

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

August 29, 2012

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Lethal Injection X

29 Aug 2012

County Community High School East Gym, San

Jose, California (seats 280)

Welcome

Go Cocks Go. The faded words are accompanied by the image of an angry rooster and rest against one of the stone walls belonging to County Community High's East Gym. A line of people standing between the wall and the streetlamps bathe the rally cry in shadows. Some are the dregs of society, looking to come in from the cold. Some are dressed to the nines, looking for a thrill. Some smoke, some sip from bottles enveloped by brown paper bags. One wide eyed man talks a mile a minute to the woman behind him, constantly running his sleeve across his nose. Man: You've heard about this place, right? Heard the same stuff I heard? You saw them on the news, right? Saw that big riot they had at their last show, with all those crazy ladies? You heard? She tries her best to ignore him and concentrate on her group of girlfriends, but the man's chemical compadre does nothing to improve his social graces. The camera shot moves down the line with the image hopping up and down, a clear sign that it's handheld. Some of the people in line cheer as it passes them, some stare right into the lens stoically. One generous young lady lifts her shirt, much to the surprise of the man standing next to her, and much to the glee of the Death Row fanboys watching at home. You won't see that on Best Studios. Eventually the camera reaches the front of the line, which ends at a shabby ticket booth designed for high school basketball games. A grubby looking wall clock reads 11:59. An unshaven man with tangled brown hair sits in the booth, wearing a smart white collar shirt and a burgundy vest. A nametag affixed to the vest reads 'Horace'. He reaches under the booth and pulls out a plastic pint of rotgut vodka. As he unscrews the cap we see long, yellowing fingernails. He takes a pull and looks back at the wall clock, which now reads 12:00. He steps out of the booth on wobbly, drunken legs and fetches a key-ring from the pocket of his black slacks. He unlocks the gymnasium door and pushes it open, turning to the crowd, a glint of evil in his eyes, a mischievous smile on his face. Horace: Welcome to The Row. The long line of people slowly file in, and when the last has passed the gym's threshold, Horace shuts the double doors and begins wrapping the outside handles in chains. The camera man speaks up, his voice young and nasally. Camera man: Dude, what are you doing? Horace: Safeguarding. Camera man: What does that mean? Horace: I'm barricading the door, in case the cops show up. I don't know if you've figured this out or not, college boy, but

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this is a fucking high school. We ain't supposed to be here. There's a pause in the conversation, as the camera man considers something. Camera man: But what about the fire code? Locking everyone in like this can't be safe. Or legal. Horace lets out a hearty laugh and smacks him on the back, causing the camera to jump momentarily. Horace: Kid, you've got a lot to fucking learn. With that, the camera feed cuts to static, then black.

Introduction

West Virginia--the site of Lethal Injection Nine--will be a state The Row will always be weary of talking about; not out of fear, but out of the trouble it could get them in. If they were to ever go back, it would mean all out war. As it is State Officials are mighty pissed. The One Million Moms had come and gone. . . The National Press had had a field day, with story after story floating through all the local news networks. . . And the Christian Groups, the most resilient of them all, had printed up their pamphlets and still to this day fill their newsletters (on a slow day) with grim reminders of the evil ways of sin with the grim tale of The One Million Moms on the day they faced the evil that was Death Row Wrestling. I say

because the minds of the One Million Mom
s have already tackled a new evil
the Ragu pasta sauce company
in an effort to make the world a better place according to their standards, which apparently include plain, soggy, noodles.

But don

t think for a second it means they have forgotten about us.

Tim Ross is behind bars somewhere, watching his ass and costing the government some 30 dollars a day to sit and shit and sleep in a cell while he waits to go on trial for the murder of Maynard Crane. Sure they let him out to run around every once in a while

much like a dog, mind you

but it aint enough. A cage is still a cage. Numerous attempts of litigation on the part of The Hydreck Family haven

t helped much either. Aint that a bitch? Da Boss has been taken out of the equation, but still The Row remains.

It still remains, like the shit stains in your underwear you dirty motherfucker.

When the press died down, content to cover some bigger, more important national tragedy (maybe even a rape case or two) word of Death Row Wrestling hung on the air. The media had done their part, and though Death Row was now dead to them, The Row was very much alive to the people. Whispers of that fed that killed some

guy,

carried throughout the school yards, the offices, the places of business. Word travels, and fast, and it followed The Row all the way from West Virginia to the West Coast through the blistering South. They could hear the folks when they filled up for gas, they saw all the newspapers covering the debacle, in bars, they saw it on the news. . . They knew they were on to something. People were talking.

And hearsay became distorted as the stories passed on, and soon became bold lies lined with hyperbole and excitement:

I hear all their wrestlers shoot up before their matches and fight with taped fists covered with glass. . .

to which the other would reply

well fuck yeah, we gotta go to a show!

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t mention heroin anymore, I
m trying to quit!
or even
how much is the price?
still not convinced] to which a reply like
free, dude,
would come up, instantly ending any debate whether to go or not; they were going.
The rumors flew, the tales were told, and The Row lives on, in the earthly meaty flesh, and in legend. So
Lethal Injection X is not empty. Oh no. . . people are here. There are people here
of that much I am certain. . . The One Million Moms have won nothing.
Except. . . Tombs. Sometimes fate is the biggest bitch in the world, and the worse part is that it
s one bitch you can
t slap and put in its place; it slaps you, and you
re red in the face, shaking in the knees as the turd you didn
t even intend to squeeze out slips down your leg. . . The car that had crashed into FJ Tombs had been one
driven by an aging One Million Mom. Fuck old women who refuse to die. Get well soon Tombsy. . .
It is Wednesday, and it is time for The Row. So, lock your doors, close the windows, and wrap another ring
of duct tape around your
mouth, and start up another fucking episode of Lethal Injection. The cops are coming for you anyway, there
s evidence all over the house. . . You dirty, rotten bastard!
YOU
RE FUCKED. . .
One. . .
Two. . .
Three. . .
WELCOME TO THE ROW!
We cut to inside the gymnasium, the poor lighting already a sign of underfunding. The center piece of the
basketball court is the Death Row Ring, it
s apron safety pinned with dozens of plastic banners
long ones, short ones, fat ones
advertising local businesses in the area, including: Hydreck Computer Repairs (No relation to Josh Hydreck),
Iboni
s House of Black Panther Relics, and Zelda-Psychic (and then an address). The gym is shaped like a
rectangle, and lined along the longer walls are the stands, which can be pulled out when needed, and though
all the stands have been pulled out along one wall, the stands lining the other wall have not as they seem to
be stuck
another woeful sign of underfunding.
Where there are no stands, steel chairs have been placed in rows, nearly five or six rows deep.
Along the northern wall a mural had once been painted of an impressive cock (that
s rooster, not penis), but it
s faded and actively chipping onto the court, which no one seems to mind for the wood finish on the court is
already ruined as it is. And above it all, hangs the only shining bit of hope for the school and its alumni
the single championship banner that was won nearly eighty years ago, it

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s fabric moth eaten and torn.

COUNTY COMMUNITY HIGH SCHOOL ALL-STATE BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS 1932-1933

A giant cooling fan runs in one corner, rattling from the ferocity of its spinning blades, small streamers attached to the front of the fan to illustrate the air flow. The Death Row fans, all hundred and fifty or so of em sit in either the bleachers on one side, or in the steel chairs surrounding the ring. Everyone looks very hot, sweat dripping down their faces. The people there are mostly freaks that wanted to see someone killed (they had heard a lot of rumors), a few Death Row Faithful (and I mean a few), a dozen or so looky-lou s that had come in off of the street, that had come to see the company and its wrestlers suffer, and even a few drunks here and there (sipping from conspicuous bottles).

A fat man in the first row sits with his arms crossed, his mustache hanging out over a perpetual frown. He looks the stone image of discontent against the backdrop of a decaying gym. . .

We cut to Waylon Wolf and Tommy Ace, sitting at a make shift table. Waylon looks almost embarrassed; over his long an illustrious career he never thought he would end up in a gym again commentating matches and a shitty gym at that. Ace however, is already thinking of the West Coast and its women. Both commentators sweat uncomfortably. . .

Wolf: Well, believe it or not, welcome to yet another episode of Lethal Injection, coming to you from San Jose, California.

Ace: Yep we

ve made it to the west coast

and I thought it was supposed to be cooler out here. It

s hot in hell in this place!

Wolf: Yes it seems the establishment from which we are hosting tonight

s episode seems to be having some technical difficulties already. Damn this underfunding of schools!

Ace: School is in session

and so here we are.

Wolf: Back in my day school started in September. What is this nonsense?

Ace: Like it matters anyway, this place has some of the lowest scores in the country!

Wolf: Well we

ve got a lot to cover tonight after last Lethal Injection, where we faced The One Million Moms, and more importantly, where we saw Tim Ross get hauled off in the back of a squad car.

Wolf looks woefully down, shaking his head. Ace on the other hand, is smiling, as T.V. time is time and ME only looks good when ME is smiling. It

s all ME with Ace. Me,

Me, Me.

Ace: The law has finally caught up with The Row, and now Tim Ross has got to take the fall. But that s how it goes. You know what they say. Once a criminal always a criminal. . . and I never trusted Ross!

Wolf looks at Ace incredulously, wishing he could kill with just a stare, for Ace would be dead right now, and he would be rid of his tiring jokes and idiocy.

Wolf: Take the fall?! Ace he orchestrated the murder of Maynard Crane! And he

s liable for Josh Hydreck, he

s the one who signed Tarrasque after all! . . . And as for never trusting Ross, weren

t you the one kissing his butt all the time?

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Ace ignores him.

Ace: Whatever the case may be, the boss is gone, and rumors are that Dark has taken up the helm. He is one of the oldest wrestlers here.

Wolf: He
s the oldest yes, but Cort Vang holds the most tenure
s been here the longest.

Ace: Well whoever is running the place, he
s running a bunch of criminals
ll tell yeah that.

Ace laughs.

Wolf: That may be true, but it
s time for us to get serious for a moment here. Frank Joe Tombs, the Death Row Champion was in a serious
car accident after Last Lethal Injection, and is in the hospital. I know we here have been covering it for awhile,
but I

d like to just confirm, once again, that FJ Tombs was indeed in a car accident, and is receiving treatment for
his injuries. He has several major injuries, and had some internal bleeding
s just terrible. . . terrible.

Wolf drops his head and takes a moment of reflection before looking back up at the camera.

Wolf: Our thoughts and prayers go out to him and his family.

Wolf stares into the camera, sincere and heartfelt, all he is missing is the tear in his eye. Even Ace takes the
moment seriously, wiping the grin from his face
but only momentarily.

Ace: Yes, we really do wish you all the best of luck. . . but with that said, that means we
ve got an opening here tonight in the main event. But who
s gonna face Seth Stratton tonight?

Wolf:

I have no idea, Ace. Really I don
m as lost on this one as you are.

Ace:

If The Spectre makes another random appearance, I
m the fuck out of here.

Wolf: I

m with you on that one. We
ve also got Kendu taking on Goliath after defeating The Disposal last Lethal Injection.

Ace: That fat bastard. . . You know I didn
t think Kendu was going to be able to do it, but then he brought out that tazer and it was all she wrote. . . Tell
me do you think The Disposal got put in that landfill of Kendu
s afterall?

Wolf: I don
t know, but all I can tell you The Disposal isn
t here tonight, for what it
s worth.

Ace: That fat bastard. . . so damn. . . fat. Like he

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s so fat when he says fat it comes out PHHAT cause his fatty lips are so fat they impair his speech.

Wolf:

Alright, Ace. That

s enough. . .

Ace:

The fat just sucked me right in, I apologize.

Wolf: We

ve also got some tag team action for you, with two of the best teams in The Row.

Ace: Yeah a lot of people are already talking about this one between Cash Money and Fracture. Fracture has yet to be defeated here in the Row, but then again Cash Money is also undefeated.

Wolf: Regardless of who wins, everyone watching will come out a winner, that
s for sure.

Ace:

After seeing the way Cash Money took out Tha Krew last lethal injection, I like their odds.

Wolf:

Also in action, IM

Hate, Tarrasque, and an appearance by former

Death Row champion, Dark. . . but first let

s get to the ring for our first match of the evening

s

this?

Ace: Don

t act so surprised, you know that music from anywhere.

Da New Boss; I've Got A Golden Ticket

The crowd in the East Gymnasium sweats profusely as Binge and Purge begins to play over the stolen audio system The H-Town Hustlas stole in an effort to prove they weren

t totally worthless. They successfully moved up one notch: they are now at negative 1. The people hardly react to the music, some turning to talk small chat to one another, as Dark appears in the open double doors that lead to the disgusting city of San Jose.

Wolf: Well we

re supposed to be having our match between Mariguano and Colby Rise, but this isn
t their music.

Ace: More importantly that ugly bastard there is Dark, not Mariguano nor Colby Rise. Just what the hell is this drunk doing out here anyway?

Wolf:

Your guess is as good as mine, Ace.

Dark looks around at the people before walking through the door and into the gymnasium. He is immediately hit with the smell of mold and the smell makes his nose wrinkle. Dark shakes his head and makes his way onto the

court, but he quickly stops and turning, allows Tha Krew to step through the door.

Wolf: I guess Tha Krew are with Dark now?

Ace:

Tim Ross is in jail, I

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m afraid these guys need somebody to play bodyguard for. Why not the geriatric?

Tha Krew proceed first onto the court, and make their way to the ring, followed behind by Dark, with little El Toro at the end of the group, trailing behind. Tha Krew climb up onto the ropes and pull the top rope and middle rope for Dark, who gets up and steps through into the ring. El Toro gets up and tries to go for the same treatment, but Tha Krew quickly climb through the ropes into the ring, leaving poor Toro to climb in all on his own.

Wolf: I

m not certain what these fellas are doing here. . .

Ace: Well I

m sure we

re going to find out right about now. Who

s the eager beaver now?

Wolf: Oh shut up. . .

Dark leans over the ropes and asks for the microphone, but the hired ring hand for the evening (a drunk The Row had found hanging out around the school anyway, looking dirty and sad and who agreed to do the job for one pint of four dollar vodka. He seemed harmless enough. . .) seems to be dozing off in a chair of his own, a trail of drool dripping down his chin. Dark yells at him and snaps his fingers.

Wolf: Gosh I wish we had money again.

Ace: Give the guy a chance. . . He

s a diamond in the rough!

Wolf: Ace, he

s in some sort of Colt .45 coma!

The hired stage hand suddenly wakes up, his eyes bloodshot red, and then stumbles out of the chair, handing Dark a microphone before slumping to the ground.

Wolf: Well here we go. . .

Dark looks around at the crowd, then at

Tha Krew

Wes Payton standing stone still as always, Leon Williams hopping around with an energy he never seems to be able to contain

then at El

Toro, who stands comically, looking tough without really achieving the overall effect.

Dark:

Well. . . Well. . . Well. . . There have been a lot of changes as of late

a lot of shifting around of talent. You might be wondering why Tha Krew are out here with me. Well in case you didn

t hear the news, Tim Ross is in jail. . . And Tha

Krew, well,

I was just the only one smart enough to utilize their abilities. You see, Tha Krew

here, they

re my muscle. . . and Johnny. . . oh Johnny?

Dark looks around the crowd, turning when necessary. Johnny then appears in the door way with a towel draped over his shoulder, a small stool and kit in one hand, and a six pack of beers in the other. The crowd

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laughs at the sight of Johnny, who rushes down to the court, flashes up the steps and into the ring and hands the six pack to Dark. Johnny then drops to the mat and immediately proceeds to shine Dark's boots.

Dark: And Johnny, well. . . he's my bitch.

Dark pulls a beer off of the plastic ring and then hands em off to the Tha Krew, who each take a beer a piece before handing the remaining three beers to Toro. Toro pulls one off and drops the two remaining beers, and all four of them open their beers with the simultaneous and instantly satisfying sound of a beer can being popped open.

Principal McMatthews: Hey there's no drinking on school grounds!

The Principal, there to oversee the show and to ensure nothing goes wrong pipes up, walking toward the ring with a raised hand. His face is dripping with sweat, and large stains have already formed on his white collared shirt around the arm pits and the lower back

Dark: Not any that you know of. . . You're getting paid aint you?

We won

t be spilling any, I assure you of that. The scent of beer or alcohol will not remain in this establishment after we've

gone, after all, it all ready smells like shit.

A few members in the crowd yell out in agreement, the Principal looking around and mopping his face. He turns red for a moment, seeing that for once he has found himself in a situation where he has no power a grave mistake on his part

and quickly walks away, his head filling with images of destruction done to the school and pain done to his person were he to do anything about these miscreants.

Wolf:

Well, Dark is having himself a brew with his new pals. He's stolen them all away from Tim Ross.

Ace: Hey, there are two left, those two should be for us!

Wolf: That

s not a bad idea Ace!

Dark and the rest in the ring enjoy their beer for a moment, Johnny Cox the odd man out, still shining Dark's boots.

Dark: You know. . . Wrestlers these days all sound exactly the same. . . and they all dip their dicks in all these promotions, thinking why please one woman, when I can please three? Now of course their big mistake there is that they aren

t even pleasing the first, but of course they don

t know that

so they go on to think they

re pleasing three broads at once and

check me out I

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ve got an elephant dick, and I
m hot shot, and you
re dick is small, and you
re a nobody, so you must be a faggot. . . Fisher price this, fisher price that.

And meanwhile, they
re scumming it up in three federations. . .
Their biggest hype man is themselves
and if that aint sad, I don
t know what is. . . The Row is the only place I
know, because it is the only place to be--no I don
t want to stop, collaborate, or listen.

The fan in the corner drones, the fans in the crowd quiet, listening, much as they would listen to any public
speaker they respect. But it isn
t respect, it is more like curiosity.

Dark: I
m not interested in any of that, and neither is The Row. The Row will no longer collaborate with anyone. Our
ultimate goal is not to one day exist under the Subway Promotional Umbrella. The Row stands on its own,
because it can. Because I say it can.

Ace: A-bleep-a-bleep-bleep did that sentence make any sense to you Wolf?

Wolf: Very little. You know how it is with these wrestlers though. They think they
re smart, but they
re not, so instead of sounding cryptic they just sound silly.

Dark: You fans. . . you work for us, and here
s your job description. Love us more than anything in your life. The Row doesn
t fuck around, and neither should you. You work for us now. And you
re job is simple. Adore everything we fucking do.

Wolf: Does this drunk have a point, or has he just come out here to interrupt our show?

Ace: I would go with the latter, but judging from the look on his face, I would guess he actually means
business.

Wolf: Well if he would just get to it. . . We
ve got a show to run here!

Dark: So what
s the big deal? you may ask. . . What makes you think you can say what happens and doesn
t happen in The Row? you may ask. . . Well I
ll answer that right here and now, as
I

m not one to beat around the bush. You see, I
ve got me a binding contract. You
see, there was a lot you guys didn
t see last Lethal Injection
like Tim Ross barging into my locker room, all a panic, his eyes big and wide going
Oh Dark mothafucka
Oh mothafucka

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Oh listen mothatfucka

He looked like he was didn

t know whether to run or fight, or shit or piss his pants.

He had

the fear.

The fear that comes when you see the walls closing in on you. . . The poor chap. Yep

s right, Da Boss came to see me last Lethal

Injection, and he interrupted a rather healthy drinking fest between myself and The Disposal I might add.

That fat fuck sure can drink!

Dark reaches down into his pockets, feeling around for something.

Dark:

And you see, Ross came to give me something. He came to give me this. . .

Dark reaches into one of his pockets and pulls out a wadded up piece of paper. He

laughs, hands it to Johnny Cox to straighten out the wadded ball of paper. Johnny does so, handing it back to Dark and then resuming on the second coat of polish on Dark

s boots.

Wolf: I don

t think I

m gonna like this.

Ace: Dark sure does seem different now, doesn

t he? He

s more full of himself than the time he won the Death Row belt.

Wolf: Well of course, he

s got back up now!

Dark takes the paper and raises it up in the air.

Dark: This. . . right here is a contract of sorts. From Mr. Ross to me, that states that I am now. . . the owner of Death Row Wrestling!

Wolf: No!

Ace: Yes!

Dark: Yes, that

s right.

Wolf: No this can

t be!

Ace: Yes, it can be!

Wolf:

If that thing is legit we

re all in for more trouble. From a ex-convict for a boss to a drunk for a boss, I don

t know what

s

worse!

The crowd buzzes mildly, a few Death Row Faithful letting out a few thunderous boos. The fat man in the first row with the mustache remains the same, his arms folded, his face contorted into one of annoyance. The fan blows loud in the corner. Dark turns to his cronies and raises a beer for a quick toast before taking a good

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chug. A prompt belch follows. His face suddenly becomes annoyed.

Dark: Well don

t all go thanking me at once. Fucking A! I saved this federation!

Heckler: Death Row fucking sucks!

Dark hears the heckler for a moment, listening to the laughter sprinkling through the crowd all around him, but decides to ignore him.

Dark: I came and I took up a dying company, and here we are! Here we are. . .

Heckler: Yeah, in the shit house!

This time the laughter comes in waves, and Dark quickly becomes agitated.

Dark: Hey shithead, why don

t you come in the ring and say it. . . or do you have to ask your mommy first?

Heckler: She

s my aunt!

Dark: Oh yeah? Well then how bout you come here in the ring and we beat the shit out of you in front of all these people

then fuck your aunt in the back family style, you little cunt.

The crowd ohhhhs.

Wolf: Dark with some choice words here for an apparent heckler here. . .

Ace: We aren

t gonna get these kind of people all over the country are we?

Wolf:

No worries there, Ace

these types are mostly cowards.

Dark: Or perhaps you

d like to take a visit to the hospital tonight? I hear they have wonderful hospitals in San Jose.

The heckler sits down.

Dark: That

s a shame. . . I few guys in the back would have loved to double team your bitch. . . But as I was saying. . .

Here we are. Tombs may be in some hospital bed, but I

ll get to that later. . . My first act as the new head of Death Row is to address a certain issue that has come to my intention quite recently, thanks to the unique skills of one Johnny

The Rat

Cox. You see my rat here tells me Ian Michaels thinks he

s set to win Death Row Gold. I hear Ian Michaels walking around and talking like he

s the new owner of The Row

that despite my efforts he

s gonna run this place and just take up the title and there

s not a damn thing I can do about it!

Dark closes his eyes and lets out a great big snore.

Dark: Bitch, you don

t even know what

s going on in

The Row. I never see you around. Hi, I

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m James. How are you? You like to bring up the past, but the past is the past Ian Michaels. . . and the man you knew then is not the man you know now. And you? Why you re exactly the same Ian. . . The way I see it you and your kin are all the same, and are perhaps a product of inbreeding as there s not an original idea between the whole lot of you and you all look exactly the same. You re gonna run The Row? You re gonna be the next champion?

Dark looks around, conspiratorially before bringing the mic to up to his wrinkled lips.

Dark: Well to that I say, uh-huh. I say no fucking way. I say you think you re crazy if I m just gonna let you waltz on in here whenever you please, coming and going without a word or a look or even a fuck you.

No, winning the belt in The Row aint that easy. And that s why we only got one. It doesn t mean you can jump the ladder and go straight for the horses neck. Uh-huh no way no how. Not here motherfucker. The ways I see it, if you wanna make a name for yourself, you ve got suffer a bit. You ve got to start on the bottom. You don t just run in and attack the champion, you don t just barge into his locker room, no no no. That sort of shit will get you shanked around here. I ve got Johnny Cox to make sure of that. That s right Ian. I know you like to think you re one bad dude, but you ve got to mind me from now on. I m not Tim Ross. You ll do what I say and when I say it. . .

A smile spreads on his face, the gymnasium silent, save for the fan blowing in the corner.

Dark:

Since you fancy yourself a man of hate, I think I m gonna shower a little hate down on you Ian. Consider it your own tournament of hate if you will. . . starting out tonight with a match against the Beast

Tarrasque!

The crowd lets out a mild pop.

Wolf: Did you hear that? Dark just booked IM Hate in a match against Tarrasque!

Ace:

Well good luck with that one Ian Michaels. Remind me never to cross the boss, Wolf.

Wolf: I think a good punishment for you is to be sat on by The Disposal.

Ace: I think a good punishment for you is euthanasia. How old are you anyway?

Wolf: Not as old as you think. . .

Dark: Good luck Ian. . . you re gonna fucking need it.

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Dark takes a good swig of beer, finishing it. He crushes it with one hand and tosses it aside. The Principal gives Dark a look, and Dark in turn looks to Johnny to pick it up. Johnny retrieves the crushed can and places it in his pocket.

Dark: As for the main event tonight. As you know FJ Tombs is lying on his back in some hospital room. He won

t be here tonight for the main event. So its off. . . And the belt is now officially up for grabs. . .

Dark drops the mic and then kicks Johnny Cox away and motions to Tha Krew. Tha Krew make their way over to the ropes and sit on the middle rope, using their arms to raise the top rope. Dark climbs through, and again Toro tries to climb out after him but Tha Krew quickly exit, dropping down to the court. Toro climbs out after them, followed behind by the poor Johnny Cox.

Wolf: Well Dark is the new boss, and apparently he means business! IM Hate booked tonight against Tarrasque!

Ace: If I were IM Hate I would go to the nearest market right now and purchase a bunch of raw beef try and buy off Tarrasque with his favorite food.

Mariguano vs. Colby Rise

Wolf: Dark is the new Boss!

Ace: Remind me to send him a twelve pack. It
s never a bad idea to get on the bosses good side.

Wolf: Nobody likes an ass kisser.

Ace: Who

s kissing ass? Dark being the new Boss is a wonderful idea. I mean I never liked Tim Ross to begin with.

Wolf: Now you

re just straight up lying. . . As Ace gets his facts straight lets us take a moment to remind you that Lethal Injection from San Jose tonight is brought to you by Patty O

Toole Plumbing. . .

Ace: Toilet not flushing? Need your pipes snaked? Call Patty O

Toole the only Plumber/Pornstar in the business. That
s Patty O

Toole Plumbing.

Wolf: Nice job there Ace.

Ace: Why thank you.

Wolf: Well up next we have

the debut match of Mariguano and Colby Rise. There
s a buzz around these two, that
s for sure.

Ace: Mariguano coming out of Mexico

s a bong hitting, leg dropping, lady popping luchadore that has had some success in the past.

Wolf: Tonight he

ll be taking on Colby Rise, who is no lightweight himself.

Ace: Well actually he is, he only weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, Wolf.

The subtle Hispanic sounds of Vince Neil

The Edge

begins to play over the stolen audio system courtesy of The H-Town Hustlas, and some of the members in

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the crowd are instantly at home.

Wolf: Well here he comes ladies and gentlemen. . . It

s the long awaited debut of Mariguano. I think this kid could do some good things here in The Row. And we could use some good.

Ace: Good? If you consider getting everyone stoned out of their minds

then yeah, he

ll do plenty of good.

A couple of hired stage hands, a few of them looking very much like the homeless, hold a couple of flash lights, moving them around rapidly to create the effect of a light show (though the lights are so weak you can't even see them) . The tempo picks up as another guitar joins in before Mariguano appears in the double doors leading out of the gym in a cloud of smoke.

Wolf: What

s with all the smoke. We don

t exactly have a pyrotechnics crew.

Ace: Isn

t it obvious?! I know what kind of smoke that is!

Mariguano makes his way out onto the court before he shuffles left, then right, playing it up for the seemingly uninterested crowd while he pumps his fist in the air to the beat. The metal guitar slide prompts the luchadore to make his way through the fans to the ring. He gets up close and personal with a few fans, slapping hands and even embracing a young woman.

Ace: Look out Mariguano

she doesn

t look of age yet!

Wolf: Nothing wrong with a hug!

Ace: Not if you ask The One Million Moms

the genitals touch in a conventional hug

and that of course leads to rampant cases of sexual exploits far too disgusting to mention.

Mariguano circles around the ring, slapping hands with everyone in the first row row as he passes by. When he makes a full circle around the ring, he steps up to the apron and hops over the ropes, landing so gingerly it hardly makes a sound. Mariguano then immediately charges a corner, hopping up so that the fans may take in yet another look of him.

Wolf: Mariguano looking confident, maybe a little too confident.

Ace: He

s not confident, he

s not anything but relaxed right now. . . and it

s not because he

s a ring veteran that

s done this a million times. . . I

m just saying. . .

The Brave Shall Rise

begins to play throughout the gym, and the fans, unfamiliar with the music ignore it.

Wolf:

And here comes Mariguano

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s opponent for the night, Colby Rise.

Ace: The brave shall rise indeed, and

Colby Rise is one of those men.

As the music begins to pick up tempo, Colby Rise appears in the open doorway to the gym wearing his patent Oakley

sunglasses, a plain white t-shirt and black wrestling tights with RISE written on the back. Looking around at the crowd he takes a gulp of air to suppress some pre-match jitters and makes his way onto the court.

Wolf:

I gotta say, I

m really excited about this one. New talent coming here to The Row ladies and gentlemen, despite the best efforts of a lot of people to shut us down.

Ace: We

re unstoppable Wolf, the world needs The Row

they aren

t just willing to admit it yet.

Colby shakes hands with a few of the fans as he makes his way down to the ring. Finishing his obligations of a face he runs the rest of the way to the ring and slides under the rope. He jumps to his feet and he and Mariguano have a brief stare down before Rise runs toward the ropes and jumps up to the middle rope, where he stands and pumps his fist for the crowd.

Wolf: Rise vs. Mariguano. . . who do you like in this one Ace?

Ace: You know I dunno. I

ve heard a lot about both of these guys, and they know how to put on a show.

As for the winner, I

ll just wait and see who gets the final pin before I make my prediction.

Wolf: Doesn

t that take the fun out of it?

Ace: Maybe. . . but I

m always right.

Charlene, a local whore in the area had been hired by Dark to be the ring announcer for the low fee of twenty dollars, and sensing her cue she got up and stumbled in the ring, but not before winking at a few of the men in the crowd. A few whistles rain out.

Wolf:

Well there

s out guest ring announcer for the night, Charlene.

Ace: I bet she gives great head. . .

She stands around awkwardly before bringing the mic up to her lips.

Charlene: Hi. . . How are you I

m Charlene. I

ll be available all show. . . if you know what I mean. . .

She bends over provactively for a moment, bringing her shoulders together to press her boobs up against one another.

Charelene:

But. . . uh. . . yeah. . . The following match thingy is for a best of three match. . . The winner is he who wins. .

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. um . . . two falls. In

introducing first. . . from Guda. . . Guda-la-jar-a, Mexico. . . weighing in at two hundred and twenty five pounds. . . he is El. . .

Mister-i-o-so. . . Mari-guanoooooooooooo!

The crowd lets out a weak pop, with some applause as Mariguano hops up in the air and raises his arms.

Charelene: And his. . . um. . . his opponent. . . from

from Columbus. . . Ohio. Weighing in at one hundred and eighty five pounds. . . One hundred and eighty five? That can

t be right. . . um . . . well. . . here

s Colby Rise!

Colby turns to look at Charlene agitated, but then quickly raises his arms to a mild pop from the crowd.

Ace: That was by far

the worst ring announcement I have ever heard. This lady is horrible!

Wolf: Yeah, she

s not the best

but they tell me she

s a fast learner!

Ace: Yeah. . . of riding pole!

Frank Knox reaches up and strikes the air over his head in rapid succession and the bell rings, signaling the start of the match. The arena seems dreadfully silent, save for the droning fan turned on in an effort (a failing one) to cool the place down. Both men stand at opposite sides of the ring, the sweat already dripping down Colby Rise, and though Mariguano

s face is covered by a luchadore mask, his back glistens under the soft glow of the gymnasium lights. The two men slowly inch toward one another, apprehensive of their unfamiliar opponent.

Wolf:

Here we got two new wrestlers, Colby Rise on the left of your screen in the black tights, and Marigold on the right side of your screen, in the green, white and red trunks--think there's a little black in there too.

Ace:

And in case you're color blind, Colby Rise is the one that has RISE on the trunks, and Mariguano is the one with--yep you guessed it--MARIGUANO on the trunks. Funny how that works, eh Wolf?

Wolf: There

s no need to be a smart ass about it

m just trying to help the viewers is all.

Colby Rise raises his left arm up toward Mariguano, his fingers spread wide, and looking around the masked luchador reaches up with his right for the test of strength, but Colby Rise quickly rises up with a kick to the gut, which causes Mariguano to bend at the waist, and Colby steps back and leaning back hits Mariguano square in the face with a super kick SLAP that sends Mariguano falling backward straight to the mat.

Wolf: What a kick by Colby Rise!

Ace:

Somebody check for Mariguano's teeth, I think I just saw a couple of gold one's squirt across the ring.

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Wolf: Is that racist?

Ace: I dunno. . . You tell me?

The crowd lets out a small pop, one guy in the fourth row banging on a cowbell--clang-clang-clang. Colby Rise gets up and poses for the crowd, raising a fist up in the air. He turns just in time to see a charging Mariguano, who punches him once, twice, three times in the face before Irish whipping him into the ropes.

Wolf:

Mariguano sends Colby off the ropes, Colby picking up speed.

Colby Rise comes off the ropes on the opposite side of the ring with speed, and upon returning Mariguano catches him and twirls him around before he slams Colby down across his bent knee, all in one motion. Again, the small crowd lets out a weak, measly pop, Mr. Cowbell going clang-clang-clang.

Ace: I hate that cowbell bastard already.

Wolf: Mariguano with the tilt-o-whirl backbreaker--a move I could never tire of. It looks so pretty!

Ace: You're starting to worry me Wolf.

Colby Rise sells the backbreaker, flopping to the mat and crawling immediately for the ropes. He reaches the bottom rope before Mariguano brings him to his feet and tosses him into the ropes.

Wolf: Mariguano unrelenting, he keeps on

Colby Rise, Irish whip from El Bongo.

Ace: Mariguano?

More like marijuano. . .

Colby Rise returns and quickly slides under Mariguano's feet. Getting to his feet, Colby then grabs Mariguano from

behind, hooking his chin under his arm. Colby Rise then raises his free arm before spinning and coming down with an elbow drop on Mariguano as he brings him down to the mat.

Wolf: Spinning headlock elbow drop combination there from Colby Rise, and Mariguano is down.

Colby Rise gets up to take in the adoration of the crowd but doesn't have much time, as Mariguano is quickly up, and he charges Colby Rise before quickly Irish whipping him into the ropes.

Wolf: Mariguano back up quickly, and he sends Colby into the ropes. . . Here comes Colby. . .

Colby Rise returns off the ropes with tremendous speed, but as he reaches

Mariguano, Mariguano jumps up and wraps his legs around Colby

Rise's head, spinning around and using the momentum to bring Colby Rise to the mat.

Wolf: Impressive flying head scissors by Mariguano!

Ace:

Yeah it was nice--but look, Colby is back up again. This has been fast paced since the get-go!

Colby quickly recovers and Mariguano charges him, only to get hooked by the arm, Colby turning and bringing Mariguano down to the mat in one fluid motion.

Wolf: Arm drag by Colby Rise, and Mariguano is up again!

Mariguano quickly rises to his feet after the arm drag and Colby charges him and Mariguano hooks one of his arms and flips him to the mat.

Wolf: Mariguano with arm drag on Colby Rise now!

In an instant both wrestlers are up again, the fans buzzing at the rapid action, the Cowbell Guy klok klok clang clang clogging as Colby Rise brings Mariguano slamming to the mat with yet another arm drag.

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Wolf: Yet another arm drag, this time by Colby. And listen to these fans.

They're both up again, but Colby Rise and Mariguano keep their ground, as the fans show their appreciation. Cowbell Guy bangs away on his cow bell, Charlene the hired local ring announcer/hooker (but mostly hooker), hangs out by a fire door in the gymnasium, openly smoking a cigarette and sweet talking a couple of potential customers into a few quickies later. A few fellows try to start of a Colby Rise Chant, but it quickly fails as something about the gymnasiums acoustics didn't suit them.

Wolf:

It appears we have a bit of a stalemate here, Ace.

Ace: These two are extremely fast, and they're showing it here in their debut.

Colby Rise and Mariguano then circle around one another, and again Colby Rise raises his left arm to go for the test of strength, and Mariguano goes to comply. Again Colby Rise goes for the kick to the gut, but Mariguano anticipates and catches the foot and then forces Colby Rise upward.

Wolf: Colby with the kick--no! Mariguano catches it, tossing him back into the air!

Colby Rise back flips out of the kick, landing on his feet. Colby then jumps up in the air, turning and hooking his legs around Mariguano's abdomen, and as he comes down he uses himself to propel himself back upward. As he reaches his peak he reaches back and hooks Mariguano's head, slamming him down face first to the mat.

Wolf: Colby Rise with the bulldog type move, what would you call that Ace?

Ace: I don't know, we had to fire all of our Wrestling Nerds.

Colby Rise rises to his feet and extends his arms in a cocky manner, and a few rows in the gym pop. Colby then bends down to get a hold of Mariguano's mask, sticking a few fingers under the material in the back of the mask to pull Mariguano to his feet.

Wolf: Colby using the mask of Mariguano to bring him to his feet.

Ace: That

s what you

ve got to do with a masked luchadore Wolf, the guy has no hair he can grab onto!

Colby then pulls Mariguano towards himself and clotheslines him to the mat.

Wolf: Colby with the clothesline, and Mariguano is down now on the mat.

Colby stomps Mariguano in the back of the head twice before bringing him to his feet again and kicking Mariguano in the gut before hooking the head and one of his arms and bringing him to the mat, head first.

Wolf: Colby Rise in control after the double armed DDT!

Ace: I love me any kind of DDT. I don't

care if it

s a reverse DDT, a tornado DDT, or even your simple run of the mill DDT. That shit is old school. Kinda like you Wolf.

Wolf: I can

t tell if that

s a compliment or not. . .

Ace: You

re not supposed to.

Colby then rolls Mariguano over onto his back and goes for the pin, the crowd counting along as Frank Knox hits the mat.

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Wolf: All kidding aside, we
ve got a pin, Ace! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Kick out by Mariguano! There
s still life in El Bongo.

Ace: This kid is a former champ in some luchadore fed. I guess that means something
though I know I could take a luchadore on myself, no problem.

Knox raises up two fingers, the crowd shouting TWOOOOO as his fingers reach their apex. Colby gets to his
feet and backs away from Mariguano, already measuring the path he will soon take.

Wolf: Colby getting ready for something
what I don
t know.

Ace: It better be fancy. . .

Mariguano slowly gets to his feet, and as he does Colby Rise charges him. Mariguano bends at the waist for
the backbody drop but Colby Rise leap frogs him.

Wolf: Mariguano going for the back body drop there, but Colby with the leap frog.

Colby comes off the ropes and as he returns Mariguano jumps up and leap frogs Colby Rise.

Wolf: Mariguano now with the leap frog, there goes Colby. . .

Colby hits the ropes on the other side of the ring, and as he returns Mariguano drops to the mat on his back
and lifts his legs to lift Colby over and onto the mat, but Colby rolls out of the way.

Wolf: Colby dodging the monkey flip now! Neither man seeming to make much progress here.

Colby gets to his feet and Mariguano gets to his own feet just as quickly and both men charge each other
and think the same thing, raising an arm for a clothesline. Both men hit the mat.

Wolf: They both thought the same thing, and now both men are down.

Ace: No one came out a winner during that exchange Wolf. These guys are wrestling like they
ve known one another for years now!

Wolf: Uncanny, aint it? A testament to the talent here in The Row.

Ace: Which reminds me. . . Think you
re a bad ass? Know how to throw a punch? Join The Row; we build character.

Wolf: That
s good Ace
get em while they
re young.

The crowd pops as Mariguano and Colby Rise sell the dual clotheslines, keeping to the mat. Mariguano rolls
onto his stomach and pushes himself up as Colby rolls forward onto his feet. Both men clash in the center of
the ring with a lock up.

Wolf: Both men up. Mariguano and Colby lock up. . .

Colby Rise quickly grabs Mariguano by the arm and gets him in a wrist lock.

Wolf: Wrist lock by Colby Rise.

Ace: Advantage Colby!

Mariguano quickly rolls to the mat and flips upward, reversing the wrist lock by applying the very same hold
to Colby Rise.

Wolf: And Mariguano now with the wrist lock! These two are evenly matched!

Ace: Advantage Mariguano!

Wolf: Mariguano really locking in the wrist now, look at the face of Colby Rise

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that says it all folks!

Mariguano wrenches the arm and Colby Rise sells the wrist lock, grimacing in pain. Colby Rise then punches Mariguano in the gut with his free arm, once, twice, the second blow causing Mariguano to bend at the waist.

Colby Rise then places his foot on top of Mariguano

s head and flips himself out of the wrist lock.

Wolf: Colby Rise out of the wrist lock now after that exchange of blows!

Ace: I

m personally amazed at the athleticism of Mariguano. What with all the weed he smokes, you

d think he

d be winded now, but look at him! He

s as healthy as a horse!

Landing on his feet Colby Rise then bends at the knees to get some air as he jumps and raises both legs, planting them square in Mariguano

s chest, knocking him to the mat.

Wolf: Dropkick by Colby rise and Mariguano is on the mat now!

Ace: Stoner down! Someone call Cheech and Chong!

Colby Rise then scrambles over to Mariguano and places his forearm over Mariguano

s face while going for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat for the count.

Wolf: He

s going for the pin and---1. . . 2. . . kick out! Near fall there!

Ace: I thought Colby had him! Honest!

Mariguano kicks out. The fans buzz after the near fall, the man with the cowbell going at it once again, clanging away. Frank Knox rises to signal only the two count. A drunk can be heard regurgitating somewhere in the gym.

Wolf: Both men are down now. . . and listen to these fans.

Ace: I still can

t get over this gym. . . what a shit hole. What is that smell anyway? Your colostomy bag leaking again, Wolf?

Wolf: You son of a bitch! I don

t need a colostomy bag, my pipes work just fine thank you.

Colby Rise slowly gets to his feet, pounding the mat with his fists once before standing. Colby Rise then descends upon Mariguano, stomping him once, twice, three times before bringing him to his feet.

Wolf: Colby Rise bringing Mariguano to his feet now after the quick stomping.

Ace: I think Colby hates foreigners!

Colby Rise grabs Mariguano

s right arm and Irish Whips him into the corner.

Wolf: Irish whip now by Colby Rise, and Mariguano hits the corner with force!

Mariguano collides with the corner, and sells the collision as Colby Rise charges him. Colby reaches Mariguano and Mariguano leaps up, causing Colby to duck under him. Mariguano hooks Colby from behind with his legs, and then falls forward, causing Colby to hit the mat first, pinning him there.

Wolf: Quick roll up by Mariguano and we

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . 3!! Mariguano has won the first fall!

Ace:

But it

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s not over, Wolf. This is a best of three series after all. Colby still has a chance to force another pinfall or submission.

Wolf: That

s right fans, this great match is not over yet!

Knox hits the mat a third time with his hand as Colby Rise kicks out of the pin. The crowd pops after the pin, and Knox rises, signaling the first point for Mariguano.

Wolf: Mariguano picks up his first win and look at Colby Rise! He didn't see that one coming!

Ace: He looks like a kid on Christmas, all excited for the Nintendo he just knows he's gonna get, and he rushes downstairs and opens his present and it's a pair of socks.

Wolf: Speaking from personal experience there, Ace?

Ace: No

no. . . Look at Colby there, doing his thing. . .

Colby Rise rises up to his knees and holds his head in disbelief. Mariguano jumps up into the corner and raises his hands, receiving a pop from the crowd for all his troubles. A wise ass in the crowd starts a MARIJUANO chant.

Wolf: It

s Mariguano, not Marijuana!

Ace: A marijuano is someone who MARIJUANO. . .

It quickly dies down.

Wolf: It

s nice not to have the One Million Moms around.

Ace: You scared of them Wolf? I can't believe it.

Wolf:

Not scared

glad dammit. And you heard me the first time.

Colby gets to his feet and checks with Knox and Knox signals to him the pin. Angry, Colby charges Mariguano as he jumps down from the corner and immediately starts hitting him with combinations.

Wolf: Colby determined to win the next fall!

Ace: He

s laying into Mariguano with combinations now!

Colby rise powders Mariguano with a left-right combination, and then pushes up against Mariguano before whipping him violently into the corner. Mariguano collides with the corner, slumping there after the bump.

Wolf: And Mariguano looks hurt in the corner now after that Irish whip.

Ace: Yeah

s gonna wanna move.

Colby Rise charges him and jumps up into the air and slams into him, sandwiching him in the corner.

Wolf: Body splash by Colby rise on Mariguano!

Colby Rise then grabs and stumbling Mariguano and tosses him into the opposite corner of the ring. Again he charges and jumps up into the air and slams into Mariguano with his body.

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Wolf: And another body splash in the corner by Colby Rise!

Ace: Mariguano wishes his was stoned right now! He
d be in a lot better place.

Mariguano stumbles out into the center of the ring and Colby Rise grabs onto the top rope with his hands and pulls himself up to the middle rope, jumping off. He turns in mid air, and as he reaches Mariguano he hooks his head from behind and brings it to the mat.

Wolf: Springboard bulldog by Colby Rise!

Ace: What a beautiful move! These guys are top notch, top notch.

Colby Rise then scrambles over to Mariguano, who is still selling the springboard bulldog, and hooks the leg, going for the pin. Frank Knox slides to the mat with all the style of a veteran referee.

Wolf: Colby Rise trying to get the next fall and keep alive now.

Ace: 1. . . 2. . . Mariguano kicks out! Arriba!

Wolf:

Hey, I

m supposed to count the pin.

Ace: I just wanted to do it once. . . shit.

Mariguano kicks out of the pin, and without checking on the ref Colby Rise reaches down and grabs Mariguano by the mask, slamming the back of his head into the mat countless times.

Wolf: Colby Rise is obviously frustrated.

Ace: He

s fighting mad, and I don

t know if that

s a good thing or not. I

ve never seen this kid wrestle before!

Wolf: None of us have, but he sure is putting on a good showing
both he and Mariguano.

Content Mariguano

s brain is good and scrambled, mixing up

English and Spanish against his will, Colby Rise gets to his feet and raises his hands to a pop from the crowd.

Wolf: Colby Rise soaking up the attention of the crowd now.

Ace: A rookie mistake. He should be going for the pin!

Colby Rise then points to the ring corner post and makes his way to the corner. When he reaches his destination he grabs the top rope and quickly hops up the top turnbuckle. He turns facing the ring and slowly gets to the standing postion.

Wolf: Colby Rise going for the high risk move. This youngster is gonna fly!

Colby Rise again raises his arms, much to the delight of the crowd and then leaps off, flipping forward but ending up face first on the mat, as Mariguano had already rolled out of the way.

Wolf: And Colby Rise comes up empty

he lands face first on the mat.

Ace: And they say stoners have slow reflex times

Mariguano got out of that with plenty of time to spare!

The crowd buzzes, a few even letting out noises of disappointment as Colby Rise sells the failed front flip.

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Mariguano gets to his feet and slowly stalks his way over to Colby Rise and as he reaches him he bends down and lifts Colby Rise

s upper body, so that he

s seated in the ring.

Wolf: Mariguano setting up Colby Rise now. And off he goes. . .

Mariguano takes off toward the ropes, and as he reaches them he turns, his back bouncing off the ropes and propelling him toward Colby Rise. Mariguano then leaps, letting the momentum carry both feet into Colby Rise, knocking him to the mat. The crowd pops.

Wolf: Massive dropkick by Mariguano! He used all that momentum to take Colby Rise down the hard way!

Ace: That

s what you get for celebrating too soon, kid.

Mariguano spins upward to his feet and raises his arm as the heckler goes to chanting MARIJUANO again, this time throwing in claps.

MARIJUANO clap clap clapclapclap MARIJUANO clap clap clapclapclap MARIJUANO. . .

Wolf: Fans showing their appreciation for Mariguano now. . . well one fan anyway.

Ace: He

s heckling him you fool!

Wolf: What is pot anyway?

Ace: Smoke. . . you know the ganja. . . tha herb. . .

Wolf: Reefer?! My God no! We

ve got a drug user in the ring?!

Ace: And you say you aren

t an old fart. . .

Mariguano covers Colby, hooking the leg after the dropkick, going for the pin. Knox slides half way out of the ring, his legs hanging out of the ring.

Wolf: Pin by Mariguano! 1. . . 2. . . kick out! Kick out by Colby Rise!

Ace: May he RISE again! Ha! See what I did there?

Wolf: We all did, and it was horrible.

Mariguano stomps Colby once as Colby tries to get to his feet and then helps Colby up the rest of the way. Mariguano punches Colby with a left, then a right, followed by another left, each punch rocking Colby backward.

Wolf: Mariguano all offense now. Those punches are connecting.

The fans buzz after the punch combination, and Mariguano then Colby reaches far back and brings his fist forward with a hard right, knocking Colby clean to the mat. Mariguano shakes his hand after the punch, as if to indicate to the crowd how hard of a punch it was.

Wolf: Hard right by Mariguano now!

Ace: Those smart fist of Mariguano are doing the talking, and they

re saying

shit you

re fucked now Colby!

Wolf: Really? Is that what they

re saying?

Mariguano then reaches down and hooks both of Colby

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s legs under his armpits. Mariguano then falls backward and slingshots Colby Rise up over the top rope and out of the ring. The fans pop.

Wolf: Mariguano just slingshotted Colby Rise out of the ring, and listen to these fans, Ace!

Ace:

This match is everywhere, Wolf. These guys are flying around the ring, they

re hitting the mat, they

re even spilling out of the ring. These guys are certainly setting the tone here for The Row.

Wolf: A tough act to follow

ve got that right!

Mariguano gets to his feet quickly as Colby Rise sells the fall on the outside. Frank Knox starts to make the count, 1. . . 2. . . Mariguano runs off the ropes for momentum and then returns 3. . and dives through the top and middle ropes landing on a now standing Colby Rise. They both tumble to the mat and Frank Knox starts the count over again.

Wolf: Suicide dive by Mariguano!

Ace: This guy needs to lay off the bong! I think all that weed has made this kid think he s invincible!

Wolf: I think I could use some of that.

Ace: Really Wolf?!

Wolf: Yeah. . . for my glaucoma. . .

The fans pop, the cheers reverberating around the room like a pool of water when a rock is dropped in it, 1. . . 2. . . while both wrestlers outside are slow to get up. 3. . . 4. . .

Wolf:

Both men feeling the effect of that suicide dive. It

s such a dangerous move, Ace. One thing could go

wrong, just one thing could be off and everything goes wrong.

Ace: Hence the whole

dive thing. I think it was named after originator of the move. Naturally he s not with us

killed himself.

Mariguano gets to his feet first, and he grabs Colby by the hair and brings him to his feet. 5. . . 6. . . Mariguano then lifts Colby up 7. . . and slams him down face first on the ring apron.

Wolf: Colby into the ring apron now! Right to the face, Ace!

Ace: Mariguano needs to get in the ring, no one wants a count out.

Mariguano quickly slides into the ring and slides back out to restart the count.

Ace: What an idiot. This kid could have just stayed in the ring and won the final fall by count out.

Wolf:

No one wants a count out

who was it that said that, Ace? Who?

Ace: Who? . . . Certainly not me. It

s winning that counts, and sometimes all you

ve got to use is your noggin.

Mariguano lands on his feet and grabs Colby, 1. . . 2. . . who is still selling after slamming face first into the

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apron, and kicks him once in the face with an upward kick. 3. . .

Wolf: Mariguano with a kick to the face now! And Colby is hurt

Ace: Have you seen Mariguano spring around the ring?

There

s strength in those legs, I

m telling yah. And legs can be dangerous. . . ever been in bed with a chick who

s legs are particularly

strong, and you

re going at her and she

s wrapping em around yah, damn near squeezing the life out of you but you don

t care because you don

t want to stop? Yeah. . . Yeah. . . Kinda like that.

Wolf: Stop running your mouth, you

re ruining the match Ace.

Colby staggers backward from the kick and Mariguano then grabs Colby, 4. . . hooking his head under his arm and then lifting him up in the air before bringing him straight down. The crowd pops. 5. . .

Wolf: Suplex by Mariguano right on the outside! That sound was sickening!

Mariguano gets up after the suplex and raises his arms to a pop in the crowd. 6. . . He then bends down and brings Colby to his feet only to roll him into the ring under the bottom rope. 7. . . Mariguano climbs in after him, ending the count by Frank Knox.

Wolf: Finally, both men in the ring now after too much time spent outside the ring.

Ace: Don

t worry about them scuffling the court, it

s already fucked up.

Mariguano scrambles over to the fallen Colby Rise, already sensing his second and final pinfall. He hooks the leg hastily, and Frank Knox hits the mat and goes for the count. Cow bell guy: bang bang bang.

Wolf: 1. . .2. . . kick out! Somehow! Some way! Colby kicks out! This kid has got heart, you ve got to give him that.

Ace: Rise Colby Rise, rise! I command you!

Mariguano gets up to his knees and checks with Knox, and to his disappointment he sees victory vanish from him. Frank raises two fingers and the crowd lets out a TWOOOOO.

Wolf: Mariguano can

t believe it, and frankly neither can I.

Ace: That

s how it is unfortunately with some of these guys. They just don

t know when to stay down. And that

s where gunplay comes in handy. . .

Wolf: You can

t be serious. . .

Ace: I

m not saying kill the guy, just maim him. Take off a finger or something. Or if you re not much of a marksman, shoot him in the foot.

Wolf: You

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

re so full of shit

ve never fired off a gun in your life.

Mariguano slowly makes his way over to Colby Rise, and dropping down he brings Colby rise to the seated position and hooks his head and arm while placing his knee up against Colby's back. Mariguano then pulls backward and up, wrenching the neck.

Wolf: Dragon sleeper! We

ve got a dragon sleeper by Mariguano on Colby Rise!

Ace: I don

t know if that

s really necessary, Wolf, it looks Colby Rise is already asleep if you ask me.

Mariguano pulls back on Colby Rise, and Frank Knox checks on Colby Rise by Colby slowly shakes his head, his face turning a bright ruby red. The vein in his forehead becomes prominent as Mariguano wrenches back further.

Wolf: Look at Colby Rise

s face! He

s in trouble here Ace!

Ace: You bet your ass. He looks like a cherry! Once he turns blue you know he

s done for!

Mariguano wrenches back once more and in desperation Colby flails his leg out and drapes it over the top rope. Frank Knox sees the rope break and instructs Mariguano to break the hold. Mariguano breaks the hold and looks up at Knox, who points to the Colby's leg draped over the rope.

Wolf: Colby was able to get to the ropes! He

s still in this one.

Ace: Damn. I

ve always wanted to see someone get choked to death. You know I joined up with The Row cause I wanted to see such things so far no luck.

Mariguano slowly gets to his feet, sweating profusely from the heat and all the action. He breathes heavily but brings Colby Rise to his feet anyway, though he would want nothing more than for the match to already be over. Mariguano then hooks Colby from behind and bends backward, pulling him over his head and to the mat.

Wolf: German Suplex by Mariguano! And he keeps the hold on Colby Rise.

Mariguano turns, keep his hold on Colby and then brings him to his feet before pulling him backward over his head and to the mat once more.

Wolf: And another!

Mariguano turns and gets to his feet a final time, keeping his hold on Colby Rise. Mariguano then pulls Colby Rise over his head for a third and final time, letting go of the hold after Colby is already over his head, and Colby hits the mat back first. The crowd pops.

Wolf: Triple german suplex combination, but he

s not going for the pin!

Ace:

This guy is spacey sometimes, I

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

m surprised he even knows where he is half of the time!

Mariguano quickly gets to his feet and makes his way to the corner, where he pulls himself up to the top rope. Mariguano turns, facing the ring, and then raises his arms to a pop from the crowd.

Wolf: Mariguano going for the high risk here!

Ace: Hopefully it pays off! We all saw what happen to Colby Rise earlier.

Mariguano leaps off and flips through the air, extending his hands and giving the thumbs up

before he lands cleanly on top of Colby Rise.

Wolf: The Bong Drop! The Bong Drop!

Ace: This has got to be it!

Mariguano scrambles over to Colby, who lies motionless in the ring. Mariguano hooks the leg and Frank Knox hits the mat, the crowd buzzing for the pin.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . 3!! It

s over! It

s over! Mariguano wins it!

Ace: The Stoner actually did it! Cheech and Chong, rejoice!

The bell rings and the crowd pops, as Colby Rise lies on the mat, breathing heavily, but otherwise not moving. Frank Knox gets to his feet and raises Mariguano

s arm in victory. The crowd pops as Colby Rise slowly crawls to the corner.

Wolf: Mariguano with an impressive debut win. This has been one of the best matches I ve seen.

Ace: Mariguano is going to celebrate with a couple of bong loads, you know that, right?

Colby Rise slowly gets to his feet, and as he stumbles toward the center of the ring Mariguano stops his celebrating to look at him.

Wolf: What

s this? What

s Colby doing?

Ace: I don

t know, but he

d be pretty dumb to try and mess with Mariguano. The match is over!

Mariguano and Colby Rise stare at one another for a few moments, before Colby Rise holds out a hand for the handshake. The crowd pops.

Wolf: Finally, some sportsmanship in The Row!

Ace: No! It

s gotta be a trick! It just gotta be!

Mariguano looks around at the crowd for a moment before shooting his hand out to meet Colby s, and the two shake hands in the center of the ring.

Wolf: Now see. . . that

s nice.

Ace: It

s stupid is what it is. Who needs friends anyway?

Wolf:

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Judging from your tone, I
d say you do.

Colby turns and exits the
ring, still selling his injuries as Mariguano continues to celebrate his first win in the Row.

Charlene:

Mariguano, I
d like to talk to you
I mean they

re telling me to talk to you. Charlene saunters her way over to

Mariguano, her hips moving this way and that (the eyes of the men in the first row going this way and that as she passes). Mariguano stands akimbo, his hands on his hips and is breathing rather heavily after his match.

Wolf: Mariguano feeling the effects of that wonderful match he put on with Colby Rise. Let

s go to Charlene for the interview. Ace: And get a real tight shot of those tits while you

re at it! The camera man obliges, and we get a nice tight shot of Charlene

s silicone injected tits (a sound investment, she insists, despite the fact that they

re a tad crooked and have never looked natural). The shot pans out and we see Charlene standing next to

Mariguano, ready to speak. Charlene: There

s been a lot of talk about you there fella. . . a lot of people are wanting to know, just exactly who is

Mariguano? Do you have a "

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175" green card ? Mariguano: Si, mamita. Mariguano has de card with him right now. El Misterioso reaches
in his back pocket and pulls out a Subway Club card. The reflection of the arena lights dances off the "

pm&mode

view&f

175" plastic card as he displays it with pride. Mariguano:

Perhaps after de show, Mariguano can treat de hermoso lady to... el footlong... Mariguano leers at

Charlene's chest and then raises his eyebrows to the fans nearby, as if to say, 'that's right fellas, I'm standin'
next to the fun bags!' Charlene: Why thank you. Mariguano: De Death Row give me de green card since I am

a'going to be a wrestler. I will need to eat healthy, like a'Michael Strahan and de Nastia Liukin, si?

If I am a'going to be de best in de business, I must have de power food avacado and meatballs on every day.

Is my

"

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175" training secret, chuknow? Wait... mi escondido! The notion that his secret is out runs through the
masked man's mind. Charlene: Any plans for the future? Mariguano: Ehh... nothing especial. I suppose de
Mariguano will go backstage and try to score some nuggies from my cousin de janitor and his friend de other
janitor. Maybe de Charlene gustar

a participar? Charlene: Thank you, and congratulations on your win. . . maybe after the show you and me
can celebrate. Charlene gives Mariguano a wink before he salutes the fans once more. He then exits the ring.

Wolf: Well there you have it. Mariguano is here in The Row.

Ace: And he wants to smoke some nuggets!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Wolf: Chicken nuggets? I don't get it

Ace:

No Wolf. . . No. . .

Your Next Champion

Inside the faculty lounge, Ian Michaels sits on the couch with a cigarette in his mouth and newspaper in his hands. A bottle of Crown Royal is open on the side table with a red solo cup next to it and a can of Coca-Cola.

As Ian notices the bum looking camera man standing there behind his paper, Ian shakes his head before folding up the paper and tossing it on the floor. He pulls the cigarette from his mouth, letting the smoke slowly roll from his nose and tosses it in the trash can to the side of the camera man.

Camera Man: Dude, what the fuck! You are going to set this school on fire! Ian shrugs his shoulders with no concern on his face. Ian Michaels: The only thing that could save this school is either a fire, an earthquake, or a fucking bomb!

Besides, I pissed in the trash can about five minutes ago, but this place smells so bad you cannot tell! Ian grabs his red solo cup and places it to his lips before taking a big gulp of Crown and Coke. He sets it back down and laughs. Ian Michaels: Funny story. You will never guess where this bottle of Crown came from! Camera Man: Dark's bag? Ian Michaels: Fuck no, that piece of trash could not afford Crown Royal! I stole this from the Vice Principal's desk! Camera Man: So did you happen to hear Dark just a few minutes ago? He has some rather harsh words for you! Ian Michaels: Hear him? Dude, this school is constructed out of cardboard with 10 layers of paint! I could not help but to hear his drunk ass. I heard what he said, but the question is, did hear my laughter? He thought it was some teenager in the crowd, but fact was, it was Ian Michaels informing him how much I give a fuck at what he has to say. Come closer... The camera man walks a few steps towards Ian, as he throws up his hand in a halt motion. Ian Michaels: Perfect! Dark, maybe you have some sort of seeing problem. Did I stomp Tombs' face into steel steps? Damn skippy!

The following week, I stomped his head into the canvas and covered him for that infamous three count! Then as some sort of punishment, this fucking racist criminal...

No not you Dark, I am talking about

Ross! The low life decided to call me up and say, 'YEAH

IAN, I AM NOT BOOKING YOU THIS COMING UP LETHAL

INJECTION, AND WE DO NOT WANT YOU NEAR THE BUILDING! WE DON'T TAKE KIND TO SAMOANS!'

Well guess what, I got a text message two weeks later near about matching the same fucking thing. So I had to bust into the place in order to even get in the building. So save your time attempting to justify me not being on the shows. You are a

booker, why are you just now booking me? Simple, you and Tim both knew I was dangerous and I was threatening your positions in Death Row, because I don't take orders. Will I wrestle against the guys you toss into the ring with me? Fuckin' yeah I will! I love victimizing people, so you want to toss some government experiment gone wrong retard at me? Fine, but when those wheelchair pimping, drool dribbling, DURS come in protest... Remember, it is you who is to blame, not I! I'll fuck him up, fuck you up, and shove The Rat up your ass! You know why Dark?

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Simple... I am not FJ Tombs, I do not fear you nor do you concern me. You need me in The Row! I do not need to be here. I am here because I feed my need to hate. I can hate anywhere, at anytime. Unlike others, I am no

bitch, and I did not grab my ball and go elsewhere to play! So sit your drunk ass down and listen very closely to what I have to say. And you might escape this piece of shit school without me stomping through the back of your head and giving you a fucking make over. I am going to wear the gold in Death Row. I am going to actually do something you, Skidrow, and Tombs could not do. That is give the belt some meaning. So save your chuckling inbred jokes for someone who lives in West Virginia. And showcase some sort of common sense. If family looks anywhere alike, it is called genetics.

That is a term used in science. Unlike you, I do not need Maury Povich to tell me who is and who is not my father. In most cases of inbred

offspring, you get someone like Tarrasque. In other words, a deformed ignorant piece of trailer trash. Not to be confused with your actual kindred Dark. Tarrasque is ignorant, you are just fucking stupid. He knows no better, you opt not to learn, he is unable to learn. But one thing is certain Dark, you cannot stop me from getting my hands on the title. If you do not give me the shot, I'll fucking swipe that strap from the back and be in Charlotte before you can realize it is missing. So save yourself the time of looking cool just to showcase later you are a bitch, and save me the mess of your blood on my kickpads, and give me the shot.

If you think I am not worthy of being champion, I suggest making the man who you put in there is able to beat me. But your lack of confidence in anyone else on this roster shows. You know if I am given the shot, no matter who is put before me, will end up a bloody mess and on the losing end. I am the going to be Death Row's champion. The faster you accept it, the sooner we can move onto making Death Row into an underground name worth something, instead of some typical indy promotion ran by a wrestler who simply wants to put himself over.

Enjoy my match tonight, I know I

will! Ian laughs a bit, before he grabs his solo cup and bottle of crown and stands from the couch. He hands the bottle to the camera man in exchange for the camera, as he exits through the door towards the locker room of the gym.

The British Invasion

The camera feed picks up at ringside with a shot of the crowd. The gymnasium has gotten considerably hotter since the show began and many fans futilely attempt to fan themselves, but they only manage to churn muggy air. An overweight man with a mustache sits agitated in the front row, his arms crossed. He leans over to a well built younger man sitting to his side. Fat guy: Jesus Christ on a cracker, it's hot in here. Ain't enough Old Spice on earth to keep these pits dry. I'm Carl, by the way. Younger man: Trevor Browning. Carl:

Well fuck me, Trevor.

Doesn't the heat bother you? You ain't even sweatin'! Trevor Browning: No. I quite enjoy it, actually. We don't get much sun where I'm from. Carl: Where are you from? TB: England. Carl: Shit! What brings you all the way down here? You a big fan of The Row? TB: Something like that. I must admit, the show hasn't been bad. A little devoid of class, perhaps. Carl turns his head, slightly offended. Trevor pats him on the back. TB:

I meant no offense, Carl. It was more a compliment.

You, the fans here. Salt of the earth types. Real people. That's a good thing. Trevor stands. TB: I'm going to grab a beer. Give me a shout when the next match starts. Trevor begins to inch towards an aisle. Carl: Yeah, for sure. Hey man, you gonna be here next week? TB: It's a distinct possibility. The camera shot fades.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Major Kendu vs. Goliath

Wolf: Well IM Hate is adamant on being the champion, whether Dark likes it or not.

Ace: I don

t know if that

s a good idea

messing with the boss like that. Dark is a fighter. Ross was just a criminal. There

s a difference there. . . I think.

Wolf:

Up next folks we

ve got Major Kendu taking on Goliath

Kendu of course coming off of that win against fellow newcomer, The Disposal.

Ace: All it took was a tazer, and The Disposal was down and out. . . You know I hear Kendu actually got The Disposal over to his landfill?

Wolf: Well if he did, the fat man must have escaped, for he

s here tonight

you probably heard wrong Ace, that

s all.

Needles by System of a Down begins to ring out through the gymnasium with that sort of hollow sound gyms can sometimes produce. Major Kendu quickly appears in the doorway, wasting no time. He wears a devious grin on his face, and over his shoulder he holds a burlap sack shaped by the contents inside.

Wolf:

Here he comes, Kurt Kendu and he

s got his bag of tricks with him again.

Ace: If you wanna know what

s in there, just ask The Disposal! He had the misfortune of finding out first hand just what is in there.

Wolf: But seriously, if you don

t know, it

s full of weapons.

Major Kendu looks around at the crowd, showing no particular interest in any of them. He walks out onto the court with an well placed, even step. He draws closer to the ring without much change in his expression.

Wolf: This guy is starting to creep me out. What with his landfill and all. Something aint right about this guy?

Ace: Really Wolf? What was it that finally set you off? The guy keeps wrestlers as trophies. He

s fruity loops, that

s for sure Wolf.

Kendu reaches the ring and he swings around his sack and places it in the corner of the ring. He then climbs the steps and walks out to the center of the ring apron and then steps through the top and middle rope.

Wolf: This guy is calm and calculated.

Ace: Well he does have a PhD. He

s working some of that ring psychology already. If I were his opponent I

d be a little wary of this guy. Look out Goliath!

Kendu stands in the middle of the ring, looking around at the crowd, taking them in but showing no particular interest. The music dies down and Kendu makes his way to a neutral corner.

Wolf: You think Kendu is ready for Goliath?

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Ace: What is it with this guy? Does he have bad luck or something? First he had to take on the fattest wrestler in The Row. . . and now he's taking on one of the biggest!
But to answer your question, I'd say yes. . . yes he's ready.

Wolf: Well he better be. . .

Bodies by Drowning Pool begins to play, with its chant asking for the bodies to hit the floor, and the fans, caught up in the heat sit silently waving hot air in their faces. As the chant ends, and the lead singer yells out FLOOOOOOOOR, Goliath appears in the double doors.

Wolf: Look at Goliath! He makes that doorway seem small!

Ace: He sure does, but don't let that size fool yah, he's also agile for a big man.

Goliath walks out onto the court and raises his arms to the sky, yelling out with the song. He then walks toward the ring, not even bothering to turn his head to look at the fans. He keeps his eyes on the ring.

Wolf: Wow, except for that first burst of energy there, Goliath has got no emotion on his face.

Ace: He's just a cold blooded killer. . . And I guess in that sense, these two are a lot alike.

Goliath reaches the ring and hops up to the apron, an impressive act due to his enormous size. He then steps over the top rope and looks at Kendu with cold, hungry eyes. You can see that Goliath is hungry for action, and Kendu returns his stare with a dead pan look of his own.

Wolf: Look at this stare down Wolf!

Ace: It's like two dead fish staring at one another. . .

Wolf: And yet another fish reference. . .

Charlene, the hired announcer for the evening slinks her way up to the ring, the eyes of every man in the vicinity going back and forth back and forth in rhythm with her wide hips. She steps up on the ring steps and gets a shrill whistle from a man in the crowd, and turning she smiles slyly.

Wolf: Charlene already making plenty of fans here in The Row!

Ace: I think we should hire her on full time!

Wolf: And what. . . pay her five dollars a show?!

Ace: Sure why not?

She steps through the ropes and enters the ring, and her presence is so intoxicating even Goliath and Kendu take a moment to take her in. She lets out another one of those sly smiles and brings the mic up to her lips, but not before giving them a seductive lick.

Charlene:

In-in-introducing first. . . from. . . um. . . Galien, Michigan
what? Kendu sounds Asian. Do they have Asians in Michigan?

Wolf: There's Charlene going off the card once again. Just read what's in front of you sweet heart, it's not that hard. Ace does it all the time.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Ace: What! I do all my commentating on the spot!

Charlene: Well anyway. From Gailen Michigan

I guess. . . weighing in at

two hundred and thirty four pounds. . . he is Majorrrrr Kenduuuuu!

Kendu keeps his stare on Goliath, who stares right on back.

Thinking it

s some sort of a cheer, Charlene raises up an arm and hops once in the air whilst lifting a leg, producing a pop from the crowd.

Ace: She

s a star already! We

ve got to sign her!

Wolf: With what money?! I

m putting my foot down on this one.

Charlene: And introducing next, or whatever. . . his opponent. . . uh. . . from

Las Vegas, Nevada

oooh I love Vegas. A girl loves Vegas. . . um. . . weighing in at two hundred and sixty three pounds. . . he is

The Monster. . .

Goliathhhh!

Goliath keeps his stare down on Kendu, and Charlene lets another little hop and the crowd cheers. She then does a bow, which helps showcase her cleavage producing a pop from the crowd, before she turns and exits the ring.

Wolf: Charlene, you either love her or hate her.

Ace: I love her!

The bell rings, and Goliath raises his arms to flex before letting out a grunt. A wiseass in the crowd mocks him with a grunt of his own and a few of his friends laugh. The laughter hits Goliath

s ears and he turns to find the source of this laughter, but as he turns Kendu charges him and hits Goliath across the back with a forearm.

Wolf: Kendu with a forearm to the distracted Goliath.

Ace: You

ve gotta pay attention to the man in the ring

it is essential. Somebody says something about your momma, you remember it and handle it after the match, not during!

Goliath shakes off the forearm and turns, taking one hand and covering Kendu

s face with his palm before shoving him away. Kendu falls backward and hits the mat.

Wolf: Goliath just tossed Kendu aside as if he were nothing.

Ace: He certainly has the strength of a goliath.

Kendu quickly gets to his feet, and Goliath turns to face him.

Wolf: Kendu back up, and he wants more Goliath.

Ace: Got an open spot in that landfill of his.

Goliath and Kendu lock up in the center of the ring and Goliath quickly over powers him, again shoving him away. The force of the shove sends Kendu down and his back hits the mat.

Wolf: Goliath again showing his strength.

Ace: If Kendu thinks he can win this way, he

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

s mistaken.

Kendu quickly gets up to his feet, looking around at the crowd in shock, as he greatly underestimated the strength of Goliath. Goliath meanwhile sees the indecision in his opponent and takes a moment to pose for the crowd, which responds with to a mild pop. Kendu stomps his feet before making his way over to Goliath for another lockup.

Wolf: Another lockup now in the center of the ring. Goliath looks to have the advantage

No!

Kendu quickly comes up with an eye rake, and Goliath sells it, reaching up for his eye and turning away from Kendu.

Wolf: Eye rake from Kendu.

Ace: Rip his eyes out! Stuff em in a jar! Keep em on your mantle!

Kendu charges Goliath his trajectory pointed straight as Goliath
s leg, and clips his left knee, the force of the blow knocking Goliath to the mat on his back.

Wolf: Tackle to the knee of Goliath, and Goliath is down.

Ace: Timber!

Kendu gets to his feet and without wasting any time, grabs Goliath
s left knee and brings it upward, exposing the side of the knee before coming down on the mat knee first,
across Goliath
s knee.

Wolf: Knee smash by Kendu! Kendu targeting the knee of Goliath now!

Ace: That

s good Kendu, now keep him on the mat! Don
t let him get up or you
re in for a world of trouble, friend!

Goliath sells the knee smash, and Kendu gets to his feet and grabs Goliath
s left leg, pushing it forward before kicking the back of the knee. Goliath sells the kick, reaching up to grab
his knee, but again Kendu grabs his leg and kicks the inner knee once more.

Wolf:

Kendu continuing to work the knee of Goliath. He
s trying to incapacitate the big man, Ace.

Ace: That height advantage is gone
just gone if Goliath can
t stand. I suppose maybe he could fight from his knees?

Kendu then goes to grab Goliath
s leg once more, but with his right leg, Goliath kicks him off, the force of the kick sending Kendu back several
steps. Goliath then turns and gets up to his feet, slowly.

Wolf: And look at the knee of Goliath. He
s feeling it, that
s for sure.

Ace:

Goliath is gonna need some Icy Hot after this match. That
s right, Icy

Hot, the product the cools the pain and then warms the injury to provide sweet, sweet relief.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Wolf:

Way to slip that ad in there, Ace.

Ace: I

m always looking for openings.

Kendu recovers after the kick from Goliath and shortens the gap between them. He then punches Goliath with a left, then a right, before attempting to Irish whip Goliath into the ropes.

Wolf: Kendu with the Irish whip

Goliath reverses!

Goliath reverses the Irish whip, sending Kendu into the ropes instead.

Wolf: Kendu into the ropes now.

As Kendu returns off the ropes he jumps up in the air and turns his body mid-air, but Goliath catches him, cradling him across his body.

Wolf: Kendu tried that cross body, but Goliath caught him!

Ace: Yeah its gonna take a lot more speed and weight to knock a fella like Goliath down, even with one bad knee!

Goliath lets out a roar before raises Kendu over his head and bringing him down across his knee.

Wolf: Backbreaker by Goliath! And Kendu looks hurt!

Ace:

Fuck that, Goliath has kept the hold on

Kendu, he

s looking to do more damage!

Goliath keeps the hold and then screams again, Kendu still clutched in both his arms. Goliath raises Kendu over his head with

ease, and Kendu falls to the mat on his back behind him, as Goliath flexes once more to another measly pop from the crowd.

Wolf: The strength of Goliath has just been too much for Major Kurt Kendu.

Ace: Don

t forget, he

s always got that bag of trick on hand, should something get nasty. He had something powerful enough to put down The Disposal last Lethal Injection

m sure he

s got something just as deadly for Goliath.

Wolf: It better not be a gun, the last thing we need---

Goliath walks over to Kendu, who

s still on the mat, with only a slight limp; it is hardly noticeable. He stomps Kendu in the back on the head once with a big boot before grabbing Kendu and bringing him to his feet. Goliath then grabs Kendu by the arm and pulls him toward him, using his off arm to strike Kendu across the throat as he reaches him.

Wolf: What a clothesline, Ace! I think that one could even rival one of FJ Tombs clotheslines!

Ace: Please. . . don

t mention Tombs. I know I said he was too nice, but I never wanted him to get blindsided by a car. Those things are weapons in the hands of the elderly you know.

Wolf: Don

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

t you dare make an old joke. . . Just don't!

Kendu sells the clothesline, but Goliath reaches down and picks him up, tossing him out of the ring, all in one motion.

Wolf: Kendu out of the ring now. This could get dangerous fans.

Ace: Look the fuck out, there's no barricade out there for God's sake!

Wolf: What happened to our barricade anyway?

Ace: Last I heard it was sold for scrap metal!

Goliath climbs out of the ring after Kendu, who sells out on the court. Kendu slowly gets to one knee and already Goliath is on him with a hard right. The blow knocks Kendu back and Goliath follows with a left, before grabbing Kendu and bringing him to his feet.

Wolf: Kurt Kendu does not look good. I think Goliath just may be too much for Kendu.

Ace: No! Not Kendu. Kendu Can-do anything! Look out fans!

Goliath waves his off hand through the crowd, instructing them to clear away, and as the fans quickly scatter out of the way, Goliath tosses Kendu head first into a sea of chairs and Kendu lands sprawling on the ground, chairs scattering in every direction.

Ace: Does that bastard know how long it took to set all those chairs up?! Hours! I should know. . . I watched them get set up.

Wolf: Yeah, let us not agitate the fans more than they already are. I mean The Row doesn't exactly have the best reputation anymore.

A few fans get so close to Goliath they slap him on the back as Goliath raises his arms in a display of strength. Goliath tosses his arms aside, parting the fans and making his way toward Kendu, who we can see crawling around on the court on all fours in an attempt to get to his feet.

Wolf: Only the second match in and we're already spilling out into the crowd!

Ace:

That

s right ladies and gentlemen, Death Row

Wrestling, up close and personal. Come along and bring the kids.

Wolf:

That sounds like a horrible idea, Ace. Kids around The Row.

Goliath charges

him, the camera man quick on his heels and Goliath raises a foot and boots Kendu right across the face, knocking him again to the court.

Wolf: What a big boot by Goliath! I don't think Kendu saw that one coming!

Ace: He may not have seen it, but he's certainly feeling it right now, I can guarantee you that.

The crowd lets out a mild pop, a few fans starting up a Death Row chant that quickly dies down due to lack of interest/enthusiasm. Goliath makes his way over to Kendu, who is still selling the big boot. Goliath grabs

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Kendu and brings him to his feet before attempting to Irish whip Kendu into the brick wall of the gymnasium.

Wolf: Look out Kendu! No! Kendu reverses!

Kendu reverses the Irish whip and falls to one knee as Goliath collides with the wall with a great slapping sound of flesh on brick. Goliath staggers back and falls to the court as the crowd pops at the sound.

Wolf: Goliath just came face to face with that brick wall! There was no give at all! That has got to hurt.

Ace: Well it certainly wasn't

pleasant! Not for Goliath anyway. I rather enjoyed that on the other hand.

Both men slowly get to their feet, and exchange blows, making their way back toward the ring. Goliath throws up a right, but Kendu blocks it and then kicks Goliath in the gut. Goliath bends from the blow and Kendu grabs him by the head and runs with him toward the ring.

Wolf: Thank God! This thing might take on some sort of a semblance of a wrestling match now! Both wrestlers headed toward the ring!

As they reach the ring Kendu slams Goliath head first into the steel ring steps, the force of the collision separating the two pieces that make up the stairs. The crowd pops.

Ace: There

s going to be a lot of work for the stage hands today.

Wolf: You mean the drunks? Absolutely! Goliath just went head first into those steel steps, and the fans are loving it!

Kendu raises up a hand and extends a thumb, running it over his throat. Goliath sells the collision with the ring steps, laying on the court on his back, his face contorted into a grimace. Goliath breathes heavily on the court, his chest rising up and down.

Wolf: Goliath has not moved! Goliath is hurt! He is hurt!

Ace:

If it weren't

for his heavy breathing, I would say he was dead.

Kendu then makes his way over to Goliath and tosses him into the ring, following after.

Wolf: Both men back into the ring now. . .

Goliath rolls into the center of the ring, ending up on his back and Kendu follows, dropping to the mat and hooking his leg. Frank Knox drops to the mat to make the count, a few of the fans counting along each time his hand hits the mat.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin, Ace! 1. . . 2. . . Kick out! Goliath kicks out!

Ace: He

s down but he

s not out! He

s a goliath after all.

Goliath kicks out after the two count, and Frank Knox rises to his knees, extending an arm with two of his fingers raised. The crowd lets out a shout of TTTWWWWOOOOO.

Wolf: Only a two count there by veteran official Frank Knox. And it looks like both men are down.

Both men remain on the mat, and seeing this Frank Knox starts to make the count. 1. . . 2. . .

Wolf: The referee starting to count now, could we have a double count out?

Ace: We better not. Nothing I hate more than a double count out!

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Kendu starts to get to his feet, reaching up grabbing for the ropes. 3. . . 4. . . Goliath starts to move, and as he gets up to his feet Kendu is already standing. Kendu converges upon him and kicks him once in the left knee.

Wolf: Kendu back in charge and he
s working the knee of Goliath once again.

Ace: Hey that sounds like a good sitcom. Maybe if wrestling doesn
t work out for Kendu he could start in Kendu Back in Charge, only this summer on WB.

Goliath sells his bad knee, and Kendu raises his foot and stomps the knee once more. Goliath staggers back from the blow into the corner.

Wolf: That knee is hurt. Goliath is walking around on one leg here.

Ace: Good! Serves him right! He
s no Goliath, now is he?

Kendu then rises up, grabbing the top rope as he steps up on the bottom rope. Kendu raises his arm and then brings it down, the crowd counting each blow. 1. . . 2. . . 3. . . 4. . . 5. . . 6. . . 7. . . 8. . . Kendu goes for the ninth punch, but Goliath blocks it.

Wolf: Goliath with the block, and Kendu is in a precarious spot right now. I wouldn
t want to be him for sure.

Ace: Are you sure, not even for a pair of cut offs?

Wolf: Never!

Goliath then head butts Kendu before grabbing him and turning him into the corner, the two switching places.

Wolf:

Goliath taking control now, Kendu stuck in the corner.

Ace: The last place he wants to be!

Goliath then grabs the top rope and pulls himself forward, raising his leg to the midsection of Kendu.

Wolf: Massive knee by Goliath

and he

s not done!

Goliath knees Kendu in the stomach, once, twice, three times, pulling himself forward with the aid of the top rope with each blow. After the third Goliath steps back and Kendu staggers out of the corner.

Wolf: Kendu out of the corner, and not all of his senses are about him.

Ace: He looks drunker than Dark on any given night of the week

but especially Sundays.

Goliath kicks Kendu in the stomach, the force of the blow causing Kendu to bend at the waist. Goliath then hooks Kendu

s hips, pulling him upward before snapping him downward to the mat. Kendu hits the mat with a great force, and the crowd pops.

Wolf: Listen to these fans show their appreciation, Ace!

Ace:

Well it was a great power bomb, I don

t blame them one bit. Kendu hit the mat with such a force I felt that one from
here!

Goliath drops to the mat and goes for the pin, Knox hitting the mat after him for the count.

Wolf: We

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ve got a pin by Goliath! This could be it! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Kendu kicks out!

Kendu kicks out and Frank Knox raises up two fingers, the crowd letting out a fading TWWWOOOOO.

Goliath checks with Knox and Knox extends two fingers in his face. Goliath gets up angrily and turns to Kendu stomping him several times

Wolf: Goliath frustrated now, letting his anger out on Kendu.

Ace: And that

s not good

you think this guy is bad when he

s his everyday normal self

wait till you see him when he

s angry! Kendu is in trouble now!

Goliath brings Kendu to his feet and then Irish whips him into the ropes.

Wolf:

Goliath with the Irish whip, Kendu into the ropes now. . .

Kendu comes off of the

ropes, and as he returns Goliath bends at the waist and lifts him up over his head. Kendu flies through the air with a high arc and lands on the mat on his back with a loud thud. The crowd pops.

Wolf: Massive back body drop by Goliath!

Ace: I think I lost Kendu in the lights there for a second. He got some real air with that one.

Wolf: There

s no doubt about that, and Kendu

s feeling the effects right now!

Kendu sells the back body drop, grabbing his lower back and dragging himself into the corner as Goliath raises his arms to a mild pop. Kendu grabs the middle rope and then pulls himself upward, getting up on one knee. He then grabs the top rope and gets to his feet.

Wolf: Look at Kendu! He

s still fighting! He

s hurt but he

s still going for Goliath!

Ace: Stay down you fool! Stay down! You wanna win the match or live to see the next day?

Kendu charges Goliath but Goliath raises a fist and punches Kendu in the face, the force of the blow knocking Kendu straight to the mat.

Wolf: Hard right by Goliath, and Kendu is down.

Ace: Where he should have been all along! I

m telling you

stay down stupid!

Goliath taunts Kendu, telling him to get up. Kendu complies, getting up slowly, and again Goliath raises a fist and brings it down across the face of Kendu, knocking him to the mat.

Wolf: Another hard right by Goliath, and Kendu is down again.

Ace: And look at Goliath

s enjoying himself tonight! I hope you fans are as well.

Goliath laughs, then bends down and grabs a handful of Kendu

s hair. Goliath looks up at the crowd as he brings Kendu to his feet. Goliath then picks up Kendu and raises

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him over his head.

Wolf: Kendu in a bad way now, raised up over Goliath's head.

Ace: Goliath looks like he could rip Kendu in half if he took a mind to it.

Wolf: Well don

t give him any ideas, Ace!

Goliath lets out a scream of strength and then steps forward, dropping Kendu face first to the mat behind him. The crowd pops and Kendu sells the bump, rolling onto his back and grabbing his face.

Wolf: Kendu down now after that military press, and the fans are showing their appreciation.

Ace: Goliath has been on a losing streak for awhile now, but tonight just may be his night!

Wolf: You can do it!

Kendu is slow to get up after the military press, sapping up precious energy in an effort to get up. He grabs the bottom rope and pulls himself toward it, and then he grabs the middle rope slowly pulling himself up.

Wolf: Kendu slow to get up after that one.

Ace: He got dropped from a damn good height. If I were him I would have quit already.

Wolf: And that

s why you

re a commentator, not a wrestler.

Ace: Yeah. . . that. . . and my unwillingness to job.

Kendu gets to his feet and Goliath shortens the distance between them in a few long strides. He reaches back and punches Kendu in the face several times before reaching down and hooking Kendu, grabbing him and lifting him up before quickly slamming him down to the mat.

Wolf: Power slam by Goliath! Emphasis on power!

Ace: Oh he

s got power alright. A lot more than Kendu.

Goliath then stands over Kendu a moment, looking down at him with a vicious glare before bending down and scooping him up. Goliath then wraps his arms around Kendu's back and squeezes.

Wolf: Goliath with the bear hug on Kendu!

Ace: Goliath should be careful here, we

ve already had one death in The Row already, we don

t need another major accident. . . Don

t snap his spine, whatever you do!

Kendu bends his head back as Goliath tightens the bear hug, giving the illusion that he's actually squeezing the life out of him. Kendu shakes his head, his breathing becoming shallow due to the bear hug.

Wolf: Kendu in a bad way, wrapped up in that bear hug. His breathing is short and quick, he can't get a full breath in Ace!

Ace: Well that

s the point of a bear hug, and with a guy as powerful as Goliath, it

s not anything to play with. I repeat, do not snap his spine!

Frank Knox checks on Kendu, moving around Goliath and looking over his shoulder at Kendu to see if he wants to submit. Kendu says nothing, letting out a few grunts as Goliath tightens the hold. Kendu

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s breathing slows.

Wolf: I think Kendu is headed down a long dark hallway.

Ace: He

s definitely on the verge of passing out, there

s no doubt about that one Wolf.

Wolf: This one could be over folks. . .

Kendu reaches toward the ropes but it is vain, for he can clearly see that he is too far away from them. His fingers spread and he paws at the air, the movement slowing. Before long Kendu

s head drops, his hand succumbing to gravity.

Wolf: Kendu is out! He is not moving! He has no control over his movements.

Frank Knox looks around and then grabs Kendu

s arm, raising it up in the air. He lets it drop and Kendu

s hand falls on its one. Frank counts ONE.

Ace: I use this same test to see if a girl is passed out enough to fuck her without her waking up in the middle of it.

Wolf: No! Ace. . . no! Please tell me that

s a joke!

Ace: I aint saying. . .

Frank grabs Kendu

s arm once more, lifting it, and again it falls out of the air like a dead pigeon. Frank counts TWO.

Wolf: There

s the second count. If Kendu

s hand drops a third time this one is over!

Ace: It

s gotta be over. Kendu is not with us at the moment. He

s like a dead fish right now.

Frank grabs Kendu

s arm the final time, lifting it high before letting it drop. Kendu

s arm started to fall, but suddenly he regains consciousness and takes control again. The arm stopped mid-air, and Kendu immediately begins to shake.

Wolf: Wrong again Ace! Kendu

s awake! Kendu

s with us.

Ace: How convenient. Like in the movies, where the bomb always gets disarmed with one second to spare. How dramatic.

Wolf: It is!

He kicks his feet and his arms for a moment, the crowd buzzing slightly and the Kendu reaches up, bashing Goliath in the head. Goliath sells the blow but keeps the hold.

Wolf: Kendu fighting out of the bear hug now!

Kendu bashes him in the head once more, then a second time, and then a third and final time before Goliath breaks the hold, staggering back. Kendu then immediately takes off, turning and running toward the ropes. As he returns he goes for a shoulder block, the blow knocking Goliath clean to the mat.

Wolf: Kendu in control now after breaking out of the bear hug and hitting the massive Goliath with a shoulder

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block. . . I love wrestling. You just never know what
s gonna happen.

Ace:

That

s right, I could slap you right now and you would never see it coming. . .

Wolf: Don

t you dare. . .

Kendu lies on the mat alongside Goliath, who doesn

t move. Both men breath heavily and Frank Knox starts up the count. 1. . . 2. . . 3. . . raising his arms each
time.

Wolf: That

s all Kendu had left! The tank is empty and both men are down now.

Ace: If this ends in a double count out after all that shit I give these people permission to riot.

Wolf: No, not again Ace! Keep your trap shut!

4. . . Kendu starts to get to his feet. 5. . . Goliath starts to get to his feet. 6. . . Kendu gets up, charges Goliath
and hits him over the back with a forearm smash.

Wolf: Kendu up first, attacking Goliath with a forearm smash.

Ace: Thank God for that

no count out.

Kendu strikes him again and again before Irish whipping Goliath into the ropes.

Wolf:

Irish whip now from Kendu, Goliath into the ropes.

Ace: Here he comes Wolf! Coming at you like a train!

Goliath comes off the ropes and returns, Kendu catching him in the center of the ring with a kick to the
gut, followed by a hook of the head. Kendu then comes down, bringing Goliath
s head straight into the mat.

Wolf: DDT by Kendu! And Goliath is down!

Goliath sells the DDT, reaching up to grab his head as he lies on the mat. Kendu slowly gets to his feet,
pushing himself up from his knees. Kendu then makes his way over to Goliath and brings him to his feet.
Goliath staggers a bit, and Kendu reaches back with a right and chops him in the chest. The crowd WOOOS.

Wolf: Kendu chopping Goliath into the corner now, and listen to those shots!

Ace: Those chops just ringing through this gymnasium. Look at Goliath
s chest!

Kendu chops him again and again, working him into the corner,
Goliath

s chest turning a bright crimson. As Goliath hits up against the turnbuckle in the corner, Kendu switches to
stomps, and starts stomping Goliath in the gut.

Wolf: Kendu getting a little revenge here, he
s stomping away at Goliath.

Ace: And Goliath is trapped in that corner, there
s nothing he can do.

Kendu then runs to the opposite corner of the ring and turns around, not wasting any time and by charging
Goliath. He reaches Goliath and hops up onto his knees, and then tucks Goliath

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s head as he falls backwards and uses his feet to flip Goliath up over hip into the air and down to the mat.

Wolf: Monkey flip by Major Kendu!

Kendu scrambles over to Goliath and goes for the pin, Frank Knox seeing the attempt and hitting the mat.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . NO! Goliath kicks out!

Ace: And the match keeps on keeping on.

The crowd buzzes after the near pinfall, everyone excited save for the fat man in the front row, his mustache still hanging out over a frown, his arms folded over one another as if he were trying to keep his hands warm by sticking them in his arm pits. Kendu gets up and brings Goliath to his feet and irish whips Goliath into the ropes.

Wolf:

Irish whip by Major Kendu, Goliath into the ropes now.

Goliath returns and clotheslines Kendu out of the ring over the top rope.

Wolf: What a clothesline! The force of that one knocked Kendu right out of the ring.

Ace: That one had to hurt, Wolf! That

s an awful long way to fall, and there

s nothing to cushion your fall out there!

Kendu lands hard on the outside and Goliath turns to scream at the crowd as Frank Knox heads to the ropes and starts to count. 1. . .2. . .3. . .

Wolf: Frank Knox making the count now as Kendu catches his breath outside of the ring.

Ace: He Kendu! Just go home man! It

s not worth it, you

ve already earned your paycheck as it is! And it

s a measly paycheck at that!

Kendu slowly gets to his feet and he gets up on the apron, just as Goliath makes his way over to the ropes. As Kendu gets to his feet on the edge of the apron Goliath reaches back and hits Kendu with a left that rocks him back and he wouldn

t have fallen off had he not kept hold of the top rope. Goliath then hits Kendu with a right.

Wolf: Kendu battling from the ring apron now, this could get dangerous.

Ace: Be ready to jump out of the way--if necessary--fans.

Goliath reaches over the ropes and hooks Kendu

s head under his arm, and hooks his arm over his head before reaching down and grabbing Kendu

s tights and lifting him up in the arm. Goliath holds Kendu in the air vertically.

Wolf: Look at the strength of Goliath, he

s holding up Major Kendu!

Ace:

From the looks of it, I

d be willing to wage Goliath could lift two Major

Kendus, no problem.

Wolf: I think you very well may be right!

Goliath walks about the ring, showing his strength before lifting a leg and falling straight backwards. Kendu hits the mat with a great slam and the crowd lets out a measly pop.

Wolf: Fans showing some appreciation after that massive suplex!

Ace: And look at Kendu! He

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s trying to get away!

Kendu starts to roll out of the ring in an effort to get out of the ring but Goliath puts a foot down atop of Kendu and stops him. Goliath stomps him once before bringing him to his feet. Goliath hits him with a right and Kendu strikes back with a left of his own, though he staggers about the ring. Goliath returns with another right, and Kendu responds with another left.

Wolf: Both men exchanging blows now, but who
s gonna gain the upperhand?

The two men start exchanging rapid blows and Goliath grabs Kendu and drives his forehead into Kendu
s, knocking him clean to the mat.

Ace: Goliath, that
s who!

Wolf: Head butt from Goliath, and Kendu is down now!

Again Kendu tries to roll out of the ring but Goliath stoops down and brings him to his feet, quickly Irish
whipping him into the ropes.

Wolf: Kendu into the ropes now.

Kendu hits the ropes and as he returns Goliath bends down and scoops up Kendu, holding him up over his
shoulder. Goliath takes a few steps forward to drive Kendu down over his shoulder, but Kendu slips out and
pushes Goliath further in the direction he was headed.

Wolf: Kendu got out of that precarious situation there.

Ace: But how long can he last! He can
t evade Goliath all night!

Wolf: Well he hasn
t Ace!

Goliath turns and Kendu kicks him in the gut before hooking the head and grabbing one of Goliaths arms. He
turns to his right before spinning in the opposite direction, bringing Goliath down to the mat across his
shoulder.

Wolf: Spinning neck breaker by Kendu!

Kendu gets to his feet and stumbles to the ropes as Goliath sells the spinning neck breaker.

Wolf:

Both men feeling the effects of this match, Ace.

Ace: They
ve been in the ring, they
ve been out on the court, they
ve been through the fans
ve been all over the place. I
m surprised they didn
t just fight right out the door.

Kendu raises his arms for a moment before turning to the center of the ring and coming up Goliath. He pulls
him to his feet, at Goliath can hardly stand. Kendu kicks him in the gut and places his head between his legs.
Kendu then lifts up Goliath until his perpendicular with the ring and then drops down to the mat, bringing
Kendu down to the mat on the top of his head.

Wolf: Pile driver by Kendu! And Goliath is down!

Ace: I

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m not gonna lie. . . that. . . looked nasty. I think Kendu botched that one.

Wolf: Goliath is down and not moving. And listen to these fans.

The fans let out a mild pop and Kendu crawls over Goliath, going for the pin. Knox hits the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . 3! Kendu

s done it! Kendu has defeated Goliath!

Ace: And Goliath

s losing streak continues!

The bell rings and a few fans boo the result of the match. Kendu quickly gets out of the ring and makes his way to his bag of tricks. He grabs it up and tosses it into the ring and then slides in after it.

Wolf: We

ve seen that bag before! This can

t be good!

Ace: Goliath better get the fuck out of there, or he

s in for some more pain.

Kendu opens the bag, ignoring Knox who tries to tell him the match is already over. Kendu reaches in the bag, ignoring the bell as it continues to ring, and pulls out a length of chain. He raises it up over his head to show it to the crowd.

Wolf: He

s got a chain! Somebody stop this! Come on! Somebody!

Ace: You want it stopped so bad why don

t you do it?

Wolf: It

s not my job and you know it! Where

s the boss when we need him!

Kendu brings the chain back and then he swings, the chain flashing through the air. It strikes the back of Goliath and Goliath sells the chain whipping, letting out a cry of pain. Kendu smiles wickedly and brings the chain up again and whips Goliath once more.

Wolf: My God! Kendu

s gone mad!

Ace: Working that chain like a pro. You think he was ever a motorcycle outlaw?

Content with the whipping Kendu drops to the mat and wraps the chain around Goliath

s neck several times before pulling back on the chain, choking Goliath.

Wolf: Get somebody out here dammit!

Ace: There is nobody. Less you want the wrestlers to come help Goliath. I doubt that will happen.

Wolf: Isn

t anybody going to do anything?

Kendu then grabs the chain and starts to drag Goliath out of the ring. As he reaches the ropes he shoves Goliath under the bottom rope and then follows after him. As Kendu reaches the ground outside the ring he grabs up Goliath by the chain and proceeds to drag him across the court so casually it

s surprising he

s not whistling.

Wolf: Kendu is taking Goliath out of here!

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Ace: Goliath is gonna wake up strapped to a table, where Kendu will perform all kinds of demented experiments on him. . . or he

Il just bury him alive. Or. . . he could break free. . .

Wolf: Or someone could stop this!

Ace:

Again, I don

t see you doing anything.

Kendu drags across the court and out the double

doors, disappearing with Goliath dragging behind him.

Wolf: And there goes Kendu. . . Will we ever see Goliath again?

Ace:

I doubt that. He

s gone. Don

t shed a tear now.

Beef Man

Not long before his match, Ian Michaels is spotted backstage with a man from the local butcher shop. An exchange of money is

shown, as Ian slides him what looks to be about two hundred dollars in twenties.

Ace: Looks like Ian decided to get some raw meat to feed the beast Wolf! Wolf: One cannot blame him though Ace. That man is one sick mother fuc... Ace: Hey now, leave the cussing for someone else!

Backstage Ian is still with the local butcher as the camera gets closer and ease drops on the conversation between the two men. Ian Michaels: I do not care what anyone says or does you are to uphold to this deal.

GOT ME? Butcher: No problem sir, my word is my bond! Ian Michaels: Your blood will be the cost of breaking that bond. It'll be you they slice up and wrap in wax paper if you fuck me! Butcher: I got you man, relax some!

This is simple! Ian Michaels: So no matter what, you do not provide that retarded bastard or his rat fat friend with any meat of any kind! As far as they are concern, you are all sold out! Camera cuts back to Wolf and Ace at ringside who both look puzzled as all hell. As the camera shoots back to Ian and the butcher, they shake and Ian heads towards the ring. Ace: I think Ian maybe crazier Wolf! Wolf: Maybe? That bastard needs some Prozac or something!

Concessions

The sweltering heat of San Jose filters on down, through the trees, through the leaves, straight down on your forehead, and if you

re like The Disposal, your manboobs

the very same manboobs that are spilling out of your shirt right now you fat pig. The Disposal sits on a folded metal chair, looking more than a little annoyed.

For one, this blasted heat. It

s the sort of heat that makes you get swamp ass

and there is very little that is more displeasing than a soggy ass. Secondly, he

s been given the task of parting with some of his foodstuffs.

The second they appeared at the school, The Disposal had emerged from his beat up car carrying a knapsack with enough food to feed four or five families. And it was mostly junk food. The Row being strapped with

cash, Dark seized the bag and sorted it, laying each delicate beauty out before giving The Disposal this

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dreadful task that consisted of feeding everyone but himself.

He is very much annoyed, and parts with each bag of M&M

s or snack sized bag of chips or box of licorice as if he were a bitch watching its owners part with pup after pup of her litter. Squirming in his seat, he judges the sun and does his best to ignore the customers, but alas they are quite persistent.

Patron: Cracker Jacks, and uh. . . oh and are those gummy-bears?

NO NOT MY GUMMY BEARS!

Disposal: Yes. . .

The Disposal says sadly.

Disposal (cont

d): Those are gummy bears. . .

Patron: I

ll take two of those.

TWO! THE ROTTEN BASTARD. . . I OUGHT TO. . . I OUGHT TO. . . SIT ON HIM! YEAH THAT S IT! SIT ON HIM!

Disposal: Yes sir. . .

The Disposal is now on the verge of tears, a great cloud of depression has come over him.

Disposal: That

ll be twenty five dollars.

Patron: TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS? That

s a rip off! I had no idea it would be so much. I won t pay it.

Disposal: Fine.

The Disposal instantly perks up. He doesn

t even try to hide his joy, smiling wide. But then the man

s child begins to cry. The savage bastard actually brought his kid to a Death Row show. Perhaps he didn t know any better. . .

Patron: Timothy, it

s just too. . .

A great wail erupted from the child, and grudgingly the man handed over the dough.

Patron (cont

d): Here. But it

s highway robber I tell you!

The Disposal looks down at the two twenty bills and looks up at the man and frowns.

Disposal: I

m afraid I don

t have change. . .

Frustrated the man throws up his arms and storms off. The Disposal throws up his arms and shrugs, placing the two twenties in the lock box under his seat.

We fade.

Tarrasque vs. IM Hate

Wolf:

We

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ve now heard from both of the following combatants, IM Hate and Tarrasque.

Ace:

Yeah, IM Hate wasn

t kidding when he said he lives on hate. . . that guy absolutely hates everything.

Wolf: Everything but the Death Row gold. . . but according to Dark if he wants that belt he
s gonna have to work for it. And tonight he
s starting with Tarrasque.

Ace: I don

t know if this is a punishment or what, but I know I wouldn

t want to be in the ring with Tarrasque

ve cut off his beef supply due to money constraints and I hear he
s mighty pissed!

Wolf:

Pissed or not, Tarrasque is a formidable opponent.

Tarrasque

s theme begins to play through the

gym, the single Tarrasque fan in the crowd letting out a huge

FUCK YEAH

before letting out a round of applause all on his lonesome. Horace unlocks the padlock and puts it in his
pocket before unhooking the chain and opening the doors.

Wolf: Well we

ve got one Tarrasque fan here tonight.

Ace: Jesus Christ, from what bus stop did we get that guy from?

Wolf: It

s nice to see that the fans are somewhat paying attention.

Tarrasque appears in the double doorway with his teeth clenched and has arms rigid. The single Tarrasque
fan continues to cheer as Tarrasque lets out a massive roar which echoes around the gym and frightens a
child in the fourth row, who promptly begins to cry.

Wolf: I

ve always felt Tarrasque entrance needed something. . . and it appears that something was the crying of
children.

Ace: I know, he

s got a real visceral sort of danger about him now. Tarrasque will eat your children ladies and gentlemen,
especially when he hasn

t been fed. . .

Wolf: And he

s been without raw beef for days now!

Tarrasque makes his way out onto the court but then stops, and Allen Anderson comes parading out from
behind him, donned in his usual suit, his hand clutching his ivory cane. The Tarrasque fan begins to boo Allen
Anderson as he appears.

Wolf: That guy doesn

t like Allen Anderson.

Ace: Yah think?

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Tarrasque makes his way down to the ring, followed by Allen Anderson, who hobbles behind him with his patented cane. Tarrasque ignores the fans, looking only at the ring, but Allen on the other hand takes the time to look around at fans with a scowl on his face. A fan reaches to touch Tarrasque and Allen quickly swings his cane down and raps the fan on the knuckles just like a teacher would a bad student.

Wolf: Allen Anderson what are you doing! That

s a little rough don

t you think!

Ace: Tarrasque is some sort of super-solider funded by the Warhammer Corporation. . . this freak is probably worth a lot of money

I wouldn

t want anybody touching him either!

Wolf: But rapping with a cane?

Ace: Capital punishment!

Wolf:

That doesn

t even apply here. . .

As Tarrasque reaches the ring, Allen Anderson is brushed aside and IM Hate suddenly appears, rushing toward the unknowing Tarrasque. Ian Michaels drives a forearm into the back of Tarrasque, and then begins to rain down rights and lefts to the back of Tarrasque's head, not wasting any time.

Wolf: Ian Michaels attacking Tarrasque from behind! And this match hasn

t even started yet!

Ace: He

s so full of hate he didn

t want to waste any time here, Wolf!

Wolf: This is how this coward fights! From behind when you aren

t expecting it!

Furious, Allen Anderson reaches back and swats Ian Michael on the back, but he

s not the man he used to be, and Ian turns and laughs at Allen before grabbing the end of the cane and wrenching it out Allen

s hands and using the end to poke him in the chest, knocking him to the ground.

Wolf: Look out Allen! God damn you Ian Michaels! That

s an old man there, not a professional wrestler!

Ace: Look at you. . . standing up for your fellow old people. . . It

s cute really.

Tarrasque recovers from the punches and lays a forearm smash to the back of IM Hate, the blow causing him to drop the cane. Tarrasque then grabs Ian by the head and tosses him into the ring.

Wolf: Tarrasque taking the upper hand, and Ian Michaels in the ring now. Maybe now we can finally get this match underway.

Ace: I hate Ian Michaels, only because we won

t be able to hear from the great Charlene again.

Wolf: Oh please, you just want to stare at her tits again. . . She

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

s no ring announcer!

Ian Michaels gets to his feet inside the ring and Tarrasque climbs up to the apron knee first, before getting to his feet. Ian Michaels quickly charges Tarrasque and goes for the clothesline but Tarrasque ducks it.

Wolf: Clothesline by Ian Michaels

no! Tarrasque ducks it.

Tarrasque then throws a right, the ferocity of which knocks Ian Michaels back a few steps into the center of the ring. Tarrasque steps over the top rope and the bell rings.

Wolf: Tarrasque in the ring now, now let

s get this match going!

Ace: I want to see blood

m just throwing that one out there.

Tarrasque charges Ian Michaels and goes for a clothesline but Ian Michael ducks it. Ian then charges the ropes, turning so that his back hits the ropes and propels him forward into center of the ring.

Wolf: IM Hate off the ropes. . .

IM Hate returns Tarrasque catches him and turning slams him straight to the mat, all in one motion.

Wolf: Thunderous powerslam by Tarrasque!

Ace:

And what a move that is. . .

s my generic Tony Schivoni commentating.

Tarrasque raises up his knee and raises his arms out as he lets out a roar. Allen Anderson applauds from the outside, turning to look at the crowd to show his pleasure. The old man is enjoying himself, and you should know that.

Wolf: Allen Anderson is sick! Just sick! He

s taking enjoyment in all of this!

Ace: And you mean to say you aren

t?

Wolf: I

m here to do a job. . .

Tarrasque then gets to his feet, raises his left arm bent at the elbow, and drops to the mat, bringing the elbow square across the chest of Ian Michaels.

Wolf: Tarrasque with the elbow drop! I don

t think I

ve ever seen him jump like that before!

Ace: I

m starting to think the Warhammer Corporation would have had more luck creating a basketball star than a super soldier. Imagine Tarrasque driving the lane. . .

Wolf: Look out Shaq!

Tarrasque gets up and brings Ian Michaels to his feet, but as Ian rises, he rises with a fist and punches Tarrasque in the gut.

Wolf: Ian Michaels with a quick punch to the gut, and he

s up now.

Ian Michaels springs to his feet and uses his smart hands, peppering Tarrasque with a left right combination to the face.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Wolf: The brawler Ian Michaels going to work here, laying on the punches.

Ace: Ian Michaels looking like a boxer out there, bob and move dammit! Keep your hands up!

Ian then runs off the ropes for momentum and as he returns Tarrasque grabs him and spins around, slamming him to the mat with a loud bump. The crowd lets out a mild pop and Tarrasque roars. Tarrasque then hooks the leg, going for the pin. Knox slides to the mat to make the count.

Wolf: Quick pin here by Tarrasque! 1. . . 2

kick out! Not enough there from Tarrasque

Ian Michaels is able to kick out.

Ace: Tarrasque had his protein before this match

s looking exceptional. And look at Allen Anderson, he

s loving every minute of it.

Tarrasque gets up to his feet and stomps Ian Michaels in the head, once, twice, three times, Ian selling each stomp.

Wolf: Tarrasque stomping away on Ian Michaels, and Tarrasque is not done!

Tarrasque brings Ian Michaels to his feet and lets out another roar before reaching out and placing a huge hand around the neck of Ian Michaels. Ian Michaels eyes widen, as the crowd buzzes.

Wolf: Look out IM Hate! You

re in store for a ride I don

t think you

re going to like!

Ace: Oh he already knows it Wolf

look at those eyes. . . those eyes are full of fear!

Tarrasque roars once more before lifting Ian Michaels up with one hand, high up over his shoulder. He holds him there for a few moments, an Ian kicks his feet before using his right arm to elbow Tarrasque in the face.

Wolf: We could have a choke slam here

but Ian Michaels is trying to fight his way out of it. Elbow from Ian Michaels!

The first elbow merely agitates Tarrasque, but the second sends his ears ringing and the third is enough for Tarrasque to break the hold. Landing on his feet, Ian Michaels kicks Tarrasque in the gut and then hooks his head before him bringing him down to the mat, head first.

Wolf: DDT by IM Hate! DDT! Tarrasque is down!

Ian Michaels gets up quickly, stopping to reach back and grab his lower back before running off the ropes. As he returns he jumps up into the air and comes down with an elbow on Tarrasque s chest. Ian Michaels crawls over to Tarrasque and goes for the pin.

Wolf: Ian Michaels going for the pin, but no!

Tarrasque throws Ian Michaels off of him, but Ian Michaels scrambles over the mat and goes for the pin once again.

Wolf: Ian Michaels going for the pin once again, but Tarrasque doesn

t want any part of it. He

s already thrown Ian off of him once already!

Ace:

Tarrasque is still too fresh right now

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

all those pins are in vain Ian.

Again Tarrasque pushes Ian Michaels off of him, IM Hate landing several feet away from him.

Wolf:

And again, Tarrasque denies even the attempt of the pin. And Ian is frustrated now!

Ian Michaels scrambles over the mat once more, but instead of going for the pin he starts punching away on Tarrasque in frustration.

Wolf: IM Hate punching away on Tarrasque now, he

s had it! He

s had it!

Ace:

There

s still more work to be done, Wolf.

Ian Michaels gets to his feet and starts stomping Tarrasque emphatically. Allen Anderson can be heard barking orders from ringside and Ian Michaels gets up to lean over the ropes a flip off Allen Anderson before returning to Tarrasque and stomping him some more.

Wolf: Ian Michaels showing his feelings for Allen Anderson now!

I

d love to flip off Allen Anderson, I

ll tell yah.

Ace: Ian Michaels working on nothing but hate now. His hatred for the world is behind every punch, every stomp, every move he s done.

Ian Michaels then brings Tarrasque to his feet and throws a right, then a left, followed by another right, each blow rocking Tarrasque backward. Ian Michaels then pushes Tarrasque up against the ropes before Irish whipping him into the ropes.

Wolf: Tarrasque into the ropes after the Irish whip from Ian Michaels.

Tarrasque hits the ropes, and as he returns Ian Michaels raises an elbow and hits Tarrasque square in the face, knocking him straight to the mat.

Wolf: What an elbow by Ian Michaels!

Ace: All that momentum was enough even to knock down the massive Tarrasque.

Ian Michaels drops to the mat after the fallen Tarrasque and hooks his leg, going for the pin. Frank Knox hits to the mat to fulfill his duties.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin by Ian Michaels. . . 1. . . no. He

s not able to get the pin.

Ace:

This one isn

t over yet, Wolf. Not by a long shot. Tarrasque is a super soldier

or so they say. You

ve got to go to war if you want to put this freak down.

Tarrasque kicks out after the first mat

strike, and Frank Knox quickly gets to his feet to circle around the action.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Wolf: Tarrasque kicked out though he is showing some signs of fatigue.

Ace: Get that beast a t-bone, stat! Hell just bring in a live cow, lets watch him take it down like a puma!

Tarrasque gets to his feet, with Ian Michaels laying down lefts and rights the whole way. Tarrasque gets to his feet and still Ian Michaels is punching him with random lefts and rights, but Tarrasque takes each one.

Wolf: Ian Michaels trying to hurt Tarrasque with these blows, but it seems like they re not doing much damage.

Ace: Tarrasque may be tired, but he s still strong and he

s still got his faculties about him, and that makes him dangerous. Ian Michaels has got a long night in front of him

the boss was right in booking this!

Wolf: Well this match is certainly begging to look like some form of punishment.

Ian Michaels throws a final punch and Tarrasque takes it before letting out a massive roar. Ian Michaels starts peddling backwards, his hands held out in an effort to halt Tarrasque. Tarrasque charges him and Ian Michaels continues to move backward and stops only because he s run out of ring. Tarrasque then clotheslines Ian Michaels, knocking him clear out of the ring.

Wolf: Ian Michaels out of the ring after that huge clothesline!

Ace: That

s the hard way to get out of the ring. I

m sure Ian would have rather climbed out.

Tarrasque lets out a roar as Ian Michaels hits the court outside of the ring and Allen Anderson stomps him, stopping as the ref turns to check on Frank Knox. Allen Anderson raises up his hands in innocence and backs away.

Wolf: Get that toad out of here! He has no place around a wrestling ring!

Ace: He

s the brains of the operation. He tells Tarrasque what to do and keeps him on his leash.

Wolf: That may be true, but he has no right to mess with the talent!

Ace: What are you talking about

he never hassles me?

Wolf:

I said

talent,

Ace.

Tarrasque climbs out of the ring after Ian

Michaels, and as he reaches the court Ian Michaels reaches his feet. Both men exchange blows outside of the ring. Frank Knox starts to count. 1. . .

Wolf:

Both men outside of the ring now, Tarrasque is pursuit. And this can t be good for IM Hate.

Ace: Well, he

s just getting what

s coming to him. Dark is old school, and I think this guy pissed Dark off!

Ian Michaels throws a right, but Tarrasque blocks hit and hooks the arm. Ian then throws a left and

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Tarrasque blocks the left and hooks the other arm. 2. . . With both of his arms locked Tarrasque roars and then head butts Ian Michaels.

Wolf: Head butt from Tarrasque!

Ace: That

s no small head either, that

s the head of a monster!

Tarrasque doesn

t stop there, and continues to head butt Ian Michaels, three, four, five times before releasing his hold. 3. . .

Ian Michaels falls back, selling the head butts. Tarrasque lets out another roar to a mild pop from the crowd.

4. . .

Wolf: Ian Michaels to the ground after a series of head butts from Tarrasque, and Tarrasque is looking like he didn

t feel a thing.

Ace:

He

s thick headed, Wolf. . . in more ways than one.

Tarrasque brings Ian Michaels slowly to his

feet, who is by now looking quite dazed. Tarrasque bends down and hooks Ian Michaels between the legs and then lifts him up over his shoulder. 5. . .

Wolf: Ian Michaels in a bad position here on top of Tarrasque

s shoulder. . . This could be dangerous folks.

Ace: We can only hope!

Tarrasque positions himself toward the steel ring ropes and then lifts of Ian Michaels and tosses him forward, dropping him face first down on the ring steps. 6. . .

Wolf: Ian Michaels dropped face first into the steel ropes!

Ace: Dropped from ugly beast height! That

ll do something for the ole noggin.

Ian Michaels sells the collision, reaching up to grab his face as he staggers back and falls over a fan in the first row. Tarrasque descends upon him, reaching down and grabbing him. 7. . . Tarrasque then brings Ian Michaels to his feet and tosses him into the ring, following after.

Wolf: Thank god, both men back in the ring now. Let

s get us a respectable match going

just once, what do you say?

Ace: I say no.

Ian Michaels still sells his injuries, breathing heavy on his back in the center of the ring, and Tarrasque crawls over to him and goes for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat to make the count.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin by Tarrasque! This one could very well be over! 1. . . 2. . . kick out. Kick out by Ian Michaels.

Ian Michaels kicks out. Tarrasque slowly gets up after the kick out and grabs Ian Michaels and brings him to his feet. Tarrasque then Irish whips Ian Michaels into the corner of the ring.

Wolf: Tarrasque still in charge here

Ian Michaels into the corner.

Ace: Danger, danger Will Robinson.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Wolf: Odd reference, but I
ll go with it.

Ian collides with the turnbuckle in the corner, and Tarrasque makes his way toward him, his eyes locked in on a wounded animal. Tarrasque reaches Ian and bends at the waist, lowering himself before tackling Ian Michaels in the gut.

Wolf: Tarrasque with the shoulder thrust to Ian Michaels!

Ian Michaels stumbles out of the corner of the ring and Tarrasque follows in pursuit. Tarrasque then grabs Ian Michaels by the head, bending him backward. Tarrasque then lets out a roar and comes down with an elbow across the throat of Ian Michaels as he brings him to the mat.

Wolf: What a move by Tarrasque!

Ace: Ian Michaels in trouble here Wolf.

Tarrasque gets to his feet and steps up onto Ian Michaels across the sternum. Tarrasque roars as he steps up, putting all of his weight down on Ian Michaels, the pressure so much Ian Michaels worms about the ring under Tarrasque

s foot. Tarrasque then steps off and raises his arms, flexing, the veins in his throat sticking out as he lets out yet another roar.

Wolf: All that weight of Tarrasque coming down right on Ian Michaels.

Ace: That

s more than three hundred pounds. Ian Michaels hates weight. He hates getting stepped on. He hates everything. He
s full of hate.

Wolf: Oh he

s full of something, alright, but it
s not hate.

Allen Anderson get Tarrasque

s attention and can be heard yelling directions at him. Tarrasque nods his head at each order, as Ian Michaels slowly gets to his feet. Tarrasque turns and Ian Michaels stumbles to him.

Wolf: Ian Michaels feeling the effects of this match, and Tarrasque is not done yet!

Ace:

Allen

The Brain

Anderson must have given Tarrasque the
command. Nice knowin
yah, Ian Michaels.

Tarrasque reaches back and hits Ian with a

right, then a left, before locking up with him in the center of the ring. Tarrasque then kicks Ian Michaels in the gut, but Ian ignores the kick and punches Tarrasque in the throat with a right.

Wolf: Throat strike by Ian Michaels, and that hurts anybody. I don
t care who you are, a punch to the throat is painful.

Ace: It

s a hurt that keep on giving; every time you swallow or eat.

Tarrasque sells the throat strike, swallowing with some difficulty, and angered by the blow Tarrasque then charges Ian Michaels. Michaels drops, hooking the legs, bringing Tarrasque down face first to the mat.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Wolf: Leg sweep by Ian Michaels, and Tarrasque is down on the mat.

Ian Michaels gets to his feet and grabs Tarrasque by the ankle and lifts it up, bringing the knee high up in the air before slamming it straight down to the mat. Tarrasque sells, grabbing his knee.

Wolf: Ian Michaels working the leg of the big man now.

Ace: He

s gonna chop and chop and chop at the knee until it

s useless. And a house with a bad foundation is bound to fall sooner or later.

Wolf: Cute analogy. . .

Ace: Shaddup!

Ian Michaels grabs Tarrasque by the ankle and lifts it, again driving the knee straight down to the mat.

Wolf:

And again, Ian Michaels works the knee of Tarrasque.

Ace: Thank God Tarrasque doesn't

have knees like Greg Oden, or Tarrasque

s knee would already be shattered beyond repair. . .

Ian Michaels stops the knee once before grabbing Tarrasque

s leg and stepping around the leg before bending the leg back against his own leg, hypextending the knee.

Wolf: Ian Michaels wrenching the knee now!

Ace:

If I were him, I

d pull and keep pulling till I heard cartilage snap. Tarrasque did it with

Hydreck, why not do it to him?

Tarrasque sells, grabbing his knee as he lets out the occasional cry of pain. Ian Michaels wrenches on the leg, looking around at the crowd and smiling, the hate flowing freely now.

Wolf: IM Hate in control now, taking pleasure in Tarrasque

s misery!

Ace: Misery is the one thing IM Hate actually likes

go figure. Well that, and the Death Row belt.

Wolf: You forgot Dodge Challengers. . .

Frank Knox checks off Tarrasque, getting in his face, and while he does Allen Anderson takes his cane and extends it into the ring behind his back.

Wolf: I told you this guy has no right to be around a wrestling ring! Look at him now, trying to get Tarrasque out of this.

Ace: Good luck with that

what is the old man gonna do, pull Tarrasque to safety? I doubt that.

Allen Anderson yells a command and Tarrasque reaches out for the cane and grabs hold of it. Allen pulls, but it is of no use, Tarrasque will not move. Tarrasque then pulls on the cane, not fully understanding the concept, and pulls Allen Anderson straight into the side of the ring. Allen Anderson falls to the mat, and seeing his manager hurt Tarrasque roars and throws Ian Michaels off of him.

Wolf: And Allen Anderson is down thanks to the idiocy of his own beast!

Ace: And Tarrasque is concerned for him! He

s going to check up on him. The monster has himself a heart!

Tarrasque gets to his feet and makes his way over to the ropes to check on Allen Anderson, who is lying on

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

the court, barely moving.

Wolf:

Allen Anderson looks hurt, I hope he
s ok. I know I
ve spoken ill of him before but I don
t want to see anyone get hurt.

Ace: The Brain should have saw that one coming. There was no way he could of pulled that off! What was he thinking?!

The crowd cheers the pain of Allen Anderson, as Tarrasque continues to inquire the status of his Allen The Brain Anderson. Ian Michaels slowly gets to his feet, and seeing Tarrasque has got his back turned, charges him.

Wolf: Turn around Tarrasque! You
ve got some hate on the way!

Ace: He Is Hate. Comin
at yah.

Ian Michaels reaches Tarrasque and drops to the mat, hooking him between the legs and pulling him backward to the mat, pinning his shoulders. Frank Knox falls to the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: We
ve got a pin by Tarrasque! An unexpected school boy pin by IM Hate! 1. . . 2. . . Tarrasque manages to kick out!

Ace: That was a close one Wolf! IM Hate caught everyone off guard with that one.

Tarrasque kicks out after 2, the crowd letting out a mild pop at the near fall. Ian Michaels gets up to check with Frank Knox, and when Frank Knox shows him two fingers, he lets out an audible FUCK. Meanwhile, outside of the ring, Allen Anderson slowly gets to his feet, looking quite agitated.

Wolf: You alright there Allen? You ok buddy? Us old folks got to stick together!

Ace: Oh so you
re admitting you
re old!

Wolf: Can it! Before I can you!

Ace:

Woah

d you hear that one, The
Mayflower?

Back in the ring, Ian Michaels makes his way over to Tarrasque, who is starting to get to his feet. Ian Michaels reaches Tarrasque and stops one of his hands, stomping him from getting to his feet.

Wolf: IM Hate stomping Tarrasque
s hands now, preventing the monster to get to his feet.

Ace: Smart thinking here by IM Hate, the freak is probably less dangerous on the ground. If he
s up and moving about he can generate a lot of power.

Tarrasque sells the hand stomp, shaking the afflicted hand in the air before bringing it back to the mat in an effort to push himself up to his feet. Again Ian Michaels stomps his hand, and Tarrasque lets out a cry of pain and annoyance.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Wolf: IM Hate continuing to stomp Tarrasque
and I think he
s just pissing him off at this point.

Ace:
Yeah, I don
t know if this is the best of ideas here by IM Hate. He
s probably gonna want to finish off Tarrasque as soon as possible
and not fool around too much.
Nonetheless, he
s laying on the offense, Wolf.
Ian Michaels then takes a few steps back from Tarrasque, who is on his hands and knees, and then strides
forward, kicking his foot up against Tarrasque
s ribs.

Wolf: Kick to the ribs by IM Hate
and he really winded up for that one!

Ace: First it was the knee, and now the ribs
IM Hate doesn
t know when to stop, does he?

Tarrasque sells the rib kick, but still is on his hands and knees, having not yet fallen to the mat. Again Ian
Michaels takes several steps backwards and strides forward, kicking Tarrasque against the ribs. This kick
seems to have more force, and it knocks Tarrasque to the mat.

Wolf: Tarrasque knocked to the mat now after that final kick from IM Hate.

Ian Michaels takes a moment to curse at the crowd before going up to Tarrasque and hooking a leg. Ian
Michaels stands over Tarrasque and wrenches back his injured leg in the seated postion.

Wolf: Single Leg Boston crab by IM Hate now.

Frank Knox checks with Tarrasque, and
Tarrasque emphatically shakes his head as Allen Anderson barks orders from the outside of the ring. IM
Hate wrenches back on the leg repeatedly, Tarrasque letting out cries of pain. Tarrasque drags himself to the
ropes, IM Hate keeping his hold. Tarrasque reaches the ropes and still IM Hate refuses to let go.

Wolf: IM Hate is keeping that hold on Tarrasque! Get him off of him Frank!

IM Hate wrenches on the leg and Frank Knox tries to break the hold but IM Hate refuses to let go. With a
roar Tarrasque bends his leg straight, sending IM Hate off of him.

Wolf: What strength by Tarrasque! He just got IM Hate off of his leg with his own power!

Ace: IM Hate may have just made Tarrasque even more angry. I
d get out of there if I were him.

IM Hate stumbles forward and turns around to charge Tarrasque, but as he reaches him Tarrasque has
already turned onto his back and with his legs pushes IM Hate backward knocking him to the mat. Tarrasque
then slowly gets to his feet, using the top rope to pull himself upward.

Wolf: IM Hate is down, but it seems as if Tarrasque is having trouble getting to his feet himself. This match
has taken its toll on both competitors.

Ace: Tarrasque better win this match, or the boss will be unhappy with him. Dark wants to punish IM Hate,
not get him over.

Tarrasque reaches his feet, and IM Hate gets to his feet as well, and both men circle one another. Tarrasque

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circles IM Hate with a noticeable limp and IM Hate circles Tarrasque, grabbing his abdomen occasionally as if bothered by some nagging rib injury.

Wolf: Both competitors circling one another now, slowing down the match.

Ace: I think they
re just in taking a much needed breather.

Wolf:

Good point, Ace. Both men looking quite tired
here, and the heat in this room is not helping any.

Ace:

I know I
m soaked through, Wolf.

Tarrasque and IM Hate clash in the center of the
ring, locking up.

Using his speed advantage over the slow but powerful Tarrasque, IM Hate quickly gets Tarrasque in a side headlock. IM Hate wrenches the hold before reaching back and striking Tarrasque square in the top of the head.

Wolf: IM Hate with a fist to Tarrasque, caught in that headlock.

Ace: Tarrasque in a perfect position for a good ole fashing noogie.

IM Hate reaches back and punches Tarrasque once more in the head, then again, then once more, before Tarrasque becomes agitated and lifts IM Hate up over his shoulder, and then turns him, dropping his abdomen across Tarrasque

s own bent knee. The crowd lets out a mild pop and IM Hate sells, grabbing his abdomen and coiling into the fetal position on the mat.

Wolf: Gut buster by Tarrasque! IM Hate is hurt! He
s hurt!

Ace:

That injury IM Hate had earlier just got that much worse, Wolf. And from the looks of
it, Tarrasque knocked the air out of Ian Michaels with that one.

Tarrasque lets out a massive roar, his single fan starting up a TARRASQUE chant all on his lonesome. Frank Knox checks on IM Hate, while Tarrasque makes his way toward the fallen IM Hate. When Tarrasque reaches IM Hate he brings him up to his feet and promptly Irish whips him into the corner of the ring with such force that IM Hate bounces off the turnbuckle and stumbles out into the center of the ring. Tarrasque meets IM Hate in the center of the ring and wraps both of his arms around IM Hates back before lifting him up over his head. Tarrasque releases the hold as IM Hate flies over his head, sending him to the mat on his back.

Wolf: Belly to Belly suplex by Tarrasque after a whip into the corner of the ring!

Ace: Dream Street baby, and IM Hate is the only one on it.

Wolf:

Dream street baby
you get worse and worse every show
you know that?

IM Hate lays on the mat on his belly, having rolled over in an attempt to get to the ropes. His eyes are closed, as his mouth is gulping air; he is otherwise motionless. The Tarrasque fan lets out a roar that seems even more girly as Tarrasque lets out a roar of his own. Tarrasque then crawls over to IM Hate and goes for

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the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat.

Wolf: Tarrasque with the pin now after that belly to belly suplex.

Ace: This is it Wolf It

s all over! There

s no way IM Hate is kicking out of this one!

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . NO! IM Hate kicks out just a hair under three. I thought it was over right then and there.

Ace: Wrong as usual. I knew IM Hate still had some life in him yet.

Wolf: But you said

oh nevermind.

Tarrasque gets up and raises his arms in victory. He lets out a roar of triumph but Frank Knox gets up and waves his arms, showing two fingers to Tarrasque. The beast looks down for a moment, slightly confused, but then it finally clicks and he lets out another roar, this time out of anger. Frank Knox backs away nervous, and Tarrasque storms IM Hate, stomping him on the mat.

Wolf: Tarrasque thought it was over too! And now that it

s not he

s not a happy camper!

Tarrasque continues to stomp IM Hate, IM Hate rolling after each stomp in an effort to get away. IM Hate reaches the ring apron and Tarrasque stomps him

once, twice, three times before shoving him out of the ring with his foot. IM Hate lands face first on the mat.

Wolf: IM Hate out of the ring now.

Ace: Look out IM Hate!

Allen Anderson makes his way over to the fallen IM Hate with revenge in his heart. Noticing the referee s back is turned Allen Anderson stomps IM Hate several times before reaching up with his cane and bringing it straight down across the throat of IM Hate.

Wolf: Hey that

s not legal!

Ace: It is if the ref doesn

t see it! Get em Allen!

Wolf: Allen Anderson attacking IM Hate on the outside now! Come on Frank open your damn eyes!

Ace: He

s old. . . that glaucoma is effecting him again.

IM Hate sells the hit from the cane and Allen Anderson rises up and smiles at the crowd as a half dozen boos are sent in his direction. He nods his head as if they were an affirmation and then turns to hobble away, but he stopped by IM Hate who has a hold on his ankle.

Wolf: He should have gotten out of there while he still could! Now you

re gonna get what

s coming to you Allen!

Ace: No! Not The Brain. He

s a thinker, not a fighter! Get your grubby mitts off him!

The crowd lets out a few cheers as Allen Anderson waves his arms in the air in fright, trying to get away but the grip of IM Hate holds true. Allen turns and yells at Tarrasque, who immediately makes his way out of the ring. Tarrasque hits the court outside the ring and picks up IM Hate lifting him high over his head.

Wolf: Tarrasque just lifted IM Hate like it was nothing!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Ace:

And unfortunately for IM Hate the descent won't be as pleasant as the ascent.

Allen Anderson yells at Tarrasque and Tarrasque turns, IM Hate still draped over his shoulder like a victim.

Allen Anderson barks orders at Tarrasque and Tarrasque tilts his head, as a dog would when curious.

Wolf: The Brain commanding Tarrasque to do something. . . can't make out what. . .

Tarrasque nods his head then drops IM Hate in front of him, before picking him up again and hooking his arms. Frank Knox stands overhead, in the ring warning Allen Anderson not to interfere. Anderson ignores him, and reaches back with his cane and swings at IM Hate, but IM Hate worms out of the hold and the cane hits Tarrasque instead, the blow knocking him back several steps.

Wolf: The Brain just hit Tarrasque! He just hit Tarrasque! He was going for IM Hate but IM Hate slipped out of Tarrasque's clutches in time!

Ace: But what next? Will Tarrasque retaliate?

Tarrasque steps back, grabbing his head before letting out a massive roar. He turns his attention on Allen Anderson, and starts walking toward him, each step being reciprocated by a step backward on the part of Allen Anderson. Allen Anderson raises his arms in defense and yells at Tarrasque, scolding him, but still Tarrasque walks toward him.

Wolf: The Beast has turned on his master! He's got anger in his eyes! Get the hell out of there Allen!

Ace: Well he's barking orders, and they aren't working! Tarrasque can't hear. He can't think. All he sees is Anderson!

Tarrasque keeps his eyes on Anderson as he heads toward him, so focused he doesn't even bother with IM Hate, stepping over him. Allen Anderson continues to propel himself backwards, keeping the distance between himself and Tarrasque.

Wolf: Tarrasque has forgotten all about IM Hate! Has he had enough of Allen Anderson?!

Ace: It sure looks like it.

Suddenly, from behind IM Hate gets to his feet and drop kicks Tarrasque in the broad of his back, sending him into Allen Anderson, the two of them crumbling to the mat.

Wolf: Tarrasque into Allen Anderson after the drop kick from IM Hate!

Ace: Oh my God! They're now in a heap on the court. And listen to these fans!

The crowd remains mostly silent, the Tarrasque fan letting out a massive boo.

Ace: These fans hating on IM Hate now . . . But is that a good idea?

Wolf: What do you mean, Ace?

Ace: IM Hate lives on hate. . . he thrives on it. . . are these fans not. . . feeding that hate?

IM Hate gets to his feet and raises his arms, receiving no feedback from the fans. Dissatisfied he plugs one of his nostrils and blows a snot rocket on one of the fans. The fan roars out in protest but IM Hate ignores

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

him, making his way over to Tarrasque.

Wolf: IM Hate expunging the bodily fluids from his nostrils. . .

Ace: Right on that fans!

Ha ha, I love

it!

Wolf: It

s disgusting is what it is. . .

IM Hate stomps Tarrasque before he has the chance to realize what had exactly happened, and then brings him to his feet and tosses him into the ring. IM Hate takes a moment to take in Allen Anderson, who is lying on the court outside the ring, rocking back and forth and grabbing his abdomen in pain. Allen lets out a moan and IM Hate laughs at his discomfort before stepping up to the ring.

Wolf: IM Hate taking enjoyment in Anderson

s pain! I don

t like Anderson as much as the next guy, but that

s just too much!

Ace: IM Hate just enjoying some of his handiwork. And it was brilliant of him to take of Anderson. With Anderson out of the picture Tarrasque is without his brains, and without his brains Tarrasque is a real dumb beast. . .

Wolf: But still a strong one. . .

IM Hate mocks the crowd and smiles evilly, before stepping through the top and middle rope and into the ring. IM Hate makes his way over to Tarrasque who is slowly getting to his feet. Tarrasque gets to his feet and IM Hate goes into a run and then leaps up and kicks Tarrasque square in the head.

Wolf: Running Mafia kick from IM Hate!

Ace: Beautiful. Just beautiful!

Tarrasque stumbles to his knees and IM Hate quickly jumps up and lands feet first on Tarrasque s back, sending him face first to the mat. Stepping off IM Hate looks around at the crowd with hatred in his eyes.

Wolf: We

ve seen that look before. . . That

s not a good look.

Ace: Time for some hate everybody!

IM Hate grabs both of Tarrasque

s arms and pulls upward, bringing Tarrasque

s upper torso up off of the mat. IM Hate then places his foot at the back of Tarrasque

s head and releases Tarrasque

s arms and he stomps downward with the foot, slamming Tarrasque face first into the mat.

Wolf: The Hate Crime!

Ace: The Hate Crime!

IM Hate turns Tarrasque over as the occasional boo screaming out, the Tarrasque fan screaming NO GOD NO! and goes for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat.

Wolf: No! We

ve got a pin! 1. . . No. . . 2. . . no! . . . NO! TARRASQUE KICKS OUT!

Ace: What the fuckity fuck? That had to be three, that had to be three!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Wolf: It was only two, look at Knox!

You may not believe it, IM Hate may not believe it, but Tarrasque has kicked out of The Hate Crime!

The crowd pops as IM Hate gets to his knees with disbelief on his face. He throws his arms up and Frank Knox shows him two fingers. IM Hate pounds the mat with his fist and then gets quickly to his feet, grabbing two fistfuls of Frank Knox's referee shirt.

Wolf: Don't you do it Hate! Don't you do it!

Ace: He's full of hate. . . he cannot be contained. The rules mean nothing to him! IM Hate snarls in the face of Frank Knox, talking slowly but with vehemence. He lets go of the shirt and turns to Tarrasque, but Tarrasque is already to his feet and Tarrasque hits him once in the face with a right, followed by another right.

Wolf: Tarrasque is up now! And he's fighting away! Listen to these fans!

The crowd pops as Tarrasque unloads several punches on IM Hate before Irish whipping him into the ropes.

Wolf: IM Hate into the ropes now. . .

IM Hate hits the ropes and returns, and as he reaches Tarrasque, Tarrasque hooks him under each armpit and lifts him up before grabbing his legs and slamming him down to the mat with a thunderous bump.

Wolf: Lifting sitdown powerbomb by Tarrasque!

Ace: No! Come on Hate get up! Get Up!

Both men lie on the mat breathing heavily. IM Hate lies on the corner, whereas Tarrasque lies on his back in the center of the ring. Frank Knox starts to count. 1. . . 2. . . 3. . .

Wolf: Both men feeling the effects on this grueling match here. Frank Knox making the count.

Ace: We can see that Wolf. . .

4. . . 5. . . 6. . .

Tarrasque slowly gets to his feet and lets out a roar, the past events floating through his head. He sees IM Hate dropkicking him into Allen Anderson, he sees Anderson selling his injuries on the court outside of the ring and fills with a rage. He lets out yet another roar and turns to look at IM Hate, who is slowly getting to his feet.

Wolf: Uh-oh. I think IM Hate is in for some serious trouble here!

Ace: There's no doubt about that, Tarrasque is mighty pissed right now! IM Hate gets to his feet determined, but then he sees the look on Tarrasque's face and stumbles a bit. He then shakes his head, feeling his determination flow back to him and he steps to the center of the ring to meet Tarrasque. He throws a right, the right connects, but Tarrasque ignores it. IM Hate throws yet another right, then another, then a left, and Tarrasque takes each blow, but none of them

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seems to have any effect.

Wolf: Tarrasque is somewhere else right now! Those blows aren't even fazing him!

Tarrasque lets out a mighty roar, raising his arms and the crowd lets out a mild pop. Tarrasque then throws a right, knocking IM Hate straight to the mat.

Wolf: A hard right by Tarrasque!

IM Hate quickly gets to his feet and again Tarrasque throws yet another right, knocking him clean to the mat.

Wolf: And another!

IM Hate gets up once more and Tarrasque reaches back with yet another right and brings his hand forward, clutching IM Hate around the throat, his index and middle finger shoved down IM Hate's throat.

Wolf: He

s got some sort of claw choke combination going here. . . What's he gonna do Ace?!

Ace: I don't

know, but I

m pretty sure IM Hate isn't

going to like it.

Tarrasque then lifts IM Hate high up over his shoulder and then makes his way over to the ropes. Tarrasque then roars once more before dropping IM Hate over the top rope down to the court below. The crowd lets out a mild pop, a few fans starting up a DRW chant.

DRW DRW DRW

It quickly dies.

Wolf: Oh my God! Tarrasque just choke slammed IM Hate out of the ring! There's no padding out there!

Ace: He calls that move the

Fall of the Prideful!

Wolf: Is IM Hate even alive?!

IM Hate lies on the court face down, barely moving. Allen Anderson hovers over him, hurling insults in his direction and stabbing the air above him with his cane. Tarrasque in the ring lets out another bloodthirsty roar to the delight of the fans.

Wolf: We may need some medical attention! IM Hate just took a nasty fall!

Ace: If he

s alive he aint happy.

Allen Anderson pokes IM Hate a few times, much like one would poke a wild animal to see if it were dead. Allen Anderson backs away, content that IM Hate is out before he yells at his beast to come retrieve the carcass. Tarrasque complies, making his way to the ropes before stepping over the top rope and out of the ring.

Wolf: Tarrasque coming to pick up the pieces of IM Hate.

Ace: And all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put IM Hate back together again.

Tarrasque picks up IM Hate

s limp body, and slumps him over his shoulder like a sack of dirty laundry and then rolls him into the ring.

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Tarrasque gives him a good shove toward the center of the ring before reaching up and climbing up to the apron. Tarrasque then steps over the top rope and makes his way to the fallen IM Hate.

Wolf: IM Hate still not moving. . . if it weren
t for his breathing I would think he
s dead.

Ace: It wouldn
t be the first time Tarrasque killed someone in the ring!

Wolf: Shhh! We aren
t supposed to talk about that! You know that!

Tarrasque reaches IM Hate and then looks up at Frank Knox curiously. He then looks down at IM Hate and lifts his arm with his foot, and the arm falls to the mat, seemingly without life. Tarrasque bends down and lifts IM Hates head and drops it, and his head just hits the mat. Tarrasque then moves the head about, and it follows his whims, without any resistance of his own. Tarrasque then gets up and lets out a sad cry.

Wolf: Tarrasque. . . Tarrasque is. . . what is Tarrasque doing?

Ace: I think he may be upset IM Hate isn
t conscious to fight him right now. He probably thinks he
s dead.

Wolf: My God you
re right! Tarrasque wants to fight, but IM Hate seems incapable!

Allen Anderson barks an order at Tarrasque and Tarrasque turns to look at Allen Anderson. He listens, his eyes blinking mechanically and turning his head to the side in confusion. Tarrasque
s eyes then blink clear and he nods before bending down to clutch IM Hate
s head.

Wolf: What
s Tarrasque doing?

Ace: I don
t know Wolf! I don
t know!

Tarrasque then looks up at Allen one more time for conformation, before he clutches IM Hates head,
wrenching on the neck. Tarrasque then lets out a roar before he turns IM Hate
s head violently to the left. Tarrasque releases the hold and IM Hate falls to the mat.

Wolf: The Paralyzing Factor!

Ace: IM Hate is out!

Tarrasque then drops to his knees and goes for the cover, Frank Knox going for the count.

Wolf: We
ve got a pin. . . 1. . . 2. . . NO! Oh my God NO! IM HATE KICKS OUT!

Ace: What a man. What a fighter. What a hater of everything.

Wolf: That
s about as close as you can get a three count. IM Hate is hurt ladies and gentlemen. . .

Tarrasque gets to his feet and slams the mat in frustration. IM Hate sells the Paralyzing Factor, hardly moving on the matt. Allen Anderson seems shocked outside of the ring, his weathered fingers running through his hair.

Wolf: And Allen Anderson can

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t believe it!

Since IM Hate doesn

t read his matches, here is the part where he sticks a dildo up his ass several times to help rev himself up. The tickling of his prostate provides him with new life. . .

Wolf: IM Hate doing something, uh, to get himself back in this match.

IM Hate springs to his feet, much to the surprise of Tarrasque. IM Hate charges Tarrasque, but Tarrasque kicks IM Hate in the gut, bending him at the waist. Tarrasque then grabs IM Hate and carries him over his shoulder.

Wolf: Tarrasque still in control despite IM Hate.

Ace: I

d be worried if I were him. Tarrasque is a strong fellow.

Tarrasque charges the corner with IM Hate draped over his shoulder, but before he can bring IM Hate down against the turnbuckle IM Hate slips out, hooking Tarrasque around the throat as he falls to the mat, bringing him down to the mat with him.

Wolf: Reverse DDT by IM Hate!

Tarrasque sells on the mat while IM Hate gets to his feet. IM Hate then makes his way to Tarrasque and starts stomping him with his right foot. IM Hate stomps him once, twice, three times before dropping to the mat to go for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat after him to make the count.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . kick out! Tarrasque kicks out after the reverse DDT.

Tarrasque kicks out and IM Hate gets up quickly, not wasting any time to argue with the referee. It is at this point that IM Hate starts to play with his own testicles, his hands shooting down into his pants as he juggles the ole 1-2. He takes in their texture and smiles.

Wolf: IM Hate

playing with

Ace: His balls! Mid-Match! Amazing!

Tarrasque slowly gets to his feet, and after a left, right, left from IM Hate, IM Hate Irish whips Tarrasque into the ropes.

Wolf: Tarrasque into the ropes now, he returns.

Tarrasque hits the ropes, and as he returns, IM Hate stretches an arm out and rakes it across Tarrasque's throat, knocking him clean to the mat.

Wolf: Discuss Clothesline by IM Hate!

IM Hate flips off the crowd before he goes to one corner and proceeds to make out with the turnbuckle in the corner of the ring. He slobbers it up, his tongue darting back and forth over the turnbuckle.

Wolf: IM Hate!

Aces: Hates everything but the turnbuckle!

Tarrasque sells the clothesline on the mat, and IM Hate makes his way over to him. He then grabs Tarrasque

s arms, placing his his foot against the back of Tarrasque's head.

Wolf: This could be it! He

s going for yet another Hate Crime!

Ace: He

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s targeting minorities?

IM Hate releases Tarrasque

s arms as he lowers his foot, bringing Tarrasque

s face into the mat.

Wolf: The Hate Crime! The Hate Crime!

IM Hate hits the mat and goes for the pin. Frank Knox slides to the mat to make the count.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . 3!! The son of a bitch did it!

Ace: Of course he did it!

The bell rings and Frank Knox rises to raise IM Hates hand, the crowd reigning down a chorus of boos.

Wolf: IM Hate wins after the second Hate Crime!

Ace: Dark may have been looking to punish IM Hate tonight, but he failed in that endeavor!

Wolf: Tarrasque put up a good showing! He even survived one Hate Crime!

Ace: But he couldn

t survive two!

Cash Money vs. Fracture

We

cut to a two shot of Wolf and Ace, who have now stripped out of their coats in an effort to escape the heat. They still drip with sweat, and for a moment Wolf loosens his tie and wrings it out. He smiles meekly. His yellowed, aged teeth glow under the buzzing lights of the gymnasium, and around the graying temples pools of sweat gather.

Wolf: Well it

s finally time ladies and gentlemen

time for our main event of the evening! We

ve got tag team action coming to you next with two of the top tag teams in The Row in Cash Money and Fracture.

Wolf turns to Ace, in an effort to make eye contact and appear he actually gives a shit about what Ace has to say.

Ace: Fracture has quietly been winning match after match since joining the Row, having beaten many now defunct tag teams. I do believe Schism has even won on his own in singles action here in The Row

these guys are just winners, Wolf, it

s what they do.

Wolf turns back to face the camera: the whole reason we are here.

Wolf: And they come in tonight folks, against Cash Money, a team which has not been beaten yet either. At Lethal Injection IX we saw Cash Money unveil their own tag team belts, and have taken to calling themselves the champions. . . The Row does not recognize the title however, and these two seem to be champions in their own world and no one else

s. Which reminds me. . . where

s your belt Ace?

Ace: What?

Ace feigns innocence.

Wolf: Were you not the man who said he was going to follow suit with Cash Money and make his own belt--his own belt claiming yourself the Commentating Champion?

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Ace: No, that wasn't me.

Ace shakes his head emphatically, much like a child would when asked if they were the one who shit on the dining room table. Who else would have done it? Exactly.

Wolf: Well as Ace feigns innocence, let us take a moment to remind you that Lethal Injection X is brought to you by Annabell

s Anal Cream

smooth, creamy, and with the scent of springtime. . . Made with the finest all natural ingredients to ensure your cornhole stays hormone free. . .That

s Annabell

s Anal Cream at annabellanalcream.com. . .

It Gets Me Through

by Ozzy Osbourne begins to play through the gymnasium over the stolen stereo system.

Wolf: You know what gets Cash Money through, right?

Ace: Cash!

Wolf: That

s right. . . or is it money?

The fans let out a mild boo broken through by the sound of one woman coughing quite profusely.

Ace: Jesus Christ I think that woman is dying!

Wolf: I hope not!

Horace unchains the double doors, first unlocking the padlock. The double doors swing open, and Shane Jackson appears in the doorway without his business suit

he wears his wrestling gear and over his shoulder is one half of the Cash Money belts. He looks around at the crowd and then Jason Cruz appears next to him in the other half of the doorway wearing only his wrestling gear and the other half of the Cash Money belts.

Wolf: Well there they are with those ridiculous belts again. Those things may as well be made of cardboard! They aren't sanctioned by The Row!

Ace: I think you

re just jealous Wolf. I think you

d like to have a fancy title yourself. All these years sitting here watching other people reach glory now you want it for yourself.

Wolf: You know what I think? I think you

re wearing my patience thin. Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz slowly walk their way onto the court, looking around coldly at the fans, as if at any moment they are about to burst violently into anger. They step out onto the court and immediately the doors behind them are closed by Horace, and he stands by the doors, his arms folded over his chest.

Cash Money make their way to the ring and climb up the steps, Shane Jackson followed by Jason Cruz. They take cool calculated steps onto the apron and step through the top and middle rope into the ring.

Wolf: These bastards are so vain they

ve given themselves their own tag team titles. I just can't believe it. If I were Fracture I

d strip them of those belts.

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Ace: You seem to think Fracture is actually going to win this thing Wolf.

Wolf: It

s a possibility. Anything is possible in the wrestling business.

Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz make their way to the center of the ring and stand next to one another. They turn to look at one another once before turning to the crowd and simultaneously raising their Cash Money Belts.

Wolf: Well there they are folks. Titles that don't mean anything.

Ace: If anything they represent wealth. Cash Money has got the bread and those things look nice. The shine on them is incredible.

They lower their belts and then make their way over to the ring ropes handing their belts over to the drunk ring hand, who takes them and promptly stumbles over to the ground.

Wolf: Cash Money in the ring now, and our ring hand seems to have no sense of balance. Thank God he's not in there wrestling tonight.

Ace: We aren't that strapped for talent. . . yet.

Horace turns and opens the double doors as Escape The Fate's No Sympathy For The Dead begins to play through the gymnasium, and before the fans can even really take in the music, Rupture and Schism appear in the double doorway already in a sprint. They clear the door and Horace quickly slams the door behind them, taking a chain and running it through the two push bars and locking it, creating a seal.

Wolf: Horace locks us in nice and safe and here they come. High energy and high speed.

Ace: Rupture and Schism, collectively know as Fracture!

Rupture and Schism charge through the court and the fans, rushing the ring. Schism jumps into the ring over the bottom rope and rolls to his feet as Rupture slides in and runs the ropes a couple of times. Rupture then jumps to the center of the middle rope as Schism heads to the corner and poses. Schism then backflips out of the corner off of the top rope into the middle ring. Rupture jumps down from the middle ropes and the two men immediately meet Cash Money in the center of the ring.

Wolf: What an entrance as always by Fracture. These guys are not wasting any time!

Ace: Cash Money face to face with Fracture! Show em who the real champs are!

Wolf: Who are the real champs? That belt is a phony!

Charlene climbs into the ring, swinging under the bottom rope, her skirt rising to expose her panties. A man in the crowd whistles. In the ring, she pulls down her skirt and makes her way to the center of the ring, where Cash Money and Fracture are exchanging words.

Charlene: Ladies and gentlemen. . .

Wolf: Gentlemen?

Ace: Shhh you're ruining it!

Charlene: This is your main event!

The crowd lets out a mild pop and Charlene smiles wide, exposing her broken grin with its missing teeth.

Charlene: The following match is sched-u-led for um. . . one fall and has a forty minute time limit. . . Introducing first, the team of Shane Jackson and umm. . . Jason Cruz. . . from Ft. Wayne, Indiana, weighing in at a combined weight of ummm. . . five hundred and thirty pounds. . . CASH MOOOONNEEYYY!

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Cash Money takes a moment to raise their arms for the crowd. A few boos rain out through the gymnasium but Cash Money ignores them, looking at their opponents for the evening, Fracture.

Wolf: Not much love for Cash Money here in San Jose.

Ace: These people are elitist, they should be all for Cash Money. These guys are rich!

Charlene:

And their um. . . opponents. . . the team of Rupture and Schism. . . from um. . . Albuquerque, New Mexico . . . um. . . weighing in at three hundred and eighty-four pounds. . . FRACTUREEEE!

The crowd lets out a mild pop as Fracture takes a moment to salute the crowd.

Wolf: Well we

re about underway, who do you like in this one, Ace?

Ace: To be honest, this one could go either way. But I m gonna have to go with the winner. Whoever gets the final pin or submission will win this match.

Wolf: How brave of you. . .

Frank Knox talks to the two teams, going over the rules and then steps back and reaches up into the air, signaling for the bell. The bell rings.

Wolf: Here we go folks, this one is under way!

Cash Money and Fracture exchange words for a bit, each member of each team standing opposite of the other, talking slowly, but with emphasis. Suddenly Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz grab Rupture and Schism respectively and toss them into the ropes. Rupture and Schism hit the ropes simultaneously and come back, and hop over Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz, who have hit the mat, lying flat on their bellies.

Wolf: Rupture and Schism off the ropes!

Rupture and Schism hit the ropes and as they return Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson get to their feet and bend over for a dual back body drop.

Wolf: Back body drop from Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson

no! Rupture and Schism leap frog it!

Rupture and Schism simultaneously leap frog Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson and then head toward the ropes. They come off the ropes and each hit Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson with dual drop kicks.

Wolf: Rupture and Schism each with a drop kick on Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson and Cash Money is down!

Ace: Listen to these fans!

The crowd pops as Cash Money rolls out of the ring and Fracture gets to their feet and raises their arms.

Wolf: Cash Money out of the ring now, trying to get a breather! I don t think that

s exactly what they had in mind.

Ace: Now they

ve got to regroup and think this one over, so we can get this damn match started proper.

Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz sell the drop kicks and turn to talk to one another as Rupture and Schism celebrate in the ring. Frank Knox leans over the top rope to inform Cash Money to get the hell in the ring. Jason Cruz turns to Shane and points to himself before sliding into the ring.

Wolf: I think Jason Cruz will be starting this one off!

Ace: And it looks like Rupture is going to the apron. Schism vs. Jason Cruz coming up here!

Shane Jackson climbs up the steel steps and waits on the apron in a neutral corner. Jason Cruz makes his

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way to the center of the ring, where Schism waits for him. Rupture waits in the other neutral corner.

Wolf: Alright, here we go folks.

Ace: Let

s do this Cash Money!

Schism and Jason Cruz circle one another around the center of the ring, their fists raised to the sides of their heads. They feel one another out, bobbing and moving to see if their opponent favors one side or the other. Jason Cruz takes a few steps forward but Schism quickly moves and Jason Cruz steps back and switches feet, and they resume circling around one another in the other direction.

Wolf: Both men sizing one another up.

Ace: Jason Cruz doesn't

want to let Shane Jackson down right now; he looks up to Shane Jackson. . In fact I think Jason Cruz's whole reason for being is Shane Jackson and proving that he was worth being saved by Mr. Jackson. It is kind of sad really.

Wolf:

A little creepy too, Ace.

Ace: Yeah, a tad creepy. Not it puts the lotion on its skin creepy, but almost.

Schism and Jason Cruz then go for the lock up but Jason Cruz rolls through, passing Schism on his left side. Schism then turns around and Jason Cruz catches Schism's free arm and drags him over his shoulder to the mat.

Wolf: Arm drag by Jason Cruz

Cash Money with the early advantage here.

Schism gets up quickly and Jason Cruz side steps him, pushing him on the back as he passes.

Wolf: Schism is up now and he's got momentum. . .

Schism heads toward the ropes and before he reaches them he leaps up into the air and catches the middle rope with his feet, using it to stop his momentum before Schism uses his leg strength to propel himself off the rope backward. Schism turns mid-air and catches Jason Cruz with the body splash sending Jason Cruz to the mat and producing a mild applause from the crowd.

Wolf: Spring board body splash by Schism! Jason Cruz never saw that one coming.

Ace: Shane Jackson is disappointed in you Jason! You've got to do better than that, or Cash Money just might become just plain old Cash. . . or Money. . . depending whichever one is supposed to represent Shane.

Wolf: How could they represent each member? Cash and Money are the same damn thing!

Jason Cruz gets to his feet quickly, turning so that he may face Schism at all times, should he suddenly decide to charge him. Schism gets to his feet just as quickly, facing Jason Cruz with his arms slightly raised and extended out in front of him.

Wolf: Both men sizing one another up again, looking for that perfect opportunity to strike. What do you think is going through these guys' minds, Ace?

Ace: A whole lot of things. Mostly wrestling related. When sizing a guy up you take into account the obvious things, like if he weighs more than you, if he's got a noticeable limp, if he's got an arm shorter than the other. Things like that.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Jason Cruz and Schism circle around the ring before colliding in the center of the ring with a lock up. Jason Cruz quickly gets the upper hand, getting Schism in a side headlock. Jason Cruz smiles and looks around at the sweating crowd and wrenches the side headlock. Schism then pushes Jason Cruz up against the ropes and then tosses him off toward the ropes on the other side of the ring

Wolf: Schism out of the side headlock, and Jason Cruz of Cash Money into the ropes now.

Jason Cruz hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns he goes for a short arm clothesline.

Wolf: Clothesline by Jason Cruz

NO!

Schism ducks, and as he ducks he grabs Jason Cruz

s arm and swings himself around Jason

s back and over his shoulder, hooking Jason Cruz

s head in his arm as he passes and driving him down face first down to the mat with him, all in one motion.

Wolf: Float-over DDT by Schism! What a beautiful reversal by Schism there!

Ace:

I

m tellin yah, Cash Money may have those fancy belts they

made, but they

re being out classed here tonight

something I

m sure they

re not used to!

Schism rolls expertly to his feet while Jason Cruz sells the DDT on the mat, grabbing his head. Frank Knox checks on him. The crowd lets out a mild pop for Schism.

Wolf: Schism is just out wrestling Jason Cruz right now

s come out on top of nearly every exchange so far.

Ace: I don

t know what Cash Money are going to have to do to when this match. Fracture seems on point tonight

as always. . . They should have used some of their money to get Fracture to take the fall.

Schism bows slightly to the crowd for a moment, as

Jason Cruz slowly gets to his feet. He appears to be getting angrier and angrier every time Schism outfoxes him. Jason Cruz charges Schism and swings with a right, Schism ducks it. Jason Cruz throws a left, Schism ducks it.

Wolf: Jason Cruz swinging wildly

I think frustration is starting to take hold.

Ace: Damn straight, and Jason Cruz is wasting precious energy with those missed blows. Schism is making him look bad and tiring him out at the same time!

Schism then throws a kick to Jason Cruz

s gut, but Cruz catches his boot and spins Schism around, but as he does he finds Schism

s other foot headed toward his head. The kick hits Jason Cruz square in the head, knocking him clean to the mat.

Wolf: Spinning heel kick by Schism!

Ace: Poor Cruz

he thought he had Schism there.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Schism then drops to the mat and goes for the quick cover. Frank Knox hits the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin here! 1. . 2-no. Jason Cruz kicks out.

Ace: I believed in you all along Jason! You can do this!

Jason Cruz kicks out quickly after two, and gets up quickly with his fists raised, his face one of annoyance.

Schism raises his arms up and practically shrugs, a smug smile hidden under his luchadore mask. Shane Jackson can be seen yelling at Jason Cruz, and Jason turns his head to listen to him.

Wolf: Schism just getting warmed up here, and it seems as if Shane Jackson has some directions for Jason Cruz.

Cruz looks from Shane Jackson to Schism and he points to each of them. Shane Jackson and nods his head yes and extends his hand for the tag. Shane Jackson tags himself in and enters the ring, rubbing his hands in anticipation.

Wolf: Well Shane Jackson is in now.

Ace: I know you couldn

t do this Jason! Go get em Shane! Show em what having cash and money is all about! With money comes power. . .

Wolf: And with power comes great responsibility. . .

Ace: What? I haven

t heard that one.

Schism starts to circle around the ring but Shane Jackson extends his hand and wags his finger at Schism and then points to Rupture.

Wolf: Oh-ho!

Shane Jackson says no Schism, I want me a piece of Rupture!

Ace: Break me off a piece of that! How gay are we trying to sound?

Schism stops, looks around at the crowd for support and then walks toward the neutral corner, keeping a wary eye on Shane Jackson. As he reaches the corner he extends his arm and Rupture leans over the top rope and tags himself in. Schism exits the ring and Fracture hops in, looking fresh and well prepared.

Wolf: Well here we go, as Jason Cruz recovers on the apron and Schism gets himself a breather, its Rupture and Schism squaring off now.

Ace: It

s all about matchups now. Shane Jackson wants Rupture, perhaps he feels he s got some sort of advantage over him.

Wolf: Cash Money weighs more, regardless. . . But you may be right Ace.

Shane Jackson and Rupture circle around one another before quickly locking up in the center of the ring. Rupture quickly drops down and hooks a leg around Shane Jackson slamming him backward to the mat. Rupture then reaches down and gets Shane Jackson in a wrist lock.

Wolf: We

ve got your standard wrist lock applied here to a fallen Shane Jackson.

Shane Jackson sells the wrist and Frank Knox gets down on his knees to check with him. Shane Jackson shakes his head in negation and stretches his free hand out toward the ropes, his legs kicking.

Wolf: Frank Knox checking with Shane Jackson and he doesn t want to quit. Not yet anyway.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Ace: Yeah what

s wrong with you Frank? What do you think Shane Jackson is a pussy? This match just started!

Shane Jackson gets to his feet but Rupture keeps the hold on the wrist and brings it up over his head, wrenching the arm once more. Shane Jackson sells the wrist lock but then quickly turns, toward Rupture, breaking the wrist lock, and as he turns he grabs Rupture by the wrist and brings his arm over his head, wrenching the arm.

Wolf: Shane Jackson taking control now after breaking free from the wrist lock.

Ace: The dreaded wrist lock match!

Rupture sells the wrist lock, but then reaches up, turns, passing Shane Jacksons arm over his head. Rupture then uses his other arm to grab Shane Jackson around the wrist, and with his grip firm on his wrist he bends it back behind Shane Jackson

s back.

Wolf: Both competitors showing some of their expertise here in these exchanges. . . Rupture applying the hammerlock now to Shane Jackson of Cash Money.

Ace: Flash some cash, save your ass!

Shane Jackson sells the hammerlock before reaching up over his shoulder with his other hand and grabbing Rupture by the head. Shane then drops to the mat, in the seated position, forcing Rupture s jaw into his shoulder.

Wolf: Oh my! What a jawbreaker by Shane Jackson! Wonderful reversal there by Shane Jackson.

Ace: Watch your tongue their Rupture!

Rupture staggers back from the jawbreaker, selling. He hits the ropes and Shane Jackson gets to his feet and charges him. Rupture bends down at the waist and as Shane Jackson reaches him he lifts him up over his head.

Wolf: Rupture back body drops Shane Jackson out of the

no! Shane Jackson had landed on the apron outside the ropes. . . but I don t think Rupture knows it!

Ace: I think you

re right. . . look out!

Rupture steps out into the center of the ring, thinking Shane Jackson has fallen to the court outside of the ring. Shane Jackson stands on the apron however, waiting for Rupture to turn around.

Wolf: Shane Jackson waiting for just the right moment now. . .

Ace: Boo-hoo. . . hey Ruptureeeee. . .

Rupture turns around and Shane Jackson grabs the top rope and pulls upward while hopping, landing feet first on the tope rope. He then jumps off and flips over Rupture whilst hooking his head, bringing Rupture down to the mat with him.

Wolf: What a neckbreaker by Shane Jackson! Did you see that! He just used the top rope to propel himself over Rupture and managed to hook the head!

Ace:

Yeah I saw Wolf. . . I saw. . . It was an impressive move. I get it.

Shane Jackson scrambles over toward Rupture and goes for the pin, Frank Knox dropping to the mat to make the pin.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin attempt by Shane Jackson! 1. . . 2

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

NO. Rupture kicks out after the two.

Ace:

Hey may want to make the tag

he may not. He knows himself better than I do.

Rupture kicks out after the two and Shane Jackson wastes no time in getting to his feet and bringing Rupture to his feet. Shane Jackson reaches back and hits Rupture in the face with a right, Rupture sells the blow.

Shane Jackson reaches back with a left and hits Rupture in the face, Rupture sells the blow.

Wolf: Shane Jackson with a left right combination to Rupture now. . .

Shane Jackson then grabs Rupture

s arm and bends twists it up in the air and then bends it at the elbow behind Rupture

s own back. Rupture sells for a moment before Shane Jackson grabs Rupture by the head, hooking him under the arm. Shane Jackson then tries to lift Rupture in the air, but Rupture blocks it by raising his leg.

Wolf: Shane Jackson going for the suplex I think, but Rupture has so far been able to successfully block it.

Ace: Well Rupture is a second generation wrestler. He knows his way around the ring. He knows how to slip out of holds and how to use his own weight to his advantage. . . but does he have as much money as Shane Jackson? NO!

Shane Jackson tries to like Rupture again, but Rupture blocks it once more, and then hooks one of Shane Jackson

s legs and uses his body strength to lift Shane Jackson up and over, to the mat.

Wolf: Belly to Belly Cradle Suplex by Rupture!

Ace: What a move that is! (Generic Shivoni!)

The crowd pops. Both men are slow to get up, Shane Jackson getting up first to one knee, then the other, then to his feet, Rupture using the ropes to help himself upward. Shane Jackson gets to his feet first, followed quickly by Rupture. Shane Jackson charges Rupture and Rupture goes for the lock up but Shane Jackson baseball slides through his legs and quickly gets to his feet, hooking Rupture around the abdomen.

Wolf:

Lock up

no, Shane Jackson with the baseball slide. He

s quick

Ace, he

s quick!

Ace: Everyone seems quick to you, you

re the slowest man on the planet! Turtles can beat you in a foot race!

Wolf: Hey now that one isn

t even funny!

Rupture takes several steps forward and grabs the top rope, hooking it with his arms and propelling himself backward, knocking Shane Jackson back. Shane Jackson rolls backward and the charges Rupture, jumps up into the air and then hits Rupture square in the chest with both feet knocking him down to the court.

Wolf: Oh my! Drop kick by Shane Jackson and Rupture has fallen all the way out of the ring.

Ace:

Things are about to get interesting, Wolf.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Shane Jackson turns toward the center of the ring and shouts CASH MONEY before charging the ropes. He hits the ropes and returns toward the next set of

ropes, and as he does he jumps up in the air over the top rope and lands on Rupture outside of the ring.

Wolf: Body Splash by Shane Jackson! Talk about high risk! If Rupture isn't there he lands smack on the court!

Ace: Shane Jackson doesn't

have to worry about bodily injury like the rest of us. He's got the dough to pay for new organs if necessary!

Wolf: And listen to these fans!

The crowd pops at the dangerous bump. Shane Jackson and Rupture sell the body splash, crumpled together in a mass of arms and legs outside of the ring. Frank Knox comes to the ropes to check on the competitors.

Wolf: Frank Knox checking on both competitors now. I think just to see if they're still alive.

Ace: We

s gonna have a lot on his plate now. He

s got to watch Shane and Rupture and Jason Cruz and Schism! He aint got eyes on the back of his head.

Jason Cruz hops the ropes and charges his way into the ring and over toward Schism on the apron. Jason Cruz and Schism exchange blows while Frank Knox stands between the two fighting teams, looking back and forth.

Wolf: Frank seems a little flustered here. . .

Ace: I told yah! Did I tell you or did I tell you?

Wolf: Looks like Frank is going to try and restore order.

Frank decides to break up Jason Cruz and Schism, while Shane Jackson and Rupture slowly get to their feet. Shane Jackson gets to his feet first and starts laying down forearm shots to the back of Rupture before he

s able to stand completely up.

Wolf: Shane Jackson to his feet first, and he's hammering down on Rupture now.

Shane Jackson grabs Rupture by the arm and Irish whips him into the steel steps but Rupture jumps over them. Rupture then turns around and runs toward Shane Jackson and uses the steel steps as a platform, stepping up onto them and then quickly jumping off, flipping backward in the air before landing on a charging Shane Jackson.

Wolf: What a move by Rupture! The athleticism Ace! These guys are top notch.

Ace: Rupture with the backflip mid air onto Shane Jackson, and these scumbag fans are loving it.

The crowd pops once more, one of the loudest pops of the night, as Shane Jackson and Rupture fall together to the mat. Meanwhile in the ring Frank Knox pulls Jason Cruz from Schism and directs him to his neutral corner.

Wolf: Frank Knox finally able to separate Jason Cruz and Schism.

Ace: Both these teams are fighting for the bragging rights. For the ability to say they are the best tag team in The Row, and it's showing here tonight.

Wolf:

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

That

s right, Ace. And what a wonderful main event we
ve put on for you so far.

Outside the ring Rupture slowly gets to his
feet, breathing heavily. He bends down and grabs a head full of Shane Jackson
s hair and pulls him up to his feet. Rupture then tosses Shane Jackson into the ring and then climbs up to
the apron, placing his knee down first and then grabbing the middle rope to pull himself up to his feet.

Wolf: Shane Jackson in the ring now, and wait
s Rupture doing?

Ace: He
s waiting for an opportunity to attack!
He

s got something in mind here, Wolf. He
s a thinking man

S
wrestler!

Rupture waits on the apron outside of the ring as Shane Jackson makes slow work of getting to his feet.
Rupture waits patiently, as Shane Jackson slowly staggers to his feet, sucking air. Rupture then grabs hold of
the top rope, bends backward to get a good jump and then springs up to the top rope before jumping off. He
hooks his legs around Shane Jackson
s head and Shane Jackson grabs his legs and slams him down to the mat.

Wolf: Hurican
no! Sitdown powerbomb by Shane Jackson! What a reversal!

Ace: What a reversal? What a match! You can
t get action like this anyone else, ladies and gentlemen. Be sure to remember that!

Wolf: That
The Row, striving to bring you the dirtiest, filthiest, hard hitting action each and every episode.

Ace: We don
t call it Lethal Injection for nothing!

Shane Jackson slumps to the mat after the power bomb, having used up the remainder of his apparent
energy, and Rupture sells the sitdown powerbomb. The fans buzz after the reversal, even if it was Shane
Jackson who brought Rupture to the mat. Frank Knox checks on both competitors and then steps back into
the center of the ring so that he may be better seen. He then starts making the count. 1. . . 2. . . 3. . . 4. . .

Wolf: Frank Knox making the count as both men are down now.

Ace: This match is taking its toll on both tag teams. After this they
ll be able to say they are the best team, and no one will be able to say anything about it.

Wolf: That
s right, both teams looking to keep their undefeated streaks alive.

5. . . Rupture slowly turns over on his belly, crawling toward and outstretched Schism in the corner. 6. . .
Shane Jackson stumbles over toward the ropes, and clings to the middle rope. 7. . . Rupture gets to one
knee, drawing closer to Schism. 8. . . Shane Jackson pulls himself up to the middle rope. 9. . . Rupture
dives toward Schism, tagging him in, as Shane Jackson abandons the rope to dive toward Jason Cruz,
tagging him in. The fans buzz in anticipation

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Wolf: We

ve got a tag! We

ve got a tag! And Jason Cruz and Schism are in the ring now. Jason Cruz charges. . .

Jason Cruz charges Schism and Schism raises an elbow, knocking him clean to the mat. Schism throws his arms up telling Jason to get up and quickly Jason turns and gets to his feet. He charges Schism once more and Schism hits him with yet another elbow knocking him clean to the mat.

Wolf: Series of elbows from Schism and Jason Cruz is once again on the mat!

Schism taunts Jason Cruz once more and Jason Cruz gets up, fuming. Jason screams before charging Schism and Schism holds his ground. As Jason reaches him Schism hops up into the air, hooking his legs around his head and swinging around, the momentum bringing Jason Cruz clean to the mat.

Ace: HURI-CAN-FUCKIN

RANA!

Wolf: Huricanrana by Schism, and Jason Cruz is down! And listen to these fans! I think Fracture has finally woken these people up!

Ace: I love it Wolf. . . . this is what wrestling is all about!

Schism taunts the crowd for a moment as Jason Cruz sells the huricanrana before making his way over to Jason Cruz and bringing him to his feet. Schism then Irish whips Jason Cruz into the corner of the ring. Jason Cruz collides with the turnbuckle in the corner.

Wolf: Irish whip by Schism. Jason Cruz into the corner. Schism on the run now.

Schism charges Jason Cruz and as he reaches him steps up onto one of Cruz
s bent knee

s to prop himself up and then throws a kick with his free leg aimed at Jason Cruz
s head. The kick knocks knocking Jason Cruz
s head forward violently.

Wolf: Shining Wizard by Schism! He just used Jason
s own knee to lift himself up for the kick to the face!

Ace: Yes, that would be what a shining wizard is, Wolf. An impressive move
Rupture reaching deep into his wrestling repertoire.

Wolf: Pulling out all the stops tonight, Ace!

Jason Cruz staggers out of the corner and Schism follows behind him, going into a slight trot and hooking his head under his arm and bringing his face to the mat as he falls.

Wolf: Schism leads the shining wizard into a beautiful bulldog. What a combination of moves there! The fans are loving it!

Ace: Almost as much as you love prunes for their aid in digestion.

The crowd lets out a slight Pop as Schism gets to his feet and stomps the fallen Jason Cruz once, twice, before bending down and getting him in a side headlock.

Wolf: Schism with the side headlock on Jason Cruz now. Wrenching in the grip. This may be the end of Jason Cruz.

Ace: Hopefully once and for all.

Schism wrenches the head and Jason Cruz sells the headlock, wincing in pain. Frank Knox bends down to check on Jason Cruz but Jason shakes his head now, his arms outstretched in an effort to reach the ropes. Jason Cruz then pulls his legs under him and slowly gets to his feet, Schism keeping the hold.

Wolf: No! Jason Cruz is getting to his feet! He

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

s fighting out of this one!

Jason Cruz gets to his feet and then elbows Schism in the gut, once, twice, three times before the hold is broken. Jason Cruz then takes flight, charging the ropes. Jason Cruz turns, his back hitting the ropes and as he returns Schism spins for a heel kick.

Wolf: Heel kick by Schism

NO!

Jason Cruz ducks the spinning heel kick and hits the ropes on the other side of the ring. As he returns he leaps up in the air and hits Schism across the face/mask with a forearm, knocking him clean to the mat.

Wolf: Flying forearm by Jason Cruz! Schism has hit the mat and he is down!

Jason Cruz gets to his feet and takes a moment to yell CASH MONEY, but he s so tired it comes out CASH. MO. . . . NEY! Jason then grabs Schism by the mask and pulls him to his feet and Irish whips him into the Cash Money neutral corner.

Wolf:

Jason Cruz with the Irish Whip into the Cash Money corner. Look out Schism, Shane Jackson is waiting for you!

Ace: We could see some real tag team action here from Cash Money!

Schism heads toward the corner but redirects himself and clotheslines Shane Jackson standing there at the corner on the apron, knocking him out of the ring. Jason Cruz charges Schism from behind but Schism turns and lowers himself, catching Jason Cruz low. Schism then raises up, knocking Jason Cruz out of the ring and into Shane Jackson.

Wolf: Oh my God!

Schism just back body dropped Jason Cruz out of the ring into his own team mate, Shane Jackson!

Ace: The last time money like that clashed Bobby Brown stole Whitney s coke!

Wolf: ACE!!

Ace: What? Too soon?

The crowd pops and Schism raises his arms up in celebration for a moment before charging the ropes on the opposite side of the ring. Schism hits the ropes, with speed and as he returns he leaps up over the top rope and comes down on the standing Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz with a leg lariat. The crowd pops as the combatants spill out over the court.

Wolf: Schism out of the ring now! He dove over the top rope with a leg lariat!

Shane Jackson, Jason

Cruz, and Schism are all down and out of the ring!

Ace: This ring cannot contain these tag teams!

It

s as simple as that, Wolf.

Wolf: And listen to these fans! We just may have made a few tonight!

The crowd starts up a DRW chant that actually sustains itself for more than five seconds. Jason Cruz, Shane Jackson and Schism are slow to get up outside of the ring. Rupture jumps into the ring and then rushes to the nearest corner and pulls himself up to the top. He perches there, waiting.

Wolf: Rupture perched up there on the top of the ring! No! Not more high risk here! Think about your career!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Ace: Fuck it! We want blood!

Schism rolls out of the way as Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz slowly get to their feet. Rupture perched on the top rope flings himself off, and a few camera flashes actually go off in the crowd from fans. Rupture catches Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz, knocking them both down to the court once again. The crowd pops.

Wolf: And Rupture with the body splash now to the outside of the ring!

Cash Money looking like a couple of crash test dummies here tonight, Ace.

Schism slowly gets to his feet and checks on

Rupture, who is slow to get up. Schism extends a hand and Rupture grabs it, and Schism pulls backward, bringing him to his feet. Rupture stumbles a bit, selling the body splash but then raises an arm to the adoration of the crowd.

Meanwhile, Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz sell on the outside.

Wolf: Schism helping his buddy up there. . . but who
s gonna help Cash Money?

Ace: Nobody! But I

ll do it for a hundred bucks. That
s nothing to them anyway.

Wolf: Don

t you do it Ace!

Schism grabs Jason Cruz by the hair as Rupture grabs Shane Jackson in much the same manner, and the two toss Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson into the ring. Schism and Rupture roll in after them.

Wolf:

We

ve returned to the ring now, Schism and Rupture in pursuit.

Schism brings Jason Cruz to his feet and Rupture brings Shane Jackson to his
feet, and the team of

Fracture Irish whips the team of Cash Money into the ropes. Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson hit the ropes at the same time and then return, Schism catching Jason

Cruz, Rupture catching Shane Jackson, sending each member of Cash Money to the mat with a hook of the arm.

Wolf: Dual hip tosses by the team of Fracture!

Ace: Frank has lost all control! These teams are going at one another with no adherence to the rules
whatsoever. I love it!

Wolf:

And so do these fans
ve finally come alive.

The crowd pops as Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz both quickly get to their feet and charge Rupture and Schism. Rupture goes for the clothesline on Shane Jackson, Shane ducks while Schism goes for an elbow on Jason Cruz

Jason Cruz ducks.

Wolf: It

s like Synchronized wrestling up in here! Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson ducking the elbow and clothesline
respectively.

Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson each hit the ropes at the same time and then return. Rupture catches Shane

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Jackson and raises him up in the air before slamming him down to the mat while Schism catches Jason Cruz and turns, slamming him to the mat all in one motion.

Wolf: Rupture with the spine buster on Shane Jackson as Schism hits Jason Cruz with the power slam!

Schism drops to the mat, hooking Jason Cruz

s leg as Rupture stomps Shane Jackson out of the ring. Frank Knox makes the count and Rupture stands in the ring to count along with the referee and everyone else.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin by Schism! Rupture seems to think this one is over! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Kick out by Jason Cruz! He kicked out Ace!

Ace: He sure did

s reaching deep now, really testing himself and his body.

Schism checks with Frank Knox who signals two before ordering Rupture out of the ring. Rupture obeys, his arms out and his hands raised as he backs toward the ropes. As he reaches them he swings through and exits the ring to wait on the apron.

Ace: That

s right Frank, keep that punk in the corner! He looks like a shifty one to me!

Wolf: Rupture is one of the nicest guys. . . I don

t know why you would think that.

Ace: I don

t trust people in masks. . . never have, never will.

Schism grabs a handful of Jason Cruz

s hair and brings him to his feet before tagging Rupture. Schism then picks of Jason Cruz, resting him over his shoulder. Rupture climbs the ropes and perches on the top before jumping off as Schism falls backward and Jason Cruz hits the mat and Rupture comes down immediately after, with a leg draped across his throat.

Wolf: Samoan Drop

Leg Drop combination here from Fracture!

Ace: Jason Cruz is going to have to make the tag if Cash Money ever hopes of winning this. Look at him! He s hardly moving. The poor fucker.

The crowd pops and Rupture scrambles over to the fallen Jason Cruz, hooking the leg and going for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat.

Wolf: Pin by Rupture now. 1. . . 2. . . NO! Jason Cruz kicks out yet again!

Ace: This guy just won

t give up will he? He

s been bashed about the ring all night, and still he wants more! Will he ever tire of a good beating?

Rupture gets quickly to his feet, grabbing Jason Cruz and quickly Irish whipping him into the ropes.

Wolf: Jason Cruz into the ropes. . .

Jason Cruz hits the ropes and Rupture goes for the clothesline, but Jason Cruz ducks it.

Wolf: Clothesline

NO. Jason Cruz ducks the attempted clothesline by Rupture.

Jason Cruz then runs off the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns Rupture pushes Jason Cruz up for the sitdown powerbomb, but Jason Cruz hooks Rupture around the head with his legs, and flipping around sends him clean to the mat.

Wolf: Huricanrana by Jason Cruz now!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Ace: How many of those are we gonna have to see tonight?

Wolf: As many as it takes Ace. . . as many as it takes.

Rupture sells the huricanrana on the mat and Jason Cruz lies on his back, looking up toward the lights, conscious but too tired to even think about moving yet.

Wolf: Both men slow to get up now. . . This match is taking its toll, on everybody. . . The heat in here is unbearable, and we

re just sitting around. These fellows are actually wrestling in there!

Ace: Somebody get these fellows a Gatorade!

Frank Knox starts to make the count, raising his arms each time he reaches a new number. 1. . . 2. . . 3. . . 4

Rupture gets up to his knees. Jason Cruz starts to move, raising up his arm in an attempt to turn over onto his stomach.

Wolf: Both men are moving now, trying to get up.

Ace: You know Jason Cruz is gonna try and go for that tag. . . well, if he
s smart he

ll go for the tag. We

ve seen mistakes in the ring before.

5. . . Jason Cruz crawls toward Shane Jackson, getting closer and closer to the tag. 6. . . Closer, the
outstretched hand of Shane Jackson almost close enough to touch. 7. . . Closer now, just a few inches away
almost. . . 8. . . He

s just about to reach Shane Jackson when Rupture gets to his feet and grabs Jason Cruz by the ankle,
pulling him farther and farther away from Shane Jackson.

Wolf: Rupture has got him! Jason Cruz was so close to the tag

yet so far. . . Rupture got him by the ankle, and now all that progress has been lost.

Ace: The bruises will heal Wolf, but the shame Jason Cruz must be feeling will hurt for a long time to come
Wolf. He

s letting Shane Jackson down! He

s owes him his life, and he damn well knows it!

Wolf:

Another good point, Ace. What does that make
three, or four?

Ace:

At least fifteen. . .

Rupture keeps his hold on Jason Cruz

s leg and turns him onto his back before pulling him to his feet, Jason Cruz hopping on one leg. Rupture then
turns and spins while keeping his hold on Jason

s

leg, wrenching the leg and sending Jason to the mat.

Wolf: Dragon Screw by Rupture! Targeting that leg.

Ace: Jason Cruz is gonna need a miracle to get out of this one. Money won
t help him none right now.

The crowd pops as Rupture brings Jason Cruz to his feet and slams him down to the mat.

Wolf: Lung Blower! Lung Blower by Rupture on Jason Cruz!

Rupture scrambles over to Jason Cruz and hooks the leg, Frank Knox hitting the mat for the count and

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

Schism entering the ring to prevent any interference by Shane Jackson.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . .3! That

s it! It

s over!

Ace: Fracture is officially the best tag team in The Row! Congratulations boys!

Mine All Mine

Wolf: These two aren't just the best team. Individually, they're two of The Row's finest as well! Ace: Tell us how their cornhole's taste, Waylon! Wolf: ... That's just putrid, you're a very disturbed individual. Ace: Is that code for grainy? I'll bet it is. Interrupting the chatter and celebration in the ring is

Godsmack's

"I Stand Alone" mixed with Kanye West's . Just kidding. Who would come out to that?

It sounds like pigs fucking. Instead, Van

Halen's blares throughout the East Gym. Ace: Move over Fracture! You say they're two of The Row's finest, well here comes THE finest! The Sultan of Sweet himself, gracing us with his presence! Wolf: How does Seth's posterior taste, Tommy? Ace: Was that supposed to be funny? Wolf: Shut up. Seth glides down the aisle, waving at his adoring fans. Even though they hate him. That doesn't matter though, because all he can see is a cheering mass of Strattonites pining for his attention. Ain't narcissism fun, kids? Wolf:

As you know, Seth was scheduled to face FJ Tombs in a

non-title match this evening, scheduled before FJ was involved in a car accident at the last Lethal Injection.

Ace:

It hurt being deprived of Seth this week, Waylon. I

don't know how I made it through the entire show. Seth gingerly climbs up the ring steps and between the ropes. A homeless man in a shabby headset near ringside reaches through and hands him a microphone. Fracture stand in the corner flabbergasted at the intrusion. Seth:

Before I start, I just wanted to

say, to all the devoted fans here... You can get a free tetanus shot at the Salvation Army after the show. This place is fucking filthy. Though there is a chance you shanty dwellers have built up an immunity. Crowd: BOOOOOOOOO! Seth:

And I love YOU, San

Jose! Wolf: This guy is a headcase. Ace: No, he's a visionary! He knows what these people want better than they do! Seth: You're probably asking yourselves, 'Where am I going to get the money for my next crack hit?'. You're probably also asking yourselves 'Why has Seth Stratton chosen to grace us with his presence?'. I'd like to be arrogant and assume the latter thought is at the forefront of your minds, but let's face it, crack addiction is pretty dicey. Ace: Sing it, sister. Wolf: Ugh. Seth: I don't know the answer to the first question. Maybe orally copulate one of the DRW wrestlers. I hear Cash Money is filthy with the stuff, and also love a good back alley rimjob. The answer to the second is simple. FJ Tombs... is a gimp. Wolf: Oh, come on! Seth: ... He's a crip, folks. And not one of the cool black ones with their fancy dancing. I mean a cripple. At least, temporarily. That means he can't defend the DRW title. That means... the championship is vacant. Ace: He's right about that. Wolf: Sadly. Seth: I know that bothers everyone here tonight, that they've come out to support an organization with no champion. But Uncle Seth has a surprise for you, and it isn't in my pants, like the surprises your real Uncles gave you. Crowd: BOOOOOOOOOO! Ace: They should boo. A lot of bad

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

memories just got drudged up. Wolf: You're just as deplorable as Stratton. Seth: I, Seth Stratton, have decided to step forward and accept the Death Row Wrestling title. Yes!

Ceelllabrate good times, COME

ON! Wolf: He's delusional! Ace: How dare you speak that way of the new champion! Wolf: He's NOT the champion!

Seth bows to the crowd. They toss roses at his feet. And by roses, I mean empty cans of Keystone Ice. Seth kicks them out of the ring.

Seth: You'll want to keep these. They'll help pay the rent. Not as much as the Section 8 assistance, but a little. ????: Wait just one fucking second! Seth whips his head to see Schism on the mic. Rupture is still standing in the ring, watching the madness. Schism: What makes you think you can just waltz out here and claim the title? Crowd: WHOOOOOO! Seth: Oh, sorry! I didn't see you there! While I think it's terribly rude that you've somewhat ruined my moment of glory by sullyng it with your... presence, I'll explain. As you know, I have the best record in DRW. So it stands to reason that, in the event of a title being vacated, that I should step in. Hoist that strap on my shoulder, strut about town. You get the picture. Rupture: What's your record, again? Seth:

Well I'm glad you asked me that, Jism.

Rupture: I'm Rupture. Seth: Whatever. I'm Four and Oh. Boom. Schism: Huh. It just so happens that me and Rupture are undefeated too. Tonight's win? Makes us FIVE and Oh. Crowd: WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Schism: So going by your own logic, it seems like the DRW title belongs to US. Seth: Wait, wait. That's absurd. You're a fucking tag team, no one cares about tag teams! In the immortal words of Bob Barker, you should be working at the snack bar! Rupture: There's only one way to settle this. Schism: And what would that be? Rupture: Well, since Seth thinks that tag teams are a non-issue... Seth: You're damn right I do! Rupture: It seems like the three of us should have a match at Lethal Injection XI. Seth: A three way dance? You're really willing to sell out your partner like that? What a douche! Rupture:

No, Seth. I was thinking more along the lines of a handicap elimination match.

Crowd: WHOOOOOOOOOO! Wolf: That's what I'm talking about! Ace:

Boooo, Just give Seth the belt.

He's sexy as hell, and it'll boost our profile! Wolf: Well, our profile can't get much low- Wait, did you just call another man sexy? Ace:

Uh, No.

Rupture: So what do you say, Seth? Since we're nothing to sweat, since you're undefeated and so great. Seth: Uhhh... Wolf: He's going to chicken out. Ace: He has nothing more to prove, he shouldn't agree. Seth: You know what? Fine. FINE. Crowd: WHOOOOOO! Wolf: It would appear we have a main event! Ace: It's going to be a laugher, Wolf. Seth is going to school these chumps.

"There's No Sympathy For The Dead" by Escape the Fate hits as the meager crowd goes wild. Seth climbs out of the ring, a butthurt expression on his face. Ace: Chin up, Seth! The majesty of being champion isn't gone, just delayed two weeks! Wolf: We're all out of time, tune in two weeks from tonight for Lethal Injection XI!

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Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

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Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection X

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