you niggas expect?

Leon Williams taunts Ronnie, and as Ronnie tries to get into the ring the ref goes to his corner and holds him back. With his back turned Wes enters the ring and he and Leon choke Ronnie in the corner.

Ross: That ref is one dumb fuck. I outta fire him too!

Ace: I don

t care Ross, as long as you don

t fire me!

Ross: I

ve been thinkin

about it, my nigga.

Ace: Oh please don

ll do anything!

Ross: And that

s why I been thinkin

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bout it. You

re a real desperate nigga, aint yah?

Ace: What you call desperation I call dedication!

Ross: Ha I like that.

Wolf:

Nice save there, Ace.

Wes Payton again leaves the ring as the referee turns

around, raising his hands in innocence. Leon makes the tag. Wes Payton enters and lifts Jeff and places him in the corner. Without the aid of the turnbuckle he can hardly stand. Standing back Wes throws some calculated punches at Jeff, each blow knocking him against the turnbuckle.

Wolf: This is sick! He

s using the turnbuckle to hold Jeff up! He can

t stand on his own two.

Ace: It

s like beating a cripple! I love it!

Wolf:

You would, Ace

You would.

Wes then tags

Leon, who enters the ring. Wes throws Jeff into the ropes, and upon returning he lifts him then falls back.

While falling back Leon hooks his head.

Wolf: 187! 187!

Ross: . . . on an undercover cop!

Ace: What a move ladies and gentlemen!

Ross: You betta believe it, dis shit is ovah.

Leon goes for the pin as Wes runs to Ronnie and knocks him out of the ring. The ref his the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . 3!! Tha Krew has won it! Tha Krew has won their first match here in Death Row Wrestling.

Ross: Of course they did, these are two tough niggas. Now if you

ll excuse me.

Ross gets up and leaves the table. . .

Tha Mothafuckin' Best

The Untouchables slide out of the ring grabbing their heads. Dejectedly the walk up the ramp, passing Tim Ross who mockingly slaps them each on the back. Laughing, he climbs into the ring, real business like, congratulating his crew before leaning over the ropes and asking for a mic.

Wolf: Well looks like da boss has something to say here.

Ace: Open your ears, it

s not every day you get to hear from greatness.

Wolf: Hey Ace?

Ace: Yeah Wolf?

Wolf: Get your tongue out of the boss

ass, would you?

The crowd buzzes as Ross gets his mic. He smiles and brings it to his lips.

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Ross: Now how
bout that shit? You mothafuckas like that?
The crowd cheers.

Ross: I know,
I know, I liked that shit too. . . Well I aint gonna talk your mothafuckin
ear
off, my nigga here has got somethin
to say.

Tim Ross takes the mic, and smiling lifts it up to Wes Payton
s face. Wes is breathing heavy from the match, his words coming up through his gulps for air.

Wes Payton: What you just saw. . .

Pant, pant, pant.

Wes Payton: Was a fuckin eg-zample. . .

Yeah, yeah, an egzample,

Leon Williams can be heard saying in the background, like a parrot.

Wes Payton: A fucking eg-zample. . . of what happens when. . . you fuck with Da Krew. . . Any of you niggas
out there think you can step up and handle dis, then step the fuck up. . . We are the best tag team. . . in dis
whole federation. And for a fuckin reason nigga. Aint nobody can stop us. Nobody.

Yeah, yeah, nobody!

Leon parrots.

Wes Payton: Not them niggas the H-Town Hustlas, not the Untouchables, not Facture, not nobody. All you
other niggas better be on the look-out, cause me and Leon here, well we
s lookin for a little respect.

Yeah, yeah, respect!

Leon says.

Wes Payton: You niggas aint scared enough of us. You see us out in the back and you don
t even cower. You don

t do nothing. And that aint right. We

re da boss

s muscle, and if you don

t believe it, you best believe it, cuz if you don

t my boy Leon here will snatch yo asshole out.

Yeah yeah! Yo asshole!

Wes Payton: And if you didn

t know, now you know, cause dat shit was on da real.

Wes Payton stares into the camera before turning to exit the ring. Tim Ross smiles, holding his hands out.
He drops the mic and leads his men out of the ring.

Wolf:

Well there you have it folks, Tha Krew is
here, and they seem to mean business.

Ace: You

d have to be pretty stupid to mess with Tim Ross by himself, but with all that muscle protecting him he
s practically untouchable. I don

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t even think Tarrasque would mess with Da Boss!

FJ Tombs vs. Cort Vang

Ace: So I says to her, get on top honey.

Wolf: Yeah?

Ace: Yeah, and even with no legs that bitch crawled on top of me and went to work.

Wolf: Huh. . . what? Wait

what? We

re on? Oh we

re on! Welcome back everyone, to Death Row, live from Mississippi!

Ace: And if you think I called her after, you

re wrong.

Wolf: Shh Ace, we got work to do. . . Up next we

ve got FJ Tombs and Cort Vang, two men that are very familiar with one another here in The Row. They have fought time and time again.

Ace: Yeah, haven

t we had this match already?

Wolf: Cort Vang, the wrestler formerly known as Pyroclastic Youth was in the initial title hunt with everyone else, the culmination of the tournament being a triple threat match between

Tombs, Cort

Vang, and current

Death Row Champ, Dark.

Ace: Hey, he may be former Death Row Champ after the barbed wire match tonight. But yeah, these fellas know each other, I don

t expect any feeling out tonight. Once that bell rings we

ll be getting straight to the action. Young punks jumping on red necks, red necks chopping down young punks like cows at the ole family slaughter house.

Wolf: Tombs of course coming off a big win against Tarrasque, while his opponent tonight was out for two weeks after Death From Above.

Ace:

That

s right Wolf, Death From Above nearly lived up to its name after The Spectre reared his ugly purple haired head and showed up in a monster

truck, knocking both Dark and Cort Vang off the scaffolding! Neither men have been known to fly, and as a result both went SPLAT. The real question here is if Cort Vang is a hundred percent, and surely we

ll have to wonder the same thing about Dark later here tonight.

Wolf: He seems alright Ace, but you know Cort, he

s unpredictable. An ever changing wrestler.

Kiss My Country Ass

bursts over the PA, and the crowd in Mississippi rises to their feet, to cheer on none other than FJ Tombs. After awhile he emerges out from behind the curtain, donned in his usual wrestling gear. The crowd cheers and Tombs looks out on the crowd with a smile on his face.

Wolf: This guy is loved everywhere he goes Ace.

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Ace: Yeah, it makes me absolutely sick. No one can be that sickly sweet. Tomb must have some skeletons in his closet.

Wolf: Everyone

s got skeletons. . . for instance I killed a man once.

Ace: Yeah. . . wait, what?

Tombs points to one half of the stadium, and on command they all start to cheer. Tombs nods his head, as if to say

yeah that was satisfactory,

and then turns to the other side of the arena. He smiles, looking around, and then points at their half of the arena and they cheer even louder.

Wolf: I shot him in the head. . .

Tombs begins his walk down the ramp to the ring, the fans in the first row reaching out to touch them. Being so

sickly sweet,

as Ace puts it, he reaches out and slaps their hands on his way to the ring.

Wolf: Cut him up into 6 pieces. . .

Tombs reaches the steps and looks around at the fans cheering, as if he s looking for yet another mean-spirited sign directed towards him. But he see s none and climbs into the ring laughing a little.

Wolf: And buried him in the desert.

Ace: You

re not serious are you Wolf?

Wolf:

Tombs looking ready for his match tonight. After beating Tarrasque I d feel pretty invincible too, Ace.

Ace: Wolf?

Wolf: Tombs, Cort, another classic match Death Row fans. Be sure to stick around for this one, and as always, be sure to tweet and follow us along on Twitter. I

d like to once again wish you a Happy Fourth of July, hope you re having a safe, bloody, explosive Fourth of July.

Ace: Wolf?

Wolf: Stop being so rude Ace, and wish the people a happy Fourth.

Ace: Oh. . . happy fourth. . .

The lights in the DeSoto Civic Center brighten, as bounces off the eardrums of the Death Row faithful. Cort Van whips through the curtain without thermos or the usual fast paced energy of past Lethal Injections. He stretches his arms out in mockery of crucifixion.

Wolf: Cort, as we mentioned, took that horrendous fall off the scaffolding at Death from the Above. Many feared he

d even be able to finish out the rest of the year no one expected him to come back that quickly.

Ace: Well he

s not the sharpest knife in the drawer, and he s not as old as Dark. When you

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re young the body can recuperate a lot faster. Take a washed up drunk like Dark, and these things take time. But with a young guy he can bounce right back.

Wolf: Youth is always wasted on the young.

Ace: Everyone seems young to you Wolf, because you're 800 years old.

Cort walks down the ring with purpose. As he reaches the steps he looks out on the crowd as the chant starts up:

YOU CAN

T READ clap clap clapclapclap YOU CAN

T READ clap clap clapclapclap YOU CAN

T READ. . .

Cort immediately bursts with anger. He shouts at the crowd, getting in the faces of those in the front row, saying things we cannot hear but are no doubt threatening. Being unable to read he starts grabbing at random signs, signs that say things like HI MOM and DEATH TO DEATH ROW, and tears them in half, thinking they are all about him.

Ace: Cort must hate his mother!

Wolf: He can

read, remember?

The chanting continues, and Cort looks to Tombs who

is laughing along with everyone else. Cort angrily slides into the ring and gets in Tombs face. Tombs continues to laugh.

Wolf:

Well the fans are provoking Cort Vang here, I don't

know if that

is a good idea. The One Man Misdemeanor is not someone you want to upset. . .

Ace: He really can

read? Someone get him some Hooked on Phonics!

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall and has a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first, from Athens, Texas, weighing in at two hundred and seventy-five pounds, he is F. . . J. . . TOOOOMMMBBBS!

The crowd cheers and FJ flexes his muscles for the crowd to see. When he is done the crowd quiets down and the announcer continues:

Announcer: And his opponent, from St. Helens, Oregon, weighing in at two hundred and nineteen pounds, he is

The One Man Misdemeanor, Cort

Vaaaannnggg!

A mixed reaction comes from the crowd, a few fans even continuing the YOU CAN

T READ chant. Cort and Tombs face one another in the center of the ring.

Wolf: Who have you got in this one, Ace?

Ace: I don't

know, both men are proven warriors here in The Row. . .

The bell rings and immediately Cort tries to tie up with Tombs, but Tombs is ready for it and kicks Cort in the midsection.

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Wolf: Several kicks to the midsection here courtesy of Tombs. You were right Ace, these two just shot right out of the gates!

Ace: Let the pain begin!

Cort bends over and Tombs hits him over the head once, twice, one more time, and Cort drops to his knees. Tombs then pulls Cort to his feet by his knot and gets him in a standing headlock in the center of the ring.

Wolf: Tombs testing Cort here, there no way he can be 100% after Death From Above.

The referee checks in on Cort, but Cort shakes his head. Cort punches Tombs in the stomach, then again, then once more. He pushes Tombs into the ropes and as he returns Tombs runs straight into Cort, knocking him over with a shoulder block.

Wolf: Tombs with the impressive shoulder block here. If Cort wants to survive he s gonna have to use those deadly kicks of his.

Ace: Yeah, hey, Cort should be coming out to that song from Karate Kid, not Bobby!

Tombs quickly runs off the ropes for momentum and goes for the elbow drop, but hits nothing but matt as Cort rolls out of the way. Tombs rises and Cort kicks him in the back of the right leg, Tombs staggers. Cort then kicks Tombs in the back of his right leg.

Ace: Has Cort got an earpiece in? He s taking your advice perfectly.

Wolf: I m not saying. . .

Cort flips Tombs over and kicks him once stiff in the spine. Tombs grimaces only to get a dropkick to the back of the head courtesy of Cort. Cort then scrambles to the matt and covers Tombs.

Wolf: We ve got a pin, 1. . . 2. . . No! Tombs is too close to the ropes!

Ace: What a rookie mistake there by Cort, you ve got to know where you are in the ring at all times, Wolf.

Cort lifts Tombs to his feet, gives him a swift elbow to the back of the head, but Tombs is unfazed and responds with a left haymaker. Cort staggers and to finish him off Tombs raises his boot and connects with Cort s face. Cort hits the mat grabbing his face.

Wolf: Listen to this crowd Ace! They just love this guy.

Ace: Pardon while I vomit! This guy probably pisses lemonade! I m tellin you he s too sweet!

Wolf: He s survived The Row so far Ace, that says something.

Tombs saunters over to Cort, bringing him slowly to his feet by the knot at the back of his head. Tombs hits Cort with a left haymaker, the force of the blow bringing Cort to the mat. Tombs stomps Cort in the back and then picks him up, wringing his right arm.

Wolf: Submission here by Tombs, showing he s not just a brawling cowboy.

Cort reverses the hold, in doing so wringing Tombs arm. Cort then bends Tombs at the waist and places his leg over Tombs right shoulder. With his other leg he spins and kicks Tombs straight in the face. Tombs falls and hits the mat.

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Ace:
That
s a high impact offensive, Wolf. I
d hate to get a Cort Vang kick to the face.
Cort goes for the cover.
Wolf: Cort going for another pin here! Get on it ref! 1. . . 2. . . No kick out! Tombs kicks out!
Both men get up, Tombs taking refuge in the corner. The crowd cheers him on as he rubs his head and tries
to get the cobwebs out. Not wasting
anytime, Cort ascends upon him and promptly elbows Tombs in the face.
Ace: Look out its raining elbows Wolf!
Wolf: Tombs in trouble in the corner, taking every shot!
Cort elbows Tombs again, and again, three or four times before stepping back and dropkicking Tombs right
in the chest.
Wolf: What
s this, what
s Cort doing?
Cort runs to the opposite corner, and then charges Tombs, building up speed. With his momentum he runs
and uses Tombs
own knee to jump up and kick him in the face.
Wolf: Shinning Wizard! Shinning Wizard by Cort!
Tombs stumbles out of the corner as the crowd pops to the massive blow, and falls comically flat on his face.
Cort then covers Tombs.
Wolf: Yet another pin attempt by Cort! 1. . . 2. . . No, kickout!
Tombs starts to get to his feet, but Cort applies a side headlock. Tombs progress however is not stopped,
and Tombs reaches his feet, with Cort still clinging to his head.
Wolf:
Tombs pushes Cort, Cort is up against the ropes. Cort
returns,
Tombs with the big boot
no, Cort
ducks!
Cort stops dead in his tracks. Tombs turns around and charges, and Cort catches him, flipping him over with
a Japanese arm drag.
Wolf: Arm drag by Cort! But Cort keeps his hold on Tombs! He
s wrenching his arm on the mat!
Ace: What? I thought Cort didn
t have much of a ground game.
Tombs quickly gets out of it and lands a stiff right to Cort
s face.
Ace: Oh ok. He still doesn
t.
Tombs then grabs Cort by the left arm and pulls him toward himself. He goes for the clothesline but Cort
ducks, and Tombs turns around just in time to get a kick to the side of the head from Cort.

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Wolf: Massive kick from Cort! Look at those educated feet Ace!

Ace: That

s problem, his feet are smarter than his head.

Tombs staggers backwards, inching closer to the ropes. Cort charges Tombs, drop kicking him out of the ring.

Wolf: Tombs goes flying out of the ring now.

Tombs sprawls around on the floor trying to regain his feet as Cort amps himself up for a dive outside of the ring. The fans come alive with anticipation.

Ace: High risk time. This kid don

t know when to quit!

Wolf: I sure love it though, don

t you Ace?

Tombs starts to get to his feet as Cort turns in the opposite direction, runs and bounces off the ropes for extra momentum and upon returning dives right through the ropes with a suicide dive.

Wolf: My God the suicide dive!

The momentum of the dive carries them into the announcers table nearby.

Ace: Well there

s a reason they call it a suicide dive. I think Cort just hurt himself more than he hurt Tombs!

Cort gets to his feet, selling the injury, and then picks up Tombs and throws him into the ring. Cort then climbs the ropes and dives off with a cross body.

Wolf: We

ve got yet another pin after that cross body! 1. . . 2. . . kickout! Tombs kicks out!

Tombs gets to his feet, as Cort does as well. Cort goes for a kick to the kidneys but Tombs blocks it and in desperation tosses Cort out of the ring with one easy throw over the top rope.

Wolf: Tombs doesn

t know Cort didn

t fall out of the ring! He doesn

t see him standing there Ace!

Ace:

Well, Tombs is fucked.

Tombs turns around to

rest, not knowing that Cort held onto the rope and is now standing on the apron. Tombs turns around, just as Cort jumps on the top rope and dives at Tombs. But Tombs reacts fast enough and puts his foot up and Cort gets a face full of boot.

Ace: Or not. . .

Tombs picks out Cort and slams him to the mat with a fall away slam. Quickly Tombs covers him.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin by Tombs! 1. . . 2. . . Cort kicks out!

Tombs sits on his knees, his face red, his chest heaving as he gulps in large quantities of air. He pounds the mat in frustration as Cort continues to writhe on the mat.

Ace: The butcher boy is getting frustrated! Last time he got this mad was when the family shop ran out of Brisket for Passover!

Tombs picks up Cort, hooks his arm over his head, slamming him to the mat with a suplex. He goes for the

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pin.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . no! Cort kicks out.

Ace: The fight in both these competitors is impressive Wolf. They

ve given it their all in the past, putting their bodies on the line, and tonight is no different!

Cort crawls to the corner but Tombs already on his feet reaches him first and pulls him to his feet. Grabbing Cort

s arm he wrenches it backward, stretching out his shoulder and chest muscles. Tomb wrenches the hold violently, pulling back with the remainder of his strength, causing Cort to wince in pain.

Wolf: The strength Ace, the strength! Tombs looking like he

s trying to rip Cort

s shoulder right out of its socket!

Ace: Listen for the pop. Do it Tombs! Do it!

The ref checks on Cort, saying something inaudible to him. Cort can be seen emphatically shaking his head.

In frustration Tombs slams Cort to the mat, turning the hold into a pin.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . kick out by Cort. Have they got anything left ladies and gentlemen?

Quickly Tombs picks up Cort and clotheslines him to the mat. He then bounces off the ropes and drops an elbow right onto the heart of Cort. Cort sells the elbow and Tomb goes for the quick pin.

Wolf: Another pin by Tombs! Frustration setting in! 1. . . 2. . . no! Only a two count there.

Ace: Now way, this match is over, that was three ref! Three!

Cort gets to the seated position, but his further progress toward standing is impeded by a stiff forearm to Cort s back. Cort quickly fights back, punching Tombs in the abdomen, then once more. Tombs doubles over by quickly throws a right to Cort that rocks him back.

Wolf: Stiff haymaker from Cort, that one caught him by surprise!

Seizing the opportunity Tombs picks up Cort, stretching him on his back in a torture rack.

Wolf: The dreaded Torture Rack!

Ace: That

s pretty old school Wolf. You were probably only twenty six years old when that move was invented.

Wolf: I

m not that old and you know it!

Tombs wrenches Cort on his back, the ref asking

Cort if he would like to submit. Cort shakes his head and wriggles free. Sliding off of Tombs back, Cort lands on his feet and

spins, kicking Tombs straight in the stomach. Cort bounces off the ropes and leaves his feet with a windmill kick. Tombs catches Corts leg and slams him to the mat.

Wolf: Pin by Tombs! 1. . . 2. . . kick out!

Tombs picks up Cort and walks him over to the corner, where he slams Cort face first into the turnbuckle. Tomb then lifts Cort, setting him on the top turnbuckle.

Wolf: Well some high risk maneuver coming up folks. I don t know if this is the best of ideas.

Ace:

And that is why you never made it as a wrestler, Wolf.

Tombs throws a

right, the blow nearly knocking Cort off the turnbuckle and out of the ring. Tomb throws another right, and

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again Cort nearly falls off the turnbuckle, bending back out of the ring.

Wolf: Those blows are tremendous! Look out Cort!

Tombs then climbs the bottom rope, then the second, and hooks Cort's arm. He tries to lift Cort for the superplex but Cort holds on to the top rope. Cort then punches Tombs in the abdomen, causing him to lose his footing and land feet first on the mat. Cort hooks Tombs head under his arm and spins around, drilling Tombs headfirst into the mat.

Wolf: Tornado DDT!

Ace: I really like that word. Tor-nay-doe.

Wolf: Cort scrambling for the pin, this could be it Ace, this could be it! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Tombs kicks out of the tornado DDT!

As FJ Tombs starts to gather his thoughts and come to, a man in a baseball cap, hostility wear t-shirt, and a pair of jeans hops over the guard rail and slides instantly into the ring.

Wolf: Hey, security... Get this get this idiot who just jumped the railing!

Ace:

Wolf, I think I know that
guy!

The guy helps FJ Tombs to his feet and to the ropes. As Tombs uses the ropes to prop up himself, the man sits on the middle rope and helps Tombs to exit to the apron. Cort stands in the center of the ring, his arms in the air as if to say 'what the fuck?'

Wolf: What's going on Ace? Cort has no idea either? Maybe this guy some friend of FJ?

Ace: No, that face! I know I have seen it somewhere!

As Tombs is helped down the steel stairs, the raises the arm of Tombs high in the air as the crowd cheers extremely loud for the under rated superstar. With his spare hand, the man knocks off his baseball cap and swings FJ Tombs around. As Tombs comes face to face with the guy, he is given a low side kick to the knee that sends him face first into the steel stairs.

The bell starts to ring emphatically, the referee throwing his arms up in disgust.

Ace: HOLY FUCK!

Wolf: What? What the hell is going on here?!

Ace: THATS IAN MICHAELS!

Wolf: You mean IM Hate?

Ace: EXACTLY!

Hate removes his shirt, showcasing his tatted up body and dark olive skin. Ian grabs the arms of FJ and lifts his chest and head off the steps.

The bell continues to ring emphatically.

Ace: HATE CRIME?

Wolf: We have seen this in Hostility and DREAM Ace, now we know who gave Ross that heads up last week!

Ian leans down and whispers something into the ear of FJ Tombs before putting his put against his head and stomps down into the back of the head of FJ Tombs crushing his face into the steel stairs. As referees swarm the area shoving Ian away, medical staff rush out to attend to FJ. Ian grabs a microphone from ringside and rolls into the ring.

Wolf: With Ian Michaels being in Death Row, who else maybe coming?

Ace: This man was one of the men who burnt down an arena owned by James Milenko, as they overthrown

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Hostility and destroyed it!

Ian Michaels watches as the medical staff wraps the head of FJ up in a bloody towel, which was soaked by Tombs. He laughs!

IM Hate: Death Row, you will all learn to HATE! Hate has infested your cesspool and the God of Hate himself is now on his throne spreading the word!

Ian throws down the microphone as the crowd gives him a mix reaction. Ian drops to the canvas and rolls out the ring and heads up the ramp. Medical staff is loading FJ up on a stretcher as we join back with Ace and Wolf.

Wolf: He seems proud of his destruction!

Ace: This man feeds off causing chaos and mayhem Wolf!

Wolf: A perfectly good match ruined by IM Hate! Cort had this thing won before he had to get involved!

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner, by disqualification, FJ Tombs!

Cort can be seen protesting the result with the referee, who simply shakes his head. The shouting continues, and in a moment of frustration Cort slams the referee to the mat. Grabbing his head the man rolls out of the ring.

Wolf: And Cort is not happy! And rightfully so! IM Hate just made two enemies tonight!

Ace: Striking an official! There's a hefty fine coming Cort's way!

Wolf: He doesn't care, and he's right! This is bullshit Ace! Bullshit!

H-Town Hustlas vs. Fracture

Wolf: We

ve got more tag action for you tonight folks, with The H-Town Hustlas taking on Fracture. And you know what that means, we

re all that much closer to the main event.

Ace: Those H-Town Hustlas are great guys, they got me a brand new T.V. cheap. Didn't come in the box and was already programmed, but it works great. You don't even notice the dent in the side after awhile.

Wolf: You realize that TV was stolen, right?

Ace: Stolen, found, donated. . . who's to say Wolf?

Wolf: The cops Ace. The cops.

2 of Americkas Most Wanted starts up and the crowd comes alive with cheers. Soon the H-Town Hustlas appear with a shopping cart full of goods; boxes that say things like MAGNABOX and CIRCUIT CITY. They proceed down the ramp, tossing the boxes into the crowd.

Wolf: Radios and TV

s galore Ace, hey is that a boom box?

Ace: I didn

t know they still made those. . . Forget that, these guys are hawking Circuit City merchandise. Didn't Circuit City go out of business YEARS ago? These guys are incredible. They can scrounge up anything! When the cart is empty the Hustlas enter the ring, the crowd cheering, those with new stolen appliances raising them in the air.

Wolf: The Hustlas feeling rather generous tonight.

Ace:

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Just getting rid of the evidence, Wolf. Most people consider them common criminals, but they

re more like Robin Hood and his Merry Men. They steal from the rich and give to the poor.

Escape the Fate starts to play as Schism and Rupture burst through the curtain and sprint into the ring. They are already in the ring before the lyrics even start up.

Wolf: Well here come their opponents for tonight, the men collectively know as Fracture!

Ace: These guys are a sight to see. This should be a good match, Wolf!

Schism jumps into the ring over the bottom rope and rolls to his feet, as Rupture slides in under the bottom rope and runs the ropes a couple of times before jumping onto the middle rope and posing. Schism heads to the corner and poses before backflipping off of the top rope back into the middle of the ring.

Wolf: Always the acrobatic entrance from Fracture, and this match is already under way!

Ace: Them H-Town Hustlas may be rockin white shoes, but they got black soles.

Haha Get it?

Wolf: That was horrible Ace.

Gutta Boy circles around Schism, the two lock up in the center of the ring in a collar lock.

Gutta Boy adjusts the hold into a side headlock. Schism sends Gutta Boy off the ropes, Gutta Boy returns, Schism bends over to lift him over his head, but Gutta Boy sees this and slides on his knees up to Schism and punches him in the face.

Wolf: Gutta Boy off the ropes! Punch to the face by Gutta Boy! He saw that one coming Ace!

Ace: Sure did.

Schism gets knocked back off the ropes from the massive blow, and as he returns Gutta Boy flips him over onto his back with a hip toss. Gutta Boy taunts Schism as he gets to his feet, and as he stands Gutta Boy sends him to the mat with a dropkick to the face.

Wolf:

Dropkick by Gutta Boy. All offensive belonging to The H-Town Hustlas so far, Ace.

Ace: Yeah but don

t count Fracture out! These guys are amazing high flying acts. You don't seem much of that down in Houston.

Schism crawls to the corner and quickly tags in Rupture. Gutta Boy looks to Rodd Macc and the crowd cheers, so Gutta Boy tags in Rodd Macc. Rodd Macc enters the ring.

Wolf: Both me tagging out, and its Rodd Macc facing off against Rupture now.

Ace: Nicely done by Schism, getting out of the ring before taking to much damage. This is a smart tag team Wolf.

Rodd Macc and Rupture circle one another in the center of the ring, sizing one another up.

Rodd Macc goes for a lock up, Rupture ducks it then punches him in the face, then again, then once more. Rupture then goes to throw Rodd Macc off the ropes, but Rodd Macc reverses the Irish whip and tosses Rupture into the ropes. Rupture returns, and Rodd Macc clotheslines him to the mat.

Wolf: Massive clothesline from Rodd Mac! Rupture is down!

Ace: Not for long, Wolf!

Rupture quickly gets up and Rodd Macc clotheslines him again to the mat. Rupture crawls to the ropes, Rodd Macc throws him off the ropes and upon the return Rodd Macc powerslams him to the mat. Schism

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enters the ring and Rodd Macc knocks him to the mat with a clothesline all of his one. Rodd Macc then grabs Rupture by the hair and tags in Gutta Boy.

Wolf:

Quick tag from the H-Town Hustlas, Gutta Boy in now.

Ace: That

s smart Wolf, gotta keep fresh!

Rodd Macc lifts Rupture up on his shoulders, as Gutta Boy runs off the ropes, but upon returning Rupture has already slipped off of Rodd Macc

s shoulders. Rupture hits Gutta Boy with a dropkick. Schism then gives Rodd Macc a dropkick out of his own, knocking him out of the ring.

Wolf: There goes Rod Macc, after a couple of dropkicks from Fracture.

Schism runs off the ropes, and upon returning dives out of the ring, hitting

Rodd Macc with a spring board cross body.

Meanwhile in the ring, Rupture tosses Gutta Boy into the ropes. Upon his return, Rupture slides between his legs, and from behind he lifts Gutta Boy, then slamming him down on the mat face first.

Wolf: Classic Rupture ladies and gentlemen, the belly to back suplex lift to the facebuster!

Ace: These guys are fun to watch!

Rupture goes for the pin.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . no! Kick out by Gutta Boy!

Ace: Gutta Boy has been in worst fights than this! He can take a lot more than that Fracture!

Fracture lifts Gutta boy to his feet, then drags him quickly to the mat with an arm drag. Gutta Boy gets up again only to receive yet another arm drag.

Wolf:

Series of arm drags here from Fracture.

With Gutta Boy on the mat, Fracture eyes

him, measuring him up, and then hits him with a standing moonsault.

Wolf: The athleticism of these guys is amazing! Most people can

t even do a moonsault from the top rope, let alone standing!

Ace: We

ve got a pin Wolf!

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . no! Kick out! Gutta Boy kicks out!

Rupture rises to his feet and sees Schism and Rodd Macc still fighting on the outside. He runs off the ropes then upon his return jumps to the top rope and then flings himself outside, landing on both Rodd Macc and Schism.

Wolf: High risk maneuver from Rupture! He just took out Rodd Macc and Schism!

Gutta Boy gets to his feet and sees the carnage outside of the ring, and quickly exits the ring and joins in. He punches Rupture in the back of the head a few times then tosses him up against the ring. Meanwhile Schism and Gutta boy a fighting off near the ring steps.

Wolf: We

ve got total pandemonium here folks. This match has turned into a street fight!

Ace: Advantage: H-Town Hustlas. This is exactly the sort of match they want to fight Wolf.

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Wolf: Come on ref, regain order here!

Ace: Fuck it, let em go!

Gutta Boy punches Rupture a few times in the face and then tosses him into the steel ring steps, but Rupture jumps on them and quickly jumps off, hitting Rodd Macc with a jumping leg lariat.

Wolf: What a move by Rupture! Rodd Macc, fighting with Schism never saw that leg lariat coming.

Ace: He

s down Wolf, and look at Schism!

Switching partners, Schism follows Rupture

s lead and uses the steel ring steps as a platform to jump from. He

jumps, wrapping his legs around Gutta Boy and throwing him to the ground with a hurricanrana.

Wolf: My god Ace! That was beautiful! Using the steel steps as a point to jump from! Amazing Ace!

Ace: That fans are eating this shit up! Gutta Boy looks like someone just shit in his cereal!

Schism tosses Gutta Boy into the ring, and climbs up on the apron after him. He stands, waiting for Gutta Boy to get to his feet, and when he does, Schism pulls himself up to the top rope and leaps off with a springboard dropkick.

Wolf: Springboard drop kick from Schism! Gutta Boy is down.

Ace:

Meanwhile, Rupture and Rodd Macc are beating the hell out of one another! This tag match has deteriorated quickly Wolf.

Schism crawls over to the fallen Gutta Boy and covers him.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin, but where the hell is the referee?!

Ace: He

s on the outside Wolf, trying to break up Rodd Macc and Rupture.

The referee stands between Rupture and Rodd Macc, trying to separate them. Inside the ring Schism looks up and see

s the ref is occupied. Angrily he jumps to his feet and leans out over the ropes shouting at the referee. The ref turns seeing Schism yelling at him.

Ace: This is the most overpaid referee in the business. This guy is horrible!

Wolf: He gets paid minimum wage.

Ace: I know! And it

s too damn much!

As Schism yells at the referee, Gutta Boy gets up and pulls Schism down on his back with a school boy pin. The ref slides in for the count.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . No! Schism manages to kick out!

Ace: That one was awful close Wolf, that may have been two.

Wolf: No Ace, it was only two!

Ace: Two and nine tenth seconds?

Gutta Boy and Schism slowly get to their feet as Rodd Macc and Rupture return to their neutral corners. Gutta Boy punches Schism in the face with a right, then a left, and then tosses him into the ropes. Upon returning Schism surprises Gutta Boy, spinning and kicking him clean in the face with a heel kick.

Wolf: Spinning heel kick from Schism! Fracture building momentum here.

Schism then picks up the fallen Gutta Boy and tosses him into Fracture

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s neutral corner. Gutta Boy

s back hits the turnbuckle with a thud, and Schism tags in Rupture.

Wolf: Rupture in now.

Ace: How the hell can you tell the difference? Both of these guys are in masks!

Wolf:

You

ve gotta go with the colors, Ace.

Ace: Oh, well, Orange in the ring now, having been tagged in by Purple.

Rupture kicks Gutta Boy in the stomach and then breaks him over his knee with a twilt-o-whirl backbreaker.

While still over his knee Schism times it and drops a leg drop on Gutta Boys kneck.

Wolf: What a combination move there by Fracture! Every tag team out there needs to be taking notes this is how you wrestle as a team!

Ace: Purple and Orange Combo Attack!

Rupture goes for the pin.

Wolf: We

ve got another pin, 1. . . 2. . . no Rodd Macc breaks it up!

Rodd Macc breaks up the pin with a kick to the back of Rupture

s head. The referee then gets in Rodd Macc

s face, pushing him back to his corner.

Not wanting to be disqualified, Rodd Macc throws up his hands in innocence and backs to the corner before climbing through the ropes to the apron.

Wolf: What a match we

ve had for you so far tonight folks.

Ace: Yeah Purple and Orange are flying all over the ring!

Angered, Rupture charges Rodd Macc on the apron and dropkicks off the apron to the outside. Then rising to his feet he brings Gutta Boy to his feet and tosses him into Fracture

s corner. He tags Schism then brings Gutta Boy to the center of the ring and promptly trips his with a spinning kick. Gutta Boy hits the mat with a slam. Schism runs off the ropes and Rupture lefts him dropping with down on Gutta Boy with a back body drop.

Wolf: Rupture just back body dropped Schism right on to Gutta Boy. What a move Ace!

Ace: That

s one way to get ahead, use your partner as a weapon.

Schism goes for the cover.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . no! Gutta Boy kicks out. He looks hurt Wolf.

Ace: He just had a full grown man dropped right on top of him. Anyone would be hurt after that! Last time Gutta Boy was hurt this bad he was shot at by an angry shop owner.

Schism picks up Gutta Boy to his feet, and kicks him once in the head. The crowd pops at the shot, and then Schism takes Gutta Boy and tosses him up against the ropes. Gutta Boy hooks his arms and goes for the desperation tag.

Wolf: Smart move by Gutta Boy putting on the brakes and getting the quick tag.

Ace: He

s street smart Wolf.

Rodd Macc comes into the ring and quickly overpowers Schism, sending him to the mat with a big boot.

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Rupture then comes flying in the ring from the top turnbuckle, but Rodd Macc picks him up and choke slams him to the mat. Both Schism and Rupture roll out of the ring, as Rodd Macc pumps up the crowd.

Wolf: Rodd Macc has just cleared the ring! Listen to these fans Wolf!

Ace: And that

s why you

ve got to love tag matches, the momentum can change at any moment!

Schism in the first in the ring, and Rodd Macc goes over to him and promptly kicks him in the gut. He lifts him and slams him to the mat.

Wolf: Pump handle slam by Rodd Macc!

Rodd Macc goes for the cover.

Ace: Pin Wolf! Pin!

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . No! Kick out by Schism!

Frustrated Rodd Macc picks up Schism and slams him down to the mat again with a massive vertical suplex. Schism hits the mat with a loud thud and Rodd Macc quickly goes for the cover.

Wolf: Another cover by Rodd Macc! Is it gonna be enough? 1. . . 2. . . Kick out!

Rodd Macc stomps Schism a few times before trying to Irish whip him into the corner. Schism reverses, instead throwing Rodd Macc into the turnbuckle. Rodd Macc lifts himself up using the top ropes and tries to shoot over Schism, who he assumes is charging him. But Schism has stopped, and as

Rodd Macc lands, Schism charges him and tackles his knee.

Wolf: What a tackle by Schism!

Ace: Rodd Macc tried to shoot over him, but the only problem was Schism had stopped in his tracks! Now look at him!

Rodd Macc groans on the mat, grabbing his knee. Schism quickly slides out of the ring and grabs Rodd Macc

s leg, pulling it back. He then forces his knee into the steel post in the corner. Rodd Macc sells the injury, groaning and grabbing his knee, as Gutta boy moves to the corner trying to stop Schism.

Ace: Poor Rodd! He may never walk again!

The referee gets in Gutta Boy

s face, directing him back to his neutral corner. Gutta Boy complies, cursing, and as he does, Schism takes the opportunity to ram Rodd Macc

s knee into the post again.

Wolf:

My God, Schism is using that post just like a weapon!

Rodd Macc crawls into the center of the ring, as Schism slides in under the bottom rope. Schism quickly grabs Rodd Macc

s leg, lifting it and then kicking him right in the back of the knee. Schism then grabs his leg, and Rodd Macc tries to kick him away, but Schism turns him over and wrenches on his knee.

Wolf: Submission move here! Rodd Macc could be in trouble!

Ace: He

s right in the middle of the ring Wolf, with absolutely nowhere to go!

Rodd Macc writhes in pain as the referee lies flat on the mat talking to him, checking to see if he would like to submit. Schism wrenches back as Rodd Macc struggles for the ropes. Slowly he makes his way over to the

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ropes, and Schism breaks the hold.

Wolf: That was a close one Ace!

Ace: But the damage has already been done! Rodd Macc's knee is utterly fucked!

Rodd Macc tries to get to his feet, but struggles with the pain surging through his knee. He grimaces, grabbing onto the ropes. Schism takes one look at him and then tags in Rupture.

Wolf: Rupture in now. Rodd Macc has got to get that tag!

Ace: Good luck with that knee! He can't put any weight on it!

Rupture and Schism then grab Rodd Macc and toss him into the ropes. Rodd Macc runs with a noticeable limp, and as he bounces off the ropes Gutta Boy makes the blind tag. The ref sees it and indicates the tag as Rodd Macc runs to the center of the ring and gets drop kicked by both Schism and Rupture.

Wolf: Double dropkick, but Gutta Boy made the tag!

Ace:

I told you they were street smart, Wolf.

Gutta Boy runs into the ring and hits Schism with a hard right, knocking him to the mat. He then hits Rupture with a hard right, knocking him to the mat. Schism rolls out of the ring as Gutta Boy, full of energy, brings Rupture to his feet. He hits him with a hard right, then a left, and then he goes for another right, but Rupture blocks it and then spins, hitting Gutta boy in the face with a spinning kick.

Wolf: Massive kick by Rupture, and Gutta Boy is down! This match keeps going back and forth, back and forth.

Ace: This is the type of match you pay money for. All you damn cheapskates sure are lucky.

Rupture then tags in Schism, who enters the ring by hopping over the top rope. The two of them then pick up Gutta Boy, who staggers there on his feet. Rupture then sizes up Gutta Boy and kicks him savagely in the head.

Wolf: Pele Kick! Pele Kick from Rupture. My God did you hear that sound?

Ace:

Like squashing a melon, Wolf.

Gutta Boy staggers and falls to the mat. Schism climbs the ropes and then dives off, flipping head first and then spinning sideways in the air before landing directly on Gutta Boy.

Wolf: There it is the ever beautiful Spiral Tap!

Schism goes for the cover, and Rodd Macc tries to get into the ring, but with his bad knee he makes slow work of it.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . 3! That's it! It's all over.

Rodd Macc falls to the mat with his bad knee as the bell rings and raises Schism's hand.

Ace: There are your winners ladies and gentlemen, Fracture!

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Wolf: What a great match! The Hustlas put forth a valiant effort, but in the end, Fracture were just too much for them.

Ace:

It

s alright, I still love the Hustlas and my new

TV!

What Did I Do?

The camera pans around the corner following Ian Michaels as he heads for the exit. On the outside, Tim Ross stands smoking a blunt with a huge smile across his ex-con face.

IM Hate: You seem happy!

Tim Ross: Naw nigga, this is the face of a motha' fucker who just bank rolled!

Ian looks at Ross who focuses on taking another hit from his blunt, with a look that is all but smiles and cheers.

IM Hate: What did you say?

Tim Ross: Ya heard me nigga!

Ian grabs Ross by the throat and lifts him up in the air. With his left hand, Ian knocks the blunt from his hand and to the ground. Ian steps on it and looks Tim in his eyes.

IM

Hate: Mistake number one, you blew your tainted smoke in my face! Mistake number two, you keep calling me a NIGGA! Mistake number three, just because you sign my checks it does not mean I do as you tell me! Mistake number four, and this is the biggest one! You signed a contract without reading it and you signed a guy who was prime in the destruction of an entire federation just a few years ago! Know who you are dealing with, and showcase the proper respect. If you make mistake number five, they won't be able to prosecute me on grounds they'll never find a single trace of your worthless ass! Enjoy your night BOSS!

Ian throws Ross down to the ground on his ass as he smiles at him. With a single nod Ian turns towards the parking deck as he shifts through his pockets for his car keys as he starts humming a tune aloud.

Ace: Did Ian Michaels just assault the man in charge?

Wolf: I think he also threaten to destroy his company and to dispose of his body where no one will ever find it. So I would say yes!

Tim grabs his throat and coughs. He looks shocked, his good nature has gotten him on the wrong end of some man with a problem, a problem with what seems to be everyone near him. A man known simply as Hate!

Tim Ross: What da fuck did I ever do to that nig... I mean, dat dude? Maybe he should have smoked that blunt instead of wasting my goddamn weed!

Tim slowly starts to stand, as he grabs up his mashed up blunt and heads back inside.

Happy Fourth, Fuckwads

Dark: So Cancer doesn

t care about The Row. . .

Dark stands in the back, before a banner emblazoned with Death Row Wrestling. Toro stands nearby, growling like a little dog.

Dark: So Cancer doesn

t give a shit about the title. . .

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Toro barks. Dark smokes his cigarette, the cherry eye burning brighter as he inhales.

Dark: Well that

s all fine and dandy. Because I don

t give a shit about it either. Tonight it

s about kicking his ass. Tonight it

s about shutting him up for good. Cancer

s been smoking dope for so long he doesn

t even know it

s not cool to smoke weed anymore, not unless you

re sixteen and doing it in mom

s basement. . . and that

s about as cool as a dope head gets: sitting in his mom

s basement, laughing because he thinks it

s funny his bong looks like a long dong and his long dong bong

s balls bubble when he takes a hit.

He flicks the cigarette disgusted.

Dark: Oh, and happy Fourth, fuckwads.

Fade.

Cancer Jiles vs. Skidd Row

vs. Dark

Wolf: Its main event time folks! And that can only mean one thing, a triple threat match for the biggest prize in the company, the Death Row Title.

Ace: Dark is going to have to watch his back tonight. He

s got two opponents in the ring, both looking to take his title away from him. If he loses he

ll have to find himself a new ashtray.

Wolf: If he follows his techniques in the past, he

ll let Cancer and Skidd Row do most of the work for him.

Ace: Well that

s what you gotta do! That

s the smart thing to do in a match like this! Watch the other fellows beat each other silly and come in at the right moment for the pin.

Wolf: We

d like to recap how we got here folks. . .

A clip plays showing the gauntlet match from Death from Above.

Wolf: Six men entered, and only one survived, Cancer Jiles, making him the number one contender for The Death Row Title.

Ace: That

s right Wolf, after two Terminal Cancers, it was all she wrote.

The clips shows the two Terminal Cancers in question, and the following pin by Cancer.

Wolf: But after controversy arose, surrounding

Doozer and his participation in the match as special guest referee, Tim Ross announced that Skidd Row will also be participating in the title

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hunt; hence the Triple Threat Match.

Ace: Skidd Row best be praising the Heavens he

s got another chance here tonight. The kid must have horseshoes up his ass.

Wolf: And to further complicate matters, after

Lethal Injection was announced, Tim Ross shocked the wrestling world by naming Chance Von Crank guest referee for tonight

s match.

Ace:

You can

t trust white trash, Wolf. The Prince of Pullout is a wild card

tonight, anything can happen.

A shot gun cocks, and then fires. . .

Shock

Rolla. . . Here to show ya. . . Cocked back and fucking loaded. . . Chance. . . Von. . . Crank. . .

The guitar intro to Mortal Kombat (Metal Version) starts up as the crowd boos.

Wolf:

Well here he comes ladies and gentlemen, Chance Von Crank to his new music.

Ace: You see that video he did Wolf? Don

t quit your day job Chance. . .

Wolf:

Hey, Chance is a jack of all trades.

The Trailer Park Prodigy emerges from behind the curtain to a chorus of boos. He stands wearing his wrestling trunks and the black and white of a referee. A CVC Fucking Sucks chant starts as Chance raises his

arms, as if he

s showering in their hatred.

Wolf: Not much love for Chance Von Crank here in Mississippi tonight.

Ace: Just jealousy Wolf. These folks wish they could be white trash royalty too.

Chance begins his walk to the ring, turning to the crowd occasionally to simulate masturbation out in front of his body. When he

s done he screams

AW SKI SKI

after a few strokes, signaling he

s finished.

And meanwhile:

CVC FUCKING SUCKS. . . CVC FUCKING SUCKS. . . CVC FUCKING SUCKS. . .

Ace: A few women out there would feel privileged to take a Chance Von Crank shot in the mouth.

Wolf: And most of those women are his distant relatives. . .

Crank slides into the ring and stands to his feet, wiping his referee

s shirt with a smile on his face. Chance climbs a turnbuckle and raises his arms as the crowd switches gears:

FUCK YOU CVC. . . FUCK YOU CVC. . . FUCK YOU CVC. . .

Wolf:

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Thank God that
s over, I felt dirty just watching that.

Ace:

And that, Wolf. . . is why they call him The Trailer Park Prodigy.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, introducing first, the guest referee for tonight
s triple threat match. . . Chance. . . . Vonnenn. . . Crank!

The crowd boos.

I am Cool

begins to play and the crowd continues to boo with more intensity. Cancer Jiles emerges from behind the
curtain with a smile on his face. It is yet another opportunity for The Row to witness The Cool One.

Wolf: Well here he comes, the number one contender for The Death Row Title.

Ace:

And quite deserving of it too, Wolf. He beat out five other men for his chance at the title against Dark tonight.

Will the drunkard be going home empty

handed, or will he go home drunk after a celebratory party?

Wolf:

Something tells me he

s going drunk either way, Ace.

Ace: You

re probably right!

Cancer begins his walk to the ring, taking in the crowd. Numerous signs begin to appear, announcing twitter
accounts and the sign holder

s hatred or adoration for particular wrestlers. Cancer walks down the aisle, doing his best at every moment to
exude cool. You can barely notice the hitch in his gait due to the two stab wounds he received from Chance
Von Crank in the prison cell match.

Ace: And he really is the coolest member of The Row, not including me, of course.

Wolf: Oh of course.

Ace: What? I

m cool!

Wolf: Shit Ace, even I know chain wallets went out in the nineties!

Ace: Hey it

s considered retro now!

Chance climbs into the ring as cool as possible. He stands as cool as possible. He
s so cool he doesn

t even take off his sunglasses. He looks to Chance and Chance meets his gaze, with an insolent smirk. They
exchange words but it cannot be heard over all of the fans booing, though one can only assume it
s about

calling the match down the middle.

In response, Crank thrusts his pelvis in Cancer

s direction.

Wolf: Crank has already stabbed Cancer twice already, and quite literally, what
s to keep him from stabbing him in the back tonight?

Ace: Nothing Wolf. Nothing. And that

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s why Tim Ross is da Boss.

The crowd buzzes as the Desoto Civic Center as the lights dim and the unmistakable intro to begins to play. From behind the curtain Skidd Row appears in his customary ring gear. He looks out onto the crowd and smiles as the music builds.

Ace: I tell you Wolf, he

s got a horseshoe up his ass! He

s lucky to be here!

Wolf: Lucky or not, he

s here, and you

d be pretty dense to think he

s not going to try his best to take advantage of the situation. He

s a little smarter, a little more acquainted with Cancer Jiles

Ace: There real question though is will it be enough?

I can

t stand it

I know you planned it-- This WATERGATE

Skidd Row charges down the ramp with all the enthusiasm of a man who has been given a second chance.

The fans reach out to touch them and he appeases them with a few slaps here and there, but his more concerned with getting into the ring.

Wolf: As usual Skidd Row is being held back by his height and weight in this match, something he

s had to deal with most of his career.

Ace: No wonder he spent so much time in the indys.

Wolf: Don

t count him out though Ace, this kid has got heart!

Skidd Row slides under the rope and getting to his feet he eyes Cancer and Chance, keeping his distance.

He then directs his attention toward the crowd, and in response the crowd cheers. . .

The crowd quiets down as Skidd Row begins to stretch himself out. Cancer stands in his corner smiling, still reeking of The Cool. Chance runs a hand through his mullet as

Binge and Purge begins to fill the arena. The fans instantly begin to booze.

Wolf: Well here he comes folks, the man of the hour.

Ace: The Death Row Champ himself!

As is customary, Dark takes a long time to come out. The music continues to play, the fans booing, his two opponents in the ring preparing for the match.

Wolf: Well two-thirds of the match are here. . . but where

s the Champ?

Ace: No this is smart! He can

t rightly lose the title if he doesn

t show up right?

The crowd buzzes, only a few fans losing their vigor for booing.

Wolf: He

s out back finishing up a twelve pack, no doubt.

Ace: No, here he comes!

The music continues to play as Dark saunters out from behind the curtain. He has a cigarette in his mouth,

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which he then proceeds to light. He takes a big hit of it and exhales, looking out on the crowd and the entire scene before him with little entrance. He slightly turns his head and El Toro appears, his arms raised high over his little head, the Death Row Title held in his chubby fingers.

Dark continues his walk down the ramp, with El Toro following. The fans shower him with boos, but he seems not to notice. When he reaches the steps he flings his cigarette carelessly into the crowd.

Wolf: It is a fact Ace, thrown cigarettes are more dangerous than second hand smoke.

Dark enters the ring and heads to a corner, where he proceeds to slump against the turnbuckle, facing toward the center of the ring. El Toro hands the title to the ref and begins checking on Dark. His first job is to give him another cigarette and light it, which he does.

Ace: Looks like Dark

s taking a smoke break here, after several weeks in the hospital, where of course he wasn't allowed to smoke. You hear they even restrained him to keep him from doing it Wolf?

Wolf: Naturally.

The referee holds up the belt for all to see as the Announcer starts up:

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, this is your main event! [Pop] Scheduled for one fall, this match is for the Death Row Title! Introducing first, challenger number one, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds, he is

Mr. Cool, Cancer

Jiiiiiiiiiieees!

Cancer removes his glasses, otherwise showing no acknowledgement to his announcement.

Wolf: Cancer looking calm as always, what

s he gonna have to do tonight, Ace?

Ace: Win. That much is obvious. He

s already proven he can beat both of these men. Now all he has to do is do it again.

Wolf: Great analysis there Ace, thanks [sarcasm].

Announcer: Introducing challenger number two, from Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds, Skiiiiidd Rooooooooowwww!

The fans cheer as Skidd raises his arms for the crowd.

Wolf: Skidd Row much beloved here in Mississippi.

Ace:

He

s loved everywhere, Wolf. It makes me sick.

Announcer: And introducing the champion. . . from Bakersfield, California, weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds, he is the current reigning Death Row Champion, the Illustrated Man, DDDDaAAAArrrrrrkkk!

The crowd boos and Dark remains in his corner, slumped over with a cigarette dangling out of his mouth. The bell rings and still he remains in the corner, hardly acknowledging the start of the match. . .

Wolf: Well the match has begun, but you wouldn't know it by the Champ.

Ace: He hardly looks interested Wolf!

Dark slumps in the corner, slowly smoking his cigarette. Cancer and Skidd Row size him up, moving slowly towards him, not quite knowing what to make of it.

With a gesture, Dark encourages them to fight one another.

Wolf: What a coward! He wants no part of Skidd Row or Cancer!

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Ace: No, no, this is smart! He wants them to tire one another out!

Wolf: Yeah, good luck with them actually complying with that wish.

Cancer and Skidd Row inch closer, as Dark starts point fingers at them. He can be seen talking over his cigarettes, but the words are inaudible. Both Skidd Row and Cancer can be seen responding.

Wolf: Well, our combatants are having a little verbal battle here.

Ace: What do you think they
are saying Wolf?

Wolf: Well they certainly aren't
talking about what they
are going to have for dinner after the match, Ace!

Chance Von Crank walks toward the men and can be heard screaming
FIGHT ALREADY YOU PUSSIES,
but both Dark and Cancer ignore him.

Wolf: Well you can't
blame Chance, he's
just doing his job. Though I
am not sure an official should speak that way.

Ace:
Aww fuck Ace, The Trailer Park Prodigy can do whatever he
wants!
The conversation becomes heated, all three Dark and Cancer now yelling at one another. They continue to
jabber and Skidd Row feels left out. He waves his hands in the air, as if to say
hey I
am here too,
but both Cancer and Dark ignore him.

Wolf: Well neither Dark or Cancer showing Skidd Row much attention. They
are ignoring him all together.

Ace: Look at Skidd! He
is like a kid that wants attention from mommy, but mommy is too busy trying to get laid.
Suddenly Dark laughs and tosses his cigarette in Skidd Row's
face.

Wolf: My God that was uncalled for!

Ace: Smoking is bad for your health, Wolf!

Skidd Row puts up his hands and swipes the cigarette away, and both he and Cancer charge Dark in the
corner. They both start pummeling the Death Row Champ with lefts and rights. The crowd cheers at the sight
of Dark getting the shit beat out of him.

Wolf: Both men now are taking it to the champ! It
is two on one!

The blows knock Dark on his ass, he
is now sitting up against the turnbuckle.

Both Cancer and Skidd Row start to stomp on him, Dark taking every kick.

Wolf: Well that
is what you get Dark! You never should have instigated this!

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Ace: Aww hell, he
s probably so drunk he doesn
t even feel it!

Skidd Row grabs Dark and then tosses him into the ropes. Evading the ropes, Dark slides to a stop and then quickly turns around and charges Skidd. As he returns Skidd Row jumps up and plants him square in the chest with a dropkick.

Wolf: Textbook dropkick by Skidd Row! This kid isn
t wasting any opportunities. He
s got a shot and he
s gonna take it!

Dark then gets to his feet and Cancer charges him, slamming him to the mat with a clothesline. Cancer turns around and Skidd Row gives him a dropkick as well, knocking him to the mat.

Wolf: Quick cover! 1

no! Dark breaks up the pin.

Dark grabs Skidd Row by the hair and brings him to his feet. Skidd Row grimaces from the hair pulling, and Dark raises his free hand, measures it up and hits Skidd Row with a left haymaker to the face, knocking him to the mat.

Wolf: Heavy punch from Dark!

Ace: Here we go ladies and gentlemen! Now the drunkard is up and ready to fight!

Dark brings Skidd Row to his feet by his hair, while Cancer catches his breath. Dark hits Skidd Row with a calculated left, then a right, then a right to the kidneys, causing Skidd Row
s knees to buckle.

Ace: Someone is gonna be pissing blood tomorrow!

Wolf: Devastating kidney punch Ace! The kidneys are not very well protected, and one well placed blow can knock the wind right out of your sails!

Dark then tosses Skidd Row into the corner. Dark saunters over to him laughing, and then proceeds to gnaw at his forehead with his own teeth.

Wolf: My God he
s takin

a bite out of Skidd Row!

Ace: Look out kids, he may have rabies!

Dark then grabs Skidd Row by the head and starts pushing it down toward the barbwire. Chance tells Dark to break the hold, but only half heartedly.

Wolf: Oh my God! Look out Skidd! What the hell is Chance doing in there?

Ace: Dark is gonna disfigure this poor boy! Hell maybe even blind him! Chance is doing whatever the hell he wants Wolf!

Skidd Row struggles against Dark, his face getting closer and closer to the barbed wire. Suddenly Cancer charges Dark with a body splash, both

Dark and Skidd Row taking the brunt of the body splash. They crumble out of the corner, Dark staggering backward. Cancer hooks his head and slams him down with a reverse DDT.

Wolf: Reverse DDT from the Cool One.

Ace: Damn I wanted to see Skidd Row scarred for life!

Wolf: The night is still early, Ace!

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Cancer looks at Chance, who smiles and then goes for the cover. Chance slowly drops to his knees.

Wolf: 1. kickout! Jesus Christ that count was a tad slow, don't you think Ace?

Ace: No that was your standard 3 count. . . What you don't think Chance has still got it in for Cancer do you? Do you not read Twitter? Cancer threatened to kill him if he fucked him tonight!

Cancer immediately gets to his feet and gets up in Chance's face. Chance smiles and sticks a finger in Cancer's face, acting very authoritative.

Wolf: Chance scolding Cancer now with a few choice words.

Ace: Chance is a true professional. If wrestling doesn't work out he could always become the most reliable referee in the business!

Wolf: Reliable?! I

ve had Italian cars more reliable than Chance Van Crank.

Skidd Row then gets to his feet and quickly pins Cancer with a school boy.

Wolf: Crank with the count, 1..2..kickout! Hey now, that was awfully fast.

Ace: I didn't

see any difference.

Wolf: That was fast Ace, and I

am not the only one who thinks so.

Dark and Cancer now in Chance

s face, arguing the count. Again Chance claims innocence, raising his arms up at both men. The argument continues, and escalates into a shoving match. Cancer shoves Chance, who in turn shoves him back. Dark then shoves Chance, who in turn returns the favor.

Wolf: We

ve got a shoving match here! What are we, children!

Ace: They

ve forgotten all about Skidd Row.

Skidd Row is up on his feet now, and seeing the altercation he charges the group and drop kicks the mass of men, all three of them colliding with the ropes. The crowd pops as the three men are all tangled up in the barbed wire.

Wolf: Oh my God ace! Oh My God! Skidd Row just sent Chance, Cancer, and Dark into that barbed wire! It's a heap of flesh!

Ace: Look at them caught up in that barbed wire! The agony!

The barbed wire collapses under the weight of the three men, all three of them flying out of the ring. The crowd pops as they sprawl out on the floor. Chance's referee shirt has been torn from the barbed wire, and Dark is bleeding from the back.

Wolf: Jesus Christ Ace! The ring is falling apart here!

Skidd Row soaks up the cheers of the fans, his arms out. He then gathers speed and jumps off the ring, unhindered now that the ropes on one side of the ring have been knocked out. He lands on Dark with a body splash.

Wolf: Massive body splash by Skidd Row.

Ace: We

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ve got utter carnage here!

Skidd Row begins pounding Dark with lefts and rights on the ground, as Cancer tries to get to his feet. He slowly gets up and ascends up Skidd Row, grabbing him by the hair and tossing him off of Dark. Cancer then begins to beat up on Skidd Row.

Wolf: Cancer taking it to Skidd Row now, blow after blow!

Ace: Has the cool one lost his cool? No fucking way!

Chance von Crank gets up, observes his torn referee shirt and tears it off. He then wraps it up tight and proceeds to choke Skidd Row with it.

Wolf: The referee shirt is off! The referee shirt is off! Does that mean Chance won't be calling this match any longer?

Ace: I don

t know, but he sure is pissed off at Skidd!

Chance continues to choke Skidd, then breaks the choke and tosses his shirt into the crowd. The fan who receives it promptly throws it back. It lands on Chance

s face and he rips it off, turning to the crowd looking for the person who did it.

Ace: Jesus Christ, no one is safe tonight Wolf! Not even the fans.

Wolf: Get back kid! The Trailer Park Prodigy is pissed off!

Chance continues to yell at the crowd, throwing insults as Cancer picks up Skidd Row and tosses him in the ring. Cancer climbs in after him. Cancer then hooks Skidd Row

s arm over his head and slams him to the mat with snap suplex.

Wolf: Snap suplex from the cool one!

Cancer then walks over to the fallen Skidd Row, who's trying to get to his feet. Skidd Row gets to his feet and Cancer promptly gouges him in the eye. Skidd Row reaches up to his eye, grimacing, as Cancer grabs him, lifts him in the air and slingshots him into the ropes. Skidd Row lands abdomen first on the wire, the crowd popping at the violence.

Wolf: Sling shot right into the barbed wire!

Ace: Skidd Row just got a stomach full of barbed wire!

Wolf: The Cool one in control, he goes for the pin! Where's Chance?! Chance?

Chance can be seen on the outside, collecting his breath. He sees the pin and sighs. He then climbs slowly into the ring and drops to his knees. Skidd Row kicks out before Chance even makes the count.

Wolf: Well its obvious Chance isn't going to call this one down the middle.

Ace: What are you talking about? Referees get tired too! He's just tired that's all.

Wolf: Tired from what? Standing around watching?

Again Cancer gets in Chances face, but soon gives up the cause when he sees Dark crawling into the ring. He heads over to Dark, who is now standing and punches him in the face, again, again, one more time, the shots rocking Dark back on his heels.

Wolf: More offense here from Cancer. He's taking it to the champ!

Ace: Again, he

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s probably so drunk he doesn't even feel it!

Cancer then tosses Dark into the barbed wire. Dark screams as the barbs enter his back, the crowd popping at the violence. Dark comes off the ropes gingerly, and Cancer measures him up, hitting him square in the face with a super kick.

Wolf: There it is, there it is! The Million Dollar Dream! But will Chance make the count?

Cancer covers Dark, and Chance slowly drops to his knees.

Wolf: There

s the count! 1. 2. Wait what's Chance doing?

Chance gets up and looks at Cancer, and then thrusts his pelvis at him whilst flipping him off.

Angered, Cancer gets up and stares down

Chance, belting him with a few choice words.

Wolf: It appears these two have some bad blood still!

Ace: I

d be pissed too if I got shanked in both my thighs. Look at em jawing!

Chance smirks at one of Cancer

s comments, and the two of them are face to face now. Suddenly Chance throws a right and Cancer returns a right of his own. They both start punching one another.

Wolf: Chance and Cancer are going at it now! This match is total pandemonium!

Ace: Hey you think Chance will make the pin and count himself the winner? He could become the champ!

Wolf:

Good point Wolf, Dark doesn't

even need to be pinned tonight to lose his title!

Chance then breaks the stream of punching by kicking Cancer in the gut and then lifting him high over his head and slamming him down between his legs.

Wolf: My God! The RazzleDazzleR The RazzleDazzleR!

Ace: That move is trademarked you know.

The crowd buzzes as Chance stands over Cancer and then proceeds to spit in his face. Laughing he looks around at the crowd and adjusts his mullet. Dark is up now, and so is Skidd, seeing Cancer down they both try to the cover.

Wolf: A double pin!

Dark gets angry and pulls Skidd off and then goes for the cover.

Wolf: Pin by Dark now!

Skidd Row gets to his feet and does the same, pulling Dark off of Cancer and then going for the pin.

Ace: Pin by Skidd!

Dark gets to his feet and grabs Skidd by the ankle pulling him off of Cancer. He then lifts his leg and slams Skidd

s knee right into the mat. Skidd Row sells the drop as Dark proceeds to stomp on him with kicks.

Wolf: Dark working Skidd into the mat now with those kicks.

Ace: Perhaps the booze has worn off and Dark has achieved clarity! He's fighting like a man that wants to keep his title!

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Wolf: And rightfully so, as

Cancer put it so well, Dark needs the title! Without it he's nothing.

Ace: Nothing but a beer drinking champ with a midget for a friend!

Dark brings Skidd Row to his feet and then locks him up in a rear lock. Dark then slams him to the mat with a german suplex, but he keeps the hold.

The two then get up together, Dark still locking Skidd Row from behind. Dark then takes his leg, places it in front of Skidd Row's left leg and slams him face first into the mat.

Wolf: Reverse Russian Leg sweep from Dark. . . And impressive combination of moves from the Champ.

Ace: He may be a brawler, but he does have a background in wrestling. Sure when he was younger he was more technical, but he's still got it Wolf. Maybe you have a chance getting back in the ring?

Wolf: Not on your life Ace. I

ll never get in that ring again.

Ace: Just because the first time you got suplexed you shit your pants, doesn't mean everytime you will.

Wolf: Shut up Ace

Dark picks up Skidd Row and tries to whip him into the barbed wire. Seeing the wire Skidd Row jumps up to the top rope, standing there momentarily trying to gain his balance before flipping off. He flips but Dark is not there, nevermind though for Skidd Row lands on his feet. Turning around Dark sees this and clothesline's him to the mat. He then goes for the cover.

Wolf: Dark with the cover

Chance is on it! 1. . . 2. . . No! Cancer breaks up the pin and saves the title for a moment.

Ace: I

m sure Cancer doesn't

mind if Dark loses, as long as he's the one who beats him!

Dark then turns his attention to Cancer, punching him several times in the face. Dark grabs Cancer and then returns the favor, whipping him into the barbed wire. Cancer writhes as the barbs enter his back, and as he staggers forward Dark leans back and decks him one, right in the kisser. Cancer hits the mat and Dark goes for the cover.

Wolf: There

s another pin, come on now Crank! Do your job!

Crank looks around and suddenly checks his shoe. He looks under it and sniffs the air like he thinks he just stepped in dog shit. Dark, still covering Cancer looks up and says something inaudible to Chance. Chance looks at him, bends slowly as if his back hurts and begins a slow count.

Wolf: 1. 2. Here comes Skidd!

Skidd jumps up, stretching out his leg for a leg drop, but Dark rolls out of the way and Skidd lands on Cancer.

Wolf: Skidd was going for Dark but the drunk got out of the way!

Ace: Pretty fast reflexes for an old man

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you sure you don't want to get back in the ring Wolf?

Wolf: Never not in a million years.

Dark then grabs Skidd Row and hooks his hand over his head. He lifts him up into the air, stalling for a few moments, positioning himself near the ropes. Dark then brings Skidd Row down on his head, his legs getting hooked up in the ropes.

Wolf: Brainbuster by Dark! Skidd Row is hooked up in the ropes! The barbed wire is digging into his wrestling shorts!

Skidd Row writhes in the barbed wire, his legs trickling blood. Dark stands over him, and lifting his boot he measures it up and drops it right on Skidd Row's face.

Wolf: My God! He calls that move the curb stomp! He just went at Skidd's head as if he were trying to squish a mellow.

Dark then turns in time to receive yet another superkick from Cancer, who is now on his feet.

Wolf: Another Million Dollar Dream from Cancer! This match is over! It has to be!

Cancer then goes for the cover.

Wolf: Chance goes for the count. 1. . . 2. . . what's this? What's going on Ace?

Chance gets up from the count, and looking up Cancer looks up in time to see Chance flash a punch at him. His fist is clenched around an object he has just pulled from his pants.

Wolf: Chance had that weapon in his pants all this time! He just hit Cancer with it!

Ace: Cancer is out like a light!

Chance then walks over to Skidd Row, and untangles him from the wire. He then drags Skidd Row and places him on top of Cancer. He drops to his knees and makes the count.

Wolf: 1.2.3! That's it! It

s over! Lightening fast count by Chance Von Crank! Skidd Row has won it! The underdog has won it! We have a new champion ladies and gentlemen! But why? Why Skidd Row?!

Ace: It's simple Wolf, he picked the easiest target! This kid was a lifer in the indys!

Wolf: My god Ace! You're right! But what makes Chance think he's the number one contender?

Ace: The way I see it, after tonight Skidd Row owes chance.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen. . . here is your winner, and NEW Death Row Champion. . . Skidd Row!!! The title is brought into the ring and immediately Chance snatches it up. He raises it in the air, for Skidd Row is still knocked out. He points to the title and laughs.

Wolf: My God Ace! Chance just screwed over Cancer Jiles and Dark. We're out of time folks!

Ace: Happy Fourth Everybody!

The camera zooms in on Chance holding the title, a smile on his face.

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We fade.

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