

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

August 1, 2012 | Madison Square Garden - New York City, New York

Lethal Injection VIII

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Lethal Injection VIII

1 Aug 2012

Madison Square Garden, New York

City, New York (seats 20,000)

Introduction

It's Wednesday. But where is The Row? On television? No Death Row fucked up that deal. Death Row fucks up everything. S'pose you're just gonna have to watch those starving models on America's Next Top Model. . Or if you don't swing that way, you could always watch So You Think You Can Dance. . . What about the website? What about the Death Row website?

Yea... there's something there. Click the thing, yeah. Nice.

The video starts up with Tim Ross, sitting in a room behind a desk of rich mahogany. He sits staring at the screen, his face an unhappy one.

Tim Ross:

Well, Da Boss done fucked up. Last thing us niggas need is less money. And well, that's what we got now, less money. Sorry fellas, but there won't be any mansions or flashy cars in your future. If you want that, you should probably go elsewhere. Just remember though, these fellas just may sign you to spite me. And what then?

Tim Ross scoffs.

Tim Ross: Hearsay is hearsay nigga. Rememba that. FCC had a field day with us. That's on da real. Death Row just may be too wild for TV. . . The truth is Tim Ross has been talking around, and nothing is other yet. Not by a long shot my nigga. So sit back, and watch the latest episode of Lethal Injection.

This is Death Row baby, and now that you're tuned in...

You're fucked.

In...

3..

2...

1...

WELCOME TO DEATH ROW.

The Lethal Injection logo burst through the screen and fades out as we get an outside shot of mother fucking

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Madison Square Garden. The streets outside are wet, and people can be seen moving around the outside of the arena, some moving with haste, others gathering in small groups to stand around and otherwise waste time. Yellow taxi cabs can be seen darting through the streets, busy with noisy traffic. Tail lights gleam bright and red. Clouds of steam rise up from the grates in the sidewalks, and the heat wavers in the Summer night. The shot fades to inside the building, where we get a panoramic view of what seems to be an almost sold out show.

Yea, Death Row almost sells out the Garden. Fuck you Fisher Price feds.

As the camera pans around

, we catch various signs in the crowd.

I want a mustache ride!

Bring Hydrecks Back!

Dark is my baby daddy.

Yoshii

Skidd Row

Tarrasque, Here

'sa Bone!

We finally land on the two most important men of the night, the commentators

Wolf: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to another exciting edition of Lethal Injection! I'm Waylon Wolf, and alongside me like every week is the one and only Tommy Ace!

Ace: That's right folks, I'm Tommy Ace and damn it feels good to be a gangster!

Wolf: The only thing gangster about you Tommy, is well, nothing.

Ace: I've played dominos and drank Kool-aid with Tim Ross at one time or two.

Wolf: That makes you gangster?

Ace: More gangster than you Waylon. You have never seen a Tupac video. You don't even smoke cigarettes.

Wolf: We may not have a television deal at the moment, but it appears Tim Ross has signed his own camera men for tonight.

Suddenly, the camera, as if to illustrate the amateur status of the TV crew starts moving around and eventually settles on the ground, with a tight shot of the camera operators shoes.

Ace: Hey buddy! Up here! Where did Tim Ross get these people? Off the street? This guys smells like piss and cheap liquor!

The camera cuts to a two shot of Waylon and Ace, sitting at the commentator's table.

Wolf: Good. Either way, what a big night we have ahead of us! We have a tag team action filling the show, with Dark and cVc working together for their first time in a match with Fracture. Doozer is scheduled to appear, and in our main even Skidd Row defends his championship against FJ Tombs!

Ace:

Yea, Tombs weaseled his way into Chance Von

Crank's title match!

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Wolf: Tim Ross has promised to address this here tonight, so without further ado... let's kick this shindig off!

Ace: Shindig? Wow W a y l o n , j u s t w o w .

Wolf: What am I supposed to say?

Ace: I dunno, how bout 'Let's start this bitch?!'

Wolf: I'm not gonna say that...

Ace: Fine, then I will. LET'S START THIS BITCH!

The camera cuts to W a y l o n W o l f , w h o s h a k e s h i s h e a d i n complete misery.

Cash Money vs. H-Town Hustlas

Wolf: Listen to those fans

welcome everyone, to yet another exciting night of Death Row Wrestling, coming to you live via Best Studios. That

s right fans, we

ve got an action packed show for you tonight, as always. And we

re here coming to you live from the one and only Madison Square Garden.

Ace: Lots of history here Wolf. Some of the biggest matches in history have gone down here in The Garden. If only the Knicks were good, this place would be even more revered!

Wolf:

Now now, Ace. . .

Ace: Linsanity has left the building!

Wolf: But not The Row! We aren

t going anywhere folks, no matter how much the other guys want us to up and evaporate, the scumbag elite are here, and here to say. We don't care what anyone has to say about it.

Ace:

For once I agree with you, Wolf.

Wolf: If I spoke only to appease you Ace, this show would already be off the air. . . Well up next we ve got another debut, from the tag team Cash Money.

Ace: Redundant much, Wolf? Cash Money?

Wolf: What? That

s their name. . . Shane

Jackson and Jason Cruz make up Cash Money, and apparently these two started out hating one another Ace, but found a lifelong companionship after Shane Jackson saved Jason Cruz from a burning house.

Ace:

Well, I don

t know if these two are

lovers, but calling them lifelong companions certainly has that connotation.

Shane should have got out while he still could, Jason probably started that fire and he looks like a clinger.

It Gets Me

Through,

begins to play, and those native New Yorkers who are familiar with Ozzy Osbourne and fans of his work start to cheer. The signs start popping up amongst the sea of humans, the camera cutting to a few choice ones. The lights in the arena dim, and as darkness falls pyrotechnics start blasting across the ramp, lighting the

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faces of those in the crowd in shades of red.

Wolf: Quite the blast of pyrotechnics here ladies and gentlemen, cover thy ears!

Ace: Nothing like a Cash Money entrance to blast out your ears. You can still watch the Row, we've got closed captioning for the hearing impaired!

As the lyrics start up Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz come out from behind the curtain, both dressed in fine suits.

Wolf: Are these guys here to wrestle or to propagate some business?

Ace: They must be here to wrestle, look: they're stripping down!

The two start to get out of their suits, a lengthy process. At one point Jason sits on the edge of the ramp and takes off his shoes, so that he may put on his wrestling boots.

Wolf: A la Mr. Rogers. You think they're gonna show us how to tie our shoes?

Ace: Won't

you be my neighbor? This is ridiculous Wolf, these guys don't ever come out to a match prepared. . . Hey Cash Money, we've got a locker room, try using it!

Stripped out of their suits the two make their way down to the ring, their clothes folded nice and proper. Picking them up they drape them over their off arms and make their way down to the ring. As they pass down the ramp the fans reach out to touch them, Shane and Jason using their free hands to slap a couple of hands as they pass. When they reach the steel steps they climb up cautiously, but not before handing off their suits to a ring hand and threatening death if their suits are returned soiled.

Wolf: Where do you think they got those suits anyway?

Ace: Men's

Warehouse:

I'll guarantee you

I'll love it.

I can spot a cheapo suit from anywhere.

Wolf: I doubt that Wolf. They look pretty nice to me.

Ace: Death Row could use some sponsorships

imagine a Men's

Warehouse ring! Wolf: No thanks!

They climb into the ring through the top and middle ropes, Shane Jackson followed by Jason Cruz. Inside the ring Jason and Shane take to opposite

turnbuckles, and climb their respective corners. Raising their hands over their heads the crowd lets out a mild pop

a particular Cash Mark brandishing his CASH MONEY sign and convulsing about as if he were in the midst of a seizure. Ozzy Osbourne begins to die down, his voice fading and becoming consumed by the noises of the crowd.

Wolf: These two have a tall order in the H-Town Hustlas.

Ace:

Maybe not, Wolf. It seems as of late the Hustlas are little too interested in their

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extra curricular
activities to give The Row the attention it deserves.

Wolf: They

ve been on a losing streak as of late, that
s for sure Ace, but let

s see if these two can turn it around and redeem themselves tonight against Cash Money.

Ace: Relieve themselves? They
re gonna piss all over the ring?

Wolf: Redeem! Redeem! I said redeem and you know it.

2 Of Amerika

s Most Wanted starts up and the crowd comes alive with cheers.

Wolf:

Well here they come Ace, Rodd Macc and Gutta

Boy, The H-Town Hustlas.

Ace: I hope they have some goodies for us!

Soon the H-Town Hustlas appear from behind the curtain, Rodd Mac carrying a large sack over his shoulder.

He taunts the crowd and then pulls the string on the

bag, opening it. He reaches in and pulls out some stolen electronics, mostly boom boxes from the early
nineties, and begins tossing them into the crowd.

Wolf:

Rodd Mac looking like Santa Clause with that huge bag, Ace.

Ace: Ho, ho, ho, Merry Christmas everybody, and Happy New Year! Christmas in August! That
s what I

m talking about!

Wolf: I feel like I

ve seen something like this before. . .

Ace:

That

s because you have, Wolf.

The crowd begins to

cheer, the fans in the first row reaching out for some stolen merchandise. Whenever anything enters the
crowd the fans fight for it like a bunch of old maids trying to catch the bouquet after a wedding.

Ace: Twas a night of constipation, and all through your ass, Not a substance was squirming, not even poo
gas;

Wolf: Hey, that

s pretty good Ace, if not completely juvenile.

When the bag is empty, The

H-Town Hustlas make their way down to the ring, walking down the center of the ramp. Rodd Macc sees the
camera and throws some Houston gang signs in its direction before turning his attention to the ring. Rodd

Macc climbs up the steel steps, followed by Gutta Boy. They both climb into the ring and take a neutral
corner.

Wolf: Well, here are the Hustlas, arriving after a little distribution of ahem, goods.

Hustlas, Cash

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Money, coming next.

Ace: That

s right, tag team action coming up at yah right here between these new comers, who it seems are very much into money, and the hustlas from H-Town. That

s Houston, everybody.

Wolf: They

re a long way from Houston.

The Hustlas settle in the ring, looking across at their opponents Cash Money, who seem more than ready to start their Death Row career. Gutta Boy can be seen slinging insults in their direction.

Wolf: Some choice words here from Gutta Boy. Ace, who do yah like in this one?

Ace: Cum Cancer! Cum Comfort!

Cum, Davidson and

Reeves! On Witness, on Lewis, on Legend and Jennings!

Cum upon my face, upon my very stern chin! So that I may swallow up all with a healthy gr---

The camera cuts quickly to a two shot of Waylon and Tommy Ace. Waylon smacks Tommy and he quickly shuts up.

Ace: What did you have to do that for?

Wolf: You

re a real idiot, you know that?

The camera cuts to the ring announcer, standing upright in a fancy suit. He has a look on his face that makes him look constipated. He looks around at the crowd before bringing the microphone to his lips.

Announcer: The following match is scheduled for one fall and has a twenty minute time limit. . . Introducing first, from Ft. Wayne, Indiana, weighing in at combined weight of five hundred and thirty pounds, they are Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz. . . Cassshhh Monnnneeyyy!

Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz raise their arms, and they receive a mild pop. A CASH MONEY chant starts up, and soon a H-Town Hustlas chant starts up in contention.

CASH MONEY

H-TOWN HUSTLAS

CASH MONEY

H-TOWN HUSTLAS. . .

Wolf: Well we

ve got a divided crowd here tonight, fans of both Cash Money and The H-Town Hustlas voicing their allegiance.

Ace:

Cash Money sure seemed to have developed a quick following. You ve got to prove yourself in The Row, Wolf. And New York is no stranger to excellence, what with The New York Yankees. These folks aren t just gonna cheer anyone Wolf!

Announcer: And their opponents, from Houston, Texas, weighing in at a combined weight of four hundred and ninety-four pounds, they are

Rodd Macc and Gutta Boy, The

H-Town Hustlasssss!

The crowd pops as Gutta Boy and Rodd Macc simultaneously raise their arms. They let out a few choice

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words directed toward Cash Money. Rodd Macc and Gutta Boy then turn to one another to discuss who will start the mach, as Cash Money does the same. Gutta Boy steps through the ropes to the H-Town s neutral corner, as Jason Cruz steps through the ropes in the opposite corner.

Wolf: Tonight

s episode of Lethal Injection is brought to you by The Muzzle, by Hasbro.

Ace: Child runs off at the mouth? Got a son who wants to be just like Chance Von Crank (God help you)?

Well then Hasbro has got what you need. Made of strong leather, and fashioned with metal straps, The Muzzle fits all sizes, and prevents yelling, excess noise and biting. Ages 2-10.

Wolf: Doubles as a dog muzzle as well.

The bell rings.

Wolf: Well here we go: the first match of the night.

Ace: You can feel the anticipation in the air

The fans cheering, the smell of salty popcorn and stale beer in the air. . . it

s enough to give you an erection Wolf. But you wouldn

t have any problems with that.

Wolf: Hey I can get it up!

Ace: Yeah. . . with Viagra, you old bastard. . .

Rodd Mac and Shane Jackson lock up in the center of the ring, but quickly Rodd Mac raises a knee and hits Shane in the abdomen, the blow bending him at the waist. Rodd Mac knees him once more and then tosses Shane into the ropes.

Wolf:

Shane into the ropes. . . he returns, Big Boot by Rodd Mac

No! Shane ducks it.

Shane bounces off the ropes of the other side of the ring and Rodd Mac tries to go for another big boot.

Wolf: Another big boot

no! Shane ducks it again.

Ace: Rodd Mac really illustrating his versatility here

Shane bounces off the ropes once more. As he returns he goes for a body splash but Rodd Mac catches him.

Wolf: Rodd Mac showing his strength here, he just snatched Shane Jackson like it was nothing!

Ace:

Impressive when you consider the built up momentum. Shane was running full speed and Still Rodd caught him. Rodd Mac is as strong as Shane Jackson is fast, Wolf.

Rodd Mac adjusts his hold on Shane

Jackson, lifting him up over his head. Both of Rodd Mac

s arms are extended, getting the maximum height. Rodd Mac lets out a yell for the crowd and then steps forward, dropping Shane Jackson behind him face first.

Wolf: Shane Jackson just got a face full of mat! Rodd Mac lifted him and dropped face first, Ace!

Ace:

Facial reconstruction may be in Shane

s future, Wolf. How tall is Rodd

Mac? Dropped from that height is no joke.

Rodd Mac flexes as the crowd lets out a pop. He makes his way over to Shane Jackson, who is already

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getting to his feet. As Shane Jackson gets up Rodd Mac hits him in the face with a left, followed by right.

Wolf: Lefts and rights now from Rodd Mac.

Ace: If you look at Shane

s face you can see the imprints from Rodd Mac

s fists. Working that noggin like playdough Wolf.

Shane Jackson sells each blow, rocking back as Rodd Mac continues to hit him with lefts and rights. Rodd Mac then whips Shane Jackson into the Hustla

s corner, where Gutta Boy stands with a hand extended for the tag. Rodd Macc tags in Gutta Boy.

Wolf: Quick tag here from the Hustlas, what

s this Ace?

Rodd Mac grabs Shane Jackson and Irish whips him into the opposite corner. Shane Jackson collides with the turnbuckle and nearly slumps in the corner, hooking his arms on the top rope.

Wolf: Shane into the corner. . .

Rodd Macc then grabs Gutta Boy and Irish whips Gutta Boy right into Shane Jackson in the corner.

Wolf: Gutta Boy into the corner with a body splash! Rodd Macc just used his own partner as a weapon there!

Ace: And look at Gutta Boy, he

s rearing to go!

After colliding with Shane in the corner, Gutta Boy then turns his attention to Jason Cruz and hits him with a right

haymaker, knocking him to the ring apron and then out of the ring. Gutta Boy then hops around the ring, grabbing a gold chain around his neck and displaying its emblem at the bottom, a giant H.

Wolf: Gutta Boy takes down Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz!

Ace: And check out that bling Wolf! He

s letting everybody know what town he represents: H-Town!

The crowd pops and Gutta Boy yells out to them. He then makes his way to Shane, who is slowly getting to his feet, and then, grabbing him by the hair, drags him into the center of the ring. Shane winces from the hair pulling, and Gutta Boy looks out on the crowd and then grabs Shane by the head and slams him fast first into the mat.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin here! Get on it ref! 1. . . 2. . . kick out by Shane Jackson.

Ace:

There

s still some life left in Shane Jackson. What he really needs to do now is get the fresh man in. If he doesn't s going to be a quick night indeed, Wolf.

Gutta Boy gets to his feet

first, followed by Shane Jackson. Gutta Boy punches Shane Jackson with a right, then goes another right, but Shane Jackson blocks it. Shane then returns with several chops that ring out through the arena.

Wolf: Chops from Shane Jackson.

Ace: Just listen to em. Reminds me of a small bathroom with cracked tile and a broken mirror, from a long time ago. . .

Wolf: You look like the product of spanking Ace. You

re broken.

Ace: Oh no, it wasn't

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t my parents or anything. . . I used to be very big into BDSM.

Shane Jackson then locks up with Gutta Boy, and immediately gets behind him, grabbing Gutta Boy's arm in a hammerlock.

Wolf:

Quick tie up, Shane Jackson with the hammerlock on Gutta Boy.

Ace: You can

t punch if your arm doesn't

work.

Wolf: You can

t do a lot of things, if that

s the case.

Gutta Boy winces as Shane applies pressure, but Gutta Boy quickly moves toward the ropes and then hooks his off arm, repelling himself back but holding on. The momentum brings Shane backwards, and he loses the hold, having to roll backwards to the standing position. Shane rises to his feet as Gutta Boy turns around and clothesline lines him out of the ring.

Wolf: And out goes Gutta Boy!

Ace: Gutta Boy thought he had Shane with that maneuver there, but Shane rolled out instead of slamming to the mat and hit an unexpected Gutta Boy right out of the ring! And look at him gloat!

Shane Jackson turns and raises his arms, as Cash Money fans in the crowd rise to their feet and cheer.

Shane Jackson then turns toward the ropes to retrieve Gutta Boy, but Gutta Boy is already crawling up onto the ring apron. Shane Jackson breathing heavier, makes his way over to Gutta Boy and reaches over the top rope, grabbing a couple of Gutta Boy's dreads and pulling him to his feet.

Wolf: Shane Jackson making great use of Gutta Boy's

hair. What

s he going to do here?

Shane Jackson hooks Gutta Boy's

head and tosses Gutta Boy's

off arm over his head and reaches down to grab his tights to suplex him into the ring.

Wolf: Shane Jackson going for the suplex here. But no! Gutta Boy

s out of it, left, right, left.

Shane Jackson taking punches now. . .

Freed from the hold, Gutta Boy grabs the top rope and pulls himself into the ring over Shane

Jackson, grabbing his hips as he lands in attempt to sunset flip him into a pin.

Shane Jackson teeters back and forth on his feet, Gutta Boy kicking his legs on the mat in attempt to pull Shane down to the

mat, but Shane keeps his balance and then reaches up and places a strike to Gutta Boy's

head and the hold is broken.

Wolf: Gutta Boy tried to go for the sunset flip there, but Shane Jackson--the athlete that he is--was able to keep his balance.

Ace: I can

t even walk around my house without stubbing my toe on something. Don't

you hate that shit?

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Wolf: You need a bigger place. . .

Shane then drops, sitting on Gutta Boy's chest for the pin.

Wolf: We've got a pin, 1. . . 2. . .

Gutta Boy pulls Shane downward, pinning him to the mat, his legs at either side of Shane's head.

Wolf: Reversal, another pin, 1. . . 2. . .
Shane rolls out of it then grabs Gutta Boy's legs and flips over, bridging over him for the pin.

Wolf: Pin by Shane! 1. . . 2. . . No! Kick out.

Ace: What the hell was that Wolf?

After the kick out the two men separate and Shane gets to his feet first, followed by Gutta Boy. Shane then whips Gutta Boy into the ropes and goes for the dropkick, but as Gutta Boy gets to the ropes he hooks his arms and does not return.

Wolf: Shane coming up with nothing on the dropkick.

Ace: Was Gutta Boy actually thinking ahead on that one?

Gutta Boy looks out on the crowd, brandishing his H-Town bling once more for all to see. As he does this Shane slowly gets to his feet, and as Gutta Boy turns around Shane charges him and knocks him to the mat with a clothesline. Shane then bounces off the ropes for momentum and comes down on Gutta Boy's throat with his leg.

Wolf: Leg Drop from Shane, and Gutta Boy is down now.

Ace: What he needs to do is go for the tag. Go for the tag you fool!

Shane then stomps Gutta Boy in the head, once, twice, three times, before grabbing onto his dreads and pulling him to his feet. Shane then kicks Gutta Boy in the abdomen and DDT's him to the mat.

Wolf: DDT from Shane!

Cash Money just may have a chance in this thing, Ace.

Ace: Does Shane expect to do it all on his own? Make the tag damn it!

Shane taunts the crowd, screaming loud enough for CASH MONEY to be picked up on the audio. Shane then drops to his knees and covers a fallen Gutta Boy.

Wolf: We've got a pin. . . 1. . . 2. . . kick out by Gutta Boy.

Ace: I'm telling you, he should have gone for the tag.

The crowd buzzes as both men remain on the mat, breathing heavy. Gutta Boy looks up into the lights, lying flat on his back, his chest heaving up and down, up and down as he sucks in air. Shane begins his slow crawl to the Cash Money corner.

Wolf: Well both men down here, apparently Shane only had so much left.

Ace: He should have gone for the

Wolf: We know, we know, Ace: he should have gone for the tag.

Rodd Macc leans over the top rope, stretching out his arm to limit the distance Gutta Boy would have to cover in order to get the tag. Jason Cruz does the same, leaning out toward Shane for the tag.

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Wolf: Both competitors working toward the ropes, but who's gonna be first?

Ace:

Just listen to these fans, Wolf. Hello Madison Square Garden! How nice of you to show up!

Gutta Boy reaches his corner and tags in Rodd Macc. The crowd pops. As Rodd Macc steps over the top rope to enter the ring, Shane reaches an outstretched Jason Cruz and makes the tag with a big slapping sound of flesh on flesh.

Wolf: Big Rodd Macc in the ring now, the power half of the H-Town Hustlas, and Jason Cruz is in the ring now after a tag.

Ace: Jason has been itching to get into this match, and strives everlasting to appease the man who saved his life

But he may as well get out of there cause he's gonna have to go toe to toe with the big man.

Wolf: Clothesline by Rodd Macc, ducked by Jason, Jason firing back now.

Lefts, rights, Rodd Macc is getting rocked Ace!

After ducking the clothesline, Jason punches Rodd Macc in the face with several lefts and rights, before locking up. Jason then kicks Rodd in the gut and then hooks his head. Jason tries to lift him with a suplex, but the weight of Rodd Macc is too much.

Wolf: Well, not the smartest option here. Jason trying to lift Rodd Macc!

Ace: Good luck with that.

Jason tries to lift Rodd Macc again but he blocks it, then lifts Jason in the air and slams him to the mat, falling backward.

Wolf: Suplex from Rodd Macc! He reversed it.

Ace:

Simple physics, Wolf.

Rodd Macc gets to his feet and flexes for the crowd. He then shouts out H-TOWN! The crowd responds by cheering. Rodd Macc then brings Jason to his feet, grabbing him by the hair, and Irish whips him into the corner. Rodd Macc then charges, but Jason, the quicker man, quickly sidesteps him and gets out of the way.

Wolf: Jason avoiding Rodd Macc here, using his speed to get away from the big man.

Ace: Put the brakes on, big fella!

Rodd Macc turns around and as he does, Jason jumps into the air, planting Rodd Macc in the chest with two feet.

Wolf: Missile drop kick from Jason Cruz!

The force of the drop kick sends Rodd Mac into the turnbuckle. He rebounds off the turnbuckle, selling the drop kick and Jason wraps his leg around Rodd Mac and trips him. Rodd Macc falls to the ground and Jason quickly descends upon the fallen Rodd Macc, who lies on the mat on his back. Jason grabs Rodd Macc

s left arm and puts his leg behind Rodd Mac

s head, so that Rodd Macc

s neck is behind Jason

s knee. Jason moves Rodd Macc to his side and steps with his foot over Rodd Mac

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s body and pulls, applying pressure to the back of the Rodd
s neck.

Wolf: We

ve got some sort of submission hold by Jason Cruz on Rodd Macc here. . .

Ace: Yes, the wrestling nerds in the back have informed me over my ear piece that Jason is performing an armbar neck submission, made famous by Brad Armstrong.

Wolf: Well there you have it, an armbar neck submission. Somebody get those nerds another bag of cheetos for all their hard work!

Jason pulls back on Rodd Macc

s arm, his knee placed well on the back of Rodd

s neck. He grimaces from the pain, and even reaches out toward Gutta Boy, but the distance is too great to make the tag. The referee gets down and checks on Rodd Macc, looking to see if he wants to submit.

Wolf: The technical prowess of Jason Cruz and Cash Money being displayed here. Rodd Macc in trouble, and he has nowhere to go!

Ace:

This is smart, Wolf. He

s trying to incapacitate the big man while he can. He

s certainly not going to be winning any power struggles with this man.

Jason then adjusts his

hold, turning Rodd Macc on his back, pinning him to the mat.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin here!

Ace: Is it a pin or a submission? I

ve never see anything like that.

Wolf: The ref is down! 1. . . 2. . . kick out by Rodd Macc!

Ace: Pure abdominal strength got Rodd Macc out of that one.

Rodd Macc turns to get up from his knees, but Jason Cruz jumps on his back, wrapping his arms around Rodd Macc
s neck.

Wolf: Jason Cruz jumped on Rodd Macc! We

ve got a sleeper hold.

Ace: Jumped on his back just like a monkey!

Rodd Macc can be seen grimacing, his tongue sticking out of his mouth for a few brief moments as he tries to breathe. Slowly he gets to his feet, first planting one foot, then using his calf muscles to bring himself up as his other foot plants on the matt.

Standing, Rodd Macc waves his arms

around, as Jason continues to keep the hold.

Wolf: And look at this! Rodd Macc is on his feet! He
s carrying Jason Cruz.

Ace:

He just wanted to give him a piggy back ride, Wolf.

Rodd Macc takes a few steps toward the

H-Town Hustla

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s neutral corner, but changes his mind, and instead falls backward, bringing Jason to the matt underneath him.

Wolf: Rodd Macc is out of it!

Ace: And so is Jason Cruz! He just got flattened by an H-Town Hustla. Everything is bigger in Texas, Wolf! Rodd Macc crawls over to Jason Cruz and goes for the pin.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . No! Kick out by Jason Cruz. Near pin fall there from Rodd Macc.

Rodd Macc moves over to Jason Cruz and brings him to his feet. Rodd Macc then Irish whips Cruz into the ropes, but

Cruz reverses, Irish whipping Rodd Macc instead. As Rodd Macc bounces off the ropes, Gutta Boy makes the blind tag.

Wolf: Gutta Boy made the tag, don't know if the referee saw it.

Ace: I don't

think Jason Cruz saw it, that's for sure.

As Rodd Macc returns from the ropes he clotheslines Jason Cruz to the matt. Gutta Boy, who is already perched on top of the ropes jumps off and goes for an elbow drop on Jason Cruz, but Jason Cruz rolls out of the way and Gutta boy slams to the mat.

Wolf: No one home for the elbow drop!

Ace: That

s why they call it high-risk Wolf. Sometimes the risk isn't worth the payoff.

Jason Cruz gets to his feet as Gutta Boy does and the two immediately lock up. Jason Cruz then goes to a rear lock up. Gutta Boy looks behind him, and reverses, going to a rear lock up himself. Gutta Boy holds Jason Cruz in this position for a few moments before Jason Cruz reaches up at Gutta Boy's head and brings him over his shoulder and to the mat into the seated position with a snap mare. He keeps the hold and quickly applies a chinlock.

Wolf: Sorry for the lack of play by play here, but these two moving quickly here. Jason Cruz currently has Gutta Boy in a rear chin lock.

Ace: You

re slipping in your years Wolf. . . I know I say this a lot but I suspect you're a victim of Alzheimer's.

Wolf:

I didn't

see you stepping up, Ace

And I don't

have Alzheimer's!

Ace: Isn't

that something someone with advanced Alzheimer's would say? What

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s your name? Where are you right now?

Wolf: Oh shut up.

Jason Cruz pulls back on Gutta Boy

s chin, producing a look of pain on Gutta Boy

s face. The referee gets down and checks up on Gutta Boy, asking if he would like to submit. Gutta Boy shakes his head as Jason Cruz continues to pull back.

Wolf: Well Gutta Boy is gonna have to get out of this situation if he doesn't want this match to end right here and now.

Gutta Boy starts to move on the mat, and manages to get to the side of Jason Cruz. Jason Cruz shakes his head, as if to keep Gutta Boy from getting out of the hold but it is no use. Gutta Boy gets to the side of Jason Cruz and punches him once in the gut, then once more.

Wolf: Gutta Boy out of it. Taking it to Jason Cruz now.

Gutta Boy then takes Jason Cruz and bounces him off of the ropes. Jason Cruz comes off the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns Gutta Boy hooks him for a hip toss. Jason Cruz blocks it then passes over and hip tosses Gutta Boy to the mat himself.

Wolf: Hip toss by Cruz!

Ace: Gutta Boy is down and he

s in trouble. He

s got to go

Wolf: We know we know.. The tag right? That

s what you were going to say wasn

t it?

Ace: Not necessarily. . .

Jason Cruz goes over to Gutta Boy and stomps him, once, twice, three times on the back of the head.

Bending over, Jason Cruz grabs Gutta Boy by the dreads. He raises one arm and again shouts out CASH MONEY, as Gutta Boy sits, hanging from his own hair. Jason Cruz then brings Gutta boy to his feet and grabbing him spins him around and drops him down to the mat.

Wolf: Text book Neck breaker from Jason Cruz! Gutta boy is down!

Ace: Cash Money gonna get a bonus tonight if they win. And you know what that means. . . even more cash money for Cash Money!

Jason Cruz then goes for the tag, tagging in Shane Jackson. Shane Jackson then goes over to Gutta Boy and brings him to his feet. Shane Jackson lifts Gutta Boy onto his shoulders as Jason Cruz climbs the top turnbuckle.

Wolf: High risk move coming up right here!

Ace: We know this! Cash Money calls this move Cash Missles!

Jason Cruz drops off the top rope and drop kicks Gutta Boy off of Shane Jackson

s shoulders. Shane Jackson goes for the pin as Cruz charges Rodd Macc on the apron and knocks him off and out of the ring. The ref drops to the mat and Jason Cruz raises his arms to count along with the crowd and everyone else.

Wolf: Pin here! This could be it! 1. . . 2. . . 3! It is! It is! Cash Money has just defeated the H-Town Hustlas!

It Gets Me Through

begins to play as the crowd pops and Shane Jackson gets to his feet to celebrate with Jason Cruz.

Ace: And the H-Town Hustlas losing streak continues!

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The ref raises the arms of Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz as Gutta Boy rolls out of the ring to join a stunned Rodd Macc.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, here are your winners, Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz. . . CASH MONEYYYYY!

Wolf: Cash Money has won it! And look at Rodd Macc, he can't believe it!

Ace: He's without any belief Wolf!

The camera cuts to a two shot of Wolf and Ace, and we see Wolf staring at Ace like he's a total asshole. One wonders why he works with someone he can't stand.

Wolf: There you have it folks, our first match of the night. We've got lots of action for you, scheduled next we've got Cort Vang taking on Bobby Dean.

Ace: I can't wait for that one, Wolf!

Suddenly the camera feed flickers, and cuts to black for a moment.

Wolf: The tech team is saying we're having some technical difficulties, I apologize folks. The screen cuts to black once more.

Wolf: Just what the hell is going on?

Ace: I have no idea. What did you touch? Did you break something?

Kendu's Comming

We cut to a dark screen then all of a sudden there is a bright flash accompanied by the sounds of explosions. The shot goes to what appears to be a landfill with a man leaning up against a Jeep Wrangler with his eyes fixated on the camera as it draws in closer. He flashes an evil grin with yellow stained teeth from smoking cigars. He speaks in a deep voice that's a bit raspy.

Major Kendu: Hello Death Row Wrestling Fans. My name is Kurt Kendu. I

am coming and there's nothing you can do to stop this from happening. I've been waiting to get back into the ring for a while now since the untimely death of the last federation I was in. I waited and waited but I cannot wait any longer for the staff to book events. So I took the SCW world heavyweight title by force and left. I now come to Death Row to make a new statement. I will destroy you each individually as I make my way to the top and rightfully possess the Death Row Champion title.

Kendu points to a line of tombs with different types of gravestones.

Major Kendu: You see this is what I do with my competitors. I bury you like the trash you are. He he he. I will fight anyone anywhere anytime. Don't

think that I am just some hot head coming in wet behind the ears. I've been around I

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ve seen and done lots of things

horrible things to win. I plan on adding a few more of you to my collection.

Kendu looks into the camera as if he

s peering straight into your soul as it closes in.

Major Kendu: So I ask, who

s my first step towards Death Row Greatness? Only Tim Ross knows and I plan on finding out soon...very soon.

Kendu gives another snarl as he climbs into his Jeep and takes off spitting up clumps of trash and dirt towards the camera.

The shot fades to black.

Cort Vang vs Bobby Dean

Wolf: I don

t know what that was.

Ace: That, was Major Kendu, and Kendu. . . CanDo anything. You see what I did there?

Wolf: Yeah, and I can

t say I

m very impressed.

Wolf and Ace sit at their commentators table, the fans in N.Y.C buzzing behind them. A

YOU CAN

T READ

chant starts up.

Ace: Well the

YOU CAN

T READ

chants are already starting up, and that can only mean one thing, Wolf. Cort Vang. The fans know it--I know it--you know it--so why say any more?

Wolf: This guy might not know how to read but he sure knows how to disrupt a show, if we can go to the highlight--

A highlight plays showing Cort Vang attacking Tombs in the back before his match.

Wolf: It all went down last Lethal Injection. Tombs was scheduled to take on IM Hate, and even before the match took place, Tombs was attacked savagely from behind by Cort Vang.

The highlight shows referees and staff in the back, trying to separate Cort Vang and FJ Tombs, the two men engaged in deadly combat.

Ace: FJ Tombs must have a target on his back, because wherever he seems to go somebody is up in his business, and if you remember, the only reason he was in that match with IM Hate in the first place, was because

IM Hate had attacked Tombs the week prior. Just madness, Wolf.

Wolf: Well Tombs has said that Death Row is his Alamo, and dare I say he

ll stand up against all these forces until it kills him.

Ace: Yeah Wolf, and so far it damn near almost has killed him, as you can see from the highlights.

The highlight then shows Tombs coming out through the curtain despite the attack, grabbing his ribs and already breathing heavily.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

Wolf: We all thought the match would be off. But no. FJ Tombs shows his heart and shows up to take on IM Hate. But, as the match was nearing an end and it looked like Tombs was going to pull out the win, despite these outside forces working on him, guess who shows up and distracts him?

The highlight cuts to Cort Vang storming down the ramp and shouting at Tombs, drawing his attention. Then Tombs turning around and getting knocked to the mat, then falling victim to

The Hate Crime, IM Hate's finishing move.

Wolf: Cort and Tombs have had their troubles in the past. This of course, isn't going to help. But tonight Cort is up against Bobby Dean, and not FJ Tombs.

Ace:

Well, The Beautiful One excels in everything he does. He looks good, he makes others look good, and well, he

is just plain the best around. There

is not much more I can say about that, his theme music says it all really, and more beautifully than I could ever say it. . . It

is real poetry you know? You're the best

is ever hum hum hum. . .

Wolf: As Ace hums his way into obscurity, let us get on with the match, shall we?

The lights in Madison Square garden suddenly brighten, as starts up, briefly overpowering the

YOU CAN

T READ

chants before the fans grow louder to match the music. The Death Row faithful rise, some sporting signs, others toting beers and even a few cigarettes.

Wolf: Cort Vang may feel like he

is been crucified again and again here in The Row, what with his name change and everything, and maybe he is just a victim, lashing out at the society that won

not accept him

you know it

is tough when you

are young, all those feelings floating around in you, a need to be somebody, to make your way in the wo

Ace quickly cuts off Wolf.

Ace: Really, Wolf? Really?

Now is no time to get philosophical. And besides, Cort Vang is thirty-two not thirteen. He

is not hitting puberty. He

is not sqawkin

like Peter Brady. He

is a grown man, but a punk, plain and simple. . .

Wolf: Well I politely disagree.

Cort Vang whips aside the curtain and appears for the first time in front of the crowd in Madison Square

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Garden. He looks about, the chant still rising rhythmically from the crowd, a litany chanted over him. Cort's only response is to stretch out his arms in mockery of the crucifix.

Wolf: Does this guy, respect anything Ace?

Ace: I

ve always preferred to separate church and wrestling. I intend to keep it that way.

Wolf: Dare I say we

ve found the one thing Ace won

t talk about?

Cort makes his way down the ring, and as he does the fans switch gears, chanting
PYRO-CLASTIC. . . PYRO-CLASTIC. . . PYRO-CLASTIC.

Cort looks around, his head moving feverishly, his eyes filled with hate as his ears fill with a name he no longer wishes to be known by.

Wolf: Fans of course chanting Pyroclastic

which was Cort

s name when first joining The Row, well the first half of his name anyway. But Cort no longer has rights to the name and as such I can

t really say what that name was

not in its entirety anyway.

Ace: Shit I

ll say it,

See? That was easy.

s the big deal?!

[Note: edited out for legal reasons.]

Cort screams out at the crowd, the audio picking it up

M CORT VANG! I

M CORT VANG! CORT VANG!

He continues to shout his way to the ring. When he reaches the ring he slides under the bottom rope and immediately gets to his feet, continuing to yell at the fans and grab at his head. In a moment of anger he kicks the bottom rope and stomps his feet.

Wolf: Cort Vang obviously all hot and bothered by the chanting. I don

t know if this will be good for him or not. On one hand Cort could let out all his anger on Bobby Dean, on the other

Ace: On the other

could lose his focus, and suffer the consequences at the hands of Bobby Dean.

Wolf: Could you please stop calling Cort Vang that?! Tim Ross will have your ass!

Ace: Shhh. It

s time.

re the Best Around,

cuts through the arena, sounding somewhat ironic as the crowd in Madison Square Garden responds with a chorus of boos. That is of course, unless you believe people acknowledge what is best by hating it, out of jealousy and spite

in which case such a response seems fitting.

Wolf: Well The Beautiful One is about to make his way out, and the only one here who

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

s excited

that I can see, is you Tommy Ace.

Ace:

That

s right, Wolf. What can I

say?

Wolf: It appears Ace is caught in some sort of love stupor type crush that prevents him from talking around the one he loves.

The curtain parts, and Bobby Dean appears, donned in his usual robe. The booing intensifies at the sight of the man, but in Bobby Dean

s mind all he can hear is squealing, the squealing of women already creaming in their panties. The boos he does not even hear: they are insignificant.

Wolf: Well it appears he

s no worse for the wear. Last show Bobby Dean and Seth Stratton both showed up drunk, and Bobby Dean started the night off by tripping on his own robe, ripping it in the process. Did he get a new one?

Ace: Of course he got a new one, you think a guy like that struggles to get any money? Hell no, no siree.

re The Best Around,

continues to play as Bobby Dean makes his way down the ring, the song

s hook The Beautiful One

s personal mantra. He doesn

t need to chant it in his head over and over again. He makes his way down the to the ring, and then climbs up the steel steps and through the top and middle rope. He slides off his robe and does a little grind, completely ignoring Cort Vang.

Wolf: Who do you like in this one Ace?

Ace: Well I would defin

Wolf:

Oh nevermind we all know already.

We cut to a long shot of the announcer standing in the center of the ring, Bobby Dean in one corner to his right, and Cort Vang in the other, to his left. We then cut to a close up of the announcer; and yep, he even looks like a total douche.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is for one fall, and has a thirty minute time limit.

Introducing first, from

St. Helens, Oregon. . .

Because he

s a

hack, the announcer takes a quick glance at his notes.

Announcer: Weighing in at two hundred and nineteen pounds, he is The One Man Misdemeanor. . . Cort Vaaaaaannnnng!

The crowd lets out a massive

PYRO-CLASTIC. . . PYRO-CLASTIC. . . PYRO-CLASTIC

chant and Cort hops up on the turnbuckle in anger so that he may look down upon the crowd from a position of superiority and degrade them anyway he can. He gets down as the chant continues, though with less veracity than before.

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The announcer looks around perturbed, then shuffles around his notes. The crowd dies down as he makes his next announcement.

Announcer: And his opponent, from Houston, Texas, weighing in at two hundred and four and one half pounds, he is

The Beautiful One, The Moist

Maker, The Name that Entertains. . . . Bobby. . . .DEEEEEAAAAANNNN!

The bell rings.

Cort Vang charges Bobby Dean, trying to tackle him immediately to the mat, but Bobby Dean is ready for him and hammers down on the back of Cort's head with a double axe handle. He then axe handles Cort Vang again and then grabs him by the head and slams him head first into the nearest turnbuckle.

Wolf: Ohhh! Face full of turnbuckle!

Ace: Cort Vang came into this thing ready to go, but so was Bobby, and now

Cort finds himself in a bad position here.

Cort Vang

's head bounces off the turnbuckle and as he turns Bobby Dean tackles him into the corner. Holding onto the middle rope on either side of Cort Vang, Bobby Dean shoulders him in the gut, once, twice, three times.

Wolf: Cort Vang caught in the corner now.

Ace: Cort Vang is in the last place you wanna be: trapped in a corner with nowhere to go, and Bobby Dean facing you down, less of course you are a woman wanting to get with the beautiful one.

Wolf:

That situation sounds more like rape than anything else, Ace.

Ace: Hey

you can

t rape the willing.

Wolf: Jesus Christ Tommy. . . You

re a walking PR bomb. I would just like to take this moment to say that The Row in no way supports rape.

Bobby Dean attempts to Irish Whip Cort Vang into the opposite turnbuckle, but Cort Vang holds onto the top rope, halting all movement. Seeing his opening Cort kicks Bobby Dean in the gut, the force of the blow bending him over at the waist. Cort then grabs Bobby Dean by the head and reaches up with his off hand, landing a calculated strike to the face of Bobby Dean, sending him straight to the mat on his back.

Wolf: Bobby Dean is down after a hard strike from The One Man Misdemeanor.

Ace: Yeah you think Cort learned to fight all those years he spent in juvie?

Wolf: Maybe.

Ace: Cause he certainly didn

t spend it reading!

Bobby Dean quickly gets up, but just as quickly Cort Vang grabs him by the hair and tosses him clear out of the ring through the top and middle ropes. Bobby Dean comes crashing hard outside, as the fans nearby pop.

Ace: And we

re off ladies and gentlemen, kicking and rolling! These men are not wasting any time here tonight in our second match of the evening.

Wolf: That

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s right, and for the first time from Madison Square Garden!

Ace: You know the second I got off the plane I hit the streets and the smell of crime and stale urine hit me. . . I knew we had finally made it to N.Y.C!

Bobby Dean crawls over to the barricade, shaking his head to clean the cobwebs out. He gets to one knee and waits there for a moment, trying to recollect himself.

Wolf: Bobby Dean trying to collect himself here, but he better hurry, Cort Vang looks like he s on the war path.

Ace: That

s the problem with Cort Vang, you can t scout a guy if you have no idea what he s gonna do. This guy is a loose cannon, he s capable of anything!

Wolf: And so is Bobby Dean, he

ll cheat to win, he

ll break your bones, he

ll say something about your momma!

By the time Bobby Dean gets to his feet and rests up against the barricade to catch his breath, Cort Vang is out of the ring and on him. He punches him once in the back of the head and then lifts Bobby Dean and drops him down on the barricade.

Wolf: Cort Vang using the ring equipment as a weapon here.

Ace: Get back fans this may get ugly!

The referee starts up the count. 1. . . .

Wolf: The referee starting up the count now, both competitors have only ten seconds to get back into the ring, or we

ll have a the dreaded

double DQ.

Ace: What a shame that would be, Wolf, and we haven

t even seen any bloodshed yet.

Bobby Dean sells the bump, rolling around on the floor, and immediately Cort Vang is on him. 2. . . . He kicks Bobby Dean once in the back of the head and then brings him to his feet, only to toss him face first into the ring steps. 3. . . .

Wolf: Into the ring steps now for Bobby Dean.

Ace: What did the ring steps ever do to anybody?! Why does everybody got to pick on them?

Wolf:

Well if you watched our last show, Bobby Dean sure does have a bone to pick with them. He was so drunk he could nearly get up them last Lethal Injection.

Ace: I know, wasn

t that great?! Vintage Row!

Cort Vang bends down and sticks his thumb in Bobby Dean

s eye, applying pressure. 4. . .

Bobby Dean kicks his feet on the ground and then slowly gets to his feet, Cort still keeping his hold.

5. . . . Cort Vang grabs Bobby Dean by the head and slams him face first into the barricade. 6. . . .

Wolf:

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Getting dangerously close to the ten count, Ace.

Ace: These men are after one another

s throats, not a win, Wolf! They just want to hurt each other and be the one to say

I fucked you up!

Cort Vang slides into the ring and then slides out again to start over the 10 count. He heads over to Bobby Dean, who

s climbing up the barricade again in attempt to stand and Cort kicks him in the gut and then tosses him into the ring.

Wolf: Both men back into the ring now.

Ace: Why did he bother sliding out if he was just gonna toss him in a second or two after? Maybe Cort can't read, and maybe he can't

count either.

Wolf: Would you knock it off?!

Cort Vang climbs in after him and tries to bring Bobby Dean to his feet but instead Bobby Dean punches him square in the nuts with a low blow. The crowd whoooooos.

Wolf: Well that

ll stop anything, the great equalizer.

Ace: And that

s why Bobby Dean is a smart wrestler. The referee didn't

even see it!

Cort turns and makes his way to the corner but Bobby Dean axe handles him over the back of the head. Cort sells the axe handle, and Bobby Dean picks up his foot and stomps it down heavily on Cort's foot.

Wolf: That

s dangerous! That sort of thing can shatter a toe! And then what? How are you gonna walk with a shattered toe?

Ace: Dangerous for the elderly, like you Wolf. They are known for their brittle bones.

Cort sells the foot stomp, stumbling out past the center of the ring and up against a set of ropes, with Bobby Dean in pursuit. Cort leans up with his chest up against the ropes sucking wind and wincing from the pain, and Bobby Dean turns him around and punches him with a right haymaker to the face.

Wolf: Hard right from The Beautiful One.

Ace: I

m telling you, this guy has it all. He

s got a punch, he

s got an iron will, great skills in the ring, and he

s even great on the mic.

I
m telling you, The Beautiful One Bobby Dean should do the audio book for 50 Shades of Grey.

Wolf: Why don't

you just marry him already?

The blow knocks Cort to his knees as he loses hold of the ropes. Rising Cort tries to punch Bobby Dean in the abdomen, and is successful, but the blow hardly seems to faze Bobby Dean. Bobby responds with a left haymaker to the face of Cort Vang.

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Wolf: Cort must not have much left, that blow hardly affected Bobby Dean.

Ace: Did you ever stop to think for a moment that perhaps it not that Cort is tired, but that Bobby Dean has abs of steel, on top of all of his other redeeming qualities?

Wolf:

No. . . I didn

t, Ace.

Bobby Dean pushes Cort into the ropes and then goes for the Irish whip. Cort Vang reverses the Irish whip, sending Bobby Dean into the ropes on the opposite side of the ring instead. Bobby Dean returns, and Cort Vang bends over for the back body drop, but Bobby Dean jumps over whilst hooking Cort around the waist.

Bobby Dean pulls downward, bringing Cort Vang down to the mat with a pin.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin, 1. . . 2. . . kick out by Cort Vang.

Bobby Dean gets up, followed by Cort Vang, who looks tired but determined. Bobby Dean goes for the right, but Cort blocks it and gives Bobby Dean a few strikes of his own, each blow knocking him back further and further. When Bobby Dean runs out of real estate, his back up against the ropes, Cort Vang irish whips him into the ropes on the opposite side of the ring and as Bobby returns Cort measures him up and hits him square in the jaw with an elbow.

The force of the blow knocks Bobby Dean clean to the mat, and Cort Vang drops down for the cover.

Wolf: 1. . . kick out by Bobby Dean. That one wasn

t even close!

Cort Vang brings Bobby Dean to his feet and then measures another strike, which lands successfully. Bobby Dean rocks back and then Cort Vang seizes him about the throat, choking him straight into the corner of the ring. The referee quickly tries to separate them, at one point even putting his body between the two men, his back to Bobby Dean. With the ref

s head turned Bobby Dean reaches out and gouges Cort in the eye. Cort breaks the hold to reach up at his eyes and sell the gouge.

Wolf: Eye gouge by Bobby Dean! This guy will do whatever it takes to win!

Ace: You seem to forget Cort was full on choking the guy. The ref intervened for a reason. The fight is on, and both fighters are fighting dirty!

Wolf: So much for legitimacy in The Row.

Cort rubs his eye and turns, making his way out into the center of the ring. The ref gets in Bobby s face and gives him a slight warning but Bobby Dean ignores him and instead follows Cort. He the grabs Cort by the arm and falling backwards brings him down to the mat.

Wolf: There he goes ladies and gentlemen. He

s attacking the arm.

Ace: Bobby Dean is gonna work on that arm all night, and without mercy. Cort Vang is gonna have to keep up his offense and not let Bobby Dean know he s hurting as bad as he is.

Cort Vang rolls on the mat, grabbing his shoulder, then tries to get to his feet and stumbles, still clutching his left arm. Cort Vang crawls to the corner, favoring his arm, and the ref bends down to check on him.

Wolf: Cort Vang is hurt, and Bobby Dean is coming after him.

Bobby Dean climbs to his feet and finds a fallen Cort Vang up near the ropes. Bobby continues to work Cort

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s arm, grabbing his left arm and then bending it over the top rope. The ref counts quickly for Bobby Dean to break the hold.

Bobby breaks the hold but not before wrenching the arm back on the top rope. Cort sells the arm injury. The ref gets in Bobby

s face for not breaking the illegal hold promptly enough, but Bobby Dean ignores him, grabbing Cort s bad arm and pulling him into the center of the ring.

Bobby hooks Cort

s arm behind his back in a hammerlock and then with his other hand grabs Cort for a scoop slam, slamming him down and sandwiching his own arm between his body and the matt.

Wolf: Hammerlock body slam by Bobby Dean.

Ace: And look at Cort, the coward! He

s trying to get away!

Cort tries to get away from Bobby by rolling out of the ring, but quickly Bobby is on him. Bobby stomps Cort s arm once and Cort sells the stomp. Cort then rolls out of the ring grabbing his left arm.

Bobby follows, climbing through the ropes and then hopping down out of the ring. Cort begins to walk up the ramp, almost as if to get away, and Bobby starts to give chase, but quickly Cort turns and kicks him in the gut.

Wolf: Cort made like he was getting out of here! He lured Bobby Dean in! He lured him in! Is he really the best around, Ace?

Ace:

Cort then grabs Bobby Dean by the head and whips him into the barricade. The force of the blow causes the fans in the area to pop. As Bobby Dean rests on the barricade, hooked on with one arm over it and the metal up in his armpit, a fan leans over and starts yelling expletives in his direction. Cort then sizes Bobby Dean up and punches him with a left, but the pain shoots up his arm and into his shoulder and Cort winces and turns away.

Wolf: Cort Vang is hurt. His arm is no good. Did you see that punch? It looked like it hurt Cort Vang more than it hurt Bobby Dean.

Ace: This guy definitely doesn't have book smarts. He can't even read.

Wolf:

You

re a broken record, Ace. It's getting old.

Cort Vang doesn't

slide into the ring so much as he crawls

in, and Bobby Dean is hot on his heels in pursuit. Cort Vang gets to his feet just as Bobby Dean steps through the ropes to get into the ring and quickly Cort stomps him in the back of the head, knocking him to the mat.

Wolf: Both men in the ring now, and Cort is tired. You can see the pain on his face.

Ace:

Bobby Dean is down but not out of it, Wolf. This guy can turn a match around at a moments notice.

Cort Vang breathes

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heavily, trying his best to catch his breath and regain some the energy that has been sapped out of him. He makes his way over to Bobby Dean and brings him to his feet, and as he does Bobby Dean gouges him in the eye.

Wolf: Yet another eye gouge by Bobby Dean! Come on ref! Get on that!

Ace: I didn

t see anything. I have no idea what you
re talking about Wolf.

Wolf: Sure you don

t.

Ace: I don

really I don

t.

Cort sells the eye gouge, shaking his head and reaching up for his eyes.

Bobby Dean follows in pursuit and then grabs Cort

s injured arm and turning, Bobby Dean uses Cort

s arm to toss him over his shoulder and to the mat. Still holding on to his

arm, Bobby Dean drops to the mat and puts the points of his elbows on Cort

s arm, putting all his weight on it.

Wolf: My God! Look at that! Bobby Dean is putting all his weight on Cort

s arm.

Ace: Look at Cort squirming like a worm on the hook! I love it!

The ref gets down to the mat to check on Cort, who

s legs are kicking around in an effort to squirm free. The referee asks if he would like to submit, and Cort
shakes his head.

Wolf: Bobby Dean isn

t going for the pin. He isn

t going for the submission. He

s going for a permanent injury.

Ace:

Yeah, I don

t know how much hell raising Cort is gonna be able to do with just one arm. Look at
thing! It

s been abused all night. . . . That

s what she said.

Bobby Dean then gets to the crouched position, and then pushes himself up, kicking his legs and then
bringing them down, knee first onto Cort

s arm. Cort sells the injury, letting out a groan. Bobby Dean then uses his knees to apply pressure to Corts
arm.

Wolf: Cort is in some serious trouble. Bobby Dean is slowly dismantling him, one limb at a time.

Ace: First it

s your arm, then your leg, hell this guy with put kinks in your back just for fun.

One thing is for sure, Cort Vang is gonna be feeling pretty bad

tomorrow, and probably for a long time to come.

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Bobby Dean releases the hold and quickly Cort Vang rolls to the ropes, and pulls himself up with his good arm, his other arm pulled in up against his body and bent at the elbow. Bobby Dean follows in pursuit, and Cort Vang makes his way to the corner. Bobby Dean grabs Cort's arm and then wrenches it on the top rope.

Wolf: Bobby Dean still attacking the arm, and he's not gonna stop until Cort Vang's arm loses all function.

Ace: Who knows, he may even cut the damn thing off!

The pain shoots through Cort's arm, and quickly he moves to the other side of the ring, clutching his arm. Bobby Dean pursues him and kicks Cort in the gut. Cort bends over and Bobby Dean grabs his arm and then drops to the mat, rolling out of the ring. Bobby Dean grabs Cort's arm and drags him toward the corner. He positions Cort's arm up against the ring post, then pulls back and drives Cort's arm forward, ramming into the post.

Wolf: My God! We've got to call this thing off! Bobby Dean using the corner post now on Cort's shoulder.

Ace: Really?

We've got to call this thing off

You sound like such an old lady Wolf. Bobby Dean is just doing his job. If you can't handle it, perhaps you're in the wrong business.

Cort rolls into the ring, screaming in pain. Bobby Dean climbs into the ring after him, and quickly gets Cort into a chicken wing armbar.

Wolf: All the offense belonging to Bobby Dean. Cort Vang is in some serious trouble.

Ace:

I've never seen Cort Vang quit, I don't think it is in his nature.

The ref gets down to the mat, getting in Cort's face to see if he would like to quit. Cort ignores the ref, though he constantly asks him and gets in a position to ensure he can see the tap if it goes down. Cort slowly gets to his feet and punches Bobby Dean in the face, once, twice, then Bobby Dean grabs his bad arm and slams him to the mat.

Wolf: That arm is in some serious trouble guys. It's a weak spot now and Bobby Dean is taking advantage.

Ace: Of course he is. That's been working on the arm all this time in the first place!

Bobby Dean grabs Cort by the arm and brings him to his feet. Rising Cort hits Bobby Dean with a right, then another right, then a third, and fourth. By now Bobby Dean is in the corner of the ring and Cort punches him with a left, but the pain shoots right through his arm and he turns away.

Wolf: He is hurt. Oh he is hurt. He went to punch Bobby with his left arm but it appears it's hurt him more than Bobby Dean.

Ace: What an idiot. Why did he do that.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

Cort Vang turns away, bent over grabbing his arm. Bobby Dean axe handles him over the top of the head. Cort sells the hit, making his way to the corner of the ring. As Bobby Dean comes on him he quickly grabs Dean and spins him around into the corner. He hits him with a chop and then tries to Irish whip him with his bad arm, but Dean holds onto the top rope and Cort grabs his injured arm, selling.

Ace: Again

what an idiot. Cort, your left arm doesn't work buddy!

Wolf: You

ve got to give the man credit. . . he's been fighting this whole time and he's still trying to, even with a bad arm.

Bobby Dean then grabs Cort and whips him into the corner. Cort collides with the turnbuckle and Bobby Dean charges him, but as he does Cort lifts his leg and hits Bobby Dean square in the face. Bobby Dean rocks backward.

Wolf: See what I mean? Cort has only one functioning arm but he's still going at it.

Ace: Even still, he

s limited to only kicks and rights. What good is that?

Bobby Dean charges again, and again Cort Vang lifts the leg, hitting him in the face with his boot. Bobby Dean rocks backwards, and Cort charges him for the clothesline. Bobby Dean ducks the clothesline, turns around and kicks Cort in the gut and the DDT sends him to the mat. The crowd pops.

Wolf: DDT from Bobby Dean!

Ace: This has got to be over! It's got to be!

The crowd continues to buzz as the referee stands between the two fallen men, making the count. 1. . . 2. . .

Wolf: Both men are down now! Who's gonna get up first?

Ace: Maybe nobody.

3. . . 4. . . Bobby Dean shakes his head and then sitting up, raises his arms. He crawls over to Cort and puts an arm over him.

Wolf: Not much of a pin here, but a pin nonetheless!

The ref goes down for the count, but quickly Cort stretches out a leg and rests it on the bottom rope. The ref taps Bobby on the shoulder and gets up waving his arms, indicating a rope break.

Wolf: What presence of mind by Cort Vang!

Ace: The lucky bastard, there was no way he was gonna kick out of that one.

Angry, Bobby Dean gets up and stands akimbo, jawing with the ref for awhile. He then turns his attention to Cort and sizes him up, dropping down on his head with a knee. Bobby Dean then puts his knee over Cort's throat and grabs the ropes for leverage.

Wolf: Come on ref! He

s using the ropes! He

s using the ropes!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

The ref pulls Bobby Dean off, and again Bobby Dean jaws with the referee. Bobby Dean then picks up Cort and hooks him under his arm, but Cort pushes him away, knocking Bobby Dean right into the referee.

Wolf: The referee is down! The referee is down! Knowing Bobby this can't be good for Cort!

Ace: Do it Bobby!

Bobby Dean looks to the fallen ref and then reaches into his tights for his brass knuckles. As he goes to put them on Cort Vang charges him and hits him with a hard right, knocking him to the mat. Cort Vang then looks around on the mat and grabs Bobby Dean's brass knuckles.

Wolf: Will Bobby Dean has had some trouble with weapons in his tights before. I think this one is gonna bite him in the ass.

Ace: No! No! NO!

Bobby Dean gets up and turns, and as he does Cort Vang hits him square in the head with the brass knuckles. He then puts the brass knuckles in Bobby Dean's tights and goes for the cover. The ref gets up and makes the count.

Wolf: We've got a pin! 1. . 2. . . 3!! Cort Vang wins it with Bobby Dean's own weapon!

Ace: No! This is not right. This match should be thrown out!

Wolf: Whatever Ace! Had it been Bobby Dean using the brass knucks you'd be all for it.

Cort Vang gets up and raises his good arm as the crowd pops. The bell rings and the ref goes over to him and lifts his good arm.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner. . . Cort Vannng!

Wolf: Bobby Dean got what was coming to him that time.

Ace: This is bullshit. I'm protesting this shit.

Wolf: Aww don't be such a sore loser.

Ace:

Wolf: Ace?

Ace:

Wolf: Hmmm, well, it appears Ace is pouting.

Seth Stratton vs Tarrasque

Wolf: Scheduled next is a match between a man who has had some success here in Death Row Wrestling in Seth Stratton, and a creature, a beast, a thing, we have often given the title of The Monster in Tarrasque.

Ace: Well this is a match to look out for. Seth Stratton made it in the tennis business for a reason.

Wolf: Yeah: rampant cheating.

Ace: As I was saying. . . Seth Stratton has made it in the tennis business for a reason, he is good at what he does, and here in The Row has been no different.

Wolf: But Seth Stratton has never faced a man such as this. . . especially not in the tennis world.

Ace: No matter. Seth probably spiked Tarrasque

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

s raw beef. Just you wait and see, before this match is over Tarrasque is gonna have a horrible case of the shits.

Wolf:

Well if his record says anything, Seth Stratton knows what he is doing. So far he has yet to be defeated.

A Van Halen tune starts to pick up through the arena. . .

I've got Elvis, on my

Elbow

And when I flex, Elvis talks

Wolf: Rumor around The Row is that those in Seth Stratton

s life would have been better off without him.

Ace: Does that mean we should get out while we still can?

Wolf: Yes Ace

Be afraid

very afraid

The curtains part, and Seth Stratton makes his triumphant entrance. Tens of women swoon. I mean whole tens of women, and a few of em aren

t even missing teeth.

I've got a hula girl, on the back of my leg

And she hulas, when I walk

He makes his way down the center of the aisle. The direct center. Not because he has OCD, but because he doesn't want any of the fans to touch him. Which may indicate OCD. It's a paradox, he knows.

Wolf: Here he comes ladies and gentlemen, but don

t dare try to touch him. He doesn

t look like he likes to be touched unless it

s absolutely necessary.

Ace: You may like to be groped by the fans, but I sure don

t. I don

t blame Seth Stratton. Not one bit.

Seth Stratton illustrates a devastating backhand from his old tennis career, not a winning backhand of course (hence all the cheating) but a backhand none the less before gingerly climbing into the ring and stepping through the ropes.

Wolf: Seth Stratton looking determined here tonight. . . Does he have something up his sleeve?

Ace: Nope. Not a chance. Seth Stratton is an athlete, and an athlete sticks to his talents and nothing else. You saying he

s juicing Wolf? Seth Stratton never juiced, not in tennis, never. He

s still fighting the courts on that one.

Wolf: Sometimes you make the most illogical leaps, you know that?

Ace: No I don

t want burritos.

Tarrasque

s theme bursts through Madison Square Garden, receiving a mild pop from the fans.

Wolf: Well Tarrasque has become quite popular here in The Row, listen to that Ace!

Ace: Tarrasque may be, but the fans still hate Allen Anderson!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

Tarrasque appears from behind the curtain, letting out a massive roar. His chin is red from some recent mixture of red dye and beef, his teeth glisten a slight pink.

Wolf: Last we saw of Tarrasque, he tried his hand at tennis, in an attempt to better understand his opponent, Seth Stratton, who of course has quite the storied career in that area.

Ace: What a dreadful tennis player. Tarrasque was bred to be a super soldier, not to serve up tennis balls. I'm surprised he didn't try to eat any of them.

Wolf: Hey, may love meat, but he's no dog, Ace.

Ace: You sure? Allen Anderson practically has a leash on the guy!

Almost as if on cue, Allen Anderson appears behind Tarrasque dressed in a grey suit and black dress shoes. He hobbles on his cane, the golden globe that serves as a handle caught up in Allen Anderson's palm.

Wolf:

The Brain

Allen Anderson looking sharp as always tonight.

Ace: Of course--he's backed by a big corporation. If I was backed by that I'd have a whole fleet of cars and a mansion in the South Hamptons.

Wolf: If you were backed by a big corporation, they'd probably be crooked.

Ace: Aren't they all?

Tarrasque climbs up into the ring, as Allen Anderson hobbles his way to the apron, ignoring the fans in N.Y.C. that seem quite adamant in pissing him off.

Wolf: Massive height and weight difference as always. Look at Seth Stratton! There's no way he's as tall as he claims.

Ace: You calling him a liar?

Wolf: Given his history, yes.

We cut to our dreadful announcer, incapable of not fucking anything up.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following match is for one fall, and has a thirty minute time limit. Seth Stratton has asked that I read the following. . .

The announcer looks down, shuffling with his cards before finding the right one, and begins to read whatever is on it:

Announcer: Hey shit head, read this when I come up. . . Introducing first, the greatest man to ever play the game of tennis, or any game for that matter now stands before you in the ring. Not only does he tower over many of you peons at six feet, two inches, but he also weighs a svelte two hundred and thirty pounds.

He is The Sultan of Sweet, Sethhh
Strrrattoonn!

Seth Stratton raises his arms as the crowd lets out a chorus of boos. Looking at Tarrasque his face contorts

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

and then Seth reaches up to pinch his nose, as if the odor coming from Tarrasque is too much for him to handle.

Ace: Nothing like the smell of rotten animal flesh to get you going, eh Wolf?

Wolf: Is that what that smell is?

Ace: Either that or your colostomy bag is loose again.

Wolf:

You burying son of a bitch, I don

t wear a colostomy

bag!

We cut to the announcer, who turns to look at Tarrasque and seems quite frightened. He raises his card, and you can actually see his hand shaking, the card going this way and that.

Announcer: And his oppo

The announcer clears his throat and continues, his voice getting artificially deeper.

Announcer: And his opponent, from Akira, China, weighing in at two hundred and eighty-five pounds, he is The Beast, Tarrrrrassssquueeee!

Tarrasque lets out a massive roar as erratic cheers come up from the crowd. The bell rings and the crowd quiets down.

Wolf: Well here we go, we

re off. The Ex-Tennis Star and The Monster.

Ace: It

s a match of Brains vs. Brawn, and you

d be wrong if you think brawn often wins. After all Tarrasque is all brawn, but he still needs

The Brain

Allen Anderson, doesn

t he?

Wolf:

That

s a good point Ace, Seth is gonna have to outsmart his opponent if he hopes to pick up the victory.

Ace: If he hopes to survive. . .

Tarrasque lets out another roar and he takes several steps forward to get to Seth Stratton, but for every step Tarrasque takes forward, Seth takes a step backward, keeping his distance. Tarrasque eventually traps Seth Stratton in the corner and goes for the lock up but quickly Seth rolls out of the way.

Wolf: Seth Stratton doing his best to keep away from the monster Tarrasque so far.

Ace: The Sultan of Sweet is just looking for an opening, that

s all Wolf. Wrestling is a lot like tennis, you know anything about tennis?

Wolf: No.

Ace: Well it

s a game of skill and finesse.

Wolf: And?

Ace: Well I actually don

t know shit about tennis

I was hoping maybe you did

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Turning around Tarrasque see

s Seth Stratton and roaring, continues to go after him. Seth jukes left, jukes right, jukes left again, and slips past Tarrasque as he tries to go for the lock up.

Wolf: Another attempted lock up by Tarrasque, another evasion by Seth Stratton.

Ace: The Sultan of Sweet is doing just about the only thing you can do with Tarrasque: keep away.

Seth slips past Tarrasque and Tarrasque turns around in pursuit, becoming visibly frustrated. He descends open Seth again, this time stretching his arms out in an effort to swipe at Seth if he attempts to get away.

Seth backs away, and soon finds himself cornered again but with nowhere to go.

Wolf: Seth much like a cornered rat now, and Tarrasque is on him!

Tarrasque charges Seth, using the weight of his own body to smash him up against the turnbuckle. Seth Stratton crumbles, falling over onto Tarrasque who simply grabs him and tosses him to the other side of the ring.

Wolf: Tarrasque just tossed Seth like a rag doll, like child s play thing.

Ace: He

s strong, we all know that. Just look at the bastard.

Seth Stratton quickly gets to his feet, more to get away from Tarrasque than anything else. He backs away, his hands out as he says something inaudible to Tarrasque. Tarrasque turns his head to one side, much like a dog when it is confused or curious. Tarrasque then lets out a roar and charges Seth, going for the clothesline.

Wolf: Attempted clothesline by Tarrasque

Seth ducks.

Ace: I

m still wondering what he said to him. You see that look Tarrasque gave him?

After evading Tarrasque, Seth quickly charges him and jumps on his back. Tarrasque flails his arms, turning toward the center of the ring before reaching up and grabbing Seth

s head, bringing him forward and slamming him to the mat. The crowd pops as Tarrasque lets out another roar of satisfaction. Allen Anderson can be seen on the outside, nodding his head in approval.

Wolf: Seth Stratton having trouble overcoming the power of Tarrasque so far, and Allen Anderson seems to approve.

Ace:

You know, I don

t know who is

worse, Tarrasque, or the man that orchestrates the many evil deeds he has committed.

Wolf: I think Tarrasque only has a vague sense of right and wrong, it is Allen Anderson and that evil Warhammer Corporation that is to blame. You don

t create a monster like Tarrasque, unless you

ve got something wicked in mind.

Tarrasque then descends upon the fallen Seth, placing one foot on his chest and then stepping up onto him with all his weight. Seth kicks his feet as Tarrasque

s weight comes down on his chest, and he quickly rolls over selling after Tarrasque steps off of him.

Wolf: All that weight down on Seth Stratton

s chest!

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Tarrasque then goes over to Seth Stratton and brings him to his feet, grabbing him by the hair. Seth sells the hair pull and Tarrasque grabs one of his arms and Irish whips him into the ropes. As Seth returns off the ropes Seth slides through the legs of Tarrasque and then turns and kicks him square in the nuts. The crowd pops, and the referee gets in Seth's face for the intentional low blow.

Wolf: Well Seth going for the great equalizer. I'm sure even Tarrasque is susceptible to ball crushing.

Ace: Looks like your wrong Wolf, looks like he's only pissed off Tarrasque more!

Tarrasque turns around, wincing slightly from the low blow, and as he looks upon a bewildered Seth Stratton he lets out a massive roar.

Ace: We should call him
Iron Balls

Tarrasque!

Wolf: That
s for sure!

Seth raises his arms as if to plead with Tarrasque, but the monster ignores him and reaches back before bringing his hand forward and placing it violently around Seth's neck. Seth

's eyes widen as Tarrasque lifts him up into the air and slams him down to the mat with a chokeslam.

Wolf: Massive choke slam from Tarrasque! Seth got folded up like an accordion with that one!

Ace: Lifting a man like Seth Stratton is no big deal to a monster like Tarrasque, he hauls whole sides of beef into his room daily whenever he wishes to feed. This guy squeezes out shits bigger than Seth Stratton!

Allen Anderson can be seen barking directions on the outside, and Tarrasque hears them and complies; he drops to his knees and goes for the cover. Seen this the ref hits the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . no! Kick out from Seth Stratton. Seth kicks out after the chokeslam!

Ace: With the exception of the low blow, which seems to have done very little damage, it's been all Tarrasque so far. Seth Stratton is gonna have to figure something out if he hopes to make it out of this one still undefeated.

Tarrasque gets up after the pin, bringing Seth Stratton to his feet with him. Suddenly Seth rises and rains down a barrage of punches to the face of Tarrasque. He hits him with lefts and rights, each punch rocking Tarrasque, but only slightly. Seth goes for another punch, but Tarrasque quickly reaches up and headbutts Seth, knocking him to the mat and ending the assault.

Wolf: Massive headbutt from Tarrasque.

Ace:

Coming from anyone else, I would say that a headbutt hurts both men involved, but from the looks of Tarrasque, he's as hard headed as he comes. Besides, there are serious questions whether there's even a brain in that noggin of his.

Wolf: Of course there is! It

s probably just biologically and chemically on level with that of a four year old.

Ace: Imagine that! A four year old toddler with the strength of ten men!

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Tarrasque shakes his head, as to get the cobwebs out and then snarls, turning to Seth. He brings Seth to feet and then looks out at the crowd, letting out yet another roar. Tarrasque then takes Seth and slams him to the mat with a pumphandle slam. The crowd pops and Allen Anderson once more starts to bark orders at Tarrasque.

Wolf: Allen Anderson directing Tarrasque from outside of the ring, but the real question is will he obey him?

Ace: Perhaps Tarrasque is really just like a four year old toddler, complete with behavioral issues and everything. Allen Anderson should take this guy to a child psychiatrist! Hot Water bad! Hot Water Burn Baby!

Tarrasque looks to Anderson and then picks up Seth Stratton, picking him up off the mat with ease.

Tarrasque then picks Seth up over his head and trots over toward the corner, to drop Seth face first on the turnbuckle, but Seth slides out of the hold and lands feet first behind Tarrasque.

Wolf:

Seth Stratton, The Sultan of

Sweet, using his speed and agility to get out of that one.

Ace: I don

t know if that was exactly what Allen Anderson was going for.

Seth spins and hits Tarrasque in the gut with a spinning back fist. Tarrasque takes the blow but hardly sells it.

Wolf: We

ve seen this before from Seth Stratton!

Ace: A little something hung over from his career as a tennis champ! SERVICE!

Seeing this, Seth spins the other direction and hits Tarrasque in the gut with a spinning fist. Again the blow hardly seems to affect Tarrasque.

Ace: And another! Now that

s a forehand smash Tarrasque! Your tennis skills are not as great as your meat eating skills!

Tarrasque then reaches up and again head butts Seth Stratton knocking him to the mat. On the outside, Allen Anderson claps in

approval, and can be seen barking orders at Tarrasque.

Wolf:

Yet another head butt from Tarrasque and Seth Stratton his down once again. It seems every time he gets going, Tarrasque pulls out something to halt all momentum.

Ace: Look how pleased Allen Anderson is after that one! He

s got a grin on his face from ear to ear!

Tarrasque ignores Allen Anderson

s orders, instead stomping on Seth, once, twice, three times before bringing him to his feet.

Dazed, Seth staggers on as his

feet, and

Tarrasque lets out yet another roar in his direction. Tarrasque then kicks him the gut and places Seth s head between his legs. Grabbing Seth

s waist, Tarrasque lifts Seth up over his head for the

powerbomb, but Seth slides out of it at the peak of the powerbomb, hooking Tarrasque

s head and bringing him down to the mat.

Wolf: Seth Stratton reverses it! He reverses it! Tarrasque was going for the powerbomb but he pulled it down into a huge DDT!

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Ace: Listen to these fans in N.Y.C! They may not be Seth's biggest fans, but they sure love to see a good DDT! And that was one of the best we've seen in a long while.

The crowd pops at the impressive DDT, and quickly Seth crawls over for a pin.

Wolf: Pin! Pin! 1. . . 2

kick out by Tarrasque! And look at Seth! He went flying with that kick out.

Ace: Tarrasque just sent him half way across the ring with that one. I don't know what Tarrasque ate before the match, but whatever it is it seems to be helping him at the moment.

Wolf: Wheaties perhaps?

Ace: Yeah

with beef jerky bits!

Seth Stratton gets to his feet as Tarrasque does as well. Seth Stratton spots him up, jump and lands a dropkick on Tarrasque right to the chest. Tarrasque rocks back on his heels, windmilling his arms to keep his balance and does. Seth gets up after the drop kick, sizes Tarrasque up again and goes for another drop kick.

Wolf: The first drop kick didn't

knock Tarrasque to the mat, and the second one didn't

either!

Ace: This guy has so much mass it

is hard to knock him to the mat. Tarrasque is still standing!

The drop kick knocks Tarrasque back a few steps, and by now he

is up against the ropes. Getting up Seth Stratton spots him and gets up and charges him, clothesline him out of the ring over the top rope.

Wolf: And there goes Tarrasque! Seth Stratton has finally knocked the beast on his feet!

Ace: Impressive clothesline from Seth Stratton! Did you feel the ground rumble when Tarrasque hit the mat?

The crowd pops at the bump, Tarrasque lying down outside of the ring breathing heavy. Allen Anderson can be seen coming over to

him, yelling at him to get up and poking him with his cane. Meanwhile Seth Stratton illustrates one of his tennis backhands and raises his arms. The crowd lets out a boo, which Seth seems to ignore.

Wolf: It appears Anderson is trying to get Tarrasque up! He

is very angry with him, poking him with his cane!

Ace: He better be careful Wolf, or he just may turn on Allen Anderson! Then we

will have a real show on our hands. Ever seen a man torn in half before?

Wolf: No. . . never. And I don't

intend to!

Seth makes his way over to the top rope as Tarrasque gets up outside. Seth grabs the top rope and hurls himself over for a body splash, but Tarrasque catches him. Tarrasque holds Seth across his body and lets out a roar of strength. Allen Anderson can be seen barking orders and poking Tarrasque with the end of his cane.

Wolf: Seth went for the body splash, but the strength of Tarrasque allowed him to catch him. And look at Allen Anderson?! What is he doing?!

Ace: A little motivation for Tarrasque, using the oldest means of persuasion: pain.

Allen Anderson continues to poke Tarrasque and suddenly Tarrasque drops Seth and turns to Allen Anderson, anger burning in his eyes. He starts to walk towards Allen Anderson, who extends his cane to

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

threaten Tarrasque as much as he does to keep his distance.

Wolf: Tarrasque it seems is turning on his own master! It appears he took one poke too many.

Ace: Yeah, and that

s how I was born. Daddy gave mommy one poke too many. I

ll never forgive that bastard!

Wolf: Daddy issues aside, we

ve got a situation here! Can Allen control his beast?

Allen Anderson shouts at Tarrasque, who draws closer, his mouth practically foaming as he breathes out his hate. His chest heaves up and down with each breath, and Tarrasque extends a finger at Allen Anderson, but from behind Seth Stratton tackles his knee. Tarrasque sells the knee hit and stumbles backward.

Wolf: Seth Stratton going for Tarrasque

s knee! But the man still isn

t down!

Ace:

Well if kicking him in the balls doesn

t do anything, I don

t see what this will do.

Tarrasque continues to stumble

back, grabbing his knee as Seth Stratton gets back up from the tackle and then measures a kick and kicks Tarrasque in the back of his knee. Again Tarrasque stumbles from the blow, and Seth Stratton lifts his leg, knocking him on his back.

Wolf: The beast has fallen!

Ace: TIMBERRR!

Seth then reaches down on a fallen Tarrasque and grabs his leg, lifting his knee into the air before bringing it down to the ground outside of the ring. Tarrasque grabs his knees, roaring in anger as he sells his injured knee.

Wolf: Tarrasque it appears is in some trouble here. He

s gonna have some trouble putting all the weight down on that hurt knee.

Ace:

Given his weight and body structure, I

m surprised his knees haven

t exploded already.

Seth grabs Tarrasque and tosses him into the

ring, and follows up after him, putting one knee up on the apron and then climbing through the top and middle ring ropes. As Seth gets into the ring he stomps a fallen Tarrasque and then bring him to his feet and then promptly sending him to the mat with a neck breaker.

Wolf: Neck breaker by Seth Stratton! Tarrasque is down!

Seth covers Tarrasque and goes for the pin.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . kick out!

Ace: Tarrasque is hurt but he

s not out of this one yet!

Frustrated Seth then reaches down and grabs Tarrasque

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s leg and turning him over on his back he wrenches back on his leg with a single Boston Leg crab.

Wolf: Seth Stratton with the single leg crab!

Seth pulls back on Tarrasque

s leg, applying pressure. The referee gets down in Tarrasque

s face, asking him if he would like to quit, and Tarrasque answers simply by roaring. Seth continues to wrench on Tarrasque

s knee as Tarrasque tries to reach for the ropes.

Wolf: Seth Stratton putting pressure on Tarrasque

s already injured leg.

Ace: And look at Allen Anderson!

Allen Anderson stands up against the ring, one hand holding on to the bottom rope for support, the other clutching his cane, which he extends into the ring for Tarrasque to grab hold of. Tarrasque grabs it and then pulls himself toward Anderson and the ropes. Seeing it, the ref kicks the cane, breaking the hold and then leans over the ropes to scold Allen Anderson.

Wolf: Well the referee saw it, but Tarrasque is already close enough to the ropes.

Ace: There

s a reason they call him

The Brain,

Wolf, cause boy was that awful smart on his part.

Wolf: The ref didn

t like it one bit.

Ace: Aww that hack can hardly officiate a match, let alone keep it fair!

Seth Stratton releases the hold, and as he does Tarrasque immediately reaches for his knee, selling the injury.

Seth brings Tarrasque to his feet, Tarrasque getting up gingerly and favoring his knee. Seth then works Tarrasque into the corner with lefts and rights.

Wolf: Seth has Tarrasque trapped in the corner now, a complete reversal of what we had a few minutes ago.

Ace: He

s tearing into him Wolf!

Tarrasque rocks with the blows, then as Seth throws yet another right, successfully blocks it, and clotheslines Seth out of the corner. With a roar he limps over to the fallen Seth. Tarrasque motions to the crowd.

Wolf: We

ve seen this before! We

ve seen this before! Tarrasque threw Hydreck from the ring into the first row, and I think he s planning to do it with Seth Stratton.

Ace: Get the hell out of there fans, not unless you want a former tennis star in your lap!

Tarrasque picks up Seth Stratton and then dead lifts him over his head.

Wolf: Look at the strength!

Tarrasque moves toward the ropes but his knee suddenly buckles, giving way. Tarrasque falls to the mat, hitting his back and Seth Stratton falls on top of him. The ref goes down for the pin.

Wolf: We

ve got another pin! 1. . .2. . . no! kick out by Tarrasque! He tried to lift Seth Stratton but his knee gave way!

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Seth gets up and grabs Tarrasque

s leg and lifts it, exposing his knee. Seth then stomps it hard, and Tarrasque immediately lets out a roar and grabs his leg. Seth then goes off the ropes and upon return hits Tarrasque with an elbow drop.

Wolf: More offense from Seth Stratton here.

Ace: Well Tarrasque is down, but what can Seth Stratton do? I doubt he can lift Tarrasque.

Seth then pulls Tarrasque by the hair, bringing him to his feet. Seth kicks Tarrasque once in the gut, and then runs past Tarrasque, bouncing off the ropes and as he returns he grabs Tarrasque s head and slams him to the mat, face first.

Wolf: Impressive bulldog by Seth Stratton!

Ace: The Beast didn

t even see that one coming. The tennis pro is doing work!

Seth gets up and raises his arms, taunting the crowd. The Tarrasque fans boo him heavily, but he ignores them, thinking only of the women in the crowd who no doubt must be wanting to fuck him by now. He looks out on the crowd, searching for the nearest chick, and upon finding her he winks at her, then turns to Tarrasque.

Wolf: It appears Seth is showing a little love to the fans here.

Ace: What he needs to do is focus more on Tarrasque, and less on the women out there. Besides, they probably aren t even into him.

Tarrasque slowly gets to his feet, and seeing him Seth spins and hits him with a spinning backfist.

Wolf: Backhand from Seth!

Ace: You know what comes next don

t yah?

Seth then bounces off the ropes and upon returning he elbows a bent over Tarrasque in the back of the head. The Beat falls to the mat, and quickly Seth hits the mat and covers him. The ref slides in to make the count.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . 3! Seth Stratton has done it! He s done it!

Ace: Allen Anderson is not going to be happy about this one. No chew toy for Tarrasque tonight!

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner. . . Seth Strattooouuuuu!

The bell rings as the ref gets up to raise Seth s arm.

Skidd Rows on Rumors

[Backstage.]

[There is a lot on The Anti-Hero's mind.]

[He sits there with no title belt, but the role of champion is still on his shoulders. A role that cVc THINKS he's ready for, a role that the Anti-Hero knows he ISN'T ready for.]

[He's had a busy week.]

[Training for his match.] [A Christmas in July party.] [A meeting with Eric Dane.] [A meeting with Lee Best.]

[What to do, what to do, what do do.],

"Ya know I could leave right now, get someone to commission me a new title belt and show up by the weekend on some program or another and bury this place.

I could crumble it like an over soaked Oreo in a glass of milk, I could send the stock price into a tailspin. I

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

could end the careers of some Death Row before they even begin. I could put cVc on the
headline, with the other hobos where he belongs.

"

[There certainly is appeal in the idea for some, hell for money. You hold someone's whole world in your hand
and you just let it fall apart. It's too much for one man to do though, especially the Champion, he won't play it
like that.]

[Will he?]

"Eric Dane and Lee Best both pitched me offers. They promised me nice things too. Fancy cars, lovely
ladies, better living arrangements, a manager, a cut of the door, merchandise rights. You know all the tricks
by now don't ya, cVc, you know the recruiting game goes. I'm sure you're phone hasn't really stopped ringing,
but mine has.

"I've made my choice. I've decided what program you'll see me on, I've decided when and where I'll destroy
you cVc."

[Pipebomb.]

"At Cell Block 4, I'll destroy cVc."

[He pauses and can almost hear the fans react.]

"I don't need a fancy contract to scatter your body parts to the four corners of the world. I don't need a TV
deal to beat the ever loving piss out of your head. All I need is the bell to sound, us to take our spots in the
center of that ring. Then I'll let my blind rage towards you do the rest."

[The Champion stops and laughs to himself.]

"You wanna know what I heard cVc, why we're so down in the dumps? I heard it had a lot to do with your
foolishness in the Main Event last week, doing commentary and what not, teaming up with Dark. Investors
didn't want to put there money in a place with the two of you runnin' around at the top. Hell I heard people
thought you might be champion, keyword: THOUGHT, and sold their shares in the company.

"cVc don't worry, I'll clean up your mess."

Fracture vs. Dark/cVc

Wolf:

Well, I don

t want to commentate this next match

nothing against Fracture

s Dark and Chance Von Crank I don

t particularly care for

but I

ve got

to, it

s my job after all.

Ace: Yeah who do these assholes think they are? It

s not like just anyone can sit behind a table and commentate a match. What amateurs.

Wolf: I hear yeah Ace. I hope Fracture mops the floor with these guys.

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

Ace: Fracture has quietly been winning match after match here in The Row, they are arguably the best tag team we have got.

Wolf: Not if Cash Money has anything to say about that. They put on a great show tonight.

Escape The Fate

s No Sympathy For the Dead begins to play through Madison Square Garden, the crowd beginning to buzz. Schism and Rupture burst through the curtain and sprint down the ramp.

Wolf: Here they are everyone, one of the best tag teams in The Row.

Ace: These guys are high energy and high speed. A lot faster than cVc and Dark in this matchup they also have been a tag team for quite awhile and know each other well.

Wolf: Dark and cVc on the other hand have just recently teamed up.

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. As Rupture jumps onto the middle rope in the center of the ropes Schism climbs the corner and they both pose simultaneously. Schism backflips off of the top rope back into the middle of the ring.

Wolf: I

d like to see Dark or cVc try something like that.

Ace: They wouldn

t even know where to start.

Binge and Purge begins to play through Madison Square Garden, and a great chorus of boos comes raining down from the fans.

Wolf:

Well here comes the former Death Row Champion, Dark.

Ace: How many beers in do you think he is?

Wolf: More than is considered professional.

After awhile Dark comes out from behind the curtain, with

El Toro in tow. He looks out on the crowd with uncaring eyes and then reaches in his pocket and pulls out a cigarette without taking out the pack. He puts the cigarette to his lips and lights it up, El Toro walking around the stage shouting obscenities at the crowd in Spanish.

Wolf: That little bastard sure has a mouth on him Ace. Just like you.

Ace: I

m taller, better looking, have a better body and a bigger dick. He

s nothing like me.

Wolf: How do you know? Did you guys compare sizes?

Ace:

No, I

m just assuming. . . .

Wolf: Sure you are.

Binge and Purge dies down, leaving an opening for the fans to rain down a chorus of boos. Dark continues to smoke his cigarette, standing around as if waiting for nothing really at all

A huge cocking noise is heard followed by a gun blast that booms out all over Madison Square Garden.

Ace: Yes that

s a gunshot, something these native New Yorkers are no doubt familiar with.

cVc

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

s voice is heard through the arena, spouting his famous catchphrase. cVc then emerges from behind the curtain, joining Dark and El Toro. The crowd immediately begins to boo, with others starting up a CVC Fucking Sucks chant.

Wolf: Fans as always, voicing their opinion of the Trailer Park Prodigy.

Ace: Jesus Christ, these New Yorkers are tough. I
ve never heard such a variety of profanity!

cVc makes his way down to the ring with Dark and Toro, simulating masturbation and ejaculation on the fans as he walks down the ramp. Dark continues to smoke his cigarette and is the first in the ring. He steps through the ropes and goes to a corner and immediately slumps down in the corner to smoke.

Wolf: Remember kids, smoking kills. You don
t wanna look like this guy when you grow up, do yah?

cVc enters the ring and takes off his Reluctant One shirt and tosses it into the crowd. The t-shirt promptly comes back and the crowd cheers. cVc snatches it out of the air and tosses it back. The crowd boos. The t-shirt is then torn by the fans in the third row. The crowd cheers.

Wolf: The Trailer Park Prodigy just had his shirt ripped by the fans!

Ace: I would love a Reluctant One t-shirt. Why doesn
t he ever toss it to me? Why? Why?!

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is for one fall and has a thirty minute time limit.
Introducing first, from

Rupture and Schism raise their arms to a pop from the crowd, and then turn to one another to discuss who will start the match.

Announcer: And their opponents, introducing first, weighing in at two-hundred and fifty pounds, from
Bakersfield, California, he is The Illustrated Man
Daaaarrkkk!

Dark still slumps in corner, finishing his cigarette, ignoring the announcement and the boos from the crowd.

Announcer: And his partner, from
cVc raises his arms as a chorus of boos rain out. He steps up on one of the ropes and leans over the top rope to yell and point at a fan in the front row. He jaws the fan for a bit and then gets down and thrusts his pelvis at him and tosses his hands as if he were splooging in his face.

Wolf: This guy really is white trash. What
s he doing there anyway?

Ace: Don
t you get it, he
s cumming all over that dudes face.

Wolf: Disgusting
just disgusting.

cVc then turns to Dark and the two start to discuss the match, looking off in the corner where Rupture stands in the ring, his partner Schism already waiting on the outside. Dark seems to not really be listening to cVc, who starts jabbering at him.

Wolf: This guy needs a muzzle. He
s always talking, always talking, always talking!

Ace: Have you seen this guys twitter account? He
s on it all the time!

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

Dark then steps through the ropes and waits on the apron as cVc turns around to face Fracture. The bell rings.

Wolf: Well we

re off and underway after a bit of jabbering on the part of cVc and Dark.

Ace: This is our first opportunity to see how these two work together. Their opponents tonight however have a long history together. This should be good.

Wolf:

Indeed, Ace. Kick their ass

Fracture!

cVc circles around the ring with Rupture, still talking, throwing insults in Rupture's direction. cVc then runs his hands through his magnificent mullet and the two lock up. cVc immediately raises a knee and knocks Rupture in the gut. cVc then raises a right and brings it down on the back of Rupture's head, knocking him to the mat.

Wolf: Vicious blow from cVc!

Ace: This guy fights trailer park style!

Wolf: And what does that mean really?

Ace:

In all actuality, I don't

know. I just thought it sounded good. . . Stop asking so many questions!

cVc then grabs Rupture around the chin and then slaps him across the face. He laughs as the crowd pops at the slap and Rupture sells the slap. cVc then toys with Rupture, poking him with his foot as he circles around him.

Wolf: cVc is toying with Rupture now!

Ace: This isn't

exactly the thing to do. You

ve got to get on your opponent when you can.

Wolf: Especially against a team like Fracture. They know each other well and are quick around the ring. cVc then brings Rupture to his feet and Irish Whips him into the ropes. Rupture returns and leap frogs over cVc, bouncing off the ropes on the other side of the ring. As he returns he jumps and lifting his leg hits cVc in the face.

Wolf: Jumping leg lariat by Rupture!

cVc falls to the mat, and then standing, Rupture jumps and hits cVc with a moonsault. The crowd pops as cVc scrambles to the corner and tags in Dark. Dark looks around a moment and then reluctantly gets in the ring.

Wolf: Tag by cVc, and it looks like Dark wants nothing to do with Rupture.

Ace:

I think he wants to go on another smoking break, Wolf.

Rupture taunts Dark for a moment and then as Dark comes upon him arm drags him quickly to the floor. Dark is up just as quickly and he charges Rupture again and again Rupture arm drags him to the mat. Dark quickly gets up and turns around, staring at Rupture as the crowd pops.

Wolf: Rupture has single handedly surprised both men here!

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Ace: I don

t think Dark wants any part of him either!

Dark turns and slaps cVc on the back and then steps through the ropes. Rupture raises his arms and motions for cVc to enter the ring, the crowd buzzing. cVc looks at Dark like WTF and then steps through the ropes into the ring.

Wolf: cVc in now, up against Rupture once again.

cVc and Rupture lock up in the center of the ring. cVc quickly moves to a rear lock. Rupture reverses this and switches to a rear lock himself.

Wolf: The speed of Rupture proving useful here. Chance can't seem to get a good grip on him.

Ace:

As slippery as a greased pig, Wolf.

cVc then raises his leg

back, successfully completing a low blow on Rupture. The crowd woooo

s at the low blow and Rupture falls to the mat grabbing his groin. The referee gets up in cVc's face, pointing a finger at him and warning him for the low blow.

Wolf: Low blow by cVc! Get on him ref! Why not just throw em out now?!

Ace: Yeah yeah! Fuck Dark and cVc! Nobody commentates a show like Me and Wolf well nobody commentates like me.

cVc ignores the referee and then goes to Rupture and grabbing on to his mask, pulls him to his feet. cVc then reaches into the opening in the mask over Rupture's eye and pokes his eye.

Wolf: Eye rake there from cVc.

cVc then kicks Rupture in the gut and hooks Rupture

s head under his arm and lifting him in the air slams him back down to the mat with a suplex.

Wolf: cVc in charge here with more offense. cVc with the suplex now.

Ace: The Trailer Park Prodigy, cocked back and fucking loaded!

cVc then goes over to Rupture and goes for the cover.

Wolf: Pin by cVc! 1. . .kick out. Not even close on that one.

cVc gets up and Rupture gets up after him. cVc then grabs Rupture and tosses him into the corner. cVc struts his way over to the corner and puts one foot on the middle rope, then the other, pulling himself up. He then raises his arm and starts punching, the crowd counting as he punches.

One. . . Two. . . Three. . . Four. . . Five. . . Six. . . Seven Eight Nine. Ten!

Wolf: Crowd counting along here with each punch.

Ace: Here to show yah!

Rupture staggers out of the corner and cVc grabs him and Irish whips him into the corner and charges after. As Rupture reaches the corner he runs up the corner and then flips off, landing on his feet behind cVc. Rupture then grabs cVc by the head from behind and slams him to the mat with a reverse DDT.

Wolf: Reverse DDT by Rupture!

Rupture then grabs cVc by the mullet and brings him to his feet. Rupture keeps his hold on cVc's hair and directs him to the corner where he tags in Schism. Rupture then slams cVc down on his knee with a backbreaker.

Wolf: Schism is in after the tag. What a backbreaker by Rupture.

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Ace: What

s Schism doing, he
s climbing the ropes.

Rupture holds cVc bent across his knee, and once Schism reaches the top he jumps off and leg drops cVc across the neck.

Wolf: What a tag team move by Fracture!

Schism quickly gets up and waits for cVc to stagger to his feet. As he does, Schism charges him and cVc turns and sees Schism but is too

late: Schism wraps his legs around his head and twirls around, slamming him to the mat.

Wolf: Tilt a Whirl head scissors from Schism!

My God I can

t tell who

s more athletic, Schism or

Rupture!

Ace: They

re both great, young, wrestlers. There

s no doubt about that. Schism is slightly smaller than Rupture, so I would say he
s just that much faster.

Dark on the outside begins searching his pockets and pulls out a cigarette and proceeds to light it up.

Wolf: Dark taking a smoke break

get that thing out of here!

Ace: Second hand smoke kills! Don

t you know?!

Wolf: I don

t think Dark really cares. He obviously doesn

t care about his own health, what makes you think he would care about the health of others.

Schism goes over to cVc and picks him only to drop him again with a spinning wheel kick. Schism then goes over to Rupture and tags him in. Schism tosses Rupture into the ropes and as he returns he lifts Schism up and drops him down onto cVc.

Wolf: Fracture showing why their one of the best teams here in The Row.

Ace: It

s all about teamwork. Look at Fracture. They

re working together. Look at cVc and Dark. I mean Dark is smoking a fucking cigarette right now! He

s not even reaching in the ring or anything!

Schism goes for the pin but Dark quickly steps through the steps and breaks the hold before the ref can make the count. The ref then gets in Dark

s face and pushes him gently toward the corner of the ring. Dark steps through the ropes and returns to the corner.

Wolf: That

s right ref! Keep it fair, keep it fair!

Ace: Look he

s coughing from all the cigarette smoke!

Schism then picks up cVc and runs to the ropes. He jumps up to the top rope and then turns around and

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jumps off the ropes and bulldogs cVc to the mat.

Wolf: Spring board bulldog by Schism on cVc!

Schism then climbs the ropes and dives off, spinning whilst simultaneously flipping. He lands on cVc and quickly goes for the cover.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin.

Dark on the outside can be seen having an

oh shit

moment. He tosses his cigarette aside and climbs into the ring but the ref is already making the count.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . 3!!! Schism and Rupture have done it! They

ve beaten the two biggest assholes in The Row.

Dark reaches the pin but its too late. He stomps Rupture off of cVc and Rupture rolls out of the ring.

Wolf: Maybe you shouldn

t have been smoking?

Ace: Yeah you dumb bastard! Congratulations on the loss!

cVc gets up grabbing his head and he gets in

Dark

s face. The two start jabbering at one another, Dark using his body language to convey that he tried to get into the ring but was too late. cVc shakes his head and climbs out of the ring.

Wolf: Could this be the quickest break up in wrestling history?

Ace: Who knows? They

ve certainly hit a rough patch.

cVc stands on the ramp look back at Dark. He then motions for him to come and Dark exits the ring.

Reluctantly cVc walks up the ramp with Dark and El Toro.

Wolf: Well there you have it folks! Fracture remains the best team in the federation!

before we get started

Kiss My Country Ass hits the PA, as the crowd starts to cheer.

Wolf:

And here comes the man challenging for the Death Row Championship, FJ

Tombs!

Tombs walks out and stops on the stage. He points to the left side of the crowd. The left side goes wild and then he points to the ride side of the audience. Tombs smiles as the crowd continues to cheer, and he makes his way to the ring. Tombs slides in under the ropes and ask for a microphone.

Tombs: If you people haven't heard, I'm getting ended by Skidd Row!

FJ Tombs drops the mic down as he smiles.

Tombs: I'm getting ended? What does that even mean? Skidd, are going to kill me?

Just in case you missed it, Ian Michaels

hasn't killed me yet. And he has been playing kill ball with my skull over the last few weeks. So if stomping my head into the floor multiple times hasn't worked yet, I don't think Skidd is going to kill me. So try not to be so melodramatic, you little shit stain.

Ace: Can he say that?

Wolf: Well, we are back on Internet streaming so I don't think he have to worry about censors.

Tombs: Skidd Row, while you are demanding my respect, you might want to take a step back. The only type

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of man that demands respect from others is a man that has no respect for himself. Now if you want my respect you are going to have to come out here and beat it out of me.

Tombs: Another thing you need to think about is the fact that you only earned a shot at that title. You took a handout to win the Death Row Championship. You did not earn that title. Now as you are running around making empty claims about being a world champion, ask yourself if you would recognize me as any type of champion, if I pulled the same shit you did?

Tombs: I hate to keep shooting off at the mouth, because these people are waiting for the main event they paid for.

But just one more thing, Skidd. Chance doesn't care about your ass. He is waiting for his title match. So don't go holding your breath waiting on back up. Your ass is all mine! Now get out here so we can see who is heading to the main event at Cell Block 4!

Ace: Looks like FJ Tombs is ready for one hell of an opportunity tonight.

FJ Tombs vs. Skidd Row

Wolf: It is main event time ladies and gentlemen. And the title is on the line!

Well, Tombs is already in the ring, and here comes Skidd Row.

Ace: The Death Row Champion!

The lights in Madison Square Garden go out and the unmistakable intro to by the Beastie Boys starts to play. The fans pop in anticipation of seeing the Death Row Champion.

Wolf:

Here we go, Skidd Row with his first title defense here in Death Row wrestling.

Ace: This is gonna be a tough one Wolf, though Tombs has been knocked around and bruised up here in The Row so far, but he looks ready tonight.

Wolf: That
s for sure.

Skidd Row appears behind the curtain, the crowd popping at the sight of him. He unhooks the Death Row title from around his waist and raises it up in the air. He wears his usual black t-shirt and blue ring shorts. He sprints full speed to the ring and slides under the bottom rope and somersaults onto one knee.

Wolf: Skidd Row not wasting any time here. A lot of people have questioned his ability as champion and it appears that tonight he
s here to prove everyone wrong.

Ace: The Row likes fighting champions, and Skidd Row is here in New York City to prove he
s one of them.

Skidd Row looks at Tombs briefly, then climbs the turnbuckle and raises the belt. When he gets down he hands the belt to the referee and takes off his shirt. The ref grabs the belt and raises it up in the air.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for your main event! Introducing the challenger, from Tombs raises his arms briefly for a moment and the crowd pops. He then lowers his arms and stares down at Skidd Row, ignoring everything else.

Wolf: Tombs looking determined here.

Ace: Well you
ve got to be if you get a title shot! He
s here for the belt! That much is apparent!

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Announcer: And his opponent, from Chicago Illinois, weighing in at 190 and ninety pounds, he is the current reigning Death Row Champion. . . . Skidd Rowwww!

Skidd raises his arms and looks around at the crowd as the Skidd Row fans in the arena start to cheer.

Wolf: Fans cheering Skidd Row here, the Death Row champion and this match is about under way. Who do you like in this one, Ace?

Ace: I don

t know Wolf. This is going to be a tough one. Skidd Row is the champion, but FJ Tombs has a longer reach and outweighs Skidd Row greatly. It

s your typical Power Vs. Speed in this one.

Wolf: That

s for sure. Expect Skidd Row to put on a great showing here tonight.

The ref raises the belt high over his head, the gold glinting in the lights as the bell rings. The ref hands the belt off to the stage hand.

Wolf: Here we go ladies and gentlemen, the moment we have all been waiting for!

Both men circle one another, Tombs slapping his shoulders before locking up. Immediately Tombs gains the upper

hand, putting

Skidd Row into a side head lock. Tombs wrenches on Skidd before Skidd moves Tombs toward the ropes and then Irish whips him into the ropes. Tombs returns and Skidd leap frogs over him, Tombs hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns Skidd Row falls to his back and lifts Tombs up into the air, sending him down to the mat.

Wolf: Skidd Row illustrating his speed here! Using his leg strength to knock him to the mat.

Ace: Tombs went down with that one.

Skidd Row gets to his feet as FJ Tombs does and quickly jumps into the air, dropkicking him into the corner.

Wolf: Tombs in the corner now after an impressive drop kick.

Skidd Row then gets up and makes his way to the corner of the ring. He grabs Tombs around the head and then sends him over his should with a snapmare. Skidd Row then grabs Tombs around the back of the head with a reverse chin lock.

Wolf: Reverse chin lock by Skidd Row.

Ace: Wonderful placement here by Skidd Row, he knows his way around the ring. Tombs stuck in the center of the ring, with nowhere to go.

Skidd Row wrenches back on Tombs

head, Tombs wincing from the pain. The ref gets down and checks on

Tombs, and Tombs shakes his head. Tombs then slowly gets to his feet, one foot at a time and then elbows Skidd Row in the gut, once, twice, before Irish whipping Skidd Row into the ropes.

Wolf: Tombs out of the hold, he sends Skidd Row into the ropes.

As Skidd Row returns, he kicks Tombs in the gut, causing him to bend over. Skidd Row then hooks his arms and DDTs him to the mat.

Wolf: Impressive DDT by Skidd Row.

Ace: The Death Row champ is dominating, Wolf!

Skidd Row then gets up and charges the ropes. He jumps up on the middle rope and then jumps off, moonsaulting onto Tombs.

Wolf: Skidd Row pulling out all the tricks tonight! He rarely uses that moonsault!

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Ace: And what a shame too, that was a beautiful moonsault!

Skidd Row then covers Tombs, going for the pin.

Wolf: We

ve got a quick pin, this thing could be over! 1. . . 2

kick out.

Ace: Skidd Row trying to go for the easy win there Wolf. But Tombs aint having any of it!

Skidd Row gets up, frustrated, then quickly reaches down and gets Tombs in a boston crab.

Wolf: Submission move here by Skidd Row.

Ace: But Tombs is too close to the ropes! Look at that shit!

Tombs reaches out and grabs the bottom rope, and the referee immediately steps in to break the hold. He counts, 1

Skidd Row breaks the hold. Skidd then drags Tombs by the leg and goes for another pin in the center of the ring.

Wolf: Another pin by Skidd! 1. . .2.. kick out!

Frustrated Skidd Row pushes down Tombs

raised shoulder and goes for another pin, yelling at the ref.

Wolf: Yet another! 1. . .2

kick out!

Skidd Row gets up and gets in the face of the referee. He jaws the referee a little and turns around, just as Tombs gets to his feet. Tombs rises with an uppercut, hitting Skidd Row clean in the jaw and knocking him down to the mat.

Wolf: Massive uppercut by FJ Tombs!

Ace: Skidd Row should pay more attention to the man in the ring than the referee! Less of course he likes taking shots in the face.

Tombs shakes his head to get the combwebs out and then goes to Skidd Row and brings him to his feet. Tombs then lifts his left arm, measures up a bunch and punches Skidd Row above the heart.

Wolf: Heart punch by FJ Tombs.

Ace: A dangerous move, if done properly it could stop the heart! Or so the rumors say!

Skidd Row sells the punch, stumbling away from Tombs to the other side of the ring. Tombs follows him, then toss him into the ropes. As Skidd Row returns Tombs charges him and jumps in the air knocking him to the mat with a running shoulder block.

Wolf: Running shoulder block by Tombs! And Tombs has momentum.

Ace: The force of that shoulder block was impressive!

Tombs gets up, raises his arms and the crowd pops. Tombs then makes his way to a corner and climbs up to the top rope. Tombs then raises his arms again and jumps off, hitting Skidd Row with a legdrop.

Wolf: Tombs stepping out of his comfort zone with the leg drop off the top rope!

Ace: I didn

t even know Tombs was capable of such a thing. He got some serious height with that one.

Tombs then turns Skidd Row onto his back and then goes for the pin, hooking his leg.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin by Tombs! 1. . . 2. . . kick out! That was a close one. 2 and 8 tenths of a second!

Ace: That seemed like a fast count to me. That was some bullshit.

Tombs gets up, breathing heavy. He reaches down and grabs Skidd Boy the hair, and as Skidd Row gets up

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he punches Tombs in the gut, once, twice, three times before running off the ropes for momentum and returning. As he returns Tombs reaches up and grabs Skidds neck, slamming him to the mat.

Wolf: Spinning neck breaker by Tombs!

Ace: That was NOICE.

Wolf: Nice?

Ace: No NOOIIICCCEE!

Tombs then reaches down and brings Skidd Row to his feet. Tombs then promptly wraps his hands around Skidd Row, and picks him up, squeezing with all his might.

Wolf: Bear hug by Tombs! He

s trying to squeeze the life out of Skidd Row!

Ace: The strength of this guy is no joke. I think I just hear Skidd Row
s cartilage snap!

Skidd Row flails his arms, as the ref gets in his face, asking him if he would like to submit. The crowd buzzes as Skidd Row continues to flail around. Skidd Row then reaches up and punches Tombs, then once more before the hold is broken.

Wolf: Skidd Row is out of it! And look at him go!

Skidd Row runs off the ropes and as he returns he jumps up wrapping his legs around Tombs head and then sending him to the matt.

Wolf: Hurricanrana by Skidd Row.

Ace: The first time Tombs has ever had another man
s legs wrapped around his head? Probably.

Skidd Row slowly gets to his feet, and soon after Tombs gets to his feet as well. Skidd Row charges Tombs, but Tombs bends over and lifts Skidd Row up over the top rope.

Wolf: Tombs saw that one coming.

Ace: But what he doesn't

see is that Skidd Row landed on the ring apron! Here he comes!

As Tombs starts to stagger toward the center of the ring, Skidd Row grabs him from behind and slams him to the mat. Skidd Row then leaps up on the top rope and jumps off with a leg drop.

Wolf: Top rope leg drop from Skidd Row!

Ace: This guy is as agile as a cat, and probably has just as many lives.

Skidd Row then crawls over Tombs for the pin.

Wolf: Pin by Skidd Row

this could be it! This could be it! 1. . . 2. . . no! Kick out!

Ace: Tombs just barely got out of that one Wolf. It

s looking like all those beatings he has taken in the past have caught up with him.

Wolf:

That

s a good point, Ace. You

ve got to think that Tombs still has Cort Vang in the back of his head somewhere. What

s to keep him from interfering in yet another Tombs

match?

Ace: Absolutely nothing!

Skidd Row gets up and then brings Tombs to his feet. Skidd Row tries to Irish Whip Tombs into the corner

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

but Tombs holds his ground. Tombs then grabs Skidd and tosses him into the corner, the result of which sends Skidd through the top and middle rope and right into the steel ring post. The crowd pops.

Wolf: Skidd Row just collided with the ring post! That
It hurt your shoulder, won't it?

Ace: Sure. Sure it will.

Tombs raises his arms and the crowd pops as Skidd Row crawls out from the ropes grabbing his arm. He makes his way into the center of the ring and Tombs promptly clotheslines him to the mat.

Wolf: Huge clothesline by Tombs, he flattened Skidd Row with that one.

Ace: What he should do now, is work the arm!

Tombs stomps Skidd Row's arm before bringing him to his feet. Tombs then hooks Skidd Row's head under his arm, tossing Skidd Row's arm over his head. Tombs then grabs Skidd Row's trunks and lifts him over his head, falling backward, slamming him to the mat.

Wolf: Textbook suplex by Tombs!

Tombs keeps his hold on Skidd and brings him up to his feet. Tombs then lifts him again and slams him back to the mat.

Wolf: Another suplex by Tombs!

Ace: Just linking those moves together, Wolf!

Tombs then crawls over Skidd Row and goes for the pin. The ref slides to the mat for the count.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin by Tombs! 1. . . 2. . . kick out!

Ace: Woah that one was close.

Wolf:

Awfully close, Ace.

Skidd

Row, in an effort to get away from Tombs quickly rolls out of the ring. When he lands on the outside he leans back grabbing his back and breathing heavy. Tombs follows in pursuit, climbing out of the ring, but as he reaches

Skidd, Skidd reaches up and punches him promptly in his face. Skidd then grabs Tombs and slams him face first into the commentators table.

Wolf: Tombs just went face first into the table!

Ace: Skidd Row letting Tombs get up close and personal! I love it! You can smell the sweat on these guys!

Wolf: You like the smell of man sweat?

Ace: Uh

what?! No

absolutely not. . . .

Skidd Row then grabs Tombs but Tombs raises an elbow and elbows Skidd promptly in the gut. Tombs then tries to Irish whip Skidd into the steel steps, but Skidd Row reverses it, tossing Tombs into the steps instead. The crowd pops at the sound of Tombs barreling into the steps.

Wolf: And there goes Tombs! He just went right into the steel ring steps!

Ace: Skidd Row has got to cease this opportunity and get Tombs back in the ring. You can't pin a man outside of it!

Skidd Row picks up Tombs and tosses him into the ring. Skidd Row then climbs the turnbuckle and perches

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection VIII

on the top, waiting for

Tombs to get to his feet. When he does, Skidd Row jumps off for the body splash but Tombs catches him.

Tombs then throws him

back, slamming him to the mat.

Wolf: Skidd Row went for the body splash there but Tombs caught him and took him to the mat with a fallaway slam.

Ace: Did I mention this guy was strong? Skidd Row may not weigh as much as some of the other guys, but he certainly isn't

as light as a feather!

The crowd pops as the referee looks around and sees both men on the mat. He starts to make the count. 1. .

. 2. . . 3. . . 4. . . Tombs slowly gets to his feet, breathing heavy as Skidd Row crawls to the ropes trying to

pull himself up. Tombs aids him by grabbing a tuft of hair and pu ! _ m

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