

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

September 19, 2012

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Lethal Injection XII

19 Sep 2012

Omega Omega House, San Luis Obispo (seats 110)

Coke Troughs, Orgies, and Gold

The camera feed opens up in the Omega Omega house on the campus of Cal Poly SLO. The room is full of frat guys and sorority girls. One of the frat guys stands holding a microphone attached to a karaoke machine. He speaks to the masses. Frat guy: WHOOOOO! Thanks for comin out, everyone!

As president of this fraternity, I take great pride in welcoming this evening

s guest of honor. He

s truly one of us. He

s the Death Row Wrestling

Head Motherfucker

Seth

Stratton! The crowd of college kids cheer, which is an unusual reaction to a Seth Stratton appearance. Seth walks over from off screen, gives the frat guy a bro hug and snatches the mic. He s wearing the DRW championship around his waist, and it glistens in the light, having been freshly polished by a Cambodian immigrant.

Seth: I look into this crowd, and I see the future. The future of America. It brings tears to my eyes, knowing that our nation is in such great hands.

Now that I

ve gotten the formalities out of the way, COKE

TROUGH! As he shouts this, he pulls a large sandwich bag of cocaine from his pocket. He empties it out onto the floor and falls to his stomach, snorting away with reckless abandon.

Several of the students join him in what becomes a writhing ball of insufflating madness. After having his fill, Seth leans back against the wall. One of the sorority girls crawls over. Both of their faces are covered in white powder, like a bizarre Al Jolson skit. Sorority girl:

You

re so awesome, Seth. We love you.

Seth:

I know, I know. Sorority

girl: Can I touch the title? Seth: Absolutely. She moves her hands across the plate of the DRW title, still

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affixed to Seth

s waist. Her eyes are wide. Sorority girl: This is turning me on, so much. Seth: Have you ever fucked a champion wrestler before? Sorority girl: Yes. Seth: Oh. Well shit. She continues rubbing the belt. Sorority girl: I

ve never fucked a champion wrestler while encouraging two sorority pledges to watch and later participate, though. Let

s do that! She grabs him by the wrist, dragging him towards the door. Seth takes a second and looks to the heavens. Seth:

Jesus, I know we don

t see eye to eye on a lot of

things, and that I

ve cursed your name on a near daily basis, but I just want to take the time to thank you for the tremendous gift you

re about to bestow upon me. I

ve always dreamed of banging an eager college girl while two apprehensive ones were forced to join in. He stands and follows her. Seth: I can keep the title belt on, right? Sorority girl: I

d actually prefer it. Seth: Oh sweet, sweet fancy moses. I should

ve gone to college. She leads him down a hallway as the camera shot fades.

Introduction

Your kings are not righteous Your heroes are not strong Your empire is crumbling We've been sent to save your children Everything is going to get better Its written in the stars We're not who they think we are You can't fight what you can't see We are scum deluxe

You have absolutely no idea What's about to happen It's our turn now We are the most spontaneous Creatures ever created The future is ours We are scum deluxe

We are scum deluxe. The throw-aways. Yesterdays trash--and it is as they say, one man's trash is another man's treasure. No one expected anything from The Row except bloody violence. They thought of The Row as a cave man, parading around and bashing anything on the skull that was different--and why, with such a small brain everything seems different and confusing. Keep away from those fellas--they're like Lenny--awful retarded but twice as strong. . .

But this was not so, this was not The Row.

The Row has grown, and has taken on even the intellectuals. . . well as intellectual as one can get while at the same time claiming a fraternity.

Enter Phillip Barnes, Omega Omega

President, a suave shithead with a politician's smile and taste for rape and wrestling.

You see, Phillip Barnes is a real wrestling mark. A horrid one that at times can not tell the difference between illusion and reality. Sure

it's a defect of the brain that's genetic--there is a long line of semi-retarded Barnes'--but his blood and namesake also gives him the opportunity to run the Omega Omega Fraternity in San Luis Obispo. A Barnes has always been the president of Omega Omega, since its conception in the 1980's.

And what a namesake. What a legacy. Omega Omega is not exactly an academic fraternity, operating on the fringe of an ever growing liberal college world. It's fundraisers are almost always for the legalization of marijuana for recreational use, or the lowering of the drinking age to eighteen. Their contributions to the school are limited, if at all--with its members averaging a rather mediocre C average, with some flirting with

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D's.

Every year Omega Omega picks up new recruits to torture during the initiation process (many semi-homoerotic rituals), and usually they hold a week long party to get everyone interested in Omega Omega. The plan is to throw the most wild party ever, and being a total Mark Phillip Barnes felt Omega Omega needed The Row. . .

And so The Row obliged, despite the majority of its members never having ever set foot on a college campus before. . .

And The Row comes with some new blood--with some new hopefuls looking to be a part of SCUM DELUXE.

One, Sonny Thompson is an

ex-biker and a known crazy man, convinced he has

Agent Orange despite never fighting in Vietnam. . . The other, Jasper

Quinn, is virtually unknown to The Row.

Everyone is outside, getting drunk on mom and dad's dime, and the girl you thought you'd rape while she was passed out has woken up mid-pump, and she knows your name and recognizes your face. And you, being completely without any individuality of your own, just wanted to join a fraternity. . .

And now look where it has gotten you. The future sure looks bright. . . for everyone but you.

It's Wednesday, Row day. Perhaps you better smack a bitch and get the hell out of there. . .

you're missing the only show worth watching. . .

It won't be long before she connects the dots. . . It won't be long before campus police put a flyer up with your name on it, LOOKING FOR SUSPECTED RAPIST.

Either way man. . .

YOU'RE FUCKED!

One. . .

Two. . .

Three. . .

WELCOME TO THE ROW!

We cut to outside the Omega Omega House, a white two story affair, with a balcony out front and a spacious lawn that was once green. Improper care has turn the lawn a dull yellow-green, and the trees surrounding the property wither and threaten to fall to pieces.

Around back of the house is another lawn, just as decrepit. A slight buzz is in the air, coming from some hundred plus college douchebags mingled around the Death Row ring, situated in the center of the lawn. There are few chicks sprinkled through the crowd, looking more and more annoyed at all the men around them trying to get in their pants.

Waylon Wolf and Tommy Ace sit at a table once used for many many games of beer pong; it is stained with cup rings and the spillage of more than a hundred cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon. Waylon sits looking quite different--looking like he's actually on vacation, with a Hawaiian shirt and a pair of sunglasses he has over his eyes. Tommy Ace turns from the camera to inspect Wolf a bit, looking up and down at him and noticing the flask in his breast pocket. He shakes his head and turns to the camera.

Ace: Well here we are--

Wolf: God damn it, don't upstage me boy. I always start this show off.

Ace: Alright. I just thought that after last show I would--

Wolf: Thought you'd step all over my toes? Well I'm not going to let you do it.

Wolf turns to face the camera and smiles. If smell-o-vision were real, you'd already smell a hint of whiskey on

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his breath.

Wolf: Hello fans, and welcome to yet another edition of Lethal Injection, with Lethal Injection 12! I'm Waylon Wolf Senior, and with me as always is Tommy Ace--the personal pain in my ass.

Ace: Look Wolf--I--

Wolf: We've got a lot to cover tonight, as last night in the main event we saw. . . we saw. . . well aint that the damndest thing. . . I can't remember.

Wolf reaches up and scratches his head and then turns to Tommy and laughs. Tommy looks back at him and can't muster up a fake guffaw.

Ace: Yeah. . . I wonder why. . . Well let me refresh your memory--

Wolf: My memory is fine!

Ace: Yes, well anyway-- Last Lethal Injection we saw a new Death Row Champion crowned. Seth Stratton managed to beat out all odds, defeating BOTH--yes both--Rupture and Schism in a handicap match for the Death Row belt. He's officially the new head mother fucker.

Wolf: Oh yes. That's right. Seth Stratton of course won after. . . after. . .

Ace: After the Match Point on Schism--and that was all-she-wrote. It seems tonight he has the night off. One of his opponents however, Rupture, will be taking on IM Hate in tournament action.

Wolf: Well Dark announced the tournament to name the number one contender, and there are a lot of talented wrestlers in it, Ace. It should be a good one. . . Now if you'll excuse me. . .

Wolf takes the flask from his breast pocket and unscrews the cap.

Wolf: To World Peace.

Wolf laughs and then takes a healthy drink from the flask. He sighs with the burn in his chest and screws back the cap and puts it back in his breast pocket as if nothing had happened. Tommy stares at Wolf until he can feel Tommy staring, and then turns to face him.

Wolf: What?

Ace: I saw that!

Wolf: What! Look around Ace. . . everyone is drinking! This is a party!

Ace: For them maybe. But we've got a job to do!

Wolf: So do it. . . bitch.

Tommy turns red in the face and thinks to say something to Wolf, but thinks better of it. He faces the camera and gets the job done.

Ace: Also in tournament action, we've got that masked luchadore Mariguano taking on Major Kendu.

Wolf: I don't know about that Mariguano boy. . . I think he's on drugs.

Ace: What gave him away? The fifteen foot bong he was hitting last night?

Whether he's a user or not, Mariguano has made a splash here in The Row, though he did lose last

Lethal Injection to the newcomer from England, Trevor Browning.

Wolf: That kid stole one. Mariguano was ahead all night!

Ace: But not at the end, where it counts.

Also in tournament action the One Man Misdemeanor, Cort Vang takes on Shane Jackson of Cash Money.

Wolf: That rich bastard Shane Jackson--he and Jason Cruz have recently joined up with IM Hate. I don't know why they did it--IM Hate is only concerned with himself and winning the belt for himself. Do they actually like being lackeys?

Ace: Speaking of IM Hate, he will be in our Main Event tonight, taking on Rupture, of the dangerous tag team

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Fracture. IM Hate surprised us all last week by forming a group he has taken to calling Anarchy, with the help of Cash Money.

Wolf: Fuck this place. We've got ourselves a power struggle already. I don't know who IM Hate thinks he is, but he's trying to take money from everyone in The Row by taking them out of a job!

Ace: Perhaps they want to share the spoils when The Row is gone.

Wolf: What spoils? I'm broke. The Row's broke. Everybody is broke but Cash Money. Fuck em!

Ace: Jesus Wolf, you sure are different with a little booze in yah.

Wolf: That's right! And get used to it!

Wolf frowns and immediately reaches for the flask; he is in need again to soften the world. Tommy takes no notice--let the old bastard do as he wishes.

Ace: Also in action tonight we have newcomers Jasper Quinn and Sonny Thompson, as well as Death Row favorite and resident fat man, The Disposal.

Well, lets go to Dark in the ring, who has a special message for the fans here tonight.

We cut to the ring, where Dark stands with a red cup of beer in one hand and a microphone in the other. He raises up the red cup to a cheer from the crowd and promptly empties it. He takes the cup from his mouth and burps before turning the cup upside down to show that it's already empty. The crowd lets out another pop--the damn young alcoholics in training.

Ace: We know he can drink, nothing new there ladies and gentlemen.

Wolf: Boss is drinking, I'm gonna drink too!

Ace: Wolf no!

Wolf: Pussy!

Wolf takes another swig as Dark raises the mic to his lips.

Dark: Welcome. . . to The Row.

He pauses for affect and gets a mild applause.

Dark: Wow. . . the future sure looks bright.

He says it sarcastically, but none of the frat fucks are bright enough to see that. They stare at him dumbly, wishing he'd just drink more beer.

Dark:

Looking out on you guys, I have no fear for the future of America. . . Why there are future leaders around me today--men who will bring forth a new era in America. Vanguards of technology and progress. . . Yes. . . There are many brilliant men here.

Ace: Yeah. Namely me.

Wolf: Are you kidding?

You're as thick as a brick, Ace.

Ace: Yeah, so the ladies tell me. . .

Wolf: Idiot, I wasn't talking about your cock but rather your skull.

Dark: But we all know what college is really about. . .

Dark looks around conspiratorially, as if he's about to impart great wisdom.

Dark: Partying. . .

The crowd pops.

Dark: Drinking. . .

The crowd pops again.

Dark: And fucking. . .

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The crowd goes wild, hundreds of beers raised in the air in agreement with the last point most of all. The frat fools take a healthy chug, while the few young coeds in the crowd show their disgust (though a slut or two secretly enjoy it). Charlene can be seen clapping along with the rest, sure that tonight she will make a killing.

Dark:

You're here. Which means you're smart enough to watch the best wrestling show out there. And for that, I thank you. In fact give yourselves a pat on the back. Go ahead, go on!

Dark stands and waits for the crowd, but very few of them comply.

Dark: There, don't you feel better? With that said, you work for us now. Here's your job description: love us more than anything in your life. It's just that simple! Oh and if you have any questions, I'll be by the keg.

Dark turns to make his way out of the ring but stops and turns toward the camera again.

Dark: Oh. . . and don't fuck my wrestlers--or I'll have to fuck with you.

He drops the mic as Binge and Purge begins to play over the stolen stereo system placed out in the grass. He exits the ring and makes his way to the nearest keg.

Ace: Well there he goes, our Boss. Aint you proud?

Wolf: Fuck no.

Ace: I think you should lay off that stuff--it's making you belligerent.

Wolf: Oh fuck off. . .

'Giving Back'

We are somewhere 'backstage', which is elaborate for 'somewhere in a hallway'. Along the walls are lined the pictures of every Omega Omega graduating class--each one looking more and more retarded than the next. Cort Vang crouches over, clutching a brown duffel bag and squinting his eyes looking for someone. Knowing 'Anarchy' could be around, he occasionally glances over his shoulder and seems satisfied that this is the perfect meeting place, one where he cannot be attacked from behind and can see the foot traffic from the left of him as well as to his right.

Ace: Cort Vang here in the Omega House, I'm not certain what he's up to.

Wolf: What's in that bag? A body?! Cort assures himself that he is alright, when a tiny pudgy hand smacks his thigh, frightening him. He rises with a start and then looks down to see the small midget El Toro, looking up at him and raising his fists in anger. El Toro: !Deme la campa, burro!

Ace: He's pissed off El Toro! Cort probably has one of his little friends in there! What's he saying?

Wolf: Got any work? Cort looks downward at El Toro, handing him the duffel bag. El Toro quickly snatches it and rummages through it, pulling out the Death Row ringside bell Cort Vang must've swiped last week in Salinas.

Ace: The thief!

Wolf: What do you expect? Cort is a damn miscreant--he just can't help himself. I oughta teach him a lesson myself!

El Toro: Shwew! El Toro brings up his hand as if to wipe the sweat from his forehead, though he wears a mask. He then looks up, pointing a finger. El Toro: Pr

xima vez usted necesita una campana, usa una cuchara y una botella de whisky!

OKEY?! Cort nods, not knowing what the hell El Toro says. Then, bending down to El Toro's eye level, speaks the only spanish he knows. Cort Vang: Si

ntese en mi regazo, se

ora bonita. El Toro furrows his brow. El Toro:

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Usted no puede leer, o decir el espa

ol, usted bastardo loco! El Toro carries the duffel bag away, as Cort is still squatted wondering what he learned off that spanish porn video he watched eleven years ago.

Ace: You speak Spanish, Wolf?

Wolf: Fuck no!

Trevor Browning vs. Jasper Quinn

We

cut back to ring side, where Wolf and Ace sit at their commentators table, the frat fucks still around the ring, mingling around and drinking.

Ace: Cort Vang stole the Death Row bell last Lethal Injection

I didn

t even notice that, did you?

Wolf: Hell no. Why steal a ring bell, it

s virtually worthless.

Ace:

Obviously Cort just has the impulse to steal stuff, Wolf. Cort Vang just can

t help himself.

Wolf: Yeah him and Lindsay Lohan. . . and Winona Ryder. Wonderful.

Wolf reaches up to his breast pocket and grabs his flask, taking another nip. Ace ignores him, looking straight into the camera with a weak smile on his face. The pompous horns of Rule Britannica begins to play and we cut to a shot of the ring and at first the frat boys simply laugh, thinking some fool has made a mistake with the stereo system and chosen the wrong song. . . But Rule Britannica continues to play, swelling with love for England and the frat boys start to boo, as it is in their opinion that anyone who isn

t from America isn

t worth knowing.

Ace: Well here comes Trevor Browning, who made his debut last

Lethal Injection against Death Row

s very own dope head, Mariguano.

Wolf: Mariguano had his way with this kid all night, but couldn

t come through in the end. Went for the Bongo Drop and Trevor lifted the knees and Mariguano fucked

himself up. Ha! Fuck that kid!

We cut to the back of the Omega Omega house, where Trevor Browning stands in the open doorway of the back door. The booing intensifies, a few fellas starting up an ENGLAND SUCKS chant. Trevor Browning greets them all with a smile, regardless of their boos.

Ace:

Well, Trevor Browning choosing to greet these fans with a

smile, Wolf.

Wolf: This guy just may be the only sunny thing to come from England. That place has seen nothing but rain for years.

Ace: You sure about that?

Wolf: No. . . but who cares?

Wolf takes another nip from his flask as Trevor Browning makes his way onto the grass. He cracks his

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knuckles as he makes his way to the ring, the frat fucks parting to let him through to the ring. They boo him and curse him as he passes, though he does his best to ignore them.

Ace: Trevor Browning not interested in the fans here in San Luis Obispo
s concentrated on this match, and only this match.

Wolf: Maybe he aint a people person? Like me?

Wolf takes another nip as Trevor Browning climbs up the steel steps and makes his way to the apron. He looks around at the crowd and smiles once more before making his way to the center of the apron. He then steps through the top and middle rope, swinging his head under the top rope after and entering the ring. He rises up his arms and the frat boys let out a massive boo.

Ace: Trevor has been having some troubles getting accustomed to things here in America, and these fans here aren

t helping him any!

Wolf: I

m surprised this bastard has nice teeth. Aint they all supposed to have teeth like ragged playing cards?

Ace: That

s a stereotype Wolf!

Wolf: Ohh fuck off.

The introduction to Tom Sawyer by Rush begins to play out over the stolen audio system laid out in the grass, and Trevor Browning turns around in the ring to see who will come out to the music. The crowd buzzes silently, waiting in anticipation of this unknown. Trevor Browning starts to shadow box in the ring, to keep from worrying himself about his opponent.

Ace: Well here we go pukes and pussies. . . Fresh Meat on the Row!

Wolf: GET OUT WHILE YOU STILL CAN KID! DON

T RUIN YOUR LIFE! Don

t be like me. . . Just don

t.

We cut to the back of the Omega Omega house, where an unfamiliar man appears in the doorway, donned in black wrestling boots, black tights, and a black smoking jacket.

Ace: Here he is. . . Jasper Quinn. He is said to be married, Wolf, with a wife and kids and everything.

Wolf: What the hell is he doing here in The Row?

Ace:

I have no idea, Wolf. . . and from the looks of him he doesn

t know either. He looks like he

s walked into the wrong place. As casual as can be. What

s up with

that?

Wolf:

The cool calm, Ace. The

cool, calm.

Jasper looks out on the frats and at Trevor Browning, and shows no real expression, his eyes moving and seeing

but nothing else. His hand reaches up and he feels around his pockets before pulling out a rather fancy pack of cigarillos. He takes one and places it in his mouth, acting casual as if it

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s everyday he steps into a ring to fight another man. Jasper lights up the cigarillo and inhales before making his way onto the grass.

Ace: I know I did say this guy is married
and, well

technically that is true. You see. . . his wife wants a DIVORCE!

Wolf: The first one is always messy. . . It gets easier by the third or fourth time.

Ace: Jesus Christ, how many times have you been married, Wolf?

Wolf: Too many. . .

Wolf takes another nip from his flask as Jasper walks slowly toward the ring, looking at the frat fucks he passes. He looks at them with a blank face, but you can tell in a way he is studying them, taking them in one by one and instantly finding their weak points
their fears.

Ace: There

s something unsettling about this guy. . . I mean he

s way too calm. You

d think he

s waiting in line at the market or something. . . Not about to embark in a match with a brawler from overseas.

. . . You

d expect a guy with confidence like this to look like some muscle bound bastard with sledgehammers for fists, and a jaw like a lantern. . . But this Jasper Quinn looks like an everyday guy!

Wolf: Maybe the divorce has scarred over his heart

s no emotion left?

Ace: Maybe. . . One can never be sure.

Jasper Quinn reaches the ring and pulls one knee up onto the apron before grabbing the middle rope and pulling himself up. Jasper gets to his feet and grabs his cigarillo from his mouth before stepping through the ropes and into the ring. He blows out a cloud of smoke before returning the cigarillo to his mouth and making his way to the corner of the ring opposite Trevor Browning.

Ace: Who do you like in this one?

Wolf: Neither. . .

Wolf makes a face at the commentators table as the skanky Charlene enters the ring and smiles at all the frat fucks around the ring. They all look generally the same, with slight differences; a breed of human that is recognizable in its size, in the stupid faces they all seem to make, in the ugly way they destroy anything different. Jasper Quinn quietly smokes his cigarillo in the corner of the ring, while Trevor Browning in his corner jumps around to get the blood flowing.

Charlene: HI!

Charlene giggles like a schoolgirl as the frat boys let out a raucous cheer. She strokes the microphone with her hand, just like chugging a cock, and winks before finally getting on with her job.

Charlene: Ladies and Gentlemen. . . well, mostly gentlemen, the following match is for one fall and has a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first, all the way from Exeter. . . England. . . weighing in at two hundred and eighty-five pounds, he is Trevorr. . . BROWNINNNGG!!

Trevor Browning raises his arms up in the corner of the ring and the frat boys let out a chorus of boos, for no other reason than because he is from England. Trevor Browning ignores his reception, and looks across the ring at his opponent

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a man he can
t quite figure out yet. He looks determined, but he
s not flaunting it around. He certainly doesn
t look like much of a fighter
a big guy, sure
perhaps even a tad athletic. But a fighter? No, there was something else in Jasper Quinn. . . Looking across
the ring Trevor Browning saw ruthlessness. . .

Ace: Trevor Browning with the weight advantage in this match

Wolf: Do we even know how much Jasper Quinn weighs?

Charlene:

And his opponent. . . from Livermore, California. . . weighing two hundred and
fifty-five pounds, he is Jasperrrr. . . QUINNNNNNN!

Jasper Quinn finishes up his cigarillo, and he mildly acknowledges the introduction. He then suddenly turns
from the corner and reaches over the top rope, grabbing a frat fuck
s beer cup and dropping the cigarillo in it.

Ace: Hey that

s not a good idea!

The frat fuck looks down in his beer and frowns. He tries to climb up into the ring, reaching the apron, but
Jasper quickly turns and and grabs the guy by the hair and savagely bashes him in the face with a palm
thrust, the blow breaking the man

s nose. The douche falls back into the crowd, blood dripping from his nose like water from a faucet.

Ace: Jesus Christ I think he broke that dude

s nose!

Wolf: Yep, this divorce has blackened his heart. . . I don

t know who this guy is

but I wouldn

t mess with him.

Ace:

I agree with you there, Wolf. We don

t know who he

is, but I think we don

t want to know! How far does the rabbit hole go? What skeletons are in his closet? Average Joes don
t just come to The Row. . .

El Toro directs the two men to the center of the ring with a clap of his hands, and he goes over the rules
briefly in Spanish. Neither men seem to give him much attention, as he is in fact talking at their waists and
neither man is one for Spanish anyway. El Toro raises up an arm and signals for the bell, officially starting the
match.

Ace: And we

re off! This match between two virtual newcomers here in the Row. . . Trevor of course has already had a
match with us, but he

s still getting accustomed to The Row, and the fans are still getting accustomed to him.

Wolf: Bunch of bloody foreigners if you ask me.

Ace: No one did. . .

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Trevor Browning straightens up, moving forwards stiff in the back, his arms raised up by his head. Jasper Quinn receives him, moving about the ring and moving his head back and forth to keep from being a stationary target.

Wolf: What are we gonna have a fight? A good ole fashioned fist fight?

Ace: What of it?

Wolf:

Oh I

m not complaining, I

m all for it.

Ace: You. . . are?!

Trevor Browning reaches back and throws a hard right but Jasper Quinn ducks under it and comes up throwing a left, striking Trevor square in the jaw. Trevor stumbles back from the blow, his hands reaching to his face where the blow struck.

Ace: Jasper Quinn with the hard left on Trevor!

Wolf: Those English can fight you know. . .

Ace: It appears so can Quinn!

Trevor Browning sells the punch and Jasper Quinn grabs him by the head and then directs him to the turnbuckle, ramming him head first into the top turnbuckle.

Ace: Jasper Quinn using the top turnbuckle as a weapon!

Trevor Browning

s head bounces off the turnbuckle and Jasper Quinn grabs him by the head again, ramming it into the top turnbuckle for the second time.

Ace: And again Trevor Browning goes face first into the top turnbuckle, courtesy of Jasper Quinn.

Wolf: Who is this guy?!

Trevor Browning comes up out of the corner along the ropes, his left hand grabbing the top rope. Trevor shakes his head and makes his way to the next corner, with Jasper Quinn in pursuit. Trevor Browning reaches the corner and Jasper Quinn grabs him by the shoulder, forcing him into the corner before he starts throwing rights and lefts to the face of Trevor Browning.

Ace: Jasper Quinn working Trevor Browning in the corner! This one is a brawl so far ladies and gentlemen!

Wolf: A tactless match. Great. . .

Trevor gets rocked by another left, then a right and then Jasper really reaches back and plants another stinging right to the face of Trevor Browning.

Ace: Hard right by Quinn!

Trevor sells the blows and staggers out into the center of the ring, Jasper watching him. Trevor reaches the center of the ring before his knees give out and he falls face first to the mat.

Ace: And down goes Browning! Down goes Browning!

Wolf: What are you

Jasper Quinn drops to the mat, covering Trevor Browning and hooking the leg, pulling upward to pin Trevor's upper back to the mat. El Toro slides to the mat, full of energy (it being the first match) and goes for the count.

Ace:

We

ve got a pin. 1. . . kick out

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to be expected but nonetheless, I must mention it.

Wolf: I think I

m gonna drink after every pin attempt. Just like these frat bastards.

Ace: Don

t do it Wolf!

Jasper Quinn gets to his feet and grabs Trevor Browning by the hair. He takes a tug and Trevor Browning quickly gets to his feet. Jasper Quinn then grabs Trevor Browning and goes to Irish whip him into the ropes.

Ace: Irish whip

no. . .

Trevor Browning reverses the Irish whip, tossing Jasper Quinn into the ropes instead.

Ace: Quinn into the ropes. . .

Jasper Quinn hits the ropes and returns toward the center of the ring, where Trevor Brown turns and raises up and elbow, bringing it across the head of Jasper Quinn. Jasper Quinn hits the mat on his back and sells the elbow for a moment, reaching up and checking his head for blood.

Ace: Hard elbow by Trevor Browning, and Jasper Quinn is down!

Trevor Browning takes off for the ropes and comes back before he jumps up in the air and raises the very same elbow and brings it down across the chest of Jasper Quinn. Jasper Quinn sells the elbow drop and Trevor Browning gets up and salutes the crowd. The frat boys boo him, starting up another ENGLAND SUCKS chant.

Ace: Well Trevor Browning can

t get no love. Can

t you people see he

s just trying to live the American Dream?

ENGLAND SUCKS ENGLAND SUCKS

Wolf: You know, at some point you gots the close the damn gates. You can

t just let everybody in all the damn time. This Trevor Browning kid is green.

ENGLAND SUCKS ENGLAND SUCKS

Ace:

We

ve all got to start somewhere, Wolf.

The chant switches

suddenly, to a Pro-USA chant, as Omega Omega Fraternity members are easily amused and distracted.

Wolf: Start somewhere else.

USA. . . USA. . . USA

Jasper Quinn slowly gets to his feet and Trevor Browning reaches him before his does, grabbing him by the hair and helping him up to his feet anyway. Trevor Browning keeps his hold on Jasper Quinn with his left arm and reaches back with a right that he brings forward and plants across the kisser of Jasper Quinn, knocking him straight to the mat.

Ace: Hard Right by Trevor!

Wolf: Told you they could fight.

Ace: Who

s they?

Wolf: The English!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Jasper Quinn shakes his head on the mat, selling the right and slowly gets to his feet, Trevor Browning standing over him with a raised fist. Jasper Quinn gets to his feet and Trevor Browning throws a left jab, then another, each jab connecting with Jasper, and then Trevor Browning follows it up with a stiff right arm that he brings forward across the upper chest of Jasper Quinn, knocking him to the mat.

Ace: Lariat by Trevor Browning.

Trevor Browning then drops to the mat and goes for the pin. He hooks the leg of Jasper Quinn as El Toro slides to the mat to make the official count.

Ace: We
ve got a pin

1. . . kick out! This Jasper Quinn fella sure has a lot of guts.

Wolf: Why do you say that? The Row is a joke if you ask me.

Ace: You got out there and try it Wolf.

Wolf: I
m an old man!

Ace: That doesn
t stop Dark!

Trevor Browning gets to his feet and stomps Jasper Quinn once in the chest before dropping back down to the mat and grabbing Jasper Quinn by the arm and bending it backwards behind Jasper
s back, the wrist bent.

Ace: Hammerlock by Trevor Browning.

Jasper Quinn sells the hammer lock, his face twisted into a grimace as Trevor Browning wrenches the hold and sweats all over him. El Toro circles around the two, leaning slightly over at the waist and asking Jasper if he would like to submit. Jasper shakes his head and cries out once in pain as Trevor wrenches the arm particularly hard.

Ace: Jasper Quinn in the shit house now, ladies and gentlemen.

Wolf: This guy better go back to his job man. This is no place for no paper pushers.

Ace: This is no place for drunk commentators either, but we keep you around. . .

Jasper Quinn tucks his legs underneath him and starts to get up to the standing position, and the frat fuckers start to cheer if only for the hope of some change in action. Jasper Quinn reaches his feet and throws a wild elbow behind him, the elbow connecting with Trevor Browning
s head.

Ace: Elbow by Jasper Quinn! Trying to get out of this one folks. . .

Trevor Browning sells the elbow but keeps the hold on Jasper Quinn. Jasper goes for another elbow but Trevor Browning ducks his head before using his legs to lifts Jasper Quinn up and over his head, sending him to the mat behind him.

Ace: Hammerlock German Suplex!

Wolf: Every German suplex should include a hammerlock.

Ace: Why
s that?

Wolf: Because The German people

Ace: Whoah whoah before you even get started
m gonna stop you there.

Jasper Quinn sells the hammerlock German Suplex on the mat as Trevor Browning gets to his feet and tries

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

to get a cheer from the crowd. He raises his arms and smiles, but still the frat boys boo him with as much intensity as before.

Ace: I don

t know why Trevor Browning is so adamant on winning over this crowd

Wolf: He

s lonely Ace

s just looking for some friends here in this big, scary, country.

Ace:

I think you

re on to something there, Wolf.

Jasper Quinn slowly gets to his feet as Trevor Browning gives up on the fans and makes his way over to Jasper Quinn. He reaches

Jasper, who

s bent over in the process of getting to his feet and Trevor brings down a forearm to the back of Jasper Quinn. Quinn straightens up, though he sells the blow, and Trevor throws another right before grabbing Jasper by the arm and tossing him into the ropes.

Ace: Irish whip by Trevor Browning.

Wolf: English Whip? I mean he is English?

Ace: Sure. . .

Jasper turns his back to the ropes and hits them, but grabs hold of the top rope with both arm to prevent returning back to the center of the ring.

Trevor Browning charges Jasper Quinn and as Trevor reaches Jasper, Jasper bends at the waist and raises up, lifting Trevor Browning clean over the top rope and to the ground outside.

Ace: Back body drop by Jasper Quinn on Trevor Browning! And Trevor went over the top rope and out of the ring with that one!

Wolf: Now he

s having himself a little picnic in the grass.

Jasper steps through the top and middle ropes before leaping down to the ground outside of the ring. He lands on both feet and looks down on Trevor Browning, who sells the back body drop. Trevor Browning crawls forward on the grass and Jasper reaches him pulling him to his feet while El Toro instructs both men to get inside of the ring in Spanish.

Ace: Trevor Browning up now with the aid of Jasper Quinn, who

s not trying to help him out folks, he

s wanting to do even more damage.

Wolf: And now they

re wrestling in the grass. The Row depresses me so much these days. . .

Wolf takes a sip of his flask as El Toro tires of warnings and starts to cart. Uno. . . Jasper reaches back and throws a hard right to Trevor Browning, the frat boys around them cheering each shot. Dos. . . Trevor Brown sells the hard right but quickly comes back with a right of his own.

Ace: Both men exchanging blows on the outside!

Tres. . . Jasper Quinn throws another right, then a quick left, each shot rocking Trevor Browning. Jasper Quinn then kicks Trevor Browning in the gut before hooking his head under his armpit. Cuatro. . . Jasper then takes Trevor

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

s free arm and puts it over his head before Jasper grabs Trevor Browning by the tights and lifts him up into the air. Cinco. . .Jasper Quinn falls backward, bringing Trevor Browning straight down to the ground. The frat fucks pop.

Ace: Suplex on the ground outside!

Wolf: Grass is more dangerous than say. . . a steel chair? Is that what you re gonna tell me?

Ace: There

s ground underneath that grass, Wolf, and it s hard!

Wolf: That

s what she said. . .

Seis. . . Jasper Quinn grabs a handful of grass as he gets to his feet and sprinkles it in the air over the fallen Trevor Browning. Jasper Quinn then bends at the waist and grabs Trevor by the hair, bringing him to his feet.

Siete. . . Jasper Quinn tosses Trevor into the ring and slides in after him.

Ace: Both men in the ring now after that near count out.

Wolf: No one is surprised. You really think we re gonna open a show with a double count out?

Ace: Geeze, alcohol sure does make you testy. . .

Jasper Quinn crawls his way over to Trevor Browning and then covers him, hooking the leg. El Toro drops to the mat as the crowd acknowledges the pin with a general round of applause.

Ace: We

ve got a pin, 1. . . 2. . .No! Kick out! Trevor Browning kicks out!

Wolf: Up, attempted pin fall. I guess I

ll have to take another

Wolf takes another shot as Jasper Quinn gets up to his knees and checks with El Toro. El Toro shakes his head and shows him two fingers and Jasper Quinn turns to the fallen Trevor Browning and grabs him by the head before pounding the back of Trevor

s head into the mat.

Ace: This guy is now pounding Trevor

s head right into the mat! It

s like he

s trying to bust a watermelon or something!

Wolf: Great work on that one Ace

a watermelon or something

Jasper Quinn then covers Trevor Browning once again, hooking the leg. El Toro slides to the mat, going for the count.

Ace: And another quick pin here. . . 1. . .2

NO. Kick out.

Jasper checks with El Toro and still El Toro shows him only two fingers. Jasper curses, and makes his way to his feet, grabbing a handful of Trevor Browning

s hair and bringing him to his feet with him. Jasper reaches back and punches him, once, twice, before grabbing him by the wrist and whipping him into the ropes.

Ace: Irish whip now by Jasper Quinn. . .

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Trevor Browning turns, hitting his back on the ropes and returning to the center of the ring, where Jasper Quinn awaits him. As Trevor reaches Jasper, Jasper rises up a leg for the big boot but Trevor Browning ducks it.

Ace: Attempted clothesline by Jasper Quinn, ducked by Trevor Browning. The Englishman toward the ropes once again now.

Trevor Browning hits the ropes again on the other side of the ring and as he reaches Jasper Quinn in the center of the ring he grabs him around the waist and lifts him up into the air vertically before bringing him down, tailbone first across his bent knee.

Ace: Atomic drop by Trevor Browning!

Jasper Quinn sells the atomic drop and Trevor Browning rises quickly and hooks Jasper Quinn around the head and falls backward to the mat, bringing his head straight to the mat with him.

Ace: Trevor Browning links the two moves together
the atomic drop and the DDT and Jasper Quinn is down now!

Wolf: Whoop-de-frickin
do!

Jasper Quinn sells the DDT on the mat, breathing heavily from the strain of the match as Trevor Browning slowly gets to his feet. He makes his way over to Jasper Quinn and bends over at the waist and grabs him by hair in an attempt to get Jasper to his feet. Jasper rises up and rakes a thumb over Trevor Browning's eye.

Ace: Eye gouge by Jasper Quinn.

Wolf: This guy knows plenty of ways to hurt a person. I thought he was just supposed to be some square?

Ace: Apparently not Wolf.

Trevor Browning sells the eye gouge, reaching up toward his face and covering his eye. Jasper Quinn shortens the gap between them and throws a right followed by a quick left before he grabs Trevor by the arm and tosses him into the ropes.

Ace:

Irish whip by Jasper Quinn. . . there goes Trevor.

Trevor Browning hits the ropes on the opposite side of the ring and returns. As he reaches Jasper Quinn, Jasper lifts Trevor up in the air as if for a back drop but instead of tossing Trevor over Jasper pushes Trevor up in the air and Trevor comes crashing down to the mat face first.

Ace: Flap jack by Jasper Quinn!

Wolf: What goes up must come down Ace! Wrestling would suck without that general rule.

The crowd applauds the bump as Trevor Browning sells the flapjack. He rolls over onto his back, his face contorted with pain and Jasper Quinn gets to his feet and promptly leaves them, falling onto the prone Trevor Browning head first.

Ace: Headbutt Drop!

Wolf:

This fucker is really using his head tonight, Ace.

Ace: Quite literally.

Jasper Quinn scrambles over the fallen Trevor Browning and hooks the leg, pinning him to the mat. El Toro slides to the mat with all the grace a midget can muster, and goes for the count.

Ace: We

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . KICK OUT! Trevor Browning kicks out of it!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Wolf: You ever tire of feigning enthusiasm all the damn time?

Jasper Quinn checks with El Toro and gets two fingers in the face.

Ace: Who

s feigning anything?! This is a hell of a match!

Jasper Quinn frowns at the result and gets to his feet.

Wolf: Whatever you say.

Jasper Quinn makes his way over to Trevor Browning, who is still selling on the mat. Jasper Quinn reaches Trevor and bends at the waist, grabbing him by the hair and pulling upward. Trevor Browning gets to his feet with a cry of pain and Jasper Quinn reaches up and grabs Trevor around the top of the head before dropping to his knees, forcing Trevor

s chin downward over the top of his head.

Ace: Jaw breaker by Jasper Quinn!

Trevor Browning sells the jawbreaker, stumbling back toward the ropes and grabbing his chin. The crowd pops and drinks some beer in honor of Jasper.

Wolf:

Yeah, I

d like to bust a few jaws myself
particularly yours.

Ace: Lay off the juice. You couldn
t take me old man.

Jasper gets his feet and makes his way over to Trevor Browning, who
s up against the ropes.

Wolf: Wanna bet?

Jasper strikes Trevor Browning in the gut once, twice, three times before pushing him up against the ropes and going for the Irish whip.

Ace: Irish whip by Jasper
reversal!

Trevor Browning turns and keeps his hold on Jasper
s wrist, before whipping him toward the opposite ropes and releasing the wrist. Jasper is sent toward the ropes, and he turns as he reaches them, his back bouncing off the ropes and sending him back toward the center of the ring.

Ace: Quinn off the ropes. . .

Jasper returns to Trevor Browning and jumps up in the air, and catches him with his body, sending him to the mat.

Ace: Lou Thesz Press!

Jasper then bends down and bites Trevor Browning
s nose, clamping down like a damn bird.

Ace: He

s biting Trevor Browning!

Wolf: Ha ha! He

s got that honker of Trevor and he

s biting down with all his force. Look at the blood!

Trevor Browning cries out in pain and kicks his feet and flails his arms, selling the bite as a trickle of blood

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

comes down from the fresh bite marks. El Toro notices the bite and gets down to get Jasper off of Trevor, but still he clamps down.

Wolf: My God this is hilarious! I

ve got to have me another drink!

Ace: Everyone is enjoying this but Trevor Browning, that
s for sure.

El Toro starts up the count, uno, dos, tres, and Jasper Quinn releases Browning
s snout and gets up to smile and looking around at the crowd. El Toro tugs his tights in an effort to bring him
to a knee so that he may reprimand him to his face, but

Jasper Quinn ignores him. Meanwhile, Trevor Browning lays on the
mat, his hands reaching up to check his nose, and each time bringing down drops of blood.

Ace: Jasper Quinn will bite your nose off ladies and gentlemen!

Wolf: I think he

ll do anything to hurt a man. And at the time he felt going for the ole
schnozola was the way to go.

Ace: And Trevor is bleeding!

Jasper makes his way over to Trevor and then grabs him by the arm, pulling him to his feet. Trevor Browning
stumbles on his feet a bit, his body bent over as if his head suddenly were too heavy to hold up. Jasper
Quinn smiles and then hooks Trevor under the arm before taking the off arm of Trevor and hooking it over his
head. Jasper then lifts Trevor up into the air for a moment before bringing him violently down on his upper
neck/head.

Ace: My God! What a move! He calls that the Quintessence!

Jasper Quinn then scrambles over Trevor Browning, hooking the leg. El Toro slides to the mat a split second
after and the crowd warms up in anticipation of the pinfall.

Ace: This could be it! 1. . . 2. . . 3!! He
s done it!

El Toro rises up and signals for the bell.

Wolf: Go back to England!

Ace: Jasper Quinn has won here in his debut match!

Jasper Quinn gets up to his feet and stands over the fallen Trevor Browning, looking down at him. El Toro
grabs Jasper by the wrist and raises his arm as high as he can before Jasper Quinn raises it up the rest of
the way. Jasper Quinn shows no other emotion or sign of victory, and then lowers his arm and turns to the
ropes. He takes one last look at Trevor before hopping through the ropes and out of the ring.

Ace: An impressive debut here for Jasper Quinn, and as for Trevor
ll just have to go back to the drawing board.

Wolf: He ought to go back to England!

We get one last show of Trevor Browning in the ring, still selling the Quintessence by lying motionless in the
ring. He breathes heavily, his arms and legs sprawled out around him. We then cut to Wolf and Ace sitting at
the commentators table. Wolf appears a little
tipsy.

Wolf: I

m serious. The Row don

t need any more people that are hard to understand. First Tarrasque. . . then Mariguano. . . and now this

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Trevor Browning kid!

Ace:

Well unfortunately for you Wolf, I have a feeling this Trevor Browning is going to be around for awhile here in The

Row, despite the loss tonight.

Next week he

Il be looking to take on Schism in tournament action

so stay tuned for that one. That

s next week, September

26th. . .

Wolf: Nice job there. . .

Ace: But as for tonight, we

ve just gotten started ladies and gentlemen!

We

ve got The Disposal and another new face in Sonny Thompson up next

also Dark, IM

Hate, Rupture, and Cort Vang! Stick around!

Wolf: And drink!

BLACKBEARD BRAND RUGGED TAMPONS, PROUD SPONSORS OF THE ROW.

Where's Johnny?

We cut to one of the many bedrooms in the Omega Omega House. It is one of the larger bedrooms and was given to Dark for the duration of the show by Phillip Barnes (as it was his bedroom) to run the show from and generally get drunk. In regards to running the show Dark is not doing so well, in regards to getting drunk s getting along swimmingly. A keg sits in the room, and Dark stands nearby looking out the window down on the ring with a beer in his hands. He smiles to himself as the frat boys let out a random cheer (Charlene has taken it upon herself to entertain the crowd in between matches) and turns toward the door, ignoring the camera man.

Ace: A little up close and personal with the boss.

Wolf: Drink, drink, drink! It

s what we

re here to do!

Dark makes his way over to the door and pulls it open and peeks through the doorway. Wes Payton and Leon Williams are each on a side of the door, up against the wall, bustin security business.

Dark: Hey fellas. . . get me Johnny.

Wes Payton looks to Leon, which means

YOU DO IT NIGGA

and Leon stomps off grudgingly as Dark turns back into the room and shuts the door in the face of Wes Payton, who was about to say something, probably

HEY NIGGA WHY WE GOTTA DO SECURITY? NOBODY WANTS YOU

Ace: The Boss asking for Johnny Cox here. No doubt got some fact finding mission to embark on.

Wolf: Johnny is such a horrible Rat he told me yesterday

in confidence, that Dark likes to drink beer. . . Shit everybody knows that!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Dark makes his way back to the window, stopping to fill his beer cup once again. The condensation of the outside of the keg tells you the beer is cold, and from the way Dark sighs satisfactorily after each sip, you can tell he

s enjoying it. No need to ask what it is, it

s probably cheap domestic shit. But not everyone can drink good all of the time.

Wolf: Time for a drink break everyone!

Wolf takes a nip from his flask as Dark pulls the blinds and observes The Row from above. After a few moments there is a knock on the door. He chugs his beer and places the cup on the keg as he passes (to be filled again later) and makes his way to the door. He opens the door and finds the face of Leon William peering back at him.

Dark: So. . . where the fuck is he?

Leon: Umm. . .

Dark: Out with it!

Leon Williams turns to look at Wes, who returns his gaze with that stone like stare of his. Leon then walks out of the room and is gone for a few seconds before we see him again, backing his way into the room. He backs in toward the camera and the cameraman moves, revealing Johnny Cox in his arms, bleeding from the head.

Dark: Jesus Christ! What happened?

Leon: Dunno. . . just found him like this.

Leon looks up with a frown and Dark bends over to check on Johnny, who seems completely unconscious. Dark slaps him in the face a couple of times, but still Johnny does not respond.

Ace: Johnny Cox is out!

Wolf: He

s been mugged!

Dark gets up angrily and charges out the door.

Dark: The son-of-a-bitch!

Fade. . .

Eating Contest

We cut to inside the Omega Omega house, where a door swings open and lets out the sound of a flushing toilet. The Disposal then squeezes through the doorway and wipes the sweat from his forehead

for it is quite a bit of work you see

getting in a small ass closet of a bathroom just to drop trow and squeeze out some steamers. There s a party going inside of the house, with many young alcoholics calling themselves students mingling in the living room, drinking beer and taking in a baseball game on the television.

Ace: Oh God it

s The Disposal! I can

t stand this disgusting bastard. He

s always eating, and when he

s not eating he

s usually taking a shit. How does he even wipe his ass? I mean tell me how that is even physically possible? Look at the guy, there

s no way he can reach

s shit in those tights Wolf, shit.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Wolf:

You know, I don

t really mind. I know I should

mind, but thanks to this whiskey,

I

I just don

t care. You know, I think I might have to try that

all those frat boys keep talking about.

Ace:

Yeah way to go, Dark. . . There are a few sorority girls

here, but for the most part this place is a real sausage fest. . . Way to ensure NOBODY gets laid.

The Disposal raises his hands to his face as a look of shock comes upon him. He

s not watching the game however; he

s staring at several giant platters of food

mostly finger foods, but bigger stuff too, like hotdogs and hamburgers. A great bowl of what looks like chili flanks the platter on one side, and a copious amount of bags of chips had been laid out on an adjoining table.

The Disposal

s eyes open wide and he begins to drool as his mind goes through the many different possibilities

the combinations of food to be had and thoroughly enjoyed.

Ace:

Great, The Disposal has found some food. You know this guy wouldn

t notice a man dying in the

gutter, but not a grain of rice could escape his gaze.

Wolf: The fat bastard

s the sort that makes me sorry for America. What a pig. Oink Oink. Back in my day we

d take a pig like that and ridiculed him till he shaped up or killed himself. . . But not these days. OH NO. Not these days, what with the anti-bullying no-dodgeball-sissy crap. . .

Ace: Jesus Christ Wolf, are you drunk already?

The Disposal charges the food table, knocking chairs and coeds in his wake. He reaches the table and begins to stuff his face, eating whole hamburgers in four or five bites and finishing hot dogs in two. The little cocktail weenies are cute

those he can gobble by the handful. The Disposal stops only to notice that everyone is watching him, one in particular is taking great interest. One of Omegas huskier members emerges from the crowd and locks eyes with The Disposal, making his way over to the table.

Wolf: We

ve got ourselves a fatty stare down! Two chubby chubbies.

Ace: You aint so slim yourself. . .

Without a word the particularly ugly man takes up a spot next to The Disposal and begins to match him bite for bite. The drunken frat boys, in the mood and dense enough to cheer for anything begin to chant and take sides. The game on the television is suddenly forgotten as the two men start to eat faster and faster, gulping and chewing without concern for themselves or their bodies. GO GO GO GO GO GO the frat heads chant.

Ace: These men going chew for chew, bite for bite, neither man slowing down! These are true disgusting beings.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Wolf:

Two peas in a pod, Ace. Fucking butt buddies.

Homo-shexualsh.

Ace: Are you slurring your words now?

Wolf: Absholutely not.

Half of the platter is gone, but still both men keep up their pace. The drunks surrounding them keep up with their cheering, while a few others start up with some lame cult fight song. The Disposal continues to dispose of the food, taking it down his gullet, and for a moment the other fatty falters. He stops chewing and his eyes open wide, while The Disposal continues to eat hotdogs and hamburgers without stopping.

Ace: He really is a disposal. This guy has some sort of bottomless stomach. It

s insane I tell you, he

s a freak of some sorts.

Wolf: Put him in the damn freak show where he belongs!

The other man stops eating his hand up near his mouth, holding a half eaten hotdog. He freezes up and falls back like a felled tree, and the drunks around him make room and applaud The Disposal. The Disposal finishes the platter and raises his arms in victory.

Ace: Jesus Christ, this is The Row god damn it. We fight here.

Wolf: We also drink---Whoooooeeeeee!

The Disposal steps over the fallen man and makes his way out of the living room. He turns down a hall, where he struggles to get past another fella trying to enter the place. The Disposal squeezes past him and then exits outside, closing the door behind him, trapping a HEY WHO ATE ALL THE-- . . .

Fade.

Sonny Thompson vs. The Disposal

We

cut to Ace and Waylon Wolf sitting at their table out on the grass. Every once in a while a drunken frat boy passes by to muck it up for the camera, acting like young adults usually do when given copious amount of alcohol and little to no supervision. Ace turns to stare at Waylon Wolf who takes a healthy sip from a flask.

Ace: You gonna drink all show?

Wolf: Maybe, maybe not. I haven't decided yet.

Wolf smiles a drunken grin at Ace and Ace shakes his head. For once he has to be the responsible one, and he

s not so sure he likes it. He turns to the camera to get the job done.

Ace: Well I don

t know if The Disposal is going to be ready for this match tonight or not. . . This dumb ass probably swims right after eating too.

Wolf: Fatty like that don

t have to worry about shwimming. He don

t need to shwim when he can float. Float just like an ehgg.

Ace: Okay, now you

re definitely slurring your words.

Wolf: And what of it, eh hh? You gonna shtop me bhoy? Chause you rhemembers bhoy. I know a lot about ewe.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Ace: N-n-n-no. I won
t. I won
t stop yah.

All Along The Watchtower by Jimi Hendrix begins to play over the stolen audio system placed next to the backdoor of the Omega Omega house. The frat boys and their douche friends start up a drunken cheer.

Wolf: Who the fuck is this?

Ace:

A newcomer, Wolf.

Wolf: Prolly a pussy.

Ace: Actually I don

t think so. Sonny Thompson is an ex-biker outlaw who
s got a brain all scrambled up from something. Drugs maybe. Dropped as a baby? Highly likely. He knows
how to fight, and he
s crazy. I don

t think anyone would want to get in the ring with a guy like that, especially The Disposal.

Wolf: Ex-biker? A punk? I hate those biker punks

re bikes make so much noi

Wolf is cut off by the sound of a roaring Harley. It only adds to the feeling of the song playing over the stereo,
and the drunken frats let out yet another cheer. A burly man with long hair and sunglasses appears on a
Harley, and he hops up a nearby curb and drives onto the grass, carving through the ground as his Harley
kicks dirt in its wake.

Ace: Jesus Christ, he

s driving right up to the ring!

Wolf: I told you! Those mhootherfhucking hoodlums! I

m telling you! I can

t stand those bastards! The rhotten fhuckkkkks!

The crowd parts and the Harley drives right up to the ring, blasting loud and boisterous through the air.
Sonny Thompson cuts the motor and the great beast quiets down and Sonny kicks the kickstand out and
settles his bike to one side.

Ace: This guy looks nuttier than a Pay Day bar. I

m telling you something aint right about this guy. One flew over the cuckoo

s nest, you know what I mean?

Wolf: Fuck you Ace. Just seriously. FHHUUUCK YOU. I

m tired of your shit. It

s so fucking tiring.

Ace: Seriously Wolf. Put down the booze. We

re only in the second match. Watch your shit.

Sonny Thompson looks around at the crowd, giving them neither hatred nor love. He takes his glasses off
and places them in the pocket of his jean vest, the logo of some archaic bike gang fading on the back.

Ace: The Goat Rapists. . . What the hell kind of Motorcycle gang is that?

Wolf: Their all goat fuckers. Every last one of them scumbags.

Sonny climbs up the steel steps and reaches the apron. He walks to its center, ignoring the frat boys and
their many brews. He turns and steps over the top rope and enters the ring.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Ace:
Sonny Thompson making his debut here against The Disposal. I don't know how or rather, I don't know if he'll be able to pick up that blob of fat. He'll just have to knock him to the mat. Something tells me he won't be having any problems with that.

Wolf: You know. . . Fhuck himmm. Fffhhuuck all of you!

Ace: We get it Wolf, you're a horrible drunk, why don't you take a nap.

Wolf: YHHOUUU
RE A NAP.

Ace: Did you just call me a fat man? Fat by Weird Al Yankovic begins to play over the stolen audio system and the frat boys that know the tune sing along drunkenly, without shame.

Wolf: I HATE THIS TUNE!

Ace: That's a pretty good IM Hate impression, you been working on that Wolf?

Wolf: Ehhhhwhattt?

We cut to The Disposal as he squeezes his way through the backdoor and out into the yard. He looks around at everyone and grabs his stomach, breathing slowly. He belches a bit and grimaces after them, as if he's suffering from acid indigestion.

Ace: I think The Disposal needs to learn not to eat before a match!

Wolf:
He can't help himselffff. Oh I'm ffffattt, I eat everythingggg Ilike a phiiig.

Ace: You really shouldn't already be this drunk. You drink before the show?

The Disposal makes his way down to the ring, the crowd parting to let the fat man through.

Wolf: Mhhaybeeee. Mhhaybee not.

The drunken laughter of Waylon Wolf can be heard as The Disposal reaches the steps to the ring and slowly climbs them, one step at the time. The Disposal reaches the apron and then makes his way to its center before stepping through the ropes. He swings into the ring and comes up grimacing. He lets out yet another belch.

Ace: The Disposal suffering some discomfort after all that eating.

Wolf: Serves him right. Hhhhe mhakes me shick. Just shick.

Charlene enters the ring and gets a few whistles from those who have indulged in booze more than others and have lowered their standards, working on the most primitive of urges to fuck anything and everything. Charlene enjoys the attention and plays it up for them before doing the announcements. SHOW YOUR TITS

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comes up from the crowd.

Charlene: Oh momma taught me not to give away anything away for free that people will pay for sugar. . . See me after the match. . .

Wolf: Picking up clients during the show? The Goddamn whoreeee! Fhuck her!

Ace:

That

s the idea, Wolf.

Charlene: Introducing first from Oakland, California, weighing in at two hundred and sixty five pounds. . . he is The Anchor. . . Sonny. . . THOMPSONNNN!

Sonny Thompson ignores the announcement, taking the moment to crack is knuckles and work his wrists. The frat boys raise their beers for a toast and then each take a huge chug of their beer.

Wolf: Don

t mind if I do. . .

Ace: Put that damn thing down!

Wolf: You aint mhhhy mhotherr you lhittllleee.

Charlene: And his opponent, from Tempe Arizona, weighing in at four hundred? Five hundred? Plus pounds. . . He is the fattest bastard I have ever seen. . . The Disposalllllll!

The Disposal lets out an enormous burp as the frat boys raise their beers for a second toast (really just to take another sip of beer) and empty their cups.

Ace: The Disposal sure is one gassy bastard. He reminds me of you Wolf, after some cheese.

Wolf: Fhhuck cheese! I fucking hate it! Gums up tha works! Leaves me conshtapated for days. Days God damn it!

El Toro raises his arm to single the bell and Charlene is hardly out of the ring before Sonny throws a right to the face of The Disposal, bringing a cheer from the frat fucks and a grunt from The Disposal. The Disposal rocks back from the blow and again Sonny throws another right connecting with the fattened cheek of The Disposal.

Ace: Sonny Thompson starting this one off with a couple of rights ladies and gentlemen.

Wolf: Ffffhuckkk dah wiffie!

The frat boys let out some drunken cheers as Sonny Thompson pushes The Disposal up against the ropes before Irish whipping him toward the opposite side of the ring.

Ace: Irish whip by Sonny Thompson, and look at the fat man go!

The body fat of The Disposal ripples as he hits the ropes and bounces off, returning toward Sonny Thompson. As he reaches Sonny, Sonny raises up a leg and The Disposal collides with the boot of Sonny Thompson.

Ace: Big boot by Sonny and The Disposal is down!

Wolf: Is that what that whasss? I thought we was having an earthquake.

The frat boys cheer their appreciation at seeing a fat man fall flat on his back. They take and drink of beer while in the ring Sonny Thompson grabs The Disposal by the hair and brings him to his feet.

Ace: The Disposal is up

and is it just me or does The Disposal look like he aint feeling too well? Perhaps a tad under the weather?

Wolf: Fffucking. . . fffucking

fffucking guy like that eats that much ffffoood and he

s bound to feel like shit.

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Sonny keeps his hold on The Disposals head and reaches back with his free hand and lays a left to the jaw of The Disposal, once again sending him to the mat.

Ace: What a left by Sonny Thompson!

Sonny drops to the mat and hooks The Disposal

s leg and El Toro slides to the mat to go for the count. COUNT IT MIDGET! COUNT IT! Can be heard coming from somewhere in the crowd.

Ace: Toro with the count. 1. . .2

no. Kick out by The Disposal.

Wolf: Aint that mahhhh job?

Ace:

I just thought I

d help you out there, Wolf. . .

Wolf: Ohhhh fffhhuck you. I

m one to ewwww.

Sonny checks with El Toro and sees two little midget fingers and lets out a scoff. He gets to his feet and makes his way over to The Disposal, who is already breathing heavily already. He grabs a handful of The Disposal's hair and pulls upward, forcing the fatty to his feet. The Disposal makes slow work of it, his fat giggling as he gets up to one knee and then the other, eventually pushing himself up from the ground and to his feet. The Disposal makes such slow work of it Sonny curses him: YOU FAT BASTARD!

Ace: He certainly is a fat bastard, anyone with eyes can see that.

Wolf: Watch out fhor that rhing. He might bhrake it!

Sonny then hooks The Disposal's head, placing his head in the crook of his arm before falling downward to the mat, bringing The Disposal with him. The frat fucks raise their cups in appreciation and gulp down some more brew, cold all the way down.

Ace: DDT by Sonny Thompson!

Sonny gets to his feet and stomps Sonny in the head once, twice, three times, and he feels like he's back in his scrapping days back with his buddies, when they'd take to a guy and stomp him for a good half hour--three on one, and stop and have themselves a nice cold beer. You don't know beer until you've had one after stomping the shit after someone.

Ace: Sonny Thompson relentlessly stomping the head of The Disposal!

Wolf: Fffhuck him! And Fhhuck Cheese!

Ace: You've said that already.

Wolf: And ffhuck you!

Ace:

That as well, Wolf. . .

Sonny then drops to the mat and covers the mountainous fatty, not even bothering to hook the leg. El Toro slides to the mat next to them, and the comparisons between the midget El Toro and the morbidly obese Disposal are almost too much to bare.

Ace: We've got a pin by Sonny Thompson! 1. . . 2--no! Kick out by The Disposal.

Wolf: He should just give up now and get back to his slut of a mother and that shitty couch he loves so much. You know he wants some fffhucking snacks or something. OINK OINK.

Sonny doesn

t even bother with checking the count, he gets to his feet and bends over, grabbing yet another handful of

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The Disposal

s hair. The fat man grunts, as he
s not one for having his roots pulled, and grudgingly he gets to his feet with a jiggling of thighs and
underarms.

Sonny then grabs The Disposal and Irish whips him into the corner, The Disposal hitting the corner with such
force the ring appears to actually move.

Ace:

Jesus Christ be careful there, Sonny

t break the ring

man! Do you have any idea how long it took to set up?

Wolf: Pfff hahaha that

s rhiightttt. You was setting that thing up, with all them setbacks we
ve ghottt.

Ace: So what if I did!

Wolf: Brown-nosing-ass-kissing-son-of-a-bitch. . .

Ace:

You

ve had enough of that stuff, Wolf.

Wolf: I

LL TELL YOU WHEN I

VE HAD ENOUGH!

Sonny Thompson makes his way over to The Disposal, who sells in the corner and grabs his abdomen, as if
he is in desperate need to either take a shit or blast an air biscuit. Sonny takes no notice, and begins to work
The Disposal in the corner, hitting him with lefts and rights in the abdomen.

Ace: I would say Sonny is working The Disposal

that is if one could actually accomplish such a thing. At the moment he
s workin

belly fat.

Wolf: That ffffuck don

t look so good.

Ace: You know I think you

re right.

Wolf:

COURSE I

M RIGHT!

The Disposal

s face twists into one of both pain and horror as Sonny Thompson continues to punch away in the corner,
showing no intent to stop anytime soon.

Ace: Look out Sonny!

It was sudden. If The Row had the money for fancy instant replay technology with slow motion, the viewer
would have been able to see the look on The Disposal

s face as his mouth forced itself open. The would have seen the absolute terror in El Toro, as he somehow
saw it coming. . . They would would have been able to see the torrent come from The Disposal

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s mouth, with food chunks so large and poorly masticated you could make out individual foodstuffs: hotdogs, bits of hamburger (complete with cheese), halves of tomato slices, whole cocktail winnies. . . But without fancy technology it happens all too fast. . .

Ace: No! Not again! Jesus Christ can
t we get through a damn show without somebody puking! The Disposal has just thrown up all over Sonny Thompson!

The frat boys let out a drunken cheer, as it is in their opinion that college is all about drinking until one pukes. They applaud The Disposal for his technique and sheer volume of puke. Sonny stands with his hands out, the rage slowly building in his body, coupled with shame and embarrassment. For a moment he almost doesn't believe it.

Ace: And look at Sonny! He
s drenched in vomit! I
m gonna be sick!

Wolf: Beellluhhhh you
re ghonna be sick?

Wolf bends over and vomits.

Ace: No! Not my shoes! Not again!

The rage hits Sonny and he wipes the puke off and charges The Disposal. He reaches the fat bastard and extends an arm, as he rushes the fat man, knocking him clean to the mat. The frat kids pop.

Ace: Clothesline by Sonny Thompson! He
s pissed and I don
t blame him Wolf. Wolf? Awww God, he
s throwing up again!

Sonny begins to stomp the fallen The Disposal, the attack looking more like a mugging than anything else. The Disposal sells the stomps, taking each one into his bulbous body without making any attempt to block them.

Ace: Sonny is stomping the shit out of The Disposal now!

Wolf: Ugghhhh. You know afffterrr that I feel better.

Ace: Yeah and you threw up all over yet another pair of my shoes. Thank you.

Wolf: Urrrr welcome.

Sonny then drops to his knees and starts to punch The Disposal in the head repeatedly, showing no signs of stomping. El Toro finally decides to get involved but Sonny tosses the little man away easily. El Toro hits the mat and the frat boys let out a drunken laugh at seeing a midget fall over.

Ace: Hey that
s a Death Row official! You can
t do that! I don
t care who you are!

Wolf: Maybe Sonny has a pho-pho-phhhobia of lil people.

Sonny continues to punch away at The Disposal, who by now is a flailing ball of fat. The frat boys let out their drunken cheers and Sonny keeps up with his punching, almost like he
s trying to hack away The Disposal
s fat and make him thin again.

Ace: Jesus Christ not again! Break this shit up! How is anybody gonna respect us if we can

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t even put on a match?!

Wolf: Nobody gets respect. Not me. Not a man in the business for all these fucking years. FUCK YOU.

FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!

Ace: Alright enough already!

Wolf: FUCK YOU!

Dark appears in the doorway of the Omega Omega house and charges down to the ring. He slides in under the rope and grabs Sonny from behind and hooks his arms. Sonny tries to flail away by Dark keeps his hands pulled back.

Ace: Thank God!

Dark can be seen actually shh

ing the fellow to come him down as he pulls him away from The Disposal, who sells the beating he had endured.

Wolf: What a fucking mess.

Ace: Well. . . I don

t know what to tell you folks. We were supposed to have

The Disposal vs. Sonny Thompson

here for you, but it looks like this one has been called off due to vomiting. . . I apologize for this.

Wolf: Awww fuck em. Fuck everybody. Fuck fuck fuck.

Ace: Well, we

ve gotta clean up the ring in preparation for our next match here. . . we

ll figure something out. Again. . . I apologize for this bullshit. The Row is better than that!

BALLS ITCH? CAN

T GET LAID BECAUSE YOU

RE ALWAYS SCRATCHING YOUR NUTS? DO YOU WASH AND SCRUB AND WASH SOME MORE AND NOTHING CAN DO THE JOB? WELL FILTHY PHIL

S BALL CREAM IS THE BALL CREAM FOR YOU. SMOOTH AND IN A SCRAPE CAN EVEN BE EATEN AS A DIETARY SUPPLEMENT. GO GET SOME AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER SUCKER. TELL EM THE ROW SENT YAH AND BUY ONE GET ONE FREE.

You Can't Compete!

We're going to the hotel California, Such a lovely place

(such a lovely place) Such a lovely face Plenty of room on the--.

Ace: Wolf, answer your damn phone! Wolf takes down another swig, as he rips his sleeve across his mouth drying his mouth from his adult liquid. Wolf: Ace, shut the fuck up! No one likes you, no one cares about you, and no one and I mean this exactly how I say it... NO ONE WANTS YOU HERE! And besides, you know it cannot be my phone, your mom is already in bed! As the scene flips in a quiet spot outside, we see Ian Michaels pulling out his phone and hitting the button to answer it on speaker. Ian Michaels: Chris here... A moment waits, as a woman comes across the phone from the doctor's office. Nurse: Christopher, it's Julie. Glad I could catch you. Ian Michaels: Yeah me too, so what did the old man say? Nurse: After reviewing your x-rays and the MRI on your shoulder and bicep he has determined that you need to take three to four weeks off, and enter a rehab program to prevent surgery on that tear. So he will not give you clearance. Ian Michaels: Fuck it! Ian states as he just presses the end button on his phone. He stands there motionless,

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soaking up the information he was just given. Ace: Does that mean our main event is canceled? Wolf: How about you go ask Hate yourself. I am sure he'd like to slap the shit out of your squirmy ass! Ace: You have a fucking problem Wolf, and I think you need a 12 step program!

Major Kendu vs. Mariguano

Ace: Johnny Cox has been taken out!

Wolf: There are so many shhushpects. Everybody hates that guy!

Ace: You don't think it was Anarchy?

Wolf: Fuck no!

We cut to Waylon and Ace, Waylon well into drunkenness. Ace tries to hide the fact that he is flustered, but he fails miserably at it. His cheeks are flushed and he can't help looking around all the time, like he just stole something. The frat boys start up a chant, becoming anxious after the intermission. Waylon brings up a red cup full of presumably beer and takes a good healthy chug. He sighs satisfactorily and then lets out a burp.

Wolf: Ffffuck da wwiffffeee.

Ace: That

s right Wolf, fuck the wife. . . well we've got the ring cleaned up and now we're ready to get back to action.

Wolf: Back to action

back to action

this federation is a woke.

Ace: A woke?

Wolf: Uh j-j-joke.

The introduction to

by System of a Down begins to play and the frat boys immediately look for someone to fight as many of them spent their time in high school beating up metal heads for no other reason than to have something to do. These jock type douches crush their cups to the sound of introduction, showing no concern for the brew they so dearly love; their sudden hatred is that great.

Wolf: Ffffuck! Someone is shooting!

Ace: No no Wolf. That

s the introduction to Major Kendu

s theme music. You should know that by now

I think you

re slipping old man.

Wolf: Rrrreally? Wh-wh-what gave meee away?

Ace: Aww Jesus Christ, you smell like a bar bathroom.

The frat boys let out a chorus of boos and FUCK YOU

s as Major Kendu appears in the backdoor. He stands there for a moment, looking around a bit before he steps down onto the grass, his bag of tricks over his shoulder.

Ace: Well here he is. Major Kendu, and his bag of tricks again.

Wolf: Cocoa Pebbles.

Kendu makes his way out onto the grass, noticing the slight spring of the blades underneath his feet. He

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

steps through the frat boys, who make way for him and curse him as he passes. One frat boy makes the mistake of spilling some beer on him and Kendu turns to the offender and starts to choke him, pushing him up against the mass of unmotivated college students. The group pushes back and Kendu releases his hold.

Ace: Whatever you do don

t spill beer on Major Kendu! He

ll play around in a landfill like a kid in the sandbox, but not beer.

Wolf: I likeee beer.

Ace: Sure you do.

Kendu warns the fella and the frat boys let out a laugh, feeling it is indeed all a part of the show. Kendu reaches the ring and climbs slowly up the steel steps. He reaches the post and makes his way to the apron, ignoring the frat boys surrounding the ring, close enough to strike out at. Kendu places his bag of tricks in the corner over the top rope and then steps through the top and middle ropes, entering the ring himself.

Ace: Kendu in the ring now after a brief scuffle with some of the fans here. I don

t know if doing a show for a bunch of spoiled college kids is such a good idea. I don

t care how much Dark got for this.

Wolf: Of course you would say that. You never went to college!

Ace: And look at me now!

Wolf: Fucking mumblemumblemumble.

The sweet, sweet sound of a calypso guitar begins to sound out over the stolen audio system in the grass, and the frat boys for a moment pause to take it in. This is not CREED. What is this nonsense? The guitar continues its sensual notes, abrupt and broken through with the occasional strum of the guitar.

Ace:

Kendu

s opponent for tonight of course is none other than The Row

s own bong smoking luchadore, Mariguano.

Wolf: Fffucking foreigners. Always taking good jobs away from Americans. B-bback in my day we

d take us a minority and give em a real drubbing. Back in my day blacks couldn

t be out past sun-su-sundown!

Ace: Back in your day, people still traveled on horseback.

Another guitar joins in and the tempo picks up as Mariguano appears at the backdoor. A great cheer comes up from the stoner clique of the fraternity, and Mariguano smiles before letting out a cloud of smoke.

Wolf: What is that? Cigar smoke?

Ace: Not exactly. . . Who do you like in this one, Wolf? Or should I not even bother asking?

Wolf: N-n-no, serioussly. . . What kind of smoke?

Ace: Brimstone. Mariguano is a devil.

Wolf: I KNEW IT! A-a-all them foreigners are thaaa devulll.

Mariguano plays it up for the stoners, shuffling to the left and then shuffling right before making his way to the ring. The crowd parts, allowing Mariguano through, and he smiles and says HELLO to as many fellas as he can as he passes. As he reaches the group of stoners he puts his arms out and they all give him some high five.

Ace: Mariguano real big with the Jerry Town kids. . . you ever a Dead Head, Wolf?

Wolf: What the fffuck? Hell noooo. I keep straight. No drugs for me.

Wolf takes a chug.

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Ace: Yeah. . . I can see that.

Mariguano hops up to the apron and then grabs the top rope before hopping over it into the ring. He lands silently, with a spring in his step much like that of a cat. He salutes the frat fucks once before taking up a corner opposite of Major Kendu, who is already scoping out his opponent.

Ace: Mariguano here returning to action after an unexpected loss to Trevor Browning. He had the match won or so he thought, but Trevor Browning had the presence of mind to bring up his knees during the Bongo Drop

and well Mariguano took all the punishment with that one. He practically cost himself the match.

Wolf: The poor bastard.

Charlene makes her way to the ring, her mind already working figures

10 dollars: blow job 15: fuck, 87 frat boys, carry the 7

as she climbs up the steps. She steps over the bottom rope and swings under the middle rope, rising and smiling a little too much. Her missing teeth show but she is oblivious of the fact and the frat boys have strapped in their beer goggles long ago.

Charlene: The following match is for one fall, and has a thirty minute time limit. It is a tournament match orch-orch-estrated in an effort to name. . . the. . . number one contender.

She smiles again as she struggles to read her own handwriting, written last night in the midst of a crack high.

Charlene: Introducing first, from Galien, Michigan, weighing in at two hundred and thirty-four pounds, Major Kenduuuuuu!

The crowd lets out a chorus of boos as Major Kendu stands in the corner, watching over his bag of tricks. He ignores the words of protest coming from the frat fucks.

Wolf: Is this guy Asian or what? I

ve nhhever figuredddd that out.

Ace: It

s only one of Major Kendu

s many mysteries. This guy is sort of an enigma. If it seems irrational, maybe even a little stupid, there will be Major Kendu.

Wolf: FUCK THE WIFE!

El Toro raises his arm and signals for the bell, the bell striking through the air out over the heads of the drunken frat boys.

Ace: And here we go!

Major Kendu and Mariguano circle one another around the ring for a bit before immediately locking up in the center of the ring with a clash of arms and elbows.

Ace: Quick lock up in the center of the ring.

Wolf: We are scum deluxe. . .

Ace: That we are Wolf, that we are. . .

Mariguano and Major Kendu jock for position and Major Kendu gains the upper hand by grabbing Mariguano by the wrist and twisting the arm. Mariguano sells by contorting his face into one of anguish.

Ace: Wrist lock now by Major Kendu here in this tournament match. Both men of course are fighting for the opportunity to be named the number one contender and earn their shot for the Death Row Title against Seth Stratton

which is much like killing yourself to be the one that gets picked for a whipping. Who

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

s gonna beat Seth? I mean really?

Wolf: I could beat that little bastard if I was in my prime. I used to be a beautiful man with brown hair. I used to bed with women every night, and now look at me? Commentating a sausage fest with not a woman in sight. Fffffuckkk.

Major Kendu wrenches on the arm and Mariguano sells each time he twists the arm, letting out a cry of pain. El Toro checks with Mariguano, speaking with him in his native tongue. Mariguano shakes his head and slaps his shoulder once before rolling forward and kipping up, untwisting his arm. As he kips up he grabs Kendu's arm and twists it himself.

Ace: Wrist lock now by Mariguano on Major Kendu!

Wolf: Whut

s thereeee to be excited about you shit? This fed is going undeeeeeerr. KERRRRSPLASH. Down the damn toiletttt.

Ace:

No one needs your negativity, Nancy.

Wolf: NANCY! Oh NANCY! My one true love! I never should have killed you. . .

Ace: Yeah

wait, what?

The sound of Wolf crying is heard over the match as Mariguano wrenches the wrist lock. Major Kendu sells the wrist lock and then uses his off hand to punch Mariguano in the face, once, twice, three times. Mariguano breaks the hold, rocking back from the blows.

Major Kendu grabs Mariguano by the arm and Irish whips him into the ropes.

Mariguano hits the ropes and bounces off, returning to Major Kendu in the center of the ring. Kendu bends at the waist, lowering himself as Mariguano reaches him. Kendu then grabs Mariguano by the waist but as he lifts Mariguano up Mariguano hooks him by the head and falls backward, bringing his head straight to the mat.

Ace: DDT by Mariguano! What reversal there!

Wolf: Listen to these ffhuckers. Applauding like they've never seen one before.

The frat boys pop and raise their beers in appreciation of the DDT--one of the few moves they still recognize. Mariguano scrambles over to Kendu and hooks the leg, going for the pin. The frat boys cheer in anticipation as El Toro slides to the mat.

Ace: Quick pin by Mariguano. 1. . . kick out. Not enough.

Wolf: What a fucking joke.

Mariguano quickly gets to his feet and Kendu is up right after him, and the two lock up in the center of the ring.

After a moment of testing one another's strength, Kendu raises one of Mariguano's arms and hooks him around the waist.

Ace:

Rear lock now by Kendu.

Kendu then uses his legs and his hips to lift Mariguano up over him and to the mat, Mariguano landing on his upper back.

Ace: German suplex!

Kendu keeps his hold and gets to his feet, bringing Mariguano to his feet with him. Again Kendu uses his legs to lift Kendu up over him and to the mat.

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Ace: Another German suplex! Kendu is going for the Kendu Crush already! Could this match already be over?

Wolf: Fuck it all. Just drink. Whoooooeee!

Kendu gets to his feet for a final time, keeping his lock around Mariguano's waist and bringing him up to his feet with him. Kendu then goes for the third and final german suplex, completing the Kendu Crush, but Mariguano takes his feet and hooks them around Kendu's legs, blocking it.

Ace: Kendu trying to go for that final suplex, but Mariguano is fighting it! This one may not be over yet!

Wolf: Awww fuckkkk.

Kendu again goes for the German suplex, and manages to raise Mariguano over his head but Mariguano flips out of it, landing on his feet behind Kendu!

Ace: No luck there Kendu! Look out!

Mariguano pushes the small of Kendu's back, rushing him into the corner of the ring. Kendu collides belly first with the corner and comes stumbling out of the corner. Mariguano runs off the ropes to the right of Kendu and as he returns he hooks Kendu around the head, bringing him to the mat with him as Mariguano lands on the mat in the seated position.

Ace: Reverse bulldog by Mariguano!

The frat fucks pop as Mariguano gets to his feet and lets out a little bow. Mariguano raises his head and sniffs the air, looking around.

Ace: What--what's he onto?

Wolf: A Mexican like that? Probably smells beans cooking somewhere.

Ace: Hey that's racist!

Wolf: Fuck it! Fuck you!

Mariguano makes his way to the ropes and reaches over, grabbing a lit joint. He takes it and brings it up to his mouth, smoking it right through his mask. He takes a hit and holds it in promptly returning it.

Ace: He's getting high during the middle of the match!

Wolf: This shit is fffffuckin disgrafullll.

Mariguano lets out the smoke and returns to Kendu, who is slowly getting to his feet. Mariguano grabs Kendu by the hair and Kendu rises up with a kick to the gut. Mariguano sells the kick, bending at the waist, and then Kendu reaches back and starts unload rights, each blow rocking Mariguano back.

Ace: See! You take your eyes off your opponent for just one second, and it costs you. Mariguano just couldn't turn down the idea of getting high, and now he's paying for it.

Wolf: Bust tha fuckin' dhhhoper.

Ace:

You really gotta watch the slurring, Wolf.

Kendu works Mariguano into the corner and starts to chop the chest, the frat boys cheering after each slap rings out.

Wolf: Kendu with the chops now!

Mariguano sells the countless chops and Kendu the grabs him around the waist and lifts him up to the top turnbuckle in the seated position. The crowd starts to buzz as Major Kendu starts to climb up the ropes after him.

Ace: Both men are getting up on the turnbuckle now, this is definitely going to get dangerous!

Wolf: I hope they both fall and break their fffhucking necksss.

Ace: Take that back!

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Wolf: Fffhuck you!

The frat fucks buzz as Major Kendu starts to make his way up to Mariguano. He stands on the bottom rope and goes to climb to the second rope but Mariguano rises from the top and punches him once, twice, three times, knocking him down to the mat. Kendu lands on his feet and takes a few steps back to regain his balance and Mariguano quickly stands up on the turnbuckle and jumps off, somersaulting once through the air before he connects with Kendu, sending him to the mat. The crowd pops.

Ace: Flying Summersault Plancha by Mariguano! What a move Wolf!

Wolf: That fucker no doubt summersault plancha'ed into this country! Damn border hopper! Fffhuck him!

Kendu sells the summersault as Mariguano gets up and once again plays it up for the crowd. He does a little dance to some mariachi music.

Ace: Mariguano enjoying himself here tonight--I thought that marijuana is hitting him.

Wolf: Marijuana! That's what was in the fffhucking thing?

Ace: What did you think it was? Tobacco?

Wolf: Jesus Christ! We've got a ffffiend in the ring!

Mariguano stops his dance and makes his way over to Major Kendu who plays possum in the corner. Mariguano reaches him and Major Kendu rises up with a clean right that knocks Mariguano clean to the mat.

Ace: He was faking! Kendu using his brains here, while Mariguano seeks only to destroy his!

Kendu looks to the crowd and points to his head, as if to illustrate he's a thinking man. Mariguano sells on the mat, grabbing his jaw where the blow cracked him. Kendu then bends at the waist and grabs Mariguano by the mask, bringing him to his feet.

Ace: Mariguano to his feet now, with the aid of Major Kendu. Once again his flaunting and bullshit with the crowd has cost him.

Major Kendu reaches back with another right, knocking Mariguano back and up against the ropes. Mariguano hooks his arms around the back of the top rope to keep himself there, and he shakes his head as if to get the cobwebs out. Major Kendu charges him and extends out an arm, knocking it into Mariguano and sending him outside of the ring to the grass.

Ace: Clothesline by Major Kendu! And Mariguano is out of the ring!

Wolf: Fuck that. That's grass out there. Who gives a sssshit?!

The crowd of frat fucks spreads out around Mariguano, giving him space, as El Toro starts up the count.

UNO . . . Major Kendu climbs out of the ring and lands on the grass. DOS. . . He makes his way to Mariguano, who's still selling on the grass as the frat boys play it up for the camera and say shit like HI MOM and CAL POLY FOOTBALL RULES. TRES. . . The images jostles around, as the camera man makes precarious work of navigating through these meat heads.

Ace: A little Row up close and personal here as both men are outside of the ring. El Toro doing his job and tallying the count out.

Wolf: I'm waiting for the next fucking lawsuit.

CUATRO. . .Major Kendu bends at the waist and brings Mariguano to his feet and then starts to throw lefts and rights, each blow rocking Mariguano backward.

Ace: Kendu unleashing lefts and rights now on Mariguano, jostling the ole noggin.

Wolf: I ought to jostle you you fffhucking fairy boy.

CINCO. . .Major Kendu then whips Mariguano toward the ring, and before Mariguano reaches it he turns and his back collides up with the apron. SEIS. . .The crowd lets out an OHHHH as Major Kendu smiles and makes his way over to Mariguano, already thinking of the plot in his landfill he plans to put him in.

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Ace: Mariguano into the side of the ring! That's gotta hurt!

Wolf: Well it certainly doesn't feel good you idiot.

SIETE. . . Major Kendu shortens the gap between himself and Mariguano and when he reaches Mariguano he greets him with a couple of rights before tossing him into the ring.

Ace: Both men back in the ring now. If you're unfamiliar with Spanish we got all the way up to seven before both men returned to the ring.

Wolf: Spanish is ugly. Like youuuuu.

Ace: Right. . . that booze is effecting those eyes of yours.

Major Kendu rolls under the rope and follows after Mariguano who sells in the ring. Major Kendu covers Mariguano, hooking the leg. El Toro slides to the mat to make the count.

Ace: 1. . . 2--kick out. Mariguano kicks out.

Major Kendu then grabs Mariguano by the head, hooking the arm around the head and across the throat. Major Kendu wrenches the head, and Mariguano cries out in pain.

Ace: Headlock here by Kendu, keeping the high flyer here on the mat.

Wolf: The fffhucking border hopper!

Kendu continues to wrench the head and El Toro bends at the waist and asks in Spanish if Mariguano would like to submit. Mariguano shakes his head and reaches out for the ropes. Kendu wrenches back on the head once more and again Mariguano cries out.

Ace: Kendu keeping that head locked in, and I don't know if anything will get Mariguano out of that hold.

Wolf: Is Kendu Asian or what? I don't get it. I just don't fucking get it. HE don't look like a CHINK.

Ace: WOLF!

Wolf: Shut the fffhuck up Chink Lover.

Ace:

Folks--I'd like to apologize--

ASK HIM, ASK

HIM, Kendu screams out as he tightens the hold around Mariguano's neck. El Toro circles around and asks Mariguano but he still gets the same answer: NO.

Ace: Mariguano refusing to give up here, and I don't know if thats the best of ideas. He's got a future to think about, doesn't he?

Wolf: He's already killing that brain of his--what's a little fffhucking brain dep-deprivation?

Ace: Oxygen deprivation?

Wolf: Yuh-yeah, that's it.

Mariguano reaches out for the ropes and kicks his feet, and Kendu releases the hold, pushing Mariguano to the mat and then stomping him profusely in the head.

Ace: Kendu stomping Mariguano now after he tried to get out of that headlock.

Wolf: Stomp that little fffhucking bug!

Kendu again drops to the mat and grabs Mariguano around the head, draping an arm across the throat. With his other hand he applies pressure to the temple, squeezing Mariguano's head. Mariguano cries out and the crowd boos Kendu's slow style of wrestling.

Ace: The fans aint happy with it, but Kendu is slowling working Mariguano down. Targeting the head he is, and before the end of the night, Mariguano is gonna have one hell of a headache.

Wolf: I'm gonna have a headache if I have to listen to your shit anymore.

Ace: Then don't. . . why don't you just leave?

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Wolf: Fine I will!

Wolf storms off, drunkenly, as meanwhile in the ring El Toro checks with Mariguano. Mariguano refuses to submit, shaking his head and making a conscious effort to reach for the ropes. He ignores the pain in his head as Major Kendu continues to tighten his hold, gritting his teeth as he tries to squeeze Mariguano like a grape between the fingers.

Ace: Well, I'd like to apologize folks. . . Wolf has been having some issues--here as Kendu tightens the sleeper hold--he's got a lot on his plate.

El Toro continues to check with Mariguano, and gets the same emphatic NO each time. Mariguano then slides his legs underneath him, and gets up to his knees. Kendu tightens his hold in an effort to haul Mariguano but still Mariguano rises.

Ace: Mariguano is getting to his feet! There's still some fight left in this dooper after all! He doesn't want a repeat of what happened last Lethal Injection!

Mariguano gets to his feet and the frat boys start to cheer, as they are more interested in high flying acts--besides they've hated Kendu from the start. Mariguano gets to his feet and punches Kendu in the gut once, twice, three times before he breaks the hold.

Ace: And he's out of it!

Kendu sells the blows to the gut as Mariguano takes off, charging the ropes. Mariguano hits the ropes and returns toward Kendu. As he reaches him Mariguano jumps up into the air and hooks his legs around his head and then comes down to the mat, bringing Kendu with him.

Ace: Flying head scissors by Mariguano! And both men are down now!

The frats let out a giant cheer, as nearby Waylon Wolf can be seen doing a keg stand with the aid of two jock types. They've never seen an old man do one before.

Ace: Jesus Christ Wolf! What are you thinking?!

Meanwhile in the ring, El Toro sees both men on the ground and starts up the count. UNO. . . Mariguano and Major Kendu both lay on the

mat, slow to get up. DOS. . . TRES. . . CUATRO. . . Mariguano starts to get to his feet, pulling himself to the ropes as Major Kendu shows signs of life.

Ace: Both men slow to get up here as Waylon Wolf makes a choice that's going to haunt him tomorrow. CINCO. . . Mariguano pulls himself to his feet as Major Kendu gets to his knees. SEIS. . . Mariguano reaches Major Kendu and aids him to his feet by pulling him by the hair. Mariguano then takes one of Kendu's arms and hooks it over his head. Mariguano then grabs Kendu by the tights and pulls him up and backward, slamming him quickly to the mat.

Ace: Snap suplex by Mariguano!

Kendu sells the bump as Mariguano gets to his feet and points to the corner. The frat fucks pop as Mariguano makes his way to the corner, turning his head for a moment to spot up Major Kendu. Mariguano then pulls himself up to the top turnbuckle.

Ace: We all know what happened the last time Mariguano went for a high risk move--it backfired on him. Apparently he's not thinking about last week, he's thinking about today and the now.

Mariguano balances himself as he rises to his feet. Mariguano stands upright on the turnbuckle as Major Kendu slowly gets to his feet. He looks around the ring for Mariguano and he turns around toward Mariguano just as he jumps off the turnbuckle, flipping forward through the air once before extending an arm and striking Kendu with it, sending him to the mat. The frat fucks pop.

Ace: Forward Rolling Lariat by Mariguano from the top rope! What a move!

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The crowd continues to buzz as Mariguano scrambles over to Major Kendu, hooking the leg and pinning him to the mat. El Toro slides to the mat expertly and goes for the count.

Ace: Pin now after that lariat! Mariguano just may be advancing to the next round! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Kendu kicks out!

The crowd dies down as Mariguano turns to check with El Toro, and the midget shows him two fingers. Mariguano then gets to his feet and stomps Kendu, once, twice, before bending at the waist and reaching down, grabbing a handful of hair. Mariguano pulls upward and Kendu slowly gets to his feet.

Ace:

Kendu is up now, Mariguano in control here.

Kendu rises with a right and the blow knocks Mariguano back, but Mariguano returns with a right of his own, connecting with the jaw of Kendu.

Ace: Both men exchanging blows here.

Major Kendu reaches up and grabs Mariguano by the arm, attempting to Irish whip him into the ropes. Mariguano reverses, sending Major Kendu into the ropes instead.

Ace:

Irish whip reversal, Kendu into the ropes now, and there he goes.

Kendu bounces off the ropes and returns toward the center of the ring. As he reaches Mariguano, Mariguano jumps up into the air and hooks both of his legs around

Kendu's head before falling backwards, sending Kendu to the mat behind him.

Ace: Hurricanrana by Mariguano! And listen to these fans!

The crowd pops as Mariguano scrambles over to Kendu and hooks the leg, going for the pin. El Toro does his job: he slides to the mat and goes for the count as the crowd lets out a drunken cheer.

Ace: We've got a pin here! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Kendu had the presence of mind to put his foot out on the rope, breaking the pin!

El Toro notices the leg and stops the count. He informs Mariguano of the leg and Mariguano gets up off of Kendu.

Ace: Kendu showing he has more brains here tonight, that's for sure.

Mariguano bends at the waist and grabs a handful of Kendu's hair, bring him to his feet. Mariguano then kicks him in the gut, the blow causing Kendu to bend at the waist. Mariguano then takes his head and places it between his legs before hooking him around the waist, in an effort to go for the powerbomb.

Ace: Look out Kendu!

Kendu rises up and sends Mariguano up over him, and Mariguano hits the mat behind him. Kendu then runs off the ropes and as he returns he jumps up in the air and comes down with a knee across the head of Mariguano.

Ace: Knee drop by Kendu after reversing that attempted powerbomb by Mariguano.

Kendu then scrambles over Mariguano and goes for the pin, not bothering to hook the leg, though he does dig a forearm into Mariguano's mask. El Toro slides to the mat and goes for the pin.

Ace: Pin by Kendu now! 1. . . 2. . . no! Kick out by Mariguano.

Kendu gets up and checks with El Toro, who flashes him two fingers. Kendu then slowly gets to his feet, falling backward and up against the ropes for support. He holds himself there as Mariguano gets up to his knees. Kendu then charges Mariguano and goes for the kick but Mariguano moves his head back, making Kendu miss. Mariguano then grabs Kendu's other leg and throws it forward, knocking it out from under him,

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sending him back first to the mat.

Ace: Kendu went for the kick but Mariguano ducked it!

Mariguano then covers Kendu, hooking the leg and going for the pin. El Toro slides to the mat and makes the count.

Ace: We've got a pin by Mariguano! 1. . . 2. . . kick out by Kendu! Both men seem to be going for the win here late in this match.

The crowd buzzes as Mariguano gets to his feet and makes his way over to the fallen Kendu. He grabs him by the hair and brings him to his feet. As Kendu gets to his feet Mariguano hooks him around the head and turns so that Kendu is behind him, the back of his head draped over his shoulder, and then Mariguano falls to the mat, bringing Kendu with him.

Ace: Swinging neck breaker by Mariguano!

Major Kendu sells the neckbreaker on the mat as Mariguano scrambles over to him and goes for the pin, hooking the leg. The crowd cheers in anticipation of the pin fall as El Toro slides to the mat for the count.

Ace: We've got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Kick out! Major Kendu kicks out!

Mariguano checks with El Toro, and El Toro shows him two stubby fingers. Mariguano sells his disbelief on the mat, reaching up to grab his mask.

Ace: Mariguano almost won that one! He was that close to advancing to the next round!

Mariguano gets to his feet as the crowd dies down and bends at the waist, grabbing Trevor Browning by the hair and bringing him to his feet. Mariguano then grabs Trevor Browning and pulls, forcing him toward the ropes.

Ace: Irish Whip by Mariguano--Trevor into the ropes now. . .

Trevor Browning hits the ropes and grabs the top rope, hooking his arms around it, preventing him from returning off the ropes. Mariguano then charges Trevor Browning and Trevor bends at the waist lifting Mariguano up and over the top rope.

Ace: Back body drop! But Mariguano landed on the apron! Kendu doesn't know it!

Mariguano stumbles away from the ropes as Mariguano waits for him on the apron. The crowd pops, expecting Kendu to really get his clocked cleaned here. Kendu turns around and Mariguano pulls himself up to the top rope before jumping off and hooking Kendu around the head in the crook of his arm and turning through the air, bringing Kendu head first into the mat.

Ace: Dios Mio DDT! Dios Mio DDT!

The crowd pops as Mariguano hops to his feet and raises his arms. Kendu sells the Dios Mio DDT and Mariguano points to the corner.

Ace: Uh oh, last time we saw Mariguano go for the Bongo Drop it ended badly!

Mariguano makes his way to the corner and pulls himself up to the top turnbuckle. He rises to the standing position, balancing himself by extending his arms. Mariguano then raises his arms and taunts the crowd, making them cheer even more.

Ace: Here he goes!

Mariguano leaps off the turnbuckle, flipping backward through the air and clenching his fists, extending his thumbs in the 'thumbs up' position and lands perfectly on Kendu.

Ace: El Bongo Drop!

Mariguano hooks the leg as the crowd pops, cheering the move. El Toro slides to the mat for the count.

Ace: This could be it! 1. . . 2. . . 3!! YES! Mariguano advances!

The crowd continues to cheer as El Toro signals for the bell and raises Mariguano's arm.

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Ace: El Bongo Drop completed successfully! Mariguano has beaten out Kendu, giving him his first loss! Mariguano rises to his feet and raises his arms in victory, as Kendu still sells El Bongo Drop. Kendu breathes heavily on the mat, and Mariguano looks down at him for a moment before making his way out of the ring.

Ace: Wolf? Hey Wolf? The match is over.

Wolf: Oh--what? Oh okay. Sure. Yeah. . .

Ace: Jesus. . . Well up next we have Cort Vang and Shane Jackson, of Cash Money. The winner of course will go on to take on Mariguano in the next round.

HENRY'S BAIL BONDS, LET US GET TO YOU BEFORE YOUR CELLMATE DOES.

Seeking Anarchy

We cut to Dark storming about the hallways of the Omega Omega house or trying to storm about anyway as he has refused to leave the keg behind and has strapped it to a dolly which he wheels behind him, knocking into furniture and college student alike with little concern for collateral damage.

Ace: It

s The Boss!

Tha Krew trail behind him, and Dark reaches a door and presses up against the wall nearby, as Wes Payton reaches the door, steps back and then kicks it in. We hear moans and grunts and see a drunken frat plowing away at some chick with his pants around his ankles. The frat fuck turns his head and smiles as we move onto the next door.

Ace: Hey go back to that!

Wolf: I knew you liked to watch. . .

Wes Payton kicks in the next door much like the last and this time we see Cort Vang in the center of the room twirl around.

Dark: Hey, you seen those Cash Money fucks. . . IM Hate?

Cort shakes his head and Dark and Tha Krew move on to the next door, and Wes Payton kicks it open but the room is empty.

Dark: Shit. . .

Dark takes a thoughtful drink from his beer, and scratches his head.

Dark: Shit boys I gots to piss. . . but we gotta find these bastards!

Dark and Tha Krew then make their way through the kitchen, filled with even more frat fucks and even a few chicks.

Dark bustles past them and makes his way outside, Tha Krew and the poor cameraman following in pursuit.

Ace: Well it appears the boss is looking for Anarchy. . . Earlier we saw Johnny Cox get laid out. . . and all signs point to only three men.

Wolf: Ffuck Anarchy. Organized Anarchists. . . shiiet.

The crowd around the ring is well into their beer, and are occupied by Charlene, performing a little slutty dance for the crowd. Dollar bills float into the ring occasionally, and she stops her dance to scoop them up and stuff them in her bra.

Ace: Shake it baby! Come to The Row where you get a show within a show!

Dark looks around and cannot find Anarchy anywhere, but he does notice The Disposal squeezing out of a port-a-potty on the grass.

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Wolf: All that guy does is shit! Jesus.

Dark shrugs

might as well

and makes his way over to the porta-potty, ignoring The Disposal, who still sells an unsettled stomach.

Dark:

One sec boys, I gotta piss like a race horse.

Dark closes the door and locks

it, and the port-a-potty suddenly topples forward onto the door, and screams of horror erupt for the port-a-potty as Dark realizes he

s trapped in a hot box of shit!

Ace: Holy Shit! IM Hate just knocked over that Port-A-Potty! Dark is trapped!

Wolf: Those are the screams of a man in hell ladies and gentlemen.

IM Hate smiles, and Tha Krew rush him but are quickly attacked from behind by Cash Money, who, wielding beer bottles crack them over their heads.

Ace: Cash Money with a beer bottle attack!

Tha Krew fall to the grass in a shower of glass, and Cash Money and IM Hate begin to stomp the shit out of them. The crowd around the ring begins to notice the action and starts up a drunken cheer as Anarchy gangs up on the already fallen Krew members.

Ace: Anarchy has taken out Tha Krew! Dark is defenseless now!

Wolf: And trapped in a box of Disposal shit. . . I

ll drink to that.

Anarchy stops its stomping, and IM Hate barks an order to Cash Money. Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz then take Tha Krew by the arms and drag them away on the grass. IM Hate turns back to look at the port-a-potty, where Dark still screams in disgust and horror. IM Hate laughs and then walks away. . .

Ace: My God someone save Dark!

Wolf: I aint doing it!

Fade. . .

Cort's College Experience

Cort Vang: [looking around, nervously] Look, bitch, I can't be seen chillin' with these frat mothers.-- My P.O will be up my ass like Keebler in a cookie crackhouse.

Cort is in one of the many rooms of the Omega Omega House (so many bedrooms in fact, you would think it was a brother) where a few beer-soaked frat boys have drifted off to. One of the kids, resembling Potsy from 'Happy Days' only less of a preppy putz, staggers around 'The One Man Misdemeanor' with a can of beer half gone.

Potsy: [slurry] Want some?!--

Cort Vang: [inadvertant high-pitch scream] No, mother fucker, my P.O is watching!

Cort's hand quickly slaps the beer out of Potsy's hand, whose droopy eyes bloodshotedly looked at his hand.

Potsy: Duuudeeee.-- My beer. [sour belch]

Cort, never one to tell someone a second time, looks around to see who is paying attention. There's a game of beer pong going on out in the hallway and everyone seems drawn into the game and nothing else--no troubles there. In one corner of the room a frat head pukes his guts out, and then inspects the contents of his puke with great interest--no troubles there either.

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In fact there's no around to see a damn thing--but shit--fortunately for Potsy, Cort catches eye of a lone cameraman.

Cort

Vang: [walking toward it] -- Been back here in this room with a bunch of piss-stained frat stains. This is exactly why I never went to college, because of guys like this!

Another Voice: [sloppily] And you can't read.--

Cort snaps his head around. All he sees is four drunks looking somewhat frightened and the door swinging to a close as the fifth drunk--more afraid than his friends--runs for the hills.

Cort Vang: Yeah, throw salt on a perfectly fresh wound, --- I'll just store it up real nice and tight and get all gung-ho crazy on 'Cash' Jackson. I'm looking forward to tonight, Jackson.--

Cort rubs his hands.

Cort Vang: Very much so. Because, you might be Anarchy, but me.---

I'm just straight-up the most death welcoming, Donation seeking, resilient mother fucker on the West Coast you'll ever find and not ever want find again. I'm going to be brief with this. -- It's time to wreck this bitch!

Cort takes several steps back, does a half-assed crucifix stance as the feed goes elsewhere.

Cort Vang vs. Shane Jackson

Ace: Well, we

ve heard from Cort, now lets go to

hey. . . lookee here. . .

We cut to the announcers table, where Ace sits by himself. He is off looking in the distance, and his head turns as he follows whatever it is he is watching. Waylon Wolf passes in front of the camera, then passes it again in the opposite direction, before staggering at an angle toward the announcers table.

Ace: Jesus Christ, he

s drunker than a damn skunk. He better not be coming over here. . . oh Jesus he is. . .

Wolf collides with the table and smiles awkwardly at Ace.

Ace: Yeah hi. . .

Wolf then edges his way to the right side of the table and manages to sit down and sloppily put on his headphones. He talks but can

t hear himself, and looks confused before he realizes he has put them on backwards. He straightens them up.

Wolf: Hiiii-yooooo.

Ace: Wolf, you need to

Wolf: Less

get shummme pushy!

Ace: Pussy?

Wolf: Yeah, pushy! Pushy!

starts up through the stolen audio system, the frat boys rising up to toast with a beer.

Soon will arrive one of the few men who has survived longer in The Row than any other

the One Man Misdemeanor, Cort Vang.

Ace: We have more tournament action here for you folks, with Cort Vang taking on non other than Shane Jackson.

Wolf: fuh-fuh-fuck.

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Ace ignores Wolf, looking at the camera and smiling.

Ace: Shane Jackson of course is a member of Cash Money, who interrupted Cort's match with IM Hate

his last Lethal Injection. . . Cort no doubt has revenge on his mind tonight. In fact he gets to kill two birds with one stone

he gets the opportunity to show Shane Jackson his place AND advance in the tournament, moving one step closer to the Death Row title and Seth Stratton.

We cut to the back door of the Omega House, where Cort Vang appears donned in his usual wrestling gear. He looks out on the frat fucks and then drops his head and raises his arms, mocking the crucifixion. He lifts his head with a smirk and then makes his way out onto the grass, as Crucified continues to play.

Ace: Cort Vang as you know, is learning to

YOU CAN

NOT READ YOU CAN

NOT READ YOU CAN

NOT READ starts up, as the frat fucks chant in an effort to belittle Cort

though in truth none of them have read a book in many years themselves. Cort stops smirking and breaks out into a rage. He grabs his head and rushes the ring, the crowd parting for him. He slides into the ring and kicks the ropes, stomping around in anger.

Ace: These bastards are agitating Cort Vang

not a good idea if you ask me. He

is dumb enough to actually try and take on every last one of them!

Cort Vang settles in the ring as It Gets Me Through by Ozzy Osbourne starts up, forcing the crowd to let out a chorus of boos.

Ace: I

am surprised at these guys. They seem to know of Cash Money

either that or they can

not stand Ozzy Osbourne. . .

We cut to the back door, where Shane Jackson emerges with his Cash Money belt in hand. He looks out on the frat kids and smiles, raising the belt up in the air. It shames the Death Row belt in its opulence, the gold shining bright in the sun. Shane Jackson makes his way out to the grass and Jason Cruz appears in the doorway behind him.

Ace: Well here comes Shane Jackson, and it appears he

will have some back up tonight, in Jason Cruz. I don't

think it has really set in that Anarchy is here in the Row, and here to stay. Watch your asses everyone!

Shane Jackson walks out toward the ring, with Jason Cruz following behind him. The frat boys make way for the two, and Shane Jackson reaches the ring first, putting one knee up on the apron and then getting to his feet. Jason Cruz climbs the steps and reaches the apron as Shane Jackson swings under the top rope and into the ring. Jason Cruz steps through the ropes after him and the two meet in the center of the ring to raise their Cash Money belts up in the air.

Ace: Cash Money still toying around with those belts of theirs

which of course are not recognized by The Row. These guys literally bought the belts! I can

not believe they

are still carrying around those things after losing to Fracture. . .

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Charlene enters the ring, adjusting her dress and wiping some substance off her hand. She smiles seductively and raises the mic to her lips, painted a dirty red.

Charlene: Ladies and gentlemen. . . the following match is a tournament match, and is for one fall!

The crowd buzzes, and Charlene bends over to squeeze her boobs together. She raises back up and smiles, running a tongue over her teeth, cracked and stained from past crack use.

Charlene:

Introducing first. . . from St. Helens, Oregon

funny he don

t look it

weighing in at two hundred and nineteen

pounds, he is The one Man Misdemeanor. . . CORT. . . VANNNNNNG!

Cort raises his arms in mockery of the crucifixion once again as the frat boys salute the announcement with a drink of beer. Cort Vang then raises his head and drops his arms, looking straight across the ring at Shane Jackson.

Ace: Cort Vang has recently taken up collections with the Salvation Army! He

s trying to change for the better. I can

t believe this guy, he

s so unpredictable!

Charlene:

And his opponent. . . being accompanied to the ring by fellow Cash Money member, Jason Cruz. . . from Ft.

Wayne, Indiana, weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds, Shannneee. . . JACKSONNNN!

Shane Jackson shouts out CASH MONEY as the crowd rains down the boos. A few drink some beer anyway.

Ace: Well here we go folks, this one just about underway. Shane Jackson of course is more used to tag team action, we

ll see if he

ll be able to hold his own against

Cort Vang.

El Toro raises an arm and signals for the bell. The bell rings out, El Toro turning to give Cort a dirty look for stealing the very same bell last Lethal Injection.

Ace: Well there

s the bell. . .

Wolf: Tha

tha-fffhucking son-of-bubbububub. ..

Cort Vang and Shane Jackson circle one another around the ring, the frat boys drinking heavily and well into drunkenness. GET ON WITH IT they shout and KICK HIS ASS and other such rot.

Ace:

Well the crowd getting a tad rowdy here, Wolf. . .

Wolf?

Wolf passes out at the announcers table.

Ace: Well there goes Wolf. Nighty night Wolfie.

Meanwhile, in the squared circle, Cort Vang and Shane Jackson lock up in the center of the ring. Each man struggles to gain the upper hand and Cort Vang raises Shanes arms upward before kicking him in the knee,

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dropping him to his knees.

Ace: Kick by Cort Vang after the power struggle.

Cort Vang steps back and lays a swift kick up against the head of Shane Jackson, the shot ringing out and the crowd popping. Shane Jackson goes limp and falls to the mat, selling the kick.

Ace: WHAT A KICK BY CORT VANG! He nearly took his head off with that one! And listen to these 'students'--they're loving it!

The crowd still buzzes from the kick as Cort Vang makes his way over to Shane Jackson and bends at the waist, grabbing a handful of hair. Cort pulls Shane Jackson to the seat position and then grabs him around the head, draping an arm across the throat.

Ace: Rear Headlock here by Cort Vang--not particularly known for his ground game, but he's going for it anyway. Perhaps this guy is learning more than just how to read!

Cort wrenches the hold and raises his free hand and brings it down across the head of Shane Jackson as he releases the hold. Shane Jackson falls to the mat, grabbing his head, selling the punch.

Ace: That's more like it--quick punch there by Cort Vang, and from the looks of Shane Jackson, a stiff one too.

Cort Vang then gets to his feet and quickly drops down with an elbow across the chest of Shane Jackson.

Ace: Elbow drop by Cort!

Cort Vang gets to his feet once more and again quickly drops down with yet another elbow across the Shane Jackson.

Ace: And another!

Cort Vang then scrambles over to Shane Jackson and hooks his leg, going for the pin. El Toro hits the mat to make the count.

Ace: Quick pin here, 1...No! Kick out there by Shane Jackson.

Cort Vang gets to his feet and stomps Shane Jackson several times before bringing him to his feet. Shane Jackson rises with a punch to the face of Cort Vang, which he ignores and throws a punch of his own in response. Cort Vang then grabs Shane Jackson by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

Ace: Irish whip here by Cort--No!

Reversal.

Jackson turns and keeps the hold, Irish whipping Cort Vang into the ropes instead. Cort Vang hits the ropes and as he returns he rolls forward and comes up with an stiff arm across the chest of Jackson, knocking him to the mat.

Ace: Rolling Lariat by Cort Vang! He had all that momentum built up into that one!

Jason Cruz trash talks Cort Vang from outside of the ring and Cort makes his way over to the ropes to talk down to him.

Ace: Shut up Jason! Jesus Christ a guy gets a little money and he thinks he can just run everything . . . aint that how it always goes?

Meanwhile Shane Jackson slowly gets to his feet and as Cort Vang turns around Shane Jackson charges him, hitting with several lefts and rights.

Ace: Shane Jackson with the offense now.

The punches work Cort Vang into the corner, and Shane Jackson switches to stomps, stomping Cort Vang in the gut, each blow causing him to bend at the waist.

Ace:

Cort Vang caught in that corner now, Shane Jackson stomping away at the gut.

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Shane Jackson then takes his foot and raises it up, placing it against the throat of Cort Vang, and using the top rope he pushes his foot up against the throat, cutting off the windpipe.

Ace: Shane Jackson choking Cort Vang now! That big boot of his cutting off the air flow!

And Jason Cruz ringside approves the rich bastard.

El Toro counts in the corner, Uno. . . Dos. . . Tres. . . Shane Jackson brings his foot down and Cort Vang falls to the seated position and sells the choke in the corner. El Toro gets up in Shane Jackson's face warning him about the choke, and as his back is turned Jason Cruz creeps over to Cort Vang and chokes him in the corner.

Ace: Cash Money in full effect now! Dark should have foreseen this and banned Jason Cruz from this match! It

s bad enough Johnny Cox has been injured

who do you think did it? Cash Money has evolved into two of the rottenest bastards here in The Row.

Cort Vang kicks his feet, his tongue sticking out as he sells the blatant choke by Jason Cruz, who releases the hold just as El Toro turns around. El Toro makes his way over to the corner to investigate--as something seems fishy here--and he turns to give Jason Cruz the dirty eye.

Ace: That

s right Toro! It was Jason! Get that punk out of here! He has no right to be down here tonight of all matches this is a tournament match God damn it!

Shane Jackson makes his way over to the fallen Cort Vang and grabs him by an ankle and drags him into the center of the ring. Shane Jackson then drops to his knees, instructing Toro to hit the mat before he hooks the leg. El Toro complies and goes for the count.

Ace: We've got a pin! 1. . 2--kick out. Not enough there. Cort Vang is still in this match--though it seems like he's taking on both members of Cash Money here--the damn bastards.

Shane Jackson gets up and checks with El Toro, but turns away before the little man can even inform him of the two count. Shane Jackson stands over Cort Vang, who crawls to the corner on his belly. Shane laughs and then picks up his foot, eyeing Cort's hand and brings it down right across his fingers.

Ace: Shane Jackson stomping the fingers of Cort Vang now. That s a damn good way to break a finger!

Cort Vang sells the stomp wringing out the injured hand in question and grimacing. Cort Vang tries to crawl again and again Shane Jackson raises up a boot and brings it down on Cort's digits.

Ace: And another stomp to the fingers of Cort Vang

Shane Jackson is actually enjoying Cort s punishment!

Shane Jackson laughs once more before grabbing Cort Vang around the chin and forcing him upward to his feet. Cort Vang gets to his feet and Shane Jackson grabs him by the arm, tossing him toward the ropes.

Ace: Irish whip by Shane Jackson off goes Cort.

Cort Vang hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns toward its center, where Shane Jackson stands with an arm extended. Cort Vang collides with the arm and falls backward to the mat.

Ace: Clothesline by Shane Jackson!

Shane then drops to the mat after the clothesline and turns Cort over onto his stomach. He then straddles

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Cort's upper back and hooks him around the chin and pulls backward, applying pressure to the head and neck.

Ace: Shane Jackson locking in a mounted face lock
s got all his weight on the back of Cort Vang. I don
t know how Cort is going to get out of this one.

Shane wrenches the hold, pulling upward with his teeth gritted as El Toro bends at the waist and raises a sympathetic hand in Cort's face, asking him if would like to submit. Cort Vang cries out in response and shakes his head.

Ace: Cort Vang in a bad way, but the stubborn bastard just won
t submit!

The crowd buzzes drunkenly as Shane Jackson keeps the hold, leaning back so far he looks like he could snap Cort Vang in half if he really wanted to. El Toro continues to check with Cort Vang, who repeatedly shakes his head despite the cries of pain.

Ace: We respect you Cort, really we do. You
re one of the few original members of The Row left

no need to permanently injure yourself to prove something! This is hurting me just watching it!

Cort Vang reaches up for the ropes but he knows he can't possibly reach them, and instead reaches toward Shane's head grabbing his hair.

Ace: AH! Cort Vang with a handful of hair! This punk is vicious
s going to make Shane Jackson ugly!

Cort Vang lets out cries of pain from the face lock, and Shane Jackson cries out as Cort Vang pulls the hair of Jackson, losing his hold as tufts of hair come out.

Ace: He
s done it! And you thought only chicks pull hair
well you
re wrong, only chicks and Cort Vang pull hair!

Shane Jackson releases the hold and stands up, bringing his hands up to his head as for spots. He finds a good one and instantly frowns. He looks around at the crowd and becomes angry.

Ace: And Shane Jackson has realized it
and he does not like it! Hey don
t worry guy

you can hardly notice them two bald spots!

Shane Jackson stomps his way over to Cort Vang, who has once again crawled onto his belly in an effort to reach the ropes. Shane Jackson stomps him in the small of the back and Cort Vang cries out, going limp.

Ace: Shane Jackson letting out a little aggression on Cort Vang now! Stomping the fallen man here on the mat.

Shane Jackson stomps him again, again, the rage filling him--THE BASTARD THE SAVAGE BASTARD RIPPED MY HAIR OUT! He stomps away and Cort Vang lays there on the mat taking all of them. When Shane tires of the stomping he bends at the waist and grabs Cort by the head, bringing him to his feet.

Ace: Shane brings Cort to his feet after the mugging. . .

Shane Jackson kicks Cort in the gut, causing him to bend at the waist and then hooks his head under his armpit and falls backward, bringing Cort's head to the mat.

Ace: DDT! DDT by Shane Jackson after the kick to the gut!

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Shane Jackson then turns and covers Cort Vang, hooking his leg and pulling Cort into a folded position, his legs over his head. El Toro slides to the mat and goes for the official count. The crowd revs up in anticipation of the pinfall.

Ace: Pin now by Shane Jackson after that DDT! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Shane Jackson almost advanced to the next round after that one.

The crowd dies down as Shane Jackson turns to check with El Toro, who shoves two fat fingers in his face. Shane Jackson pounds the mat once and gets to his knees before getting to his feet. He looks around at the crowd in dismay as Cort Vang slowly pulls himself to the ropes in the corner of the ring.

Ace: Shane Jackson cannot believe it

but meanwhile the match is still going on. Cort trying to get to his feet now in the corner of the ring.

Shane Jackson makes his way over to Cort in the corner, who is now bent over, about to stand up. Shane Jackson reaches him and Cort Vang rises up with a strike to the throat.

Ace: What a palm strike by Cort Vang, right to the throat of Shane Jackson. You know that

It hurt a guy, a chop to the Adam

Apple like that.

Shane Jackson sells the blow, reaching up and grabbing his throat, bent over and trying to breathe. Cort Vang makes his way out of the corner and grabs Shane Jackson by the head, tossing him into the corner he had just occupied.

Ace: Shane Jackson stuck in the corner now. . .

Cort Vang faces Shane Jackson and leans back, taking an arm and moving it back and across his body. Cort Vang then brings the hand forward, chopping it against the chest of Shane Jackson. The shot rings out and the crowd pops.

Ace: Knife edge chop by Cort Vang! Did you hear that one?!

Cort Vang leans back and chops Shane Jackson once again, this time the sound produced even louder. The crowd pops.

Ace: In case you didn

t, here

is another! What a chop by The One Man Misdemeanor!

Cort Vang chops him a third and final time and Shane Jackson sells the chop as Cort Vang steps back and plants a kick up against the head of Shane Jackson.

Ace: Sick Kick by Cort Vang! My God what a shot!

Shane Jackson stumbles comically out of the corner of the ring and falls flat on his face in the center of the ring. The frat fucks let out a chorus of drunken laughs and applause as Cort Vang makes his way to the corner.

Ace: Shane Jackson is dead in the ring after that one

but what is Cort doing now?

Cort Vang turns his back to the corner and grabs the top rope behind him, propping himself up to the middle rope. Cort Vang perches there, waiting as Shane Jackson slowly tries to get to his feet.

Ace: Cort Vang not much of a high flyer, but nonetheless, here he is perched on the second rope!

Jason Cruz lets out words of warning, words Shane Jackson apparently cannot hear, for he gets up to his feet, huffing and puffing, and as he turns toward the corner Cort Vang jumps off the middle rope and catches Shane Jackson in the abdomen with spear to the gut.

Ace: VANG TERMINATOR! This one could already be over folks! Cort Vang can already sense the next

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round! And I think these fans can as well
listen to these drunken bastards!

The crowd pops as Shane Jackson sells on the mat, bent over and grabbing his abdomen. Cort Vang gets to his feet and raises his arms and the frat fucks show their appreciation by raising their cups and taking a sip.

Ace: What a move that was ladies and gentlemen. If we had replay capabilities we
d go back to that one, but alas we do not.

Cort Vang makes his way over to the fallen Shane Jackson and brings him to his feet.

Ace: Cort Vang could be going for a move he calls Death is Welcome, and if that
s the case this one is over ladies and gentlemen!

Cort Vang hooks Shane Jackson by the head under the arm and then takes his arm and flips it over his head before grabbing Shane Jackson by the tights and lifting him.

Ace: Yes! Yes! He
s going for it! Death is Welcome bitch!

Cort Vang lifts Shane Jackson up and over into the air, but Shane Jackson lands on his feet and pushes Cort Vang. Cort Vang goes belly first into the ropes and comes back and Shane Jackson hooks him around the waist and using his legs lifts him up and over his head, sending him to the mat behind him.

Ace: German suplex by Shane Jackson! He just barely got out of Death is Welcome!

Talk about cutting it close ladies and gentlemen, Shane Jackson was just a hair away from being out of this tournament for
good!

Cort Vang sells the German suplex, lying on his side on the mat and grabbing his lower back. Shane Jackson is a few feet away from him sitting on his ass and looking dazed. El Toro looks around and starts up the count.

Ace: Both men dazed here. . . it appears that German suplex was an act of desperation by Shane Jackson.
He

s feeling the fatigue come upon him now.

Uno. . . Cort Vang continues to sell, as Shane Jackson looks around. Dos. . . Shane turns over onto his knees and crawls toward the ropes, grabbing the bottom rope. Tres. . . Shane grabs the middle rope and pulls himself up, as Cort Vang slowly gets to his feet. Cuatro. . . Shane Jackson pulls himself to his feet and turns toward Cort Vang, who is now on his feet. Cort Vang quickly kicks Shane Jackson in the gut causing him to bend at the waist.

Ace:
Cort Vang with the kick to the gut of Shane after struggling to get up.
Cort Vang then turns Shane Jackson around and hooks him around the chin. Cort Vang promptly falls forward to the mat, Shane Jackson hitting the mat with him.
Ace: Reverse DDT by Cort Vang! This match has been back and forth, back and forth ladies and gentlemen. Cort Vang falls on top of Shane and stays there, El Toro sliding to the mat for the count.

Ace: We

ve got a pin now by Cort

to tired too hook the leg. . . 1. . . 2

kick out! Shane Jackson kicks out of the near pin fall. You can really get the feel that this is an important match for both of these men. Both exchanging blows, neither letting up, now this is a match ladies and gentlemen

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this is a match!

Cort Vang slowly gets to his feet as the frat fucks die down, taking a moment to drink even more beer. Cort Vang looks to the crowd almost in disgust and then lowers at the waist and raises Shane Jackson up to the seated position.

Ace: Cort Vang getting creative here. . . Where
s he going?

Cort Vang then takes off for the ropes Shane Jackson is facing and he turns as he hits the ropes, the bounce sending him back toward Shane Jackson. Cort Vang reaches Shane Jackson and raises up a knee, connecting and making a sickening sound as Shane Jackson falls backward toward the mat.

Ace: What a sound! What a sound ladies and gentlemen! Cort Vang just took Shane Jackson out with a charged knee to the skull! Jesus fucking Christ!

The blood thirsty frat fucks let out a cheer of approval as Cort Vang taunts them with the crucifixion pose he's so found of. Shane Jackson sells on the mat, hardly moving and breathing heavily.

Ace: And Shane Jackson is up Shit Creek without a paddle! He
s not moving!

Cort Vang turns his head, as Jason Cruz is jabbering at him, and Cort Vang responds with some shitting talking of his own.

Ace: Jason Cruz, once again getting involved in this match. . . kick him out Toro! Fuck this asshole!

Jason Cruz then hops up on the apron and Cort Vang approaches him, going for a high kick over the top rope. Jason Cruz blocks it and then grabs Cort Vang by the head before dropping to the ground, bringing him neck first against the top rope.

Ace: Jason Cruz guillotine
s Cort Vang over the top rope! This is truly

Cash Money vs. Cort Vang
right now!

Cort Vang comes off of the rope and turns toward the center of the ring, staggering and grabbing his throat and coughing. His eyes grow wide as Shane Jackson comes up from the kneeling position with an arm extended, bringing it across Cort's already bothered throat, knocking him to the mat.

Ace: Lariat by Shane Jackson now! And Cort is down!

Shane Jackson then turns and covers Cort Vang, hooking the leg and pinning him to the mat. El Toro, disgusted that he doesn't have the opportunity to chew out Jason Cruz, drops to the mat and goes for the count.

Ace: Shane Jackson with the pin
we could have a winner here

1. . . 2

kick out! Cort Vang kicks out!

Shane Jackson gets up on his knees and checks with El Toro, who shakes his head and shows two fingers. Shane Jackson snarls at the result and then gets to his feet, grabbing Cort Vang by the head and bringing him to his feet.

Ace: Both me up now after the near pin fall.

Shane Jackson keeps his left hand on Cort

s head and reaches back with his right and brings it forward, clocking Cort Vang in the jaw. The blow knocks

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Cort Vang back, and Cort returns with a right of his own.

Ace: Both men exchanging hard rights now!

Shane Jackson ups the pace, throwing two left jabs and gaining the upper hand. Shane Jackson grabs Cort Vang by the arm and Irish whips him into the ropes.

Ace: Cort Vang into the ropes now.

Cort Vang hits the ropes and returns, and Shane Jackson falls flat onto his belly, forcing Cort Vang to jump over him.

Ace: Cort Vang still into the ropes. . .

Cort Vang hits the ropes on the other side of the ring as Shane Jackson gets to his feet. Cort Vang reaches Shane Jackson and Shane Jackson lifts him up, grabbing him around the rib cage and turning before slamming him downward to the mat.

Ace: What a spine buster by Shane Jackson.

Shane Jackson gets to his feet and stares straight into the camera, as if to say that s gonna be you Dark. He then turns to the fallen Cort Vang and stomps him, once, twice, three times, Cort Vang taking each blow to the upper chest.

Ace: Shane Jackson with a little stare down to the camera perhaps sending a message of some sorts? Stomping the shit out of Cort Vang now, no doubt still pissed about losing some hair tonight. . . Hey jackass. . . it

ll grow back!

Shane Jackson then bends down and sticks a threatening finger in Cort Vang s face, saying something that is inaudible but full of hate. Shane Jackson then straightens up and stomps Cort Vang one last time in the chest before bringing him to his feet.

Ace: Shane Jackson is not happy with Cort Vang right now I think IM Hate is starting to affect this kid. He s worse than he

s ever been before. Fuck Anarchy!

Shane Jackson reaches back flattening his hand before bringing it forward across the chest of Cort Vang, the sound ringing out through the air.

Ace: Knife Edge Chop now by Shane Jackson giving Cort Vang a little of his own medicine!

Shane Jackson chops him once more and Cort Vang sells up against the ropes, his chest turning a bright red. Shane Jackson then curses the frat boys before grabbing hold of Cort Vang and attempting to Irish whip him into the ropes.

Ace: Irish whip no! Cort with the reversal!

Cort Vang turns, keeping his hold and pulling, Irish whipping Shane Jackson into the ropes instead.

Ace: Shane Jackson into the ropes now. . .

Shane Jackson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns Cort Vang turns, pulling his hips through to his leg with a kick to Shane Jackson s head.

Ace: Heel kick

No! Shane Jackson ducks!

Cort Vang ends the kick, landing on both feet as Shane Jackson hits the ropes on the other side of the ring.

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Shane Jackson returns to the center of the ring and Cort Vang goes for the hip toss, hooking the arm.

Ace: Hip toss, no!

Shane Jackson blocks it, then grabs the arm in question and spins Cort Vang around until they are back to back and then reaches up and grabs Cort by the head and hits the mat, bringing Cort's head down across his shoulder.

Ace: Neck breaker by Shane Jackson!

Shane Jackson then turns over, crawling over to the fallen Cort Vang, still selling the neck breaker. He reaches Cort and hooks the leg, pinning him to the mat. El Toro slides to the mat, going for the count.

Ace: El Toro is down. . . 1. . . 2. . . no! Cort Vang kicks out, and that was a mighty close one ladies and gentlemen! Neither man wants to lose a chance to move on to the next round and possibly win a shot at that Death Row title. It

s the belt everyone is shooting for here, ladies and gentlemen. It

s what this tournament is all about!

Shane Jackson gets up and raises his arms, convinced he has already advanced. His celebration is cut short when El Toro slaps him on the ass, and it so shocks Shane Jackson he jumps in fright. The laughter from the crowd starts up as Shane Jackson turns around and El Toro informs him of the bad news. Solo dos, hombre.

Ace: And Shane Jackson thought he had this one won! Sorry

close but no cigar!

Shane Jackson turns red with anger and thinks to get up in the face of El Toro, but in order to do that he would have to get on his knees. Giving up this idea he makes his way over to Cort Vang, who's already trying to get to his feet.

Ace: Shane Jackson doesn't

like it, but tough cookies there rich boy. Welcome to REAL LIFE!

Cort Vang rises up with a punch as Shane Jackson, but there is not enough on it, and it only annoys Shane Jackson further. Shane

s head rocks back from the blow but he straightens it up and stares down at Cort with hate in his eyes.

Shane Jackson reaches back and with both hands grabs Cort by the throat, blatantly choking him.

Ace: Shane Jackson with the blatant choke! Come on Toro break that shit up!

Shane Jackson smiles and brings Cort Vang up to his face, so that he may more easily talk shit to him. Cort Vang struggles in the hold but then decides to use his head

literally. Cort Vang brings his head back and then violently brings it forward, his forehead colliding with Shane

s.

Ace: Head butt by Cort Vang!

Shane Jackson staggers backward, but keeps the choke, and again Cort Vang brings his head back and this time brings his head forward even more rapidly and the two heads collide. Shane Jackson sees sparks in his eyes momentarily and releases the hold, staggering backward and up toward the ropes.

Ace: And another head butt by Cort Vang

and that one did the job, for both men!

Cort Vang falls to his knees and shakes his head, feeling the effects of the head butt. He gets up slowly and staggers backward, hooking his arm on the top rope to keep himself steady. Shane Jackson shakes his head as Cort Vang charges him. Shane Jackson moves away from the ropes, catching Cort Vang in a bear hug and then turning and then using his legs to toss Cort Vang over his head and to the mat.

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Ace: Belly to belly suplex now by Shane Jackson! Neither man is giving up in this one ladies and gentlemen. Cort Vang sells the belly to belly suplex on the mat as the frat fuckers buzz with drunkenness. El Toro bends down to check on Cort Vang as Shane Jackson slowly gets to his feet and immediately falls back up against the ropes. He breathes heavily and raises up his arms before saying CASH MONEY to the crowd.

Ace:

Shane Jackson touting his affiliation here instead of going for the pin.

As if hearing Ace, Shane Jackson then makes his way over to Cort Vang and falls to his knees before covering Cort

Vang, pinning him to the mat. El Toro slides to the mat, going for the count, as the crowd buzzes in anticipation of the potential pinfall.

Ace: This could be it! 1! . . . 2! . . . NO! Cort Vang kicks out of it! Cort Vang kicks out!

The crowd dies down as El Toro rises to his feet and extends an arm up into the air, signaling the two count. Shane Jackson sits up on the mat on his knees and grabs his hair in disbelief. Shane Jackson then gets up to his feet and makes his way over to the fallen Cort Vang, who sells the punishment of the entire match.

Ace:

These guys are really taking it out of one another here tonight ladies and gentlemen. They are putting on a show worthy of being a part of The Row. All these other motherfuckers can talk all they want, Lethal Injection is the best wrestling show out there. There is no doubt about that folks. If you
re watching

that, you already know that, but I felt the need to reiterate that.

Shane Jackson grabs Cort Vang by the ankle and then looks up around at the crowd with an evil smile on his face. Shane Jackson then crosses Cort Vang
s legs around his own and drops to the seated position, wrenching on the legs.

Ace: The Cash Out! The Cash Out! Shane Jackson is going for the win right here!

Cort Vang cries out in pain, reaching out for the ropes and then grabbing his pain as if to show it may be too much. Immediately El Toro circles around Shane Jackson and checks on Cort Vang, dropping to his belly and asking Cort if he would like to submit.

Ace: This could be it ladies and gentlemen! I don
t know how Cort Vang could take much more of this?!

Cort Vang continues to cry out in pain as Shane Jackson continues to wrench back on the legs. El Toro checks once again with Cort Vang, but Cort shakes his head as the crowd buzzes, anticipating the end of the match.

Ace: Cort Vang in a bad way right now. He
s got to get to the ropes! He
s just got to!

Cort Vang

s face twists into a grimace and Shane Jackson grits his teeth, pulling back on the legs with all his might. El Toro checks with Cort but Cort shakes his head and then turns, biting Shane Jackson in the calf.

Ace: He
s biting!

Shane Jackson keeps the hold but cries out in pain as Cort Vang locks in the bite. Cort Vang bites down once more and Shane Jackson stumbles forward and reaches down to check his leg.

Ace: Well a little unorthodox there with the bite, but it sure did work! Cort Vang is free, and meanwhile Shane

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Jackson is checking for blood!

Shane raises his hand and looks at it, then turns to the crowd and curses before turning his head back to Cort Vang. YOU FUCKER he screams, and Cort Vang actually smiles back at him and makes no attempt to block a boot to the face.

Ace: Boot to the face by Shane Jackson!

Shane rises up after the boot and then stomps Cort Vang on the mat in the head several times. Shane Jackson then bends over and curses Cort Vang before grabbing him by the head and bringing him to his feet. Shane Jackson then throws Cort Vang into the ropes, where Jason Cruz has jumped up on the apron.

Ace: God damn it Toro! Get that bastard out of here! Look out Cort!

Cort reaches the ropes and lariats Jason Cruz off the apron and to the grass. The frat fucks let out a giant cheer as Jason Cruz lands at their feet. One of them takes their beer and turns it over, draining the last of its contents onto Jason Cruz

s face. The crowd lets out a drunken laugh and Jason Cruz claws at the sky, trying to prevent as much beer as possible from getting on his face.

Ace: A beer bath for Jason Cruz courtesy of the Omega Omega pledges! Suck it rich boy!

Cort Vang rests on the top rope and Shane Jackson charges him. As Shane reaches him Cort Vang bends at the waist and then raises up, sending Shane Jackson over the rope and onto Jason Cruz. The crowd lets out another drunken pop.

Ace: Cort Vang just back body dropped Shane Jackson over the top rope into Jason Cruz. Cash met Money with that affair!

The crowd continues to cheer as Cort Vang slowly gets to his feet, using the ropes to pull himself upward. Cort Vang makes his way to the center of the ring toward the fallen team of Cash Money but then turns around and takes off toward the ropes opposite of them.

Ace: Cort Vang about to. . .

Cort Vang hits the ropes and bounces off toward the ropes on the other side of the ring. As he reaches the ropes he dives through the top and middle ropes, landing on Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson, who were both in the process of getting up. The frat boys let out another drunken cheer, many of them staring straight into the camera, as the three men lay sprawled out amongst them.

Ace: SUICIDE DIVE! Suicide Dive by Cort Vang! I don

t think we

ve ever seen anything like that from him

this tournament is bringing everything out of these two competitors!

El Toro starts up the count. . . Uno!. . . The frat fuckers look down at the man around them, many drinking beer and buzzing about how fucking awesome that last move was. Dos!. . . Cort Vang looks around from the grass, seeing nothing but a bunch of mouth breathers standing over him, while Shane Jackson tries to lift his upper body from the grass, making tough work of it.

Ace: It would be a shame for this tournament match to end in a double count out. Come on fellas, get the hell up!

Tres! Cort Vang sits up, breathing heavy and grabbing his head, as Shane Jackson starts to crawl his way over toward the ring. Cuatro! Cort Vang bends over and uses his arms to push himself up, as Shane Jackson reaches closer to the ring.

Ace: Come on. . . come on. . .

Cinco! Cort Vang makes his way over to Shane Jackson, and brings him to his feet, grabbing a head full of

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hair. Cort then directs Shane

s head to the ring apron and slams it down once on the apron, before shoving him in the ring.

Ace:

Cort rams Shane

s head into the ring apron, Shane into the ring

now, as Toro keeps counting away. . . These guys are fighting tooth and nail here tonight!

Seis! Cort Vang slides into the ring and makes his way over to Shane Jackson. Cort Vang then bends at the waist and grabs Shane Jackson by the hair, pulling upward, forcing Shane Jackson to his feet. Cort Vang then bends over and grabs Shane Jackson, placing him on his shoulders. Cort Vang straightens up, taking a moment catch his breath before he grabs one of Shanes legs and cradles Shane

s head as he falls to the side. Shane lands head/neck first on the mat and the frat boys let out a drunken pop so loud you would think some chick just flashed them her tits.

Ace: Argentine Brainbuster! What a move by Cort Vang! Shane Jackson is down and out

all Cort Vang needs to do now is get over to Shane for the pin. But can he do it?!

The crowd slowly quiets down to a low drone as Cort Vang slowly crawls his way over to Shane Jackson, falling on top of him, too tired to hook the leg. El Toro slides down to the mat and goes for the count.

Ace: He

s got the pin! 1. . . 2. . . NO! NO! NO! Shane Jackson has gotten a shoulder up! I don't believe it!

The crowd buzzes after the near fallen, letting out their combined disappointment with an OHHHHHH. El Toro rises up to his feet and emphatically extends an arm up into the air, signaling the 2 count.

Ace: It was so close

but only a 2 count. Shane Jackson still has life here ladies and gentlemen. . . he s still got a chance!

Cort Vang rises up on his knees and looks to Toro and shakes his head in disbelief. He then gets to his feet and makes his way over to Shane Jackson, and brings him to his feet.

Amazingly, Shane Jackson rises with a kick to the gut, causing Cort Vang to bend at the waist. Shane Jackson then hooks Cort Vang under the arm and grabs one his free arm and turns his hips to the left then swings through to the right, bringing Cort Vang down to the mat across his shoulder.

Ace: Swinging neckbreaker by Shane Jackson on Cort Vang! I can't believe these two are still going at it.

Shane Jackson then gets to his feet, but quickly drops down to one knee. He breathes heavily, bent over for a moment, an arm stretch out and propped up against the mat to keep him from falling over. Shane Jackson then rises up to his feet, still breathing heavily, but nonetheless he lets out a CASH MONEY and the frat fucks boo.

Ace: I can smell the booze all over this place. Or maybe it s just Wolf. In any case this place reeks like a sweaty bum s nut sack. I can

t stand it. I aint against drinking but this is just too much ladies and gentlemen! The binge drinking here is tremendous!

Shane Jackson stumbles his way over to Cort Vang, as the frat fucks keep up with their booing. Shane Jackson turns them to yell AWW SHUT UP, which only makes them boo even louder. Shane Jackson then

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bends at the waist and grabs Cort Vang around the head, bringing him to his feet.

Ace: Shane Jackson bringing Cort to his feet. . . why? Why to send him back to the mat of course.

Shane Jackson reaches back with a right and throws it, connecting with the jaw of Cort Vang. Cort Vang rocks back from the blow, and Shane Jackson throws yet another.

Ace: Series of rights here by Shane Jackson.

Shane Jackson then kicks Cort Vang in the gut, causing him to bend over at the waist. Shane Jackson hooks Cort Vang

s head under his arm and then uses his free arm to take the arm of Cort Vang and drape it over his shoulder. Shane Jackson looks around at the frat kids and smiles.

Ace: Shane Jackson going for the suplex here. . .

Shane Jackson grabs Cort Vang

s tights and lifts him up into the air, but Cort Vang only gets half way up in the air before he starts kicking his feet and forcing his weight in the opposite direction. Cort Vang lands on the mat feet first and then lifts Shane Jackson up and over before hooking the head and falling to the mat in the seated position, bringing Shane Jackson

s chin down across his shoulder. Shane Jackson falls backward his chin jutting out as he falls through the air and hits the mat flat on his back. The crowd pops.

Ace: Death is Welcome! Death is Welcome!

Cort Vang crawls over to Shane Jackson, the frat fucks still cheering with raised beers.

Cort Vang reaches Shane and flops over him, El Toro sliding to the mat a split second after.

Ace: Here we go! 1!. . . 2!. . . 3!!! Cort Vang has done it!

The bell rings and the crowd continues to cheer as Cort Vang gets up to his knees, breathing heavily. He raises his arms and El Toro gets up and holds one of them, pointing to him and signaling him the winner.

Ace: Cort Vang has beaten Shane Jackson! And he advances to the next round.

Cort Vang celebrates the ring as Jason Cruz climbs in behind him and charges him, knocking him to the mat. Cort falls face first on the mat and the crowd resorts to boos as Jason Cruz stomps him on the mat.

Ace: Jason Cruz with a vicious attack from behind! Damn the little worm! Damn him!

Jason Cruz continues to stomp Cort Vang as the frat fucks resort to throwing empty beer cups into the ring, the red cups showering down in the ring all around Jason Cruz and Cort Vang. Jason Cruz looks up for a moment and curses the crowd before returning to his stomping.

Ace: My God this is a mugging! Anarchy truly is here in The Row everyone. No one is safe!

Satisfied with his stomping Jason Cruz stops and makes his way over to Shane Jackson, who still sells the Death is Welcome. Jason Cruz reaches Shane Jackson and pulls him up to his feet.

Ace: Stick around, we

ve got

IM Hate versus, Rupture. . .

NEXT!

CAPTAIN JACK

S MALT LIQUOR

GET THE ONLY MALT LIQUOR ON THE MARKET WITH THE TASTE OF THE HIGH SEAS!

IMPRESS YOUR FRIENDS WITH THESE SALTY DOGS, AND IF THEY

COMPLAIN, WHY MAKE EM WALK THA PLANK!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

Fuck What He Said!

Moments before the main event, Jason finds Ian fully dressed ready for action awaiting for his music to play. Jason walks up to Ian a bit confused.

Jason: I thought you were unable to compete tonight man? Did you just tell me about an hour ago that your doctor refused to clear you? Ian ignores him, not even so much as giving him a glance. Jason: Ian, don't act like you do not hear me. If you go out there and get hurt, it may destroy everything we have set out to do! Ian turns to Jason and grabs him by his shirt. Ian Michaels: And if I do not compete, it may destroy everything we have started. Fuck what a doctor says. They go by numbers and odds, and BEST INTEREST!

No one knows my body and my limits better than me. Tonight, I make Rapture a stepping stone to the title and by the end of it all. Anarchy will showcase supreme rule over The

Row! Ian releases the shirt as Jason looks at him and nods. Jason: As long as you think you can do this, that is all I need to hear! Ian Michaels: No thinking needed... I KNOW! Make sure everything comes down the way we want it! Jason: No doubt bro! NO DOUBT! Jason and Ian slap hands as Jason heads off leaving Ian there waiting for his music.

la parte trasera perforadora

The frat party is in full effect, and Seth Stratton stands before a large mounted rocket of some sort. Stenciled into the side are the words

la parte trasera perforadora

and he

s holding a large Survivor style torch.

Seth: Friends, neighbors. You

re all here to celebrate. To celebrate my success. The crowd of drunken collegians cheer. Seth:

And as a grand finale, I give you this fireworks extravaganza. I smuggled this thing over the border a few months

ago, and I

ve been itching to set it off. The guy in Jaurez who sold it to me called it

The Ass Puncher

I have no idea what that means, but I

m excited to find out. Before we light it, though, perhaps a song? One frat boy steps up. Frat guy: I can sing re the Best

by Joe Esposito on the Karaoke machine. Seth: Jesus christ, do I look like a queer to you? No. Does that machine have any Journey? Sorority girl: Whose Journey? Seth: I loathe you. Anyway, fuck it. Here we go. In Five.. Four.. Three.. Two.. Seth lights the fuse. Frat guy: Should we be lighting this indoors? Right after he finishes his statement, the rocket goes off. It hits the roof of the frat house and explodes, showering everyone in sparks. Seth:

Epic. My god, I bring a lot to a party. Frat

guy: Does anyone else smell burning? Seth: No, you

re probably just having an aneurysm from all the awesome vibes. Sorority girl: I smell smoke. Seth:

That

s just Mariguano, I saw him around earlier. Stop worrying. Who wants to touch the

belt? A crowd of frat douches surround Seth, each eager to caress the strap. Seth: I am a golden god.

Smoke surreptitiously fills the room as the camera fades.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XII

IM Hate vs. Rupture

Ace: Seth Stratton has set off some fireworks! Now there's a real show! The Row brings it all ladies and gentlemen... beer, women, wrestling. . . and fireworks for the kiddies too!

We cut to Tommy Ace, sitting at the commentator

s table next to Waylon Wolf. He sips some beer from a red cup and then regards Waylon with a look of disdain. Waylon snoozes away as Tommy Ace looks to the camera, trying to ignore all the drunken frats behind the camera man.

Ace: Well Waylon Wolf is passed out, and these frat boys are dangerously drunk that can mean only one things folks, that it is finally time for our Main Event! More tournament action coming up for you all with

Binge and Purge begins to play over the stolen audio system laid out in the grass. The drunken frats let out a cheer

as at this point they are so drunk they are willing to cheer anything.

Ace: That

s, that

s the boss

music!

Dark appears in the frame, staggering across the lawn toward the commentator s table.

Ace:

Well here he comes, The Boss. . . Who

s been through a lot of shit tonight and looks none too happy. . . How the hell did he get out of that port-a-potty anyway? I

m sure he

s out here to watch IM Hate compete tonight

maybe just kick his ass. We saw Cash Money out here a half hour ago, but it appears they ve been busy the rest of the show as well, taking out Tha Krew and probably Johnny Cox too.

Dark curses to himself profusely, and he seems to be covered in what looks like mud. From the look on Ace s face as he gets a whiff of the stuff, we can immediately decipher that it s not mud. . .

Ace: He

s covered in shit! The Boss is covered in shit! Anarchy literally put Dark in the shit tonight!

Dark bumps up against the table and slides around next to Ace with a scowl on his face. He puts the headset on his head, and Ace, ever the ass kisser, is unable to make comment about the smell.

Ace: Hey

uh. . .

Dark: That son-of-a-bitch! That son-of-a-bitch! None of you bastards came to help me either. . . What the hell is up with that?

Ace: I had a show to do. . . Wolf is drunk. . .

Ace says weakly, as he tugs at his coat around the neck. He suddenly finds it too hot.

Ace: How

d you get out of that thing anyway?

Dark shudders noticeably.

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Dark: It was like a scene out of Shawshank Redemption. . . I had to crawl my way through some shit to freedom. . .

Ace: You. . .

Dark: Yep. . .

Dark says dazed, almost like he can't believe it himself.

Dark: Crawled through some shit.

Ace: Excuse me. . .

Ace pukes as Escape the Fate

s No Sympathy For the Dead begins to play over the stolen audio system on the grass. The camera quickly cuts to the back door of the Omega Omega House. There seems to be smoke emitting from the roof, but strangely no one seems worried about it.

Ace: Well Mariguano must be up in the attic, blazing away.

Dark:

Mariguano puts Cheech and Chong to shame. This kid smokes weed like none other.

Rupture appears in the doorway of the Omega Omega house. He stops and gazes out over the frat fucks for a moment before he charges out onto the grass, Schism in pursuit.

Ace:

Well here he comes ladies and gentlemen, Rupture along with Schism known together as Fracture. Rupture of course was in that handicap match against Seth Stratton for the Death Row

title, and though he lost that night, he

s got another opportunity to possibly earn another shot against IM Hate tonight.

Dark: You know Ace, you disappoint me. For a guy who kisses the boss

ass all the time, you sure aren't

around when you

re really needed. I ought to kick your ass.

Ace: Please don't

t. . . I

ve got. . . a pretty face!

The frat fucks around the ring part for Rupture and Schism. Schism jumps into the ring over the bottom rope and rolls to his feet while Rupture slides in and runs the ropes a couple of times. Rupture jumps onto the middle rope and Schism climbs the corner, and the two pose simultaneously. Schism jumps out of the corner, performing a back flip off the top into the ring. He lands on his feet and Rupture unceremoniously hops down from the middle rope.

Ace:

Well here they are, Fracture ladies and gentlemen

but it is Rupture who is in action

tonight, not Schism. He

ll have to wrestle IM Hate all on his lonesome

but lucky for him IM Hate still seems injured after last week.

Dark: Serves the fucker right. I

m going to get him back Ace. Of that I can guarantee you. Anarchy is going to die before it ever flowers,

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because nothing can grow on hate alone.

The beat of Am I Psycho by Tech N9ne begins to play, and the crowd, well into drunkenness begins to boo quite incoherently. One would think booing incoherently to be quite impossible, but these future leaders of America somehow manage it.

We cut to the commentators table, where Tommy Ace sits looking at Dark. Dark lowers his head, a cigar in his mouth smoking away.

Ace: Am I Psycho starting up now, signaling the arrival of one man, IM Hate.

Dark looks up at the camera.

Dark: This bitch has been ducking me all show. He
s been slowly dismantling my staff, and now he
s got to face me.

Ace: You going for him now? I was hoping

Dark takes the cigar from his mouth and shakes his head.

Dark: No, no. Let him tire himself out first. Don't you worry Ace. I

m not going anywhere: I like you too.

Dark smiles: phony.

Ace: Really?!

Dark: No.

We cut back to the back door of the Omega Omega House. The doorway remains empty for a moment, as the music and the booing frat boys add to the scene, and then IM Hate appears in the open doorway, his right shoulder taped all the way down to the bicep. He looks out on the frat boys and scowls.

Ace: Wow, that actually looks serious Dark.

Dark: That isn

t my problem. IM Hate had to start a whole mess of bullshit last Lethal Injection. I didn't ask him to do it, you didn't. No one did. And sometimes Ace, you've just got to put an ass in his place.

Ace: I understand completely.

Dark: So you won

t mind when I do this. . .

Dark slaps Tommy Ace, the sound so loud it
s picked up over the commentator
s headset. Meanwhile IM Hate steps out onto the grass and walks gingerly toward the ring, the frat fucks
drunkenly falling all over themselves to sling insults at IM Hate. Being unknowledgeable about Samoa they
simply say things like FUCK SAMOANS and SAMOA SUCKS.

Ace: I don

t know if IM Hate is going to be able to participate tonight in this match. I don't think he

Il be advancing in this tournament!

IM Hate spits at the remarks, and gives each man a look of death as they part to allow him access to the ring. IM Hate breathes in quick sharp breaths, almost as if his ribs are still painning him, making breathing

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difficult.

Dark: What. . . and you don

t think I planned it that way? IM Hate needs to realize the sooner he learns to play nice, the smoother everything will go for him.

IM Hate reaches the steel steps and climbs them slowly, reaching the ring post and swinging out onto the apron.

Ace: Something tells me he

s not going to be doing that anytime soon.

IM Hate walks to the center of the apron and then steps into the ring.

Dark:

Something tells me you

re right.

The frat boys buzz drunkenly as IM Hate comes face to face with Rupture. The two exchange words, IM Hate nodding in agreement with his own arguments. Rupture takes it all in and his mask moves, hinting that perhaps he is talking too or maybe chewing some gum.

Ace: Come on sugar!

The crowd erupts into cheers and whistles and Charlene saunters her way to the ring and up the steel steps. She reaches the apron and walks to its center before entering the ring under the middle rope. She straightens up after entering the ring, pulls down her skirt (as it had ridden up upon climbing over the bottom rope) and raises the microphone to her lips. She smiles, seductively.

Charlene: Gentlemen and Gentlemen. . . and more Gentlemen. . . oh and that one girl there. . . Yeah hi bitch. . . The following match is your mainnnn event!

The crowd pops as Charlene jiggles her titties for the crowd. She then looks to IM Hate and pushes him back a bit as she feels he s ruining her spotlight.

Ace: Look out Charlene! Don

t touch that man!

IM Hate scowls at her, but she pouts her lips and blinks rapidly, doing her best to act like an innocent little girl. Hate ignores her, and returns his gaze to the eyeless mask of Rupture.

Dark: If he touched her, there would be a riot.

Charlene: The following contest is a tournament match, has a forty five minute time limit, and will be for one fall!

Introducing first my honeys. . . from Albu

umm. . . Albu-- . . . Albu

someplace, New

Mexico, weighing in at one hundred and eighty five pounds, Ruptureeeee!

Rupture backs away from IM Hate and then turns to face the frat fuckers and raises his arms. The let out a mild pop as Rupture turns back to face IM Hate.

Ace: Who do you like in this one, Dark?

Dark: The fans. They win in this one.

Ace: Well aint that the truth!

Charlene: And his opponent. . . From

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IM Hate roars out his hatred and the frat fucks boo him, boo him mercilessly, their courage well upon them floating up on a ton of booze. IM Hate then looks to Rupture and Charlene saunters out of the ring, picking up two or three customers before she leaves the scene. El Toro goes over the rules briefly and the raises up an arm, signaling the bell.

Ace: And we
re under way!

Dark: I wanna see if IM Hate has got it in him to succeed here despite his injuries. He
s been full of talk up to this point if you ask me, and if he toughs it out here tonight, all that talk will be backed
up with proof.

Both men circle around the ring, IM Hate slinging insults at Rupture as he stalks about the
ring, eyeing his opponent. The two men then clash in the center of the ring with a front lock up, and though
the pain comes to IM Hate's shoulder, it's minimal enough for him to ignore.

Ace: Lock up here. . .

Dark: Fuck Hatred kids, learn to love.

IM Hate then rises up with a kick, causing Rupture to bend at the waist. IM Hate then steps back, measuring
up a left. He brings the fist forward, connecting clean with the head of Rupture, the force of the blow knocking
him clean to the mat.

Ace: Hard left by IM Hate!

Dark: Notice he's trying not to use his right. It's hurting him more then he would like to let on.

Ace:

Good point there, Boss.

Rupture gets to his feet quickly and IM Hate is ready for him with another left. He measure up the left and
brings his fist

forward, clocking Rupture square in the jaw and again knocking him clean to the mat.

Ace: Another hard left!

Rupture gets to his feet quickly and IM Hate bends down and hooks Rupture between the legs and lifts him
up and over, slamming him down to the mat.

Ace: Power slam by IM Hate!

The lift brings a bolt of pain up IM Hate's arm and he cries out in pain. Rupture gets to his feet and IM Hate
curses Rupture before reaches back to throw a right. The fist comes forward and Rupture blocks it, raising an
arm vertically to prevent the blow from hitting his head. Rupture then turns his arm, grabbing IM Hate by the
wrist and he turns his back to IM Hate and brings the arm down across his shoulder.

Ace: Armbreaker by Rupture! And he
s definitely already attacking IM Hate
s persisting injuries.

Dark: That

s what I would do. I

m going to love this match if the rest of it follows suit. Eat shit Ian.

Ace: Speaking of shit, did you ever think to hose off?

Dark: I was in the midst of methane delirium. Leave me alone.

IM Hate sells the injured arm, screaming out in pain and reaching up with his good arm to cradle his injured
arm up against his body. IM Hate turns and backs away from Rupture, his face contorted into pain, and the
doctor

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s face flashes in his head

RE NOT CLEARED TO WRESTLE.

Ace: IM Hate in obvious pain here ladies and gentlemen, his injuries as severe as the doctors warned.

Dark: IM Hate is an idiot. He

s trying to destroy The Row, and meanwhile he

s slowly destroying himself in the process.

Rupture follows in pursuit of IM Hate and meets him in the corner, where IM Hate still sells his injuries.

Rupture grabs IM Hate by the right arm and lifts it up before jerking it violently down, causing a shriek of pain to erupt from IM Hate.

Ace: Rupture continuing to work the arm here ladies and gentlemen!

Dark: That

s it, leave a one armed wrestler to finish off Rupture. In fact I

ll even give you a bonus!

IM Hate stumbles out of the corner of the ring, grabbing his right arm with his left, and as he passes

Rupture, Rupture grabs him around the head and slams him to the mat. IM Hate cries out in pain, and tries to sit up, but the pain in his ribs burns through his chest.

Dark: Like that mother fucker? Huh

do you like that? That pain you

re feeling is The Row.

Ace: I know I personally love The Row!

Dark: Oh yeah? Then I aint doing my job properly, gimme that chair of yours.

IM Hate sells on the mat and Rupture makes his way over to him and bends over at the waist, grabbing IM Hate

s right arm and then lifting himself up in the air and coming down with a knee on the arm of IM Hate. IM Hate lets out a cry of pain coupled with a few curses SHIT-MOTHERFUCKER.

Ace: You can

t be serious. . .

Dark: I

m serious. Give me your chair, you

re standing from now on.

Ace: Aww. . . shit.

Rupture keeps his weight on the arm of IM Hate, one knee pressed up against the elbow, the other against the bicep. IM Hate screams out as Rupture grabs the arm and pulls upward against his knees. El Toro bends at the waist and checks on IM Hate, and in response IM Hate grabs him by the horn and pushes him out of the way. The crowd laughs as IM Hate continues to writhe under the knifing pain in his shoulder.

Ace: IM Hate taking a little of his frustration on little El Toro here.

Dark: I

m definitely going to kill him now

I don

t give a shit. Nobody fucks with Toro!

Ace: What is it with you two, you guys. . . close?

El Toro returns to IM Hate and snorts in his face, as Rupture continues to pin IM Hate to the mat, his weight all on IM Hate

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s shoulder and upper arm. IM Hate kicks his feet.

Dark: Take off your shoes.

Ace: Aww

no I was kidding. . .

Dark: And the socks. . .

IM Hate screams out in pain YOU FUCKER and kicks his feet as Rupture rises up again and comes down with both knees on the arm of IM Hate. IM Hate screams out and El Toro checks with him, only to get spit in the face, courtesy of IM Hate.

Ace: IM Hate is spitting now!

Dark: The fucking camel. He

s not even Samoan. I

m telling you. Michaels sound Samoan to you? Fuck no.

Rupture gets to his feet then, keeping his hold on IM Hate

s arm. He tugs upward on the arm and IM Hate cries out in pain and slowly gets to his feet. IM Hate rises up and uses his free arm to strike the hand of Rupture causing him to release his hold on the wrist.

Ace: IM Hate is free!

IM Hate then throws a right, knocking Rupture back with the blow, but the force of the shock shoots up his arm and into his shoulder, causing IM Hate to cry out in pain.

Dark: Dumb ass.

Ace: I guess he forgot! But how could you forget such a thing?

Dark: Because he

s a dumb ass.

IM Hate turns from Rupture and with his free hand cradles his shoulder, and Rupture shakes off the two rights and follows in pursuit of IM Hate. He reaches Hate and spins him around, facing him. Rupture then hooks IM Hate by the arm and pulls him up and over to the mat.

Ace: Arm drag by Factice, using the injured arm!

IM Hate quickly gets to his feet and charges Rupture, and Rupture hooks him by the right arm again and pulls him up and over to the mat. The frat fucks pop as IM Hate sells on the mat, cradling his shoulder.

Ace: Rupture linking together those arm drags!

Rupture makes his way over to IM Hate and drops to the mat, grabbing IM Hate

s injured arm and extending it backward through his legs.

Ace: Arm bar by Rupture on that injured arm of IM Hate.

Dark: That

s good Rupture. That

s good. Rip that fucking thing off!

IM Hate cries out in pain as Rupture wrenches the arm. The frat fucks cheer IM Hate

s pain as El Toro circles around the two and drops to the mat, checking on IM Hate. IM Hate shakes his head refusing to submit.

Ace: IM Hate in a lot of pain here

but he doesn

t seem to want to submit.

Dark: He wants that Death Row title. He

s going to go through Hell to get it

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and I

m gonna try my best to ensure he does go through Hell.

IM Hate kicks his feet and manages to slide a bit to the side of Rupture, and using his legs he kicks toward the ropes. Rupture continues to wrench on the arm, shaking his head at IM Hate trying to slip away. El Toro checks on IM Hate for a final time, and still he receives no answer. IM Hate slides a little, closer to the ropes and throws out a leg and drapes it across the bottom rope.

Ace: IM Hate has reached the ropes!

Dark: The bastard. . .

El Toro notices the leg draped over the bottom rope and informs Rupture of the rope break. Rupture keeps his hold and El Toro starts up the count. Uno. . . Dos. . . Tres. . . Rupture breaks the hold and IM Hate quickly takes the arm and pulls it toward himself on the mat as Rupture rolls backwards to his feet.

Ace: IM Hate free from the arm bar.

IM Hate sells the injured shoulder on the mat as moves toward him, standing over him. Rupture then turns his back to IM Hate and jumps backwards up into the air, landing on IM Hate.

Ace: Standing moonsault by Rupture on IM Hate!

Rupture lays on IM Hate and hooks the leg, pinning him to the mat. El Toro slides to the mat a second after, going for the count.

Ace: We've got a pin here! 1. . 2--no. Kick out by IM Hate.

Dark: Thank God for that. Now Rupture gets to punish him anymore. . . Hate is fighting with fucked up ribs and a rapidly degrading shoulder. If I were him I'd laid down to fight another day--but IM Hate doesn't think that way. In fact--I believe he doesn't think at all.

El Toro raises an arm and signals the two count as the crowd dies down after the near pin fall. Rupture gets to his feet and makes his way over to IM Hate, and rolls him onto his stomach. Rupture then stands on the back of Hate's knees/thighs and locks Hate's ankle behind his legs. Rupture then grabs both of Hate's arms, pulling back he sits down and rolls onto his back, lifting Hate up off the ground.

Ace: Surfboard by Rupture!

Rupture pulls back on IM Hate's arms and IM Hate cries out with pain, his head shaking back and forth. El Toro checks with IM Hate but IM Hate ignores El Toro and cries out in pain as Rupture pulls again on the arms.

Ace: Rupture certainly put on a showing here ladies and gentlemen.

Dark: Yeah he's worked Hate down to the mat and he's kept him there. Of course the existing injuries have helped a lot too.

El Toro continues to circle around the two as the frat boys in their drunkenness start up a pointless chant. WE WANT PUSSY clap-clap-clapclapclap WE WANT PUSSY clap-clap-clapclapclap WE WANT PUSSY clap-clap-clapclap

Dark: Ace they're calling for you. . . they want a pussy.

Ace: Respectfully, I don't think that's what they mean Dark. . . Can I have my shoes back?

WE WANT PUSSY clap-clap-clapclapclap WE WANT PUSSY clap-clap-clapclapclap. Rupture releases the hold, throwing IM Hate to the mat.

Dark: No.

WE WANT PUSSY clap-clap-clapclapclap WE WANT PUSSY clap-clap-clapclapclap. IM Hate sells the surfboard on the mat, his face contorted with pain and his free arm reaching up toward his injured shoulder/arm. Rupture makes his way over to him, and bends at the waist, bringing him to his feet.

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Ace: My chair?

Dark: No.

IM Hate reaches his feet with the aid of Rupture, still selling his bad arm. Rupture grabs the arm in question and pulls on it, in an attempt to toss IM Hate into the ropes.

Ace: Irish whip--no! Reversal.

IM Hate reverses the Irish whip, sending Rupture into the ropes instead. IM Hate immediately grabs his shoulder after the whip, and Rupture hits the ropes, bouncing off and returning to the ring. IM Hate goes for the lariat with his left arm, but Rupture ducks.

Ace: Rupture into the ropes, yet again.

Rupture hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns to the center of the ring, where IM Hate kicks him in the gut and then hooks his head with his left arm, bringing him head first to the mat.

Ace: DDT by IM Hate! He's finally gotten off some offense!

The crowd drunkenly pops at the DDT, while those who utterly hate IM Hate start to boo. IM Hate sells his bad arm on the mat as Rupture sells the DDT, grabbing his head while laying on his mat. El Toro rushes over to Rupture and checks on him.

Ace: What a DDT by IM Hate. He brought Rupture head first to the mat!

Dark: Yeah it was just a DDT. No need to get excited Ace.

IM Hate slowly gets to his feet, using his good arm to get to the ropes. Rupture gets to his feet soon after and charges IM Hate and throws a right. The blow connects as IM Hate has no real way of blocking it.

Ace: IM Hate is wrestling one handed here now folks! He's definitely in a bad way here.

Dark: Rupture needs to keep working that right. IM Hate has no way of blocking it.

Rupture throws another right and then hops up, hooking IM Hate around the head. Rupture starts to go down for the hurricanrana but IM Hate holds him and then pulls him back up before snapping him down violently to the mat.

Ace: Powerbomb reversal by IM Hate!

The crowd pops as Rupture folds up on the mat and sells the powerbomb. IM Hate stumbles backward into the corner, crumbling his bad arm. He grimaces from the pain in his shoulder and then makes his way over to Rupture, who still sells on the mat. IM Hate reaches Rupture and stomps him, once, twice, three times.

Ace: Well he's only got one arm, but he's still got two feet!

Dark: Seems to me like Hate has been doing a lot of this tonight. Stomping people that are already down. Mother fucker ought to fight a real man for once, and not attack from behind like a little bitch. But I doubt he's capable of fairness. The coward.

IM Hate stops his stomping, content he's fucked Rupture up enough and then looks up toward the commentator's table and sees Dark. He makes his way over to the ropes and starts cursing Dark, leaning over the top rope so he can get close enough for him. His insults are washed up in the boos of the frats.

Dark: What's the douche saying now?

Ace: I don't know, I can't make it out.

Wee IM Hate mouthing words. . .

Dark: I'm a homosexual. . . I can't go five minutes without a dick in my ass.

Dark imitates IM Hate, adding a voice to IM Hate's mouthing.

Ace: Ha ha--hey that's pretty good! You sound just like him!

Rupture slowly gets to his feet in the ring, and IM Hate turns around just and Rupture rises to his feet, turning and hitting IM Hate in the head with the heel of his boot. The shot rings out through the air and the crowd lets

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out a huge drunken pop.

Ace: Heel kick by Rupture!

Dark: Serves Ian right. Talking shit to me will get you kicked in the face. Remember that everyone.

Rupture crawls over to IM Hate and hooks the leg, going for the pin. The frat fucks buzz as El Toro hits the mat to go for the count.

Ace: We've got a pin! This could be it! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Kick out!

Dark: God damn it! I'd love to see IM Hate lose here tonight.

Ace: I'm sure you're not the only one.

The crowd dies down as Rupture gets up to his feet and checks the count with El Toro. El Toro raises his arm and signals the two count, and disgusted Rupture turns to IM Hate and comes down with an elbow across the chest of IM Hate.

Ace: Elbow drop by Rupture!

Rupture the gets to his feet and takes off toward the ropes. He hits the ropes and returns, rolling on the mat before jumping up into the air and coming down with a leg drop across the throat of IM Hate.

Ace: Leg drop by Rupture!

Dark: IM Hate is in pain here ladies and gentlemen. Look at Ian's face. That's the look of pain. And I'm loving every damn second of it. God bless The Row.

IM Hate sells the leg drop, and Rupture gets to his feet and makes his way to the corner. El Toro checks briefly with IM Hate as Rupture grabs the top rope and pulls himself up to the top rope.

Ace: Rupture going to the top rope now! High risk!

Rupture straightens himself up on the top rope, getting to the standing position. He measures up IM Hate on the mat before leaping off. Rupture comes down and hits nothing but mat as IM Hate rolls out of the way.

Ace: And Rupture comes up empty!

Dark: Fuck!

Ace: IM Hate had enough to roll out of that one ladies and gentlemen!

El Toro looks around and sees both men on the mat and starts up the count. Uno. . . both men sell on the mat, slow to get up and breathing heavily. Dos. . . Rupture makes motions like he's trying to turn over on to his stomach, but can't seem to do it. Tres. . . IM Hate crawls his way over to the ropes, making slow work of it due to only having one arm.

Ace: Both men slow to get up here, and we're back to square one!

Dark: Great. . . just great.

Cuatro. . . IM Hate grabs the middle rope and pulls himself up, dropping to one knee, as Rupture rolls onto his belly. Cinco. . . IM Hate pulls himself to his feet and Rupture hops to his feet and they meet in the center of the ring, exchanging blows.

Ace: Both men up and fighting now!

IM Hate throws a left, rocking Rupture back with the blow and Rupture returns with a right. IM Hate throws another left and the crowd boos. Rupture returns with a right and the crowd cheers. Left BOO right CHEER left BOO right CHEER left BOO right CHEER left BOO left BOO left BOO. . . The boos start to rain out, overcoming the cheers as IM Hate gains the upper hand, throwing repeated lefts.

Ace: IM Hate wailing now on Rupture!

Hate continues to throw lefts and Rupture takes all of them, out but on his feet, standing there rocking back on his heels. Hate then charges the ropes and as he returns to the still stunned Rupture he brings out his left arm and forces it forward over the throat of Rupture, forcing him to the mat.

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Ace: Lariat by Hate after unleashing all those lefts! He's fighting one handed and doing quite well with what he's got!

Dark: If he were in there with a real fighter, say, maybe myself for instance. . . it'd be a different story.

IM Hate would be bashed up and bleeding right now. More bashed up than he already is right now--don't get me wrong, Rupture is doing a fine job--I just could do better.

Ace: You are a former Death Row Champ.

Dark: And you are the biggest ass kisser in the Row.

IM Hate sells his arm, injury slow to get to his feet, as Rupture sells the lariat, rolling around on the mat and grabbing his throat.

Ace: Hey Dark? Do you smell smoke?

Dark: You smell it too?

The roof to the Omega Omega house suddenly caves in, and a jut of fire shoots out in the opening of the roof, licking the tiles that once so beautifully graced it's surface.

Ace: HOLY SHIT!

Dark: Jesus-H. . .

Ace: The Omega Omega House is on fire!

The smoke begins to thicken, billowing out in the clear air and producing a real heat that can be felt in the ring. IM Hate looks to the fire and smiles, as this is exactly the sort of destruction he likes. He doesn't love it, for IM Hate believes himself to be incapable of love--but he'll let him like something. And he likes watching a house gut itself with fire. Rupture sells on the mat, as the frat fucks turn and realize their beloved home is on fire.

Chapter President, Phillip Barnes freaks the fuck out, and screams his head off, running around as if the sky was falling.

Ace: Shouldn't we do something?

Dark: I'm a wrestler. Not a fireman. Are you a fireman?

Ace: No but--

Dark: Then we do nothing.

Rupture gets to his feet and forgets for a moment all about the match. He gets to his feet and looks at the blaze, as the occupants of the home start to rush out. Unseen, on the second floor, a troop of brave drunks are desperately trying to fight the fire with buckets of water taken from the sink--but are failing.

Ace: Jesus Christ--this fraternity will never be the same.

Dark: Courtesy of The Row. You're welcome.

IM Hate rushes Rupture and hooks him around the head with his good arm, forcing Rupture to bend backward. IM Hate then falls forward to the mat, forcing Rupture down with him.

Ace: And meanwhile the match is still on! Reverse DDT by IM Hate!

IM Hate gets to his feet and then stands over Rupture. He flips Rupture over onto his belly and then grabs both of his arms whilst placing his foot over the back of the head. IM Hate then forces his foot down, forcing Rupture face first to the mat.

Ace: Hate Crime! Hate Crime!

Dark: Aww shit. . .

IM Hate then drops and goes for the pin. El Toro slides to the mat and goes for the count, as a few screams of terror erupt from the Omega Omega House.

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Ace: And we've got a pin! 1. . .

Dark: No!

Ace: 2. . .

Dark: Fuck no!

Ace: 3!! He's done it! IM Hate sneaks out a win!

Dark: This is bullshit! Rupture took his eyes off the damn prize!

The bell rings and the ring hand quickly books it out of the place, and El Toro bends at the waist and raises IM Hate's arm. It's his bad arm, so IM Hate rips his arm away and kicks the midget away from him as the frat boys start to flee the scene.

Ace: We've got pandemonium!

Dark: Excuse me.

Dark drops his headset and charges the ring, making his way through the fleeing drunken frats. Dark slides under the bottom rope and IM Hate is there to receive him. Dark gets to his feet and IM Hate throws a left, connecting. Dark rocks back from the blow and throws a right of his own, rocking IM Hate back.

Ace: Dark and IM Hate exchanging blows! They're ignoring this fire! They want to fight one another and don't care if the world blows up all around them!

IM Hate throws another left, connecting, and Dark returns with a right of his own. Having two arms Dark then throws a quick left, which connects. Dark then links it with a right, then another, and then Dark reaches back far and swings with a hard right that knocks IM Hate clean to the mat.

Ace: And IM Hate is down!

IM Hate rolls out of the ring and Dark taunts him, as Cash Money appears on the scene charging from the burning house.

Ace: And here comes Cash Money! They want a piece!

Shane Jackson slides into the ring first and he gets to his feet and Dark promptly sends him to the mat with a hard right. Jason Cruz slides in just as Shane hits the mat and gets to his feet. Dark turns and hits him with a hard right sending him to the mat.

Ace: And Dark is holding his own against Cash Money! He's all alone tonight! Anarchy has taken out Johnny Cox and Tha Krew! They planned this folks! They planned all of it!

The fire throws shadows into the ring as Dark and Cash Money continue to go at it. Shane Jackson gets to his feet and charges Dark and Dark lariats him to the mat.

Ace: Lariat now by Dark!

Dark turns and reaches Jason Cruz as he gets to his feet and works him into the corner with lefts and rights. Dark works his gut, throwing lefts and rights as Shane Jackson gets to his feet.

Ace: Look out Boss!

Dark turns and greets Shane Jackson, showering him with lefts and rights. But the numbers soon catch up with Dark and Jason Cruz hits Dark from behind, knocking him to the mat.

Ace: Dark is down and now he's in a real bad way--with no one to help him!

Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson then start to stomp the shit out of Dark and IM Hate rolls back into the ring. He laughs at Dark as Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson go to work. IM Hate then directions Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson, and then nod. Jason then grabs Dark by one arm, and Shane Jackson grabs Dark by the other arm.

Ace: Oh no. . . don't tell me. . . NO! NO!

IM Hate makes his way over to Dark and lifts up his head and gets real close and starts talking shit to him.

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We can't make out exactly what he is saying, but you can tell from the way he's talking he's pissed. He threatens Dark and Dark then spits in his face.

Ace: WOAH!

IM Hate jumps back and reaches up and wipes the spit from his face. He scowls and then stomps over to Dark and places his foot on the back of his head. He screams out in hatred and then brings his foot down, forcing Dark face first into the mat.

Ace: Three Man HATE CRIME! NO! Anarchy had taken out the boss!

The frat fucks continue to flee the scene, and we see Charlene rushing out of the house with her dress half on and a frat boy pulling up his pants right behind her. IM Hate looks down at Dark and spits on him, and he and Cash Money leave the ring, acting as if they don't even see the raging inferno behind him.

Ace: Dark is out and he's not moving!

A large bellow of smoke comes from the house along with a loud explosion, as another firework finally goes off. It throws oranges and blues and reds up in the sky, sparkling up there with the stars.

Ace: Jesus Christ I've got to get out of here!

The cameraman zooms in on Dark, motionless in the ring, and then pans up to the fire. He zooms in even more, and then we fade. . .

Burning Down the House

In the distance, the Omega Omega house is engulfed in dancing yellow flames. Smoke billows skyward, and also in every direction like a plume of sinister tulle fog. Breaking through the smoke is Seth Stratton, the Death Row championship still strapped to his waist. He carries a girl on his shoulders and sprints toward the small grouping of students. Seth: SAVE THE GIRLS! SAVE THE GIRLS! He reaches the group and deposits the girl onto the grass. He breathes heavily. Frat guy: Uh, Seth? Seth: This is no time for questions, random frat boy! There are PEOPLE in there, just like this young lady! He points to the girl. Frat guy: Seth, that isn't

a girl. Seth: So what? Transvestites deserve to live too! Frat guy: No, it's a Real Doll. Seth: What? Frat guy: A Real Doll. You know, a lifelike sex toy. Seth reaches down and touches the skin of the doll. Seth: Holy shit, this is a fuck doll? Where has this thing been all my life? You're telling me all the hours I've spent trying to create simulated vaginas I could've been fucking one of these things? This is way better than the Pasta Plaything! Frat guy: Yeah. Wait, what's a Pasta Plaything? Seth: It's when you take a jar and fill it full of cooked spaghetti and melted butter. Then you place saran wrap over the top and make a small slit- you know, never mind. The siren of a fire truck cuts through the night air. Seth whips his head around. Seth: Hey, where'd all the Death Row people go? Where's Dark? Frat guy: Are you kidding? They all took off right after the main event. They're gone. It's a good thing you stayed though, someone's gonna need to talk to the police about this- HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? Seth doesn't respond. He's already fifty yards away, running as fast as his nimble feet will take him. Is he running in the direction of

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s next venue? Maybe he is. Only one thing is for certain. He isn't taking the rap on another arson charge. He throws both middle fingers in the air, directed at the crowd behind him, as the camera shot fades to black.

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