

# Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

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## Lethal Injection IX

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Lethal Injection IX

15 Aug 2012

Charleston Civic Center,

Charleston, West Virginia (seats 13,500)

One

Million Fists

The camera feed opens in a courtyard outside the Charleston Civic Center in Charleston, WV. Rows of folding chairs are set up and occupied by an assortment of rubesque women with unhappy scowls, all looking straight ahead at a small stage with a podium. Standing behind the podium is the largest of them all, bleached blonde hair spilling down to her shoulders, a crucifix hanging below her third chin. A name tag affixed to her chest reads simply,

Peg: Ladies, you know why we

re all here. We

re here to shake a defiant fist in the face of immorality. We

re here to rock the foundation of the evils that plague our society, and attempt to foul the minds of our children. We

re here to tell Death Row Wrestling that if they think they can waltz into town and promote violence, misogyny, and homosexual behavior

That they will incur the wrath of One Million Moms! Assorted cheers from the crowd. The underarm fat of Peg's constituents jiggles with glee. Peg: I

ve had the misfortune of screening the events these

these savages have been putting on, and ladies, I can tell you with no doubt they are the sickest, dirtiest, most Un-Christian organization on the face of this earth. Everything run by a felon, wrestlers showing up drunk, and yes

even murder. Hands cover jowls in the crowd, but shocked gasps still escape. Peg: That

s right. We have a special guest this evening. She happens to be the mother of the deceased party, and I'd like to welcome her to the podium now. Ladies, put your hands together for Momma Hydreck. From off screen ambles Momma Hydreck, mother of Josh. She

s a rather lean woman with long, ratty black hair, her face gaunt. She walks up the steps to the stage in her Sunday best, torn thrift store blue jeans and a a Ted Nugent t-shirt that showcases her track mark laden arms. She

s three sheets to the wind already and stumbles as she reaches the podium. MH: They

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

they killed my baby! I taught that boy everything, how to build a meth lab, how to hide things up your bottom, even how to get camera crews kicked out of nightclubs! Now he's gone!

Granted, I hadn

t seen him since he was three months old and I sold him to that old gypsy couple for two King Cobra tall boys and a sack of

weed, but that doesn

t mean we didn

t have a bond! Peg tries to overtake the podium as the once grief stricken faces of the One Million Moms take on looks of horror, but Momma Hydreck brushes her off. MH: I remember the day he was born. I was on the floor of an abandoned house in Milwaukee where me and my fifth husband Lem were living at the time. I'm sitting there coming off a high, minding my own business, and that's when the contractions start. There was very little pain, since Josh was my tenth child and the works were pretty well stretched out, so out he plops like a Christmas ham through a king sized sheet, right onto the floor. Thud.

Course, he wasn

t as big as a Christmas ham, but he was a healthy two, three pounds.

Anyway, Lem picks little Josh up and we notice he

s been impaled by one of the used needles on the floor

Peg:

Okay, Missus

Hydreck, thanks for shar- MH:

And Lem says,

Well, if you didn

t pass your AIDS on to the baby, he

s sure as shit got it now

Peg: THANK YOU MISSUS HYDRECK! Momma Hydreck steps aside, confused, unaware of her own un-lady like behavior. She yells something that gets picked up by the mic. MH: Do I get that bottle of Jager now or what? Peg:

You go on now, Missus

Hydreck! The poor dear, she

s obviously distraught.

A couple of women in the front row stand, and escort Momma Hydreck off the stage and out of camera shot.

Peg: Let

s move on. Our plan for tonight is this. Half of us will stay outside in the courtyard, where I

ve been told many news broadcasters will attend. The other half of us will trudge directly into the eye of the storm, and bring out message into the building. That

s right, ladies. It

ll take a steel resolve and a strong stomach, but as long as we keep our trust in the lord, and the group, we will persevere! Cheers from the crowd as some of the ladies stand. Peg: Now

**S GET THESE HEATHANS!**

With that, Peg leads a line of half the Moms straight towards the entrance of the Civic Center, as we fade to the Lethal Injection IX introduction.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

### Introduction

Summer drags on, and so does The Row. Your kids bothering you with school supplies yet? The old wife tear your hair out yet? What? No hair? No wife? No kids? That's probably good, trash like you probably shouldn't breed anyway. All the better for the rest of man. It is Wednesday, and so it is Row Day, for an ever dwindling number of people. The boob tube no longer serves as the medium through which The Row sends its message

and so the money has gone with it. Word of murder and death whisper through the halls of The Row. Men walk down halls and behind their backs word of sinking ships come to the lips of the unbelievers.

Rats abandon ship.

As The Row develops its edge, it seeks the last bastion of apparent freedom laced with little censorship: the internet. Sure our fans may be shut-ins with secret obscene obsessions and web histories that would make anyone blush, but that ain't far from the likes of Lee Best, now is it? And besides, they are at least faithful. The Death Row Faithful. . . In a world of pretty people and prima madonnas, an ugly dog is a welcome companion. For does he not show his compassion? Does he not show his loyalty?

There also exists however, the growing resistance, not just from the wrestling world but from the organized horse and pony show known as society. Yes. Middle America has taken notice of the Row, and has pulled together, fueled by some bullshit self-righteous need to ruin it for everyone else in the name of some higher power they have never met nor seen nor ever heard from personally.

If you

are watching The Row you

are either one or the other. Either way. . .

YOU

ARE FUCKED.

One. . . .

Two. . . .

Three. . . .

WELCOME TO THE ROW!

The stream opens up with an outside shot of the auditorium, a mass of people out on the sidewalk. They hold signs over their heads, many chanting and walking a route around the auditorium. They shout at anyone who enters the arena, calling them

SINNERS,

and telling them they are going to

GO TO HELL

and other such rot.

We then cut to inside the auditorium and the first striking thing about the auditorium is that it is less than half full. Many in the stands have signs themselves, many of them signs of protest:

GOD HATES FAGS. . . . AND THE ROW.

POWERBOMBS PROMOTE HOMOSEXUALITY

And

GIVE UP SIN; ACKNOWLEDGE THE LAMB

There is a vibe here that is very different; the auditorium itself seems volatile. The fans seem to be running on hate, as if the auditorium were too hot, or they all found out they just got gyped and instead of a Death

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Row show they're going to be revisiting some of HOW's past shows. It's almost reminiscent of a mob scene, but it's somehow more tame and controlled.

We then cut to a two shot of Waylon Wolf Senior and Tommy Ace, sitting at the commentators table, looking agitated. The fans behind them are mix of Death Row faithful and protestors. Some shout at one another, though mostly the protestors shout at Ace and Wolf.

Wolf: No there isn't an abortion clinic nearby, these people are actually here protesting the Row!

Ace: You see all those protestors out there? I

m so proud Wolf, really I am. Never in my life have I been involved with something so outlandish and offensive it has had protestors.

Wolf: Out there? There are apparently a lot of them in here too.

Ace: These assholes bought a ticket just to protest? Doesn't that sound counterproductive?

Wolf: Regardless of the facts, it seems Death Row Wrestling has offended the One Million Moms group and apparently many others. If you're unfamiliar with their work they are a bunch of cows and housewives that viciously attack anything they deem un-Christian. Now I don't see what

s very Christian about that, but they certainly are adamant, eh Ace?

A fan behind them can be heard shouting  
RE GOING TO BURN IN HELL.

Ace: You've got that right Wolf. If it was Tim Ross's mission to piss off everyone in America, he's succeeding in that endeavor.

Wolf: I apologize to those of you who actually came here to see a show, but we felt it necessary that we acknowledge these twits. But without further ado, welcome to Lethal Injection Nine! We've got a lot to talk about Ace. . . First of all, last Lethal Injection we crowned a new champion, in FJ Tombs.

Ace: That's right Wolf. Skidd Row came in to defend his title for the first time but Tombs came prepared and managed to pull out the win. You know I heard he had quite the welcoming party when he got home.

Wolf: There's no doubt about that with lots of beers around for everybody!

Ace: You betcha.

Wolf: Tombs will be in action tonight, with a preview of what's to come at

CB4. He will be taking on the number one contender, The Trailer Park Prodigy, Chance Von Crank in a non-title match.

Ace: Well cVc has been chomping at the bit for a shot at the title ever since Skidd Row managed to squeak out a win in the four way match for the title a month ago. When Tim Ross gave Tombs a shot at the title at the following Lethal Injection he was furious.

Wolf: And now he

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

s got to face Tombs. Tim Ross succeeded in throwing Chance a curve. This certainly wasn't in his plans!

Ace: That

s for sure

ready or not he

s got a match against Tombs tonight.

Wolf: Also in action we

ve got Skidd Row taking on Seth Stratton in his first match since losing the title.

Ace: This is a going to be a tough one for Skidd Row. Seth Stratton may be an ex-tennis star but he s quickly becoming a wrestling star. He has yet to be beaten, and his opponents haven't been just anybody either. He

s defeated Bobby Dean and Tarrasque.

Wolf: What about Tye Plaisance?

Ace: Who?

Wolf: Well anyway, we

ve also got debut action from

The Disposal, Major

Kendu,

Johnny Cox, Cash Money in tag team

action, and Tim Ross will be in appearance as well. Well we

ve got a busy action packed show, so lets get with it, shall we?

Ace: Seriously though

s Tye Plaisance?

Wolf: Never mind Ace.

Ace: He must be a nobody if I don't

know who he is.

Wolf: Let it go. . . Now I

d like to take this time to for a product update. Death Row Wrestling is brought to you by Tobacco Flavored Gum

all the taste of chewing tobacco without all the spitting.

Ace: You ever seen someone blow a bubble with that stuff, Wolf? Looks like their blowing a bubble of crude oil.

Wolf: Product placements aside, we

ve got a great night for you tonight folks, starting off with the debut of two new wrestlers, Major Kendu and The Disposal.

Ace: Well Major Kendu has come into this place determined to rise to the top. He

s already called a few fellas out, but tonight he goes up against The Disposal, a former eating champ.

Wolf: Be careful out there Kendu!

Ace:

Yeah, DISPOSALS GONNA EAT

YOU!

Let Them EAT (The Disposal)

We cut to a bathroom door in the back of the auditorium. Sounds are coming from the bathroom, mostly

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

grunts and the sound of copious amounts of human shit splattering all over the bowl. The camera man pushes open the door, and enters the bathroom.

The tiles are cracked and were once white, though now are stained by dirt and grime and human piss. The stale smell of urine is in the air, and the even stronger smell of fecal matter wafts through the air, and we can hear the cameraman actually gag.

The cameraman makes his way to one of the stalls, where a pair of stocky legs can be seen under the stall, a pair of tights rolled down by his ankles.

Wolf: Well folks, we

re getting a real behind the scenes look with this one, into the inner workings of The Row.

Ace: Is it really necessary for us to hear all that racket?!

Cameraman: Uh

Umm excuse me?

We can hear a grunt come through the stall, followed by the sound of splashing water.

The Disposal: Ughhh. Uggggh... Just need me a poo ticket

uhhh. Ughh

there we go.

We hear the toilet flush, then after a few seconds the bowl fills again and we hear yet another flush. Then the legs bend upward, the tights go up and the door flings open. Revealing the one and only The Disposal.

Wolf: There he is The Row

s newest wrestler and former eating champ!

Ace: This guy is disgusting. I don

t know if I can take much more of this.

The Disposal wipes his mustache and squeezes through the stall door, his fat sides rubbing up against the sides of the stalls.

The Disposal: Ughh

You all want some advice? Never eat chilli before a match!

The Disposal lets out a fart and waves at the air, almost proud of himself.

The Disposal:

You know, I just may like this wrestling thing. I

m already getting fan

mail, and that

s more than I got after I won that wing eating competition

and I put my life on the line that time.

The Disposal lets out a burp.

Wolf: Gross!

Ace: No class Wolf!

The Disposal: I

ve known fame before. I

ve been a champion before. And guess what? It was easy. It was no problem, like downing a dozen oysters.

No big deal, and after you feel kinda warm and funny inside. Major Kendu. . . tonight, you have the privilege of being the first to face The Disposal. . . You

re a tiny man. A very small man. I take shits bigger than you Kendu.

The Disposal (continued): I

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

m coming for you kid. And when I  
m done I

m going to Sizzler for their all you can eat buffet to celebrate. . . Because you're a joke of a doctor, a joke of a wrestler, and even worse, a joke of a murder. Come bury me if you can Oscar, but before you do spay some febreze on your person--you fucking stink man!

The Disposal suddenly opens his eyes wide.

The Disposal: YEAH! Never eat chili before a match!

The Disposal turns and slams the door behind him, as the scene fades. . .

Major Kendu vs. The Disposal

We

cut back to the commentators table, where Waylon and Ace sit looking queasy. Ace is turned, his hand up to his mouth as if he has just held back some vomit. Ace swallows hard and then smiles meekly at the camera.

Wolf:

That was pretty disgusting, I must say, Ace.

Ace: Congratulations Disposal, you're now responsible for the most disgusting promo in Death Row Wrestling history.

Wolf: His opponent tonight is none other than Major Kendu, who appeared at Lethal Injection Eight and issued an open challenge to anyone in The Row.

Ace: Well no one has followed up on that challenge as it seems Ross has beat them all to it. Tonight he takes on The Disposal!

Needles by System of A Down starts to play and the crowd immediately erupts into a chorus of boos. Cheers can be heard sparsely through the crowd, but for the most part the boos drown out the cheers.

Wolf: Well with these assholes around I

m sure this crowd is gonna boo no matter who comes out.

Ace:

Cept for maybe Jesus.

Wolf: Jesus, you think we could get Jesus?

Ace: He

s already here, check that freak in the first row!

The camera cuts to a protester in the first row, dressed just like Jesus, complete with the crown of thorns and beard. He seems particularly pissed at the Row and noticing he's got some camera time he jabbars at the camera.

Wolf: Wow. Just wow.

Ace: As far as Jesus imposters go I'd give him a six. I

ve seen better. He just doesn't

have that air of omnipotence I look for in Jesus.

Needles continues to play, as Major Kendu emerges from behind the curtain holding a bag over his shoulder.

Wolf: You think he's got toys in there?

Ace: Nope, according to Kendu it

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

s his bag of tricks. Maybe he  
s gonna make The Disposal disappear in that thing or something.

Wolf: Or pull out a rabbit?

Kendu stands at the entrance and then walks down the ramp with an expectant look on his face. He then turns around and looks behind. He raises his arms and slows his walk to the ring. He looks around. He then shrugs his shoulders and makes his way to the ring.

Wolf: The Row must really be hurting, Ace! Kendu was expecting his pyrotechnics there but nothing went off!

Ace: Maybe. . . we are in a recession after all. . . but I doubt that. The rumors that The Row is low on cash are total bullshit. . . The pyrotechnics just didn

t go off. . . By the way, in a completely unrelated matter, did you get your check this week Wolf?

Wolf:

Not yet, Ace

Not yet.

Kendu reaches the

ring, ignoring the protesters and fans around the ring. Instead he stares at the referee and places his bag in the corner of the ring. He then climbs into the ring through the top and middle rope, looking at the ref with a menacing look before turning and heading toward a neutral corner.

Wolf: Look out there Mickey! Kendu doesn

t like you. . . Kendu staring down rookie referee Mickey O

Conner!

Ace: The poor kid. All he wanted to be was a wrestler! And now with all these protesters  
m sure he wishes he was the last person in the ring right now.

Wolf:

That

s correct, Ace. . . fans if you don

t know Mickey O

Conner is one of the few wrestling personalities that is openly gay. And now these

bastards! He doesn

t deserve this!

Ace:

I think their hatred runs deeper than Mickey O

Conner, Wolf. I think they hate wrestling in

general, and

The Row is an easy target.

I

m Fat by Weird Al Yankovic begins to play through the arena, Weird Al fans cheering in contention with the  
ever present boo of the protesters. Their boo is almost like the din of

crickets: after awhile you hear them without really hearing them, their sound only background noise adding to  
the ambience of a room, or creek, or wherever you may be upon hearing them.

Wolf: What a choice of music. You a Weird Al fan, Ace?

Ace: That fuck with the Carrot Top hair and Sandusky mustache? Fuck no.

Wolf: Sandusky never had a mustache.

Ace: Well he should

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

ve, those guys always have mustaches. It  
s part of the pedo uniform.

Over the music the sound of one of The Disposal  
s more intimidating belches has been overlapped, and as the belch rings out through the arena, The  
Disposal appears from behind the curtain wearing a wrestling singlet with a decal of a drain on the front, over  
which the text reads THE DISPOSAL. In each hand he holds a hotdog complete with mustard and relish, and  
he turns to one hotdog and eats it in two bites. He then turns to the other hotdog and finishes it in much the  
same fashion.

Wolf: My God! Disposal just ate those two hotdogs in  
four seconds? Five seconds?

Ace: Maybe a little longer than that Wolf, but that  
s why they call him The Disposal! You may not like him, you may think he  
s disgusting, but you  
ve got to admit  
here is a man who lives up to his name!

Wolf: That  
s right, no false advertising with this one, folks.

The Disposal reaches the ring and is about to reach up for the ropes to climb up when he tilts his head up  
and sniffs the air just like a dog. He turns his head and heads towards a boy in the front row holding a bag of  
popcorn. The kid offers it to The Disposal and he quickly snatches it up. He begins to eat it as he makes his  
way into the ring.

Wolf: The Disposal even eating as he gets into the ring now.

Ace: He  
s always eating Wolf. They should get this guy and Tarrasque and put em in an eating contest! Beast vs.  
Disposal!

The camera cuts to our friendly Death Row ring announcer, dressed like a douche in a suit. His hair is  
slicked over and he

s looking over at The Disposal with a frightened look in his eyes. He clears his throat and begins, the  
protesters putting in the effort to boo over each ring announcement in an effort to ruin them.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is

Fan (shouting): Sinner!

Announcer:

for one fall, and has a thirty minute time limit. . .

Fan 2 (shouting): Judas! You

re gonna burn! You

re gonna burn!

Announcer: Introducing first, from

Galien, Michigan. . . .

Fan

3 (shouting): Baby killer!

Announcer:

Weighing in at two hundred and thirty-four pounds. . . he is, Majorrrr

Kennduuuu!

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

A chorus of boos reigns out as Major Kendu raises his arms in the air. He turns a full three-sixty, and looking out he can see the empty seats and the protesters, with the Death Row faithful few and far between.

Wolf: The fans getting particularly rowdy here at the start of the match. They seem adamant on

We cut to a two shot of Wolf and Ace and we can see a fan in the first row swatting Wolf with his JESUS SAVES sign. Wolf turns and starts yelling at the man with the microphone raised up over his head so it won't pick up what he

s saying. He

s still yelling as he sits down and lowers the headset microphone piece.

Wolf: Yah god-damn-son-of-a. . . As I was saying, fans particularly rowdy here tonight.

Ace: Jesus Christ these One Million Moms people are worst than Native New Yorkers! Madison Square Garden was a picnic compared to this!

The announcer looks around wearily, and as The Disposal lets out a belch the announcer turns and pinches his nose. He then moves to a neutral corner before continuing with the next announcement.

Announcer: And his opponent. . . from Tempe Arizona, weighing in at three hundred and eighty-five pounds, he is The King of The All You Can Eat Buffet and 10 Time Bean And Cheese Burrito Eating Champion. . . . The Disssspooooosssaaallllll!

The Disposal lets out a massive belch and raises his arms over his head, and for the first time you notice he s still got remnants of hotdog sticking to his mustache. The crowd lets out yet another chorus of boos, with people shouting FAT and PORKY, etc.

Wolf: Well this match is about under way, but the question is, who do you like in this one Ace?

Ace: I just don

t see Kendu lifting The Disposal. As I stated before, look out

Kendu, DISPOSAL

S GONNA EAT

YOU!

The bell rings and the match officially starts.

Wolf: There

s the bell and were off ladies and gentlemen

s show these protesting bastards a thing or too!

Ace:

HELL yeah.

The ref, Mickey O

Conner signals for both wrestlers to have at it with a gesture that consists of stretching his arms outward and then bringing them together with a slap of the hands. Both men then circle around one another, the protesters still enraged enough to keep up with the booing.

Wolf: Both men feeling one another out here, neither one wanting to start off too quick. Both men now engaging in their first match here in The Row.

Ace: Yep, if there weren

t about 2 thousand people here booing their heads off and asking for blood, I

d say there

d be butterflies in the stomachs of both these guys. In the case of The Disposal there s probably a whole lot more in that belly of his than just butterflies.

Kendu charges The Disposal with a shoulder block, but the shoulder block doesn

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

t knock The Disposal down, if anything it sends Kendu back a few steps. The Disposal lets out a laugh, and enraged by this Kendu reaches back and hits him across the chest with a chop.

Wolf: Well he couldn

t knock him down so now he

s trying to chop him down to the mat!

Kendu gives him another chop, and yet another and then Disposal looks down and sees a red substance staining his white singlet.

Wolf: What is this! Is The Disposal bleeding from those chops already?

Ace: Maybe, they sure sounded vicious enough.

The Disposal takes his finger and runs it through the red substance, and then brings it to his mouth for a taste.

Wolf: The Disposal is tasting his own blood! He

ll taste anything!

Ace: No Wolf! That

s not blood. . . that

s jelly! Kendu just destroyed The Disposal

s jelly donut!

The Disposal pulls out the jelly donut in question and looks at it first with surprise, as he had no idea he had a jelly donut in his wrestling singlet, and then with anger, anger at Kendu for destroying an innocent delicacy.

Wolf: You

re right Ace, and The Disposal is pissed!

Ace: Whatever you do, don

t get between this man and his food!

The Disposal grabs Kendu by the hair and then head butts him, knocking him straight to the mat. He then runs off the ropes and leaps up in the air (a whole two inches) and comes down with a body splash, but Kendu rolls out of the way and out of the ring.

Wolf: Thank God! Kendu almost got squished by The Disposal there!

Ace: Yeah, he

s going to have to figure out how to take this fat man off his feet. Perhaps he

s got something in that bag of tricks of his?

The Disposal gloats in the ring. Outside, a group of protesters that have managed to get close to the ring start yelling at Kendu but he quickly turns and grabs one of their signs and snaps the shitty plywood handle over his knee.

Wolf: Well that

s one way to piss them off.

Ace: Yeah nice job Kendu, what are you trying to do, start a riot?

Wolf: Shhh Ace, don

t give these swine any ideas!

Kendu slides into the ring and immediately charges The Disposals knee, and positioning around to behind The Disposal he reaches up and hits him with a low blow.

Wolf: Low blow by Kendu!

Micky O

Conner gets in Kendu

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

s face but Kendu gives him a glare and Mickey stops himself.

Wolf: Don

t let him boss you around, Mickey!

Kendu then gets up and hooks The Disposal

s head and DDTs him to the mat. The Disposal hits the mat with a loud thud, louder than your average sized wrestler. The crowd gives a mild pop in response to the bump.

Wolf: Super-sized DDT from Kendu, and The Disposal is down and on the mat.

Ace:

I think even some of these Million Mom cows liked that one, Wolf.

Kendu then drops to his knees and lifts The Disposal to the seated position, wrapping his arm around his head, his forearm across The Disposals throat. Kendu then wrenches back, his forearm cutting into The Disposals windpipe, making it difficult for him to breathe.

Wolf: Kendu applying the rear headlock here. It

s a wonder he can even get that arm wrapped around that fat neck of The Disposal.

Ace:

Yeah, Kendu may think he

s doing

something, but something tells me to the Disposal it feels much like tickling. You see the gobbler this guy has got?

Mickey O

Conner gets down to check on The Disposal. He asks him if he would like to quit. The Disposal shakes his head and a burp escapes from his stomach and worms its way out his mouth, the smell of which is enough to make Mickey take a few steps back and Kendu to break the hold in an effort to get away from it.

Wolf: Well

The Disposal breaks the hold

I guess, with a disgusting burp.

Ace: Imagine that stomach, churning all those flavors together into a bile ridden stew. . . The smell must be intoxicating, if not halucogenic!

Kendu staggers back from the stench then recovers and quickly descends upon The Disposal. He hooks his arm around The Disposal

s throat and then with his off hand begins punching him in the face.

Wolf: Kendu working away at The Disposal

s face here.

Ace:

Well, Kendu

s style is that of a

brawler, and The Disposal

s style is, well uh, fat

just fat.

Kendu punches the Disposal in the face once, twice, three times, before running off the ropes for momentum and then dropkicking The Disposal in the back of the head as he returns. He then scrambles over to The Disposal and climbs his massive belly for the pin.

Wolf: We

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

ve got a pin here from Kendu. . .

Ace: He had to climb up the fatty!

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . kickout! Disposal kicks out of it.

Kendu gets to his feet and checks with O

Conner for the count. He sees the referee extend two fingers and grunts. The Disposal too gets to his feet and Kendu reaches up and gouges his eye. The Disposal reaches up to sell the eye gouge, leaning toward the ropes.

Wolf: Eye gouge to the fat man!

Ace: Kendu just may strike his way through this match. The key is to keep the massive weight of The Disposal off of you.

Wolf: I wouldn

t want this guy landing on me, that  
s for sure.

Kendu taunts the crowd before grabbing The Disposals arm and Irish whipping him into the ropes. The Disposal reverses the Irish Whip sending Kendu into the ropes instead. Kendu returns and he leaps up as the Disposal bends downward, and the Disposal bends back up at the waist, catching Kendu on his shoulders.

Wolf: Kendu caught on the Disposal

s shoulders now! This is a precarious position to be indeed!

Ace: Remember what I was saying earlier? About keeping the massive weight of The Disposal off of you. . .  
that

ll come in handy here.

The Disposal lets out a grunt and falls backward, slamming

Kendu to the mat behind him, The Disposals upper body coming down on him.

Wolf: Samoan drop by The Disposal! Did you hear the mat with that one?!

Ace: Sounds like we

ve got a damn elephant in the ring!

The Disposal then gets up, slow and lumbering, already breathing heavily, and makes his way to the ropes. He bounces off of them for momentum then jumps into the air and comes down of Kendu with a body splash. The crowd pops.

Wolf: Three hundred and fifty plus pounds just came down on Kendu!

The Disposal refuses to move, if out of exhaustion more than anything else and Mickey O

Conner slides to the mat to go for the count.

Wolf: Conner is down for the count! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Somehow! Some way! Kendu kicked out of the splash!

Ace: I can

t believe it Wolf. I can

t believe what I am seeing. How is that physically possible?

Wolf: I don

t think it is! Kendu pulled a miracle out of his ass!

The Disposal rolls over on his back, breathing heavily. Kendu rolls out of the ring and falls outside of it, not getting up. The referee looks around and starts making the count. 1. . . 2. . . 3. . .

Wolf: Both men down after that body splash!

Ace:

Yeah, The Disposal may be an eating

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

champion, but this is a lot more tiring than eating an ungodly amount of food!

Wolf: He

s gobbling up air right now Ace!

Kendu gets to his feet outside, grabbing his chest and breathing in large gulps as if to see if his lungs still work. 4. . . 5. . . The Disposal gets to his feet and lumbers over to the ropes, and as he bends down to get through the ropes Kendu reaches up and pulls downward on The Disposal's head, bringing his throat up against the ropes. The Disposal falls backward and Kendu slides in after him.

Wolf: Kendu in the ring now after bringing The Disposal down on the ropes.

Ace: Kendu has been working The Disposal

s neck for so long the guy must be worried if he

ll ever be able to swallow food with the veracity he

s had in the past. This could be a damaging wound to The Disposal

s ego, much like a pulled groin or a shattered nut.

Wolf: Strange analogy there Ace, but I see what you

re saying. . .

Kendu measures a fallen Disposal, who

s now in the seated position and steps forward, kicking The Disposal in the spine. The Disposal sells the spine kick, his arms bent back behind him, his face twisted into one of pain.

Wolf: Spine kick by Kendu.

Ace: Spine kick? How can we be certain he made contact with all that fat back there protecting it?

Wolf: Back fat kick then, you happy?

Ace: Yeah, back fat kick!

Kendu then sits atop the chest of the fallen The Disposal, and begins raining down lefts and rights to the face of The Disposal, each blow causing ripples of fat through The Disposal's cheeks.

Wolf: Kendu wailing on the Disposal now with lefts and rights!

Ace: He looks like a kid sitting up there on that mass of human flesh!

Kendu then gets up and runs off the ropes for momentum, and as he returns he jumps up into the air and comes down elbow first on The Disposal

s forehead. He then scrambles over to The Disposal and goes for the pin. Mickey O

Conner hits the mat to make the count.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin here by Kendu

this could be it! 1. . . 2. . . no! Kick out by The Disposal!

Ace: Fatty still has some left in the tank!

Kendu gets up frustrated, checking the count with Mickey O

Conner. Mickey insists it was only a two count and with a grunt Kendu turns to The Disposal and brings him to his feet. He then hits him with a left, then a right, and then The Disposal shakes his head and headbutts Kendu to the mat.

Wolf: Massive head butt by The Disposal! And Kendu is down!

Ace: You know those head butts probably don

t even hurt The Disposal. His skulls got a lot of extra

padding.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

The Disposal lets out a massive burp in between heavy gulps of air and taunts the crowd. The protesters let out a massive boo that The Disposal ignores. He turns to Kendu and then raises his fat arms, bringing them together against Kendu

s ears. Kendu reaches up grabbing his ears, selling the blow.

Wolf: Fatty slap by The Disposal!

Ace: And Kendu

s ears are ringing! That sort of thing will knock you off your equilibrium, Wolf!

Wolf: I struggle with that all the time myself!

Ace: Of course you do, you

re old.

Kendu staggers back, still grabbing his head as The Disposal charges him and knocks him to the mat with a clothesline.

Wolf: Clothesline by The Disposal now! Kendu

s up again!

Kendu gets up and charges The Disposal and again The Disposal drops him to the mat with a clothesline.

The Disposal then jumps into the air and raises his leg, dropping across the throat of Kendu.

Wolf: Fatty leg drop!

Ace: That

s about one hundred and eighty pounds of leg coming down on you! Look at Kendu! He

s down!

Kendu rolls over onto his belly and crawls slowly to the ropes. The Disposal gets up slowly himself and leans up against the ropes in an effort to catch his breath. Kendu slowly gets up and The Disposal walks toward him. As he reaches him The Disposal tosses Kendu into the turnbuckle.

Wolf: Kendu in the corner now. And he

s gonna wanna get out of there if The Disposal is going to do what I think he

s about to do.

Ace: Imagine that fatty running at you full speed. He can

t run fast but all that fat jiggling and man titty flopping sure is mesmerizing. One kinda gets that deer in the headlights look.

The Disposal lets out a roar and charges Kendu but as he reaches him Kendu moves out of the way and The Disposal hits the turnbuckle face first. The Disposal turns out of it grabbing his face, and then tries to knock Kendu to the mat with a clothesline but Kendu ducks it, and The Disposal clotheslines Mickey O Conner instead.

Wolf: Irishman down! Irishman down! The Disposal tried to clothesline Kendu but Kendu ducked it and The Disposal took out the referee instead!

Ace: Well what now?

The Disposal checks on Mickey trying to shake him to wake him up but Mickey sells the clothesline. Kendu then charges the Disposal from behind and dropkicks his bulbous ass sending The Disposal face first into the turnbuckle.

Wolf: Dropkick to The Disposal!

Ace: Kendu had a huge target with that one! Hey what

s he doing now!

Kendu heads to the corner and grabs his bag of tricks. He looks around at the crowd and then opens it,

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

looking inside.

Wolf: His bag of tricks! His bag of tricks!

Ace: I guess we  
re finally gonna see what  
s in that thing.

Kendu drops his head inside the bag, and after a few seconds of searching he pulls out a tazer. He lifts it up in the air and turns it on to show the crowd the electricity sparking out of the end of it.

Wolf: He  
s got. . . he  
s got a tazer!

Ace: Well when you  
re fighting a cow, you  
ve got to treat em like a cow.

The Disposal gets up out of the corner and charges Kendu, who thrusts the tazer into The Disposals belly. The Disposal sells the tazer, perhaps too much, his body shaking and his eyes bulging as he falls to the mat. He convulses there on the mat for a bit before Kendu goes for the cover.

Wolf: Kendu with the cover after using that weapon!

Ace: But Mickey is still down!

Mickey O

Conner slowly stirs, and gets to his knees shaking his head. He then turns and sees the pin in the ring and immediately goes for the count.

Wolf: Mickey sees the pin! Here we go! 1. . . 2. . . 3!!! Kendu wins it!

Ace: Kendu wins it after the use of that tazer!

The bell rings as the protesters in the crowd let out a massive boo. By now they are even stronger in their conviction: any establishment that willing allows its employees to tase one another is no product of God indeed. The referee grabs Kendu  
s arm and raises it in the air.

Announcer: Here is your winner by pinfall. . . . Majjjooooorrr Kenduuu!

Kendu goes to his bag of tricks and raises it up in the air.

Wolf: And there it is, the sole reason he won this match.

Ace: Well what can you do? With a guy like The Disposal, how are you gonna lift him? You  
ve got to chop him down.

Wolf: And taze him?

Ace: If necessary. . . yes!

The Guest List

We cut to the outside the Charleston Civic Center, where The One Million Mom  
s are still gathered on the sidewalks, parading up and down the sidewalk with their signs of protest raised. The women seem to be stuck on a loop, not really paying much attention to anything other than their hate, but then a silver Dodge Challenger pulls up in camera view. The car squeals to a halt, the engine powers down and the driver door opens, and The One Million Mom  
s try to make their way to the car, but a few security members make their way to the car and hold them back. From out the car we see the bald head of Ian Michaels as he stands up and stretches his arms out. He sees the smaller of the two security guards, and tosses him the keys.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Ian Michaels: Park for me, and don't get a single smudge on the leather nor a single scratch on the body!  
Security: But I am no... Ian Michaels: Just do as you are told kid, and park the damn car. I have no time to stand here and debate with you over some command I gave you! NOW BE GONE BITCH! The security guy looks at his partner, who seems to have scooped up two of The One Million Moms up in his arms, and shrugs. Ian walks up to one of the side doors to the arena, where yet another member of the security crew guards the door, and removes his sunglasses and hangs them around his shirt collar. Ian Michaels: Name is Hate, and making people bleed is my game. So if you would not mind, move your hefty ass to the side and let me in! The doorman looks at his clipboard and shakes his head. Doorman: Sorry sir, but your name is not on this list. In case you didn't notice, there are a bunch of protesters around. . . Give me a minute to contact head of security and see about your status. Ian looks at the man with an annoying look coming across his brow. Doorman: Hey boss, there is a mister Ian Michaels who wants in, but his name is not on the list. You can see the man holding his ear piece to listen very closely to his boss. He nods his head and drops his hand. Doorman: Sorry for the delay sir, we had to get clearance from someone above my pay scale. Ian Michaels: Okay tubby, now step to the side and let me in. The doorman puts his arm out in front of Ian, stopping him from his progress of getting in. Doorman: Sadly sir, you are not allowed in the building tonight, per the order of the man running the show, a mister Ross? So I am going to ask you to go find your car and just head home before I have the local police escort you away in a cop car! Ian shakes his head, and throws up his arms in the air. He starts to back off, as he turns to notice his car is not behind him anymore. Ian Michaels: Any clue where that skinny kid headed to with my car? The doorman turns to his right and points and Ian nails him with a mafia kick to the face slamming the side of the doorman's head into the steel door. As the man falls, and the clip lands in the ground, Ian reaches down and grabs his ink pen and the clipboard. He starts to write and tosses both back on the big man's back. Ian Michaels: You need fucking glasses, my name is on the list. When you wake the fuck up, take another glance fat boy! Ian spits on the man and with his foot shoves him away from the door. He grabs the handle and looks around as he swings it open and enters inside. A group of One Million Moms ascend upon the door, but it closes before they can get to it. Wolf: Did you see that man? Ace: IM Hate is now in the building, even when Tim Ross has attempted to keep him out! Wolf: I have a feeling someone is leaving via police or ambulance tonight! Ace: Maybe it will be that worthless champion of ours, FJ Tombs! MARIGOLD! Our internet coverage of Lethal Injection IX returns to find the largest group of sexually depraved women in America, One Million Moms, circling around near the picket line with signs held high and sticks shoved perfectly in place up their assholes. The chant begins to pick up steam and is finally able to be heard loud and clear. DEATH ROW! HAS TO GO! DEATH ROW! HAS TO GO! This continues to go on to the point when you, the internet viewer, become pissed at the length of coverage and decide that getting shitfaced will be the only way to tolerate this much longer. That is, before a short, stocky fellow strolls into view. The real intriguing part is he joins the mob of women and seems to be celebrating his newfound posse of puss. Wearing a white, green, and red lucha mask, he dons a tight white Yo Soy Mariguano

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

t-shirt, freshly crafted with colored markers, and a pair of blue jeans with brown, worn cowboy boots, we can only guess that this is Death Row's latest addition. Mother from Utah: Hey! This guy's not doing the chant right! Mariguano: Es esta la fiesta de bienvenida DRW? Mother from Utah: Now he's swearing at me in the gardener's language! Mother from Connecticut: He supports the sinners! Mothers from Utah & Connecticut: Cut off his dick! Mariguano: No, not se tano! Mariguano's eyes pop from his head in fear. He scrambles left. He scrambles right. He resorts to his training from Patches O'Houlihan and dodges, dips, dives, ducks, and dodges around the swinging signs and arms trying to turn him into minced meat. The only opening he sees is at the front of the line. Mariguano: I pray to de sweet baby Jesus. He acts like any other man in this situation, and cleans the clock of a nearby Christian nazi and performs a roundhouse kick that takes out Girl Scout Troop #46, all wearing anti-DRW pins on their sashes. He spots the large fat girl with lesbian features down on all fours and plants his foot square in the middle of her back, using her as a launching pad over the swarm of bitches below. El Misterioso takes flight with arms out wide and legs together in perfect form. As he near the front, he tucks his head and rolls to a single knee just before the steel barrier. Mother from Russia: Get ze little Mexican! Don't let him get in- A fist finishes her sentence for her as Mariguano pops up and looks at the soon-to-be riot behind him. The Russian Mother cups her hand below her mouth and out pop two little teeth. He grimaces at the baby sized teeth and remembers what he was about to do next. He mounts the barrier, facing the crowd, and performs a jerking off motion. Mariguano: Viva el DRW! The luchador performs a perfect dismount with a backflip that scores 10.0's from all the judges. As if this is scripted, which wrestling most definitely is not, Mariguana lands facing the angry mob of lesbians and midol-needing women. From his pocket, he pulls out a metal tube, which produces a long, brown cigar. He lights it. The smoke, the flavor, and the affect is not that of tobacco though. It is of Mother Nature's finest herb from the heartlands of Heaven. A cough from nearby draws his attention to the woman standing next to him that also happens to be the lead interviewer, Charlene. Mariguano: Perdón, mamacita. He strolls off to find his seat with the stolen ticket from that Russian Mother as the scene cuts back to the action.

Cash Money vs. Tha Krew

Wolf: Well up next we

ve got tag team action for you folks. These guys made an appearance at Lethal Injection Eight and took care of The H-Town Hustlas.

Ace: Cashhhhhh Money.

Wolf:

That

s right Ace, Cash

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Money, who as of late have taken to naming themselves the tag team champions, and have even had their own belts fashioned.

Ace: I think they  
re nice

the belts I mean. Hey if you wanna be a champion, why not just make up a belt?!

Wolf: These guys are certainly arrogant, but tonight they take on Tim Ross  
s enforcers: Tha Krew.

It Gets Me Through by Ozzy Osbourne begins to play, the protesters immediately rising to boo. Jesus in the first row can be seen booing and pointing his thumbs downward: Jesus does not approve. The protesters signs flail through the crowd, and far back sitting by himself, surrounded by a bunch of empty rows a Death Row fan raises up a sign that reads

HI MOM.

Wolf: That guy loves his mother.

Ace: What an idiot. You  
d think some of these guys would be a little more creative. And what is he sitting up there all by himself for,  
why doesn  
t he come closer?

Wolf: He  
s sitting in the seat he bought. . .

Ace: Aww come on don  
t tell me you don  
t move up if you  
re at a ball game and everyone has already gone home or its far enough in you know no one is gonna sit in  
em. . .

Wolf:

Nope, I don  
t.

The lights dim and Ozzy starts  
singing, the boos continuing to rain out. Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz come out from behind the curtain,  
both dressed in fine suits. Each member of Cash Money holds a belt, one they fashioned themselves, as they  
believe themselves to be the best tag team in the federation.

Ace: Look at those suits Wolf. These guys are rolling on the dough.

Wolf: Well. . . we sure could use some. . . Cash Money showing off their new belts, not that they mean  
anything to anyone other than themselves, but yes  
there they are folks. The Arrogant Ass belts!

Ace: I kinda like the way they think. I think I  
m gonna make a commentators belt and appear next Lethal Injection as the Commentating Champion of  
The Row.

Wolf: What makes you think the title wouldn  
t be mine?

Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz strip out of their suits and make their way down the ramp. When they reach  
the ring they hand off their suits and then climb up into the ring, Shane  
first, followed by Jason Cruz.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: As we stated before, these guys had an impressive debut win against The H-Town Hustlas last week, but they

ve got a much taller order in Tha Krew.

Ace: Tha Krew have been hired to inflict pain. Inflicting pain is their business, and tonight they mean business

expect Tha Krew to come out hot tonight. I don

t know if Cash Money is going to be able to come out of this one with a win.

Wolf: Well they sure are gonna try.

As Shane and Jason get in the ring they raise their belts in the air to a mild pop from the Death Row Faithful and a chorus of boos from the protesters. Jesus in the front row appears particularly agitated.

Wolf: Tha Krew is set to appear next Ace.

Ace: The baddest mother fuckers in the Row. . .

2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted, by Tupac (featuring Snoop Dogg) starts up and the boos continue to rain out. The One Million Moms can be seen holding their heads, trying to cover their ears in an effort to block out all this

horrible rap music.

The mustaches on their upper lips quiver as they let out BOO after BOO after BOO.

Wolf: The protesters showing their distaste for this particular genre of the music, more than Tha Krew I think.

Ace:

Well Tha Krew hasn

t come out yet, Wolf. So how could they

Leon Williams and Wes Payton emerge from behind the curtain, Leon Williams playing with his afro and Wes Payton looking hard, as if chiseled out of stone. Wes Payton quickly removes his sunglasses and we see a pair of cold, staring eyes, staring straight down at the ring.

Wolf: What a look from Wes Payton!

Ace: No wonder he wears sunglasses all the time! If looks could kill Cash Money would be dead right now! The cameraman draws close to Wes but Wes bats him out of the way and makes his way down the ramp, Leon following behind still futzing with his beloved afro. They ignore the protesters on each side of the ramp, leaning over the barricade to better spew their hate, and as Tha Krew reaches the ring Wes Payton jumps up on the apron and climbs in through the ropes. Leon Williams climbs up the steps and climbs through the top and middle rope after Wes.

Wolf: Tha Krew a formidable opponent tonight

do I have to say

every time? Is

Sufficient?

Ace: And I suppose next you

re gonna say Krew is spelled with a

eh Wolf?

Wolf: Well. . . it is. . .

Ace: There you go already!

Wes Payton looks across at Shane Jackson, not moving as Leon Williams hops about behind him, trash talking over Wes

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

shoulder at both Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz.

Wolf: Wes Payton not much of the talker

Ace: That

s what Leon Williams is for!

The boos continue from the protesters as the announcer climbs into the ring. The announcer pulls on the cuff of his jacket while looking at Shane, as if to thank him for buying him a new suit.

Wolf: These guys got money to burn. They even bought that idiot announcer a new suit!

Ace: I want a new suit!

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen. . .

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

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

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Announcer: Introducing first, from Ft. Wayne, Indiana, weighing in at a combined weight of five hundred and thirty pounds, they are Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz. . . Casssshhhh Monneeeey!!!

Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz raise their belts over their heads, as a

JESUS SAVES chant starts up.

JESUS SAVES, JESUS

SAVES, JESUS SAVES

Wolf: Cash Money not stirring the protesters here tonight. They

re still going on, Ace!

Ace: These people aren

t going to cheer for anything. That much is obvious. It

s best not just to care anymore. Fuck em.

Announcer:

And their opponents. . . from New York, New

York, weighing in at a combined weight of four hundred and ninety eight pounds, they are Wes Payton and Leon Williams. . . . Thhhaaaa Kreeeeewww!

Wes Payton remains stone still, as Leon Williams hops about the ring, stopping as he reaches a corner and jumping up to run an afro pick through his hair. Wes Payton then directs Leon Williams out of the ring and he obeys, climbing out onto the edge of the apron and walking toward their neutral corner. Jason Cruz climbs out of the ring and does the same, as the bell rings.

Wolf: Well we

re off ladies and gentlemen! The first and only tag match of the night!

Ace:

All these men in the ring are going to put on a show, I can guarantee you that Wolf.

Shane Jackson circles around Wes

Payton, and Wes Payton stands still in the ring, turning only to keep Shane Jackson from getting behind him. The protesters continue to boo in the crowd, their signs bobbing up and down as they start up a chant.

Wolf: Both men feeling one another out here. Wes moving slow and calculated.

Ace: Just eyeing his prey, Wolf, just eyeing his prey.

Shane Jackson and Wes Payton lock up in the center of the ring both men struggling to gain the upper hand. Wes Payton moves back to the ropes and raises his arms up in the air and Shane Jackson slowly backs away. Shane then turns and makes his way to the other side of the ring before letting out a

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

CASH MONEY!

The protesters boo.

Wolf: Shane Jackson saying Cash Money there and apparently the protesters didn't like it much

Ace: Can we get some action already?

Wes Payton stands still, breathing visibly as Shane Jackson turns around. Both men then lock up in the center of the ring, and Wes Payton quickly gains the upper hand, grabbing Shane Jackson by the arm and twisting it.

Wolf: Wrist lock here by Wes Payton, he's got the upper hand.

Ace: Wes Payton is deceptive. He can wrestle, he can bust your teeth in, he can do it all. You

ve got to watch his feet and his hands, I think this guy knows some karate.

Wolf: Just one of his many talents, including looking just like Wesley Snipes in Blade.

Wes Payton then lifts Shane's arm up over his head and turning wrenches Shane's arm again, keeping the hold on his wrist. Shane sells the wrist lock then grabs Wes Payton by the arm and turns, wrenching his arm.

Wolf: Shane with the upper hand here

Ace: Nope! Look at Wes!

Wes Payton rolls out of it, ending up on his back, then kips himself upward to his feet and then wrenches Shane

s arm and then bends at the knee and kicks Shane in the back of the head with a heel kick. Shane tumbles to the mat and Wes Payton hops up and down after the kick, adjusting the tape on his wrists.

Wolf: Impressive kick by Wes Payton there!

Ace: I told you he knows karate!

Wolf:

Whether a product of karate or not, Seth Jackson just took a wallop behind the ear!

Wes Payton taunts the protesters as Shane slowly gets to his feet. Wes Payton helps him the rest of the way with a hair pull and Wes reaches back and hits Shane in the face with a right. The blow knocks him back against the ropes and Wes grabs him, pushing Shane up against the ropes before Irish whipping him to the opposite side of the ring.

Wolf: Irish whip by Wes Payton. There goes Shane.

Shane returns off the ropes and Wes Payton goes for a clothesline, but Shane ducks it.

Wolf: Clothesline

no! Shane ducks it!

Shane continues to run and bounces off the ropes and as he returns Wes Payton turns and goes for yet another clothesline, which Shane ducks yet again.

Wolf: Another attempted clothesline, another duck!

Ace: This guy is fast, Wolf!

Shane bounces off the ropes a third time and as he returns he knocks Wes to the mat with a lariat. The Death Row Faithful let out a cheer that hovers just above the drone of the booing protesters.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: Shane Jackson gains the upper hand, and Wes Payton is on the mat.

Ace: Did you see him flying, he looked like a helicopter tumbling through the air there.

Wolf: What an image, Ace, what an image. A tumbling helicopter.

Ace:

That

s what I do, Wolf.

Shane quickly yells out CASH MONEY before going over to Wes Payton and bringing him to his feet. Shane quickly powerslams Wes Payton to the mat and then runs off the ropes and as he returns jumps up into the air and comes down with an elbow drop across the chest of Wes Payton.

Wolf: Shane Jackson is in control!

Ace: That elbow drop was placed perfectly right across the chest of Wes Payton. And did you see the air Shane Jackson got with that one?

Wolf: I sure did, this Shane Jackson sure is athletic. Those belts of theirs might not be honored by The Row, but if we ever do get tag belts, these guys are sure to be up there at the top.

Wes Payton sits up after the elbow drop, selling it, but Shane quickly pushes his back to the mat and goes for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: We

ve got a quick pin here by Shane Jackson of Cash Money! 1. . . kick out! Only one there.

Frank Knox rises to his feet and holds up his arms, signaling it was only a one count. Shane Jackson then picks up Wes Payton and hooks him under his arm before directing him toward Cash Money s neutral corner. Shane extends his off hand and Jason slaps it, tagging himself in.

Wolf: Jason Cruz in the ring now after that tag.

Ace: Remember kids, safety first, then teamwork!

Shane Jackson then drags Wes Payton up against the ropes and Jason Cruz joins him. They then both Irish whip Wes Payton into the ropes and as he returns, both Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson raise an elbow, both knocking Wes Payton in the face at the same time and knocking him to the mat.

Wolf:

Cash Money working together here, Ace. It s this type of work that got them through their match with The H-Town Hustlas.

Ace: These guys know each other well. They ve hated each other, and now they are good friends. They ve been through ups, they ve been through downs.

A team like that is formidable opponent, I don t care who you are.

Wolf:

Very good point, Ace.

Ace: Those are the only kind I make. . .

Shane Jackson climbs out of the ring as Jason Cruz quickly drops to his knees and hooks Wes Payton s leg for the pin.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . kick out! Wes Payton is down but he is not out!

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Ace: This is just another day for Wes Payton!

Jason Cruz gets up as the ref signals the two count with two extended fingers, and quickly brings Wes Payton to his feet, but as he does Wes Payton reaches up and rakes him in the eye.

Wolf: Wes Payton with the eye rake, and Shane never saw it coming.

Ace: They never do, Wolf, and that's such a simple yet effective move.

Wes Payton then grabs Jason Cruz and pulls him toward Tha Krew's corner, and tags in his partner Leon Williams.

Wolf: Here comes afro loving Leon Williams.

Ace: You know this guy spends more time futzing with his hair than some women.

Wolf:

You

re one to talk Ace, I

ve seen you in the back. You stare at yourself for a long time

Ace: You would too if you looked this good.

Leon Williams enters the ring and Wes Payton hooks both of Jason's arms, holding them behind him. Leon Williams laughs, sizes up Jason and kicks him in the gut. Jason bends over from the blow and Wes Payton punches him the back, and Leon Williams joins in, punching Jason at the same time in the side.

Wolf: Both men wailing on Jason Cruz now! Come on ref! Break it up!

Ace: That

s smart fighting Wolf! What are you complaining about?!

Wolf: It

s two on one!

Ace: That

s the point!

Frank Knox separates Wes Payton and Wes grudgingly climbs out of the ring and stands on the apron. Leon Williams meanwhile continues punching Jason Cruz with lefts and rights, working him into the corner. Leon Williams then unloads, chopping downward on Jason Cruz with repeated rights.

Wolf: Leon Williams is going crazy here, just raining down punches on Jason Cruz.

Ace: And Cruz is stuck in the corner. He has nowhere to go! He

s trapped!

Jason falls to the mat and as he does Leon switches to stomps, and starts stomping Jason mercilessly in the corner. The beating only stops when Frank Knox interferes and orders Leon Williams to the opposite corner. Jason lies in the corner of the ring as Leon Williams get into it, exchanging words with Frank Knox.

Wolf: That

s right Knox! Hold the line there buddy. Veteran official Frank Knox getting into it with Leon Williams now.

Ace: Whatever you do Knox, don't

touch his hair! He

ll kill you.

Wolf: You

re probably right about that Ace.

Leon Williams then goes back to Jason Cruz, who

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

s now on his feet in the corner. Leon Williams then pushes Jason up against the turnbuckle before Irish whipping him into the opposite corner. Jason lands with a thud in the corner, and Leon charges him, his right hand raised over his head. Jason Cruz slides out of the way just as Leon comes down and Leon ends up punching the turnbuckle.

Wolf: Leon Williams comes up empty as Jason Cruz moves out of the way!

Ace: Jason saw it coming and was quick enough to get out of the way Wolf.

Wolf:

Thanks for reiterating what I already said, Ace.

Ace: Anytime pal, anytime!

Leon turns around and Jason takes his turn this time, stomping Leon in the corner of the ring. Jason stomps him several times before hooking Leon under his arm and suplexing him into the center of the ring.

Wolf: Massive suplex by Jason Cruz. You like that one Ace?

Ace: I

d give it about a 9. There was a slight hitch I noticed, but that s it.

Wolf: Hitch? What hitch? You re crazy!

Jason gets up and taunts the crowd as Leon sells the suplex, reaching back grabbing the small of his back with a look of pain on his face. Jason then picks up Leon Williams, wrenches his arm and then directs him toward the Cash Money corner, extending his off hand for the tag. Shane Jackson makes the tag and enters the ring.

Wolf: Another tag from Cash Money, getting the fresh man in.

Ace: Shane Jackson is ready to do some damage now. He

s had time to rest up and his opponent Leon Williams has been knocked around a bit already.

Both men then direct Leon Williams up against the rope and both Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz Irish whip Leon Williams into the ropes, and as he returns Cash Money collectively clotheslines him to the mat.

Wolf: Nice move by both members of Cash Money.

Ace:

They

re working well together tonight, Wolf. This could spell bad news for Tha Krew.

Shane Jackson then drops to his knees and goes for the cover.

Wolf: Pin by Shane Jackson! 1. . . 2. . . kick out!

Ace: Leon Williams is still in this one Wolf. He

s got to make the tag though if Tha Krew wants to have a chance in this one.

Wolf: That

s right Ace, it

s always important to get the fresh man in.

Shane Jackson slowly gets up as referee Frank Knox illustrates the two count, extending two fingers. Shane Jackson lets out a breath of air and brings Leon Williams to his feet but Leon Williams rises and quickly eye gouges Shane Jackson in the eye.

Wolf: Yet another eye gouge from a member of Tha Krew!

Ace: What can I say, you do what works! And the eyes are virtually unprotected!

Shane Jackson makes his way to the corner of the ring, shaking his head and reaching up toward his eyes.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Leon Williams then grabs Shane from behind and slams him face first into the turnbuckle. Leon then grabs Shane by the hair and drags him to Tha Krew

s corner and extends his hand. Wes Payton reaches out and makes the tag, entering the ring.

Wolf: Wes Payton in the ring now after the tag.

Ace: Get em Wes! Tear his damn eyes out!

Leon Williams keeps his hold on Shane Jackson and as Wes Payton gets in the ring Leon Williams grabs Shane

s arm and turns him, exposing his ribs. Wes Payton measures up a shot and tattoos Shane Jackson in the ribs with several rights and lefts.

Wolf: Wes Payton working the ribs of Shane Jackson.

Ace: That

s gonna make it difficult for Shane Jackson. A rib injury is always a nagging one, making it difficult to breathe, to sleep, to do anything really!

Leon Williams breaks the hold and exits the ring, but not before getting a good punch on Shane Jackson. Shane rocks back from the blow and Wes Payton picks up where Leon left off, hooking his arm around Shane

s head.

Wolf: Wes Payton in control of Shane Jackson now, he s got him in the center of the ring.

Ace: God damn these protesters! Won t they ever shut up, Wolf?

Wes bends down to one knee and then lifts himself up for leverage, wrenching on Shane s head. Shane sells the headlock and then pushes Wes toward the ropes and then pushing him off him toward the ropes at the other side of the ring. Wes Payton returns and as he does he shoulder blocks Shane, knocking him to the mat.

Wolf: Shoulder block by Wes Payton! All that weight just thundering down on Shane Jackson!

Ace: Wes Payton could have a career in football with a block like that! Shane Jackson is no lightweight! He s a big heavy man!

Wolf: He certainly didn t look it there!

Wes Payton then bounces off the ropes and runs toward, Shane who turns flat on his belly. Wes Payton hops over Shane and bounces off the ropes on the other side of the ring. As Wes returns Shane quickly gets to his feet and leap frogs over Wes Payton.

Wolf: Shane showing his quickness here. Both men bouncing around the ring.

Ace: What s going on?!

Wolf: A wrestling match you boob!

Wes Payton comes off the ropes on the other side of the ring and Shane quickly turns and dropkicks Wes Payton to the mat. The Death Row Faithful let out a cheer, and to contest it the protesters let out even louder boos.

Wolf: Shane with the drop kick. He really sprung off the mat with that one.

Ace: This guy is athletic; he can do it all, Wolf!

Wolf: Great, great, just feed his already huge ego Ace.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Shane Jackson gets to his feet and yells out CASH MONEY as Wes Payton slowly crawls to his feet, stumbling as he does up against the ropes. Shane Jackson then hooks Wes around the head and tags in Jason Cruz.

Wolf: Tag here by Cash Money, and Jason Cruz is in!

Jason Cruz enters the ring and Shane Jackson keeps his hold on Wes Payton. Jason climbs the ropes and jumps off raising his hands over his head and coming down on the back of Wes Payton with a double axe handle.

Wolf: Impressive double axe handle by Jason Cruz, right down on the back of Wes Payton.

Ace:

And Wes is hurt, Wolf. You can see this match is starting to take its toll.

Wes Payton sells the double axe

handle, falling to the mat. Jason Cruz looks around at the crowd with his arms out and the Death Row Faithful cheer. The ever present protesters show their strength with a loud boo. Jason Cruz ignores them as Wes Payton slowly gets to his feet. Jason Cruz charges him and then grabs his head and slams him face first into the turnbuckle.

Wolf:

Wes Payton into the turnbuckle, Jason Cruz in control now.

Ace: Momentarily. Cash Money in charge, but for how long?

Wes Payton sells the bump, stumbling out into the center of the ring, his eyes wide, his mouth open. Jason Cruz follows behind him, cautiously looking for an opening. Wes Payton continues to sell the bump and Jason Cruz comes up behind him, hooking his head under his arm and slamming him down to the mat.

Wolf: Reverse DDT by Jason Cruz!

Ace: Wes Payton never saw that one coming. And sometimes they're the ones that hurt the most.

Wolf: That makes little sense. . .

Ace: Look it up. . . I saw it in a science book. . .

Wolf:

I highly doubt that.

Jason Cruz crawls over to Wes Payton and goes for the pin, Knox scrambling to the mat after him.

Wolf: Pin! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Wes Payton has got his foot on the ropes!

Ace: Smart! That

is smart! This guy knows where he is in the ring at all times!

The referee gets up after seeing Wes Payton

his foot draped over the bottom rope and taps on Jason Cruz to break the pin. Jason Cruz looks up and Knox indicates the rope break and Jason gets up grudgingly. He then grabs Wes by the arm and drags him into the Cash Money corner. He extends a hand and Shane Jackson tags himself in.

Wolf: Shane Jackson in now, and Wes Payton is out.

Ace: Jason Cruz had the presence of mind to drag Wes Payton to their corner. You're gonna wanna keep your opponent as far away from the potential tag and that's exactly what they are doing.

Wolf: Both teams showing some wrestling IQ here in this Death Row tag match.

Ace: Is that anything like Basketball IQ?

Wolf: Sorta.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Shane Jackson jumps up into the air and comes down with a leg drop across the throat of Wes Payton. He then drops down and goes for the pin.

Wolf: Yet another pin! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Kick out by Wes Payton! Shane almost got the pin with that one.

Shane Jackson gets up frustrated and then drags Wes Payton into the center of the ring. Shane Jackson then grabs Wes

leg and puts his own between Shane's before turning Wes over into a sharpshooter.

Wolf: Cash Out! Cash Out! He calls that move the Cash Out! And Wes Payton may be cashing out if he can't get to the ropes!

Ace: And Wes Payton has nowhere to go. Shane Jackson placed him perfectly in the center of the ring! Wes Payton

's face turns to one of pain as he sells the sharpshooter, his hands reaching out as if to go for the tag. Leon Williams wastes no time and enters the ring, kicking Shane Jackson off of Wes. Frank Knox quickly turns and orders Leon Williams out of the ring, and he abides.

Wolf: Cheap shot by Leon Williams!

Ace: It's a good thing he got in there, or this one would be over already!

Shane Jackson moves over toward Leon's corner and shouts out at him before returning to Wes and stomping him once, twice, three times in the back of the head. Shane then picks up Wes and Irish whips him into the ropes. As Wes Payton hits the ropes Leon Williams makes the blind tag, and as Wes returns Shane jumps into the air and dropkicks him to the mat.

Wolf: Wes Payton down after the dropkick.

Ace: But Leon Williams made the tag! He's up on the top rope!

Leon Williams perches on the top rope and he jumps off, but Shane catches him in time and jumps up again and drop kicks Leon Williams, the forces colliding against one another. Leon Williams falls back from the drop kick and hits the mat hard.

Wolf: Huge drop kick by Shane Jackson!

Ace: Leon Williams actually jumped into that one!

Wolf: Sure did Ace! And Leon Williams looks dazed!

Leon sells the dropkick, grabbing his jaw and rolling around the ring. Shane Jackson gets up and taunts the crowd, letting out another shout of CASH MONEY.

Wolf: He sure likes saying that.

Ace: Of course, cash and money are his two favorite things.

Wolf: They're the same thing

Ace: Don't tell Shane Jackson that!

Shane Jackson makes his way over to Leon Williams and then brings him to his feet. Shane Jackson raises his arm before hooking Leon under his arm and whilst grabbing one of Leon's legs, and Shane falls back, slamming him to the mat. He keeps the hold for the pin.

Wolf: Fisherman suplex into the pin by Shane Jackson! 1. . . 2. . . kick out!

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Ace: Leon Williams kicks out after that impressive fisherman suplex.

Shane Jackson gets up frustrated, checking the referee, who extends two fingers in Shane's face. Shane Jackson then picks up Leon Williams and punches him in the face with a left, then right, and then another left, Leon rocking back from each blow. Shane then grabs Leon Williams by the head, spins him around, and brings him down to the mat, dropping Leon's neck against his shoulder.

Wolf: Neck breaker by Shane Jackson! Leon Williams may have been dying into the ring, but he must be regretting it now!

Ace:

Shane Jackson is kicking the shit out of Leon Williams right now. There's no doubt about it, Wolf.

Shane Jackson then motions toward Jason Cruz, who nods in response. Shane Jackson grabs Leon Williams and brings him to his feet, moving him toward Cash Money's corner. Shane Jackson extends a free hand and Jason Cruz slaps it, tagging himself in.

Wolf: Shane Jackson making the tag. But what's Jason Cruz doing?

Ace: He

is going for some high risk, Wolf!

Shane Jackson then lowers himself under Leon Williams, lifting him up into the air on his shoulders. Shane Jackson stands with Leon Williams' legs draped over his shoulders, and Jason Cruz jumps off and dropkicks Leon Williams off of Shane Jackson.

Wolf: Cash Missile! Leon Williams is down!

Jason Cruz climbs over Leon Williams and goes for the pin, as Shane Jackson charges Wes Payton on the apron and knocks him off, preventing any hopes of breaking the count. Frank Knox hits the mat.

Wolf: This could be it! 1. . . 2. . . 3!

It

is over, It

is

over!

Ace: Cash Money did it, just as I suspected all along!

Wolf: After the Cash Missile Jason Cruz went for the pin and then all it took was the 1. . . 2. . . 3.

Ace: Another loss for Tha Krew. Tim Ross better look out, his enforcers are looking weak!

Leon Williams rolls out of the ring as Frank Knox raises the arms of Jason Cruz and Shane Jackson simultaneously. The protesters let out a chorus of boos. Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz then go over to the ropes and the ring hand hands them up their belts. They each grab one and then turn and raise the belts for all the crowd to see.

Wolf: They sure are proud of those things, aren't they? You

didn't think they actually believe they

are legit!

re legit!

Ace: Who

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

s to say they aren

t? Cash Money claims to be the best tag team in The Row, and so far, no one has been able to prove them wrong.

Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz then lower the belts and exit the ring, breathing heavy. They show off their belts to the camera before turning and walking back up the ramp.

Wolf: Well there they go, one of the top tag teams in The Row.

Ace: We

ll be right back. But first. . . The Row is brought to you by Tom

s Tool Shack. Need a tool he

s got it. He

s a tool man who knows his tool. So stop being a tool and stop on by!

Wolf: And. . . Sherry

s All Natural Weaves, providing you with all your hair beauty needs on the corner of Custard Avenue and Churchill Street.

The New Champion

'Kiss My Country Ass' begins playing over the PA, as FJ Tombs walks into everyone's view. He raises the Death Row Championship to a mixture of cheers and boos. Tombs drops the title onto his shoulder and makes his way to the ring. Members of the One Million Moms yell at Tombs as he walks up the ring steps. He just smiles as he enters the ring and pulls a microphone from his back pocket.

Tombs: Looks like a lot of people aren't happy to see the new champion.

Another loud mixture a boos and cheers cuts Tombs off. He smiles as the sounds die down.

Tombs: Whether you love me, hate me, or are just being an asshole, I am happy to be here, tonight.

At the last Lethal injection, I was able to fulfill a childhood dream. I captured my first wrestling championship, but not just any championship. I won the Death Row Championship. The ultimate prize of the best new and upcoming wrestling organization. A championship I plan on holding for a long time to come. But can I ask a question real fast? Why would anyone be protesting what a wrestling company should be?

Again a mixture of cheers and boos pick up.

Tombs: Now I know a lot of the real Death Row fans are trying to have a good time. I am personally sorry these ignorant people are here trying to ruin the show you paid for because they have too much time on their hands.

Cheers flow through as Tombs smiles.

Tombs: They are all sitting on large divorce settlements, after their husbands abandoned them for younger, more attractive women, so they don't work. They sit around trying to take away from the good time of others! Several women in the crowd start booing Tombs.

Tombs: Don't worry, just because the One Million Moms are here doesn't mean I am going to take it easy on Chance Von Crank tonight. Now some of you may or may not know but Chance Von Crank has been crying and begging for a shot at this title from day one. Well after using underhand tactics and making an alliance with Dark, he finally has it. I'm going to make sure I beat Chance so bad tonight he regrets every damn thing he has done to get a spot in the main event at Cell Block Four! Like I said,

I wouldn't know where to start on describing what it's like being Death Row Champion. I will tell you, I am going to do everything in my power to make sure it's going to be a long time before Chance Von Crank gets to know this feeling. See you later tonight Chance. Now hit my offensive music.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

'Kiss My Country Ass' starts playing as Tombs raise his championship in the air before exiting the ring and making his way to the back, slapping hands with fans on his way out.

Introducing Johnny

"The Rat"

Cox

We cut to a door in the back a piece of printed computer paper reading OFFICE taped in the center of the door directing your attention to the fact that this is Da Boss

s Office. The door opens and Tha Krew lets the cameraman through. The cameraman makes his way to the desk, which is situated in the center of the room.

Tim Ross sits with his arms folded, leaning back with a smile on his face. On the desk a cigar sits on an ashtray, the blue smoke lifting up from it twirling, as if Ross had just picked it up to take a puff to help him organize his thoughts. Ross smiles.

Ross: Well I

ll be damned.

Ross leans back further and the chair squeals in protest.

Ross (cont

d): If it aint the fuckin  
rat.

We see Johnny Cox entering the room, wearing a beat up shirt and jeans. Johnny enters the room with a look of familiarity on his face.

Ross: It

s about time you fuckin  
showed up.

Johnny: You needed me?

Johnny asks innocently, as he very well already knows the answer.

Ross: Yes, please, sit, sit down.

Ross says as he stretches a hand out over the desk, directing Johnny where to sit.

Ross (cont

d): Cigar?

Johnny: Sure.

Ross hands him a cigar and Johnny bites off one end and lights it. The two sit smoking their cigars for awhile, the blue smoke twirling around the room.

Ross: This place. . . is full of snitches and bitches. . . You know what I

m sayin? Look. I need a guy like you to keep your ears open. To tell me whats on the down low. What  
s on the real. Can you do that for me?

Johnny leans forward, for here came his favorite part of any negotiation.

Johnny: What

s in it for me?

Johnny asks, letting out a loud cloud of smoke. He then leans back, looking at Ross slyly with a smile on his face.

Ross: What

s it in for you?

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Ross laughs, shaking his head.

Ross (cont

d): Well a job, for one, mothafucka. How  
s that? And two, cheddah. I gots it, and you need it.

Johnny: Maybe. . . and what am I to do?

Ross:

Listen round. Feel fellas out. When I show up they all zip up like we used to whenever a guard was walking  
by. It aint right. I feel like I

m one of them now. One of them coppers. And, I need a mothafucka like you to let me know what  
s what. Cause none of these niggas is giving me a straight answer. . . And in return you get work and  
money, and you get out of the motha fucking cycle.

Johnny:

I don

t know, Ross. . . I got me a guy down south

Ross: Don

t you want to bettah yourself, nigga? Look at me. I came from where you were and look at me now. I run The  
Row. I

m my own warden now. . . And just imagine it. Going from town to town, getting paid to beat the shit out of  
people.

Johnny: No purse snatchin? No lady takin

Ross:

What you do with your own time don

t bother me none. Just as long as you keep your ear to the ground and listen to what all the bugs are saying.  
With the media around and these damn protesters, I got a funny feeling. . .

Ross sucks on his cigar

pensively, looking not at Johnny but through Johnny, past him and into the future, and he  
s not liking what he sees.

Johnny: What feeling?

Ross: Just a feelin

aiight? So you get out and tell me what

You hear?

Johnny sits for a moment smoking his cigar, as if he were thinking about it, though he knew full well that he  
has already decided. Johnny then gets up and turns, walking toward the door. As he reaches the threshold  
he turns.

Johnny: Alright. . .

He smiles sarcastically.

Johnny (cont

d): Boss. . .

Johnny disappears through the door before Ross speaks up, calling out to him.

Ross: Oh, and you got a match tonight, motha fucka.

Johnny: WHAT?!

We fade. . .

Cowering Inferno

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

The camera opens backstage at the Charleston Civic Center. Seth Stratton strolls through the backstage entrance lugging his custom Louis Vuitton bags. He notices some roadies stacking equipment and engages them in conversation. Seth Stratton: Would one of you be a dear and carry my bags to the locker room? They stare at him incredulously. He turns and notices two other roadies just milling about, shooting the breeze. Of course, these aren't roadies at all, but premier Death Row Wrestling tag team Fracture. But Seth doesn't know that because come on, who pays attention to the tag division? Seth: Ahoy! Be very careful with these, they're worth more than your shared studio apartment. He thrusts the bags into the larger Rupture's arms. Rupture: Uh, sorry dude, but- Schism throws a hand out, interrupting him. Beneath his mask he's probably smiling mischievously. Schism: That won't be a problem, sir. Rupture stares at him and tilts his head in confusion. Schism: Is there anything else we can do for you? Shine your boots? Oil your leathers? Seth: No, just the bags for now. He shoots a disdainful look at the actual roadies. Seth: But it's nice to see a couple lower rung workers showing a little initiative! That's how a man gets ahead in this world. Initiative. That or marrying a really old chick with money, having to bone her once a week for the remaining few years of her life, then collecting her estate. But then you have to battle it out in the courts with her children, not to mention all the therapy it takes to get the sex images out of your head. Do you know what varicose veins look like really close up? It's disg- He notices the looks everyone in the room are giving him. Seth: Uh, anyway. I'm going to grab a pre-match Earl Gray tea. Get those bags to my locker. Chop, chop! Seth hurries off out of shot, leaving his bags in the capable hands of The Roadie Schism. Rupture: What the hell's wrong with you? Schism: What? Rupture: That jerk thinks you're a roadie! Schism: Yeah? Rupture: But you're not. Schism: So? Papa's got a brand new bag. Schism lifts the bag up to head height to show it off to his tag partner before dropping it down to the floor just as quickly. Something fragile inside clearly smashes. It's obvious by the sound of something fragile smashing. Schism: JESUS! Did you smell that? Rupture: Smell what? Schism: I think something died in there! ...I wouldn't be surprised, Stratton's probably into that whole Richard Gere thing. Rupture tilted his head back as he realized what exactly was going on here. Rupture: Ooooooh... Oh yeah, I did smell it. Man, that's rough. We should probably dispose of these bags right away. Schism: You read my mind, Rup. Schism bends down and grabs the bag by the handle. Rupture: Woah man, don't move it. Who knows what might be in there? I think it'll be safer if we uhhh... With that Rupture pulls a book of matches from his back pocket. Rupture: If we

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

dispose of it right here. Schism: Yeah, sure. Schism kneels down slowly and gingerly opens the bag. Schism: When I open it, you throw the matches in. We

ll be heroes for this, no dead gerbil germs are going to be contaminating Death Row tonight! Rupture: Ok, on three. One. Schism: Two Together: THREE! Schism rips the bag open as Rupture strikes the matches. He casts the little sticks of fire into the bag and within seconds the whole thing is ablaze. It

s a good job Seth Stratton

s clothes are made of polyester. And I guess the alcohol soaking them helped in getting them going.

Although where that Alcohol came from... Schism: We

re heroes! Rupture: HOLY CRAP ON A CRACKER! Schis, there

s a fire! Schism: JEEZ! Are you training in combating fire? Rupture: No, are you? Schism:

No, I missed that day at fireman school.

Rupture: Maybe we shouldn

t stand this close to said fire. Schism:

Probably not, Rup.

And, with that, Rupture and Schism make their way out of shot, leaving the Louis Vuitton bags ablaze in the middle of the floor. Seth strolls back into the shot moments later sipping tea from a cup. Seth: Something smells good! Are we having a barbeque? Seth stares down at the smoldering luggage. Seth: What is this? He notices the actual roadies snickering in the corner, and puts two and two together. He falls to his knees. Seth: KAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHN! The camera pans to the right, showing a group of protesting Mothers outside the door. One of them screams. Protesting Mother: THE MOUTH OF HELL HAS OPENED! REPENT! REPENT!

Cort Vang vs.

Johnny

"The Rat"

Cox

Wolf: Well it appears The Row has its very own snitch now. . . This place is becoming more and more like a prison every day.

Ace: Once a convict always a convict I say. Tim Ross just can't help it.

Wolf: With Johnny

The Rat

around I

m sure everyone is gonna have to watch what they say. But tonight apparently he also has a match, against one Cort Vang.

Ace: The One Man Misdemeanor has been all over the place as of late, attacking guys left and right.

I don

t think this guy just plain gives a shit, Wolf.

Wolf: That much is apparent. He

s taken on Dark and FJ Tombs in the past

Dark being a former champ and FJ Tombs being the current champ

ll take on anyone.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Ace: I think this just may be the first Criminal vs. Criminal match in Death Row History! I mean we've had matches in prison cells before amongst other actual criminals, but never have the participants themselves been jailbirds!

Wolf: Well that very well may be true Ace, and here comes the first jailbird. . .

starts up through the arena, the protesters rising to their feet in mass, the fans rising after, their YOU CAN'T READ contesting the JESUS SAVES chants from the One Million Moms. We cut to a shot of some fans in the first Row, as the chants continue:

YOU-CAN

T-READ, JESUS-SAVES, YOU-CAN

T-READ, JESUS-SAVES

Wolf: Are those chants directed toward the One Million Moms or Cort Vang?

Ace: One can only guess.

We cut to a shot of the entrance, where Cort Vang emerges from behind the curtain and the lights brighten. He looks out on the crowd uninterested and raises his arms in mockery of the crucifixion. . . To this the protesters in the arena become outraged, and voice their outrage with shouts of BLASPHEMER and SINNER.

Ace: Hey these people can't blame Cort for not knowing the Bible he can't read remember!

Wolf: Yes. Are we going to go through this again Ace? We all know he can't read. Now drop it.

Ace: Well geeze you're no fun.

Cort Vang slowly makes his way down the ramp, not particularly looking at anyone or anything. The protesters on both sides of him start yelling at him violently. As Cort reaches the ring he gets hit in the head with a cup full of ice tossed by a protestor. Cort instantly snaps.

Wolf: That was not a good idea. Ladies and gentlemen please keep your trash to yourself! Do not harm the wrestlers!

Ace: Especially this guy! He's taking off like a rabid pitbull.

Cort charges the barricade and the few yellow shirted security guards in the crowd at each corner of the barricade hold back the fans. Cort yells over at them, extending his arms in effort to encourage more violence. Cort and the protesters continue to yell at one another and the ref slides out of the ring and talks to Cort.

Wolf:

Well veteran referee Frank Knox getting involved here. . . Thank god he's there, Cort looked like he was about to jump the barricade there.

Ace: And that would have been all she wrote for four or five of those protestors... until the security gets on Cort and holds him back yeah four or five, maybe six, easy.

Cort looks at Frank Knox and then at the protesters and changes his mind, and climbs up into the ring. As he gets in he turns and leans over the top rope and starts to yell at the protesters again but Frank Knox pulls him

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

away to a corner on the opposite side of the ring.

Wolf: Cort Vang is all riled up, and I don't think that can be good for Johnny Cox.

Ace:

This being his first match, I think this guy is fucked. Tim Ross is just fucking with this guy, perhaps seeing if he's strong enough to survive The Row.

Wolf:

Well ready or not, Johnny Cox's time is now.

Boom Bye Bye by Cold World begins to play, the protesters rising yet again with a persistence that seems without fatigue. The boos rain out through the auditorium, the sound heavy on the ears. Johnny Cox appears from behind the curtain, looking a tad apprehensive.

Wolf:

I don't think Johnny Cox knows what he is getting himself into. He almost looks scared, Ace.

Ace: No one expected all of these protesters, we're all a little shaken by them Wolf. As for the match I have no doubts that The Rat is fighter. He did survive on the inside, didn't he?

Johnny screams at the crowd in an effort to get the adrenaline going and charges into the ring, sliding under the ropes. He jumps up and charges Cort Vang pinning him to the corner. Frank Knox quickly gets between them and separates the two.

Wolf: Not yet Johnny! We haven't even done the ring announcements yet.

Ace: Aww come on Frank, let em at it!

Johnny

's music dies down, and the ring announcer gets up into the ring, brushing off his suit. He looks around at the crowd for a moment, as both wrestlers in the ring look at one another from across the ring. Johnny makes throat slitting motions and Cort Vang ignores them, kicking his legs and rotating his ankles to help the blood flow. The ring announcer raises the mic to his lips. . .

Ross: Wait a minute, just wait a minute.

Ace: What the hell?

Wolf: That

's Ross, aint it?

Ace: Sure is. . . But where is he?

Tim Ross appears from behind the curtain, and immediately the protesters rise to let out the loudest boos of the night. The sight of the man responsible for all this

fills in them their strongest feelings of righteousness, so that as they boo they can believe themselves to be booing even for God.

Ross: Now just wait a minute. . . Cox. . . You left before I got to tell you.

We cut to Johnny, who turns to look at Ross with a questioning look on his face. Cort stands behind him

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

looking at Ross as well, though his look carries more anger and malcontent than anything else.

Ross: This match is a Prison Rules Match!

The Death Row Faithful let out a pop, and it is quickly contested nearly swallowed whole

by the boos coming from the protesters.

Wolf: The fans loving it the protesters not so much.

Ace: Ross could say anything out there offer everyone a free cheeseburger after the show and these cows would still be mooin their hatred all the day long. It must be boring to hate absolutely everything!

Ross: Yeah mothafucka, a prison rules match! So what the hell you looking at me for?! Get to it! The bell rings and the ring announcer gets out of the ring, looking disappointed he didn't get to speak. Johnny looks around and then immediately pulls a switchblade from his pocket, which he proceeds to unveil with all the vigor of a man well acquainted with weapons that kill.

Wolf: We've got a weapon in the ring! A weapon in the ring! Frank get that thing out of there!

Ace: Is a referee even necessary? If I were Frank I'd get the hell out of there. There are no referees in prison!

Johnny charges Cort with the blade raised high over his head, and as he reaches Cort he brings it down, intent to ram the blade between the neck and the shoulder, but Cort raises his arms and grabs Johnny's wrist. The two struggle with the blade raised overhead.

Ace: Yes! Finally! Here it comes! It get to witness a stabbing!

Wolf: Look out Cort!

Johnny seems to be winning the power struggle, but quickly Cort raises up, overpowering Johnny and knocking him to the mat.

Wolf: We've got a loose weapon in the ring!

Cort scrambles over to the knife but before he reaches it Johnny Cox grabs Cort by the waist and throws him back. Cort stumbles back a few steps and Johnny goes for the knife but Cort runs up to him and hooks him around the waist. He then pulls backward lifting Johnny Cox into the air and slamming him to the mat behind him.

Wolf: German suplex by Cort Vang! And now he's going for the knife!

Cort gets up and goes for the knife but quickly stumbles, Johnny has grabbed onto his ankle. Cort tries to walk

further, but Johnny keeps his hold on Cort Vang and pulls himself toward his knee. Johnny then opens his mouth demonstratively and bites down on the ankle.

Wolf: Johnny Cox is biting Cort Vang!

Ace: Hahahaha. He's biting his ankle. You realize this?

Wolf: Yeah. . . what's your point?

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Ace: Haha

Johnny Cox is an ankle biter!

Cort sells the bite and quickly reaches down and punches Cox in the face, breaking the hold.

Meanwhile, Frank

Knox, the referee, quickly reaches down and grabs the knife. He retracts the blade before putting it in his pocket.

Wolf: Good work there Frank! Frank Knox of course an old veteran wrestler. He

s got more respect for these guys than they have for him

a knife has no place in the wrestling ring!

Ace: Even in a prison rules match?!

Wolf: Prison rules

prison rules

what the hell does that mean anyway? What kind of silly stipulation is that?

Ace: Prison rules is no rules

except don

t drop the soap!

Johnny quickly scrambles to his feet and charges Cort Vang. Cort Vang rolls out of the way and as Johnny turns around Cort Vang places a well measured kick against the side of Johnny

s head. Johnny goes still and falls to the mat, the Death Row Faithful applauding the bump.

Wolf: Massive kick from Cort Vang, one, he no doubt learned from all that time spent in Japan as a youngster.

Ace:

Fueled by hate, Wolf. Fueled by hate. . .

Cort raises his arms for the

crowd, and gets a sea of boos from the protesters. He points out at the guy dressed like Jesus and raises his arms in mockery of the crucifix again. The protesters throw a collection of debris at him (which Cort ignores) while the guy dressed like Jesus makes like he

s gonna climb the barricade.

Wolf: Don

t do it Jesus, don

t do it!

Ace: Yeah man

Think. . . What would

well what would You do?

Johnny Cox slowly gets to his feet, and as he does Cort turns around and makes his way toward The Rat.

Johnny throws a right but Cort blocks it. Cort grabs Johnny

s hand and wraps it between the top and middle rope. Johnny tries to pull his arm out but he can

t, and then tries to punch Cort with his free hand but Cort blocks it and ties his free hand in the same fashion he did with the first arm.

Wolf: Cort Vang has tied Johnny Cox up in the ropes! And there is no where for him to go!

Ace: Look at that look on Cort Vang, he

s got him a victim tied up and with no way of defending itself!

Cort looks around at the crowd for a moment with a smile on his face before he reaches up and punches

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Johnny Cox in the face.

Wolf: Right by Cort Vang.

Cort reaches up again and punches Johnny in the face once more, and then again, and again, each punch becoming more and more rapid.

Wolf: Cort Vang wailing on Johnny Cox now and with his hands tied he's got now way of defending himself! He's got to take every punch!

Cort punches him many more countless times before stepping back and measuring up another kick. Cort pulls through his hips as the foot makes contact with Johnny's face, and the crowd lets out a gasp/cheer at the loud bump.

Wolf: Another expert kick from Cort Vang!

If it weren

t for those ropes, Johnny Cox would be on the mat right now.

Ace: He

s gonna be feeling that one in the morning, that's for sure Wolf.

Wolf: Somebody get him an Advil!

Cort unhooks Johnny

s arms and Johnny slumps to the mat. Cort then drags Johnny into the center of the ring by the foot and covers for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat.

Wolf: 1. . .2. . . kick out! Johnny Cox kicked out of that one! He may not be the best of fighters but he's got heart, you've got to give him that.

Ace: Heart? Wolf this guys so stupid he doesn't realize he should be down

he doesn

t realize this match should already be over!

Cort gets up and checks Frank Knox for the count and Frank extends two fingers. Meanwhile Johnny rolls out of the ring and lands flat on the ground outside of the ring. Cort argues with Frank but Frank shakes his head and extends two fingers.

Wolf: Cort arguing with Frank Knox now, but that's not gonna do you any good kid!

Ace:

That

s right, Frank is a former professional wrestler himself and isn't gonna be pushed around by anybody, not even Cort Vang!

Johnny Cox slowly gets to his feet outside of the ring, using the barricade to keep him from falling over. Cort throws up his hands in disgust at Frank Knox and then makes his way to the ropes, climbing out of the ring and landing feet first on the outside.

Wolf: The One Man Misdemeanor in pursuit of Johnny Cox now.

Cort grabs Johnny by the hair, but Johnny is apparently playing possum, for he quickly reaches up and grabs Cort by the head and slams him into the barricade. Johnny curses at him and then starts punching him with

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

lefts and rights.

Wolf: Johnny Cox is alive! He

s beating Cort now up against the barricade.

Ace: The little bastard was playing possum the whole time! He

s a fighter all right, a dirty one.

Johnny then grabs him by the arm and Irish whips him into the barricade on the opposite side of the ring.

The force of the blow sends the metal barricade back a few feet knocking into then fans and a few protesters.

One protester even falls flat on his ass, which creates a chorus of boos from the protesters and a chorus of cheers from the fans.

Wolf: Watch out fans! Death Row Wrestling up close and personal!

Ace: You see that guy fall on his ass?! There is some justice in the world after all! Fucking hate mongering prick!

Johnny mistakes the cheers for adoration of his act and stops and gives the crowd a boo only to receive a chorus of boos from both the fans and the protestors. As Johnny rises up his smile turns to a frown and he curses at the crowd and flips them off. He then kicks Cort in the gut and hip tosses him to the ground.

Wolf: Johnny you fool! Nobody loves you! Hip toss by Johnny on Cort Vang.

Ace: So he does know some wrestling. I figured this guy was just a simple brawler with a tendency to rile on weapons. What happened to that knife anyway?

Wolf: It

s tucked safely away in Frank Knox

s pocket, thank God.

Johnny stomps a fallen Cort once, twice, before bringing him to his feet. Johnny then grabs Cort and Irish whips him again into the barricade. Cort hooks his arms around the top of the barricade, resting there, wincing from the pain in his back.

Wolf: Cort Vang again into the barricade.

Ace: Johnny Cox using the environment to his advantage. Remember kids, jail bars aint golden gates.

Wolf: What the hell does that mean?

Ace: I don

t really know

I heard it in a rap song.

Johnny saunters over to Cort and pushes his head back before reaching back and chopping Cort s chest. The crowd woos with the chop and Cort breaks away from the barricade, grabbing his chest. Johnny unhooks his belt and wraps it around his fist and then punches Cort square in the head. The crowd pops as Cort hits the ground outside the ring.

Wolf: Johnny Cox using his own lethal belt as a weapon now.

Ace: You've got to be resourceful in the pen.

Johnny laughs as he unwraps the belt and then hooks it around Cort's neck several times before pulling back, choking him.

Wolf: My God! Johnny Cox is choking the life out of Cort Vang!

Cort struggles as Johnny pulls back, his arms flailing in the air, his eyes bulging out of his head. The protesters start up a Jesus Saves chant.

Ace:

It appears these people are trying to send Cort Vang off right, Jesus

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Saves!

Wolf: No don't kill him Johnny, we could still use Cort!

Ace: Cort's breathing has slowed--look he's turning blue!

Cort starts to get up and tries to run off but Johnny keeps his hold on the belt and pulls downward, bringing Cort to the ground. Johnny then unwraps the leather belt and starts whipping Cort with it, the sound of the leather hitting Cort's exposed back ringing through the arena. The boos rain out from the Protesters.

Wolf:

Whipping apparently is ok only if it's in The Bible, Ace.

Ace: What did I say last Lethal Injection? I don't like to mix my wrestling and religion!

Johnny grabs Cort

s head and slams it into the ring apron before tossing him into the ring. Johnny then makes his way over to the announcers table and uproots the ring hand and takes his chair. Johnny then turns and tosses the chair in the ring.

Wolf: Johnny with a chair now! What do you think he  
s going to do with that?

Ace: He

s gonna sit in it and take a five minute break

what the fuck do you think he

s going to do with it?

Johnny then slides into the ring and retrieves the chair. He turns and hits it on the top turnbuckle, waiting for Cort Vang to get to his feet. As Cort gets to his feet, Johnny charges him, the chair raised over his shoulder at the side of his head. Johnny then swings the chair but Cort ducks it. Johnny turns around and as he does Cort spins and kicks the chair, knocking it into Johnny  
s face. The Death Row faithful pop.

Wolf: Johnny didn

t have that in mind, that

s for sure!

Ace: A Cort Vang kick is already dangerous enough. You add a chair in there and if you  
ve got the power to stop anybody.

Cort gets up and mocks the crucifixion, the protesters letting out another loud burst of boos. Cort ignores them and gets to work, grabbing the chair and then turning to wedge it between the top and middle rope.

Wolf: That chair become a big part of this match Ace.

Ace: Chairs, chairs, chairs, you can never get enough chair if you ask me.

Cort goes over to Johnny and brings him to his feet, revealing the blood on Johnny  
s face. It drips down his chin and drops, drops, drops on the mat.

Wolf: Johnny is busted open! We

ve got blood! We

ve got blood!

Ace: I told you those kicks were dangerous!

The crowd pops at the sight of blood, the protesters getting more rowdy: this thing is so ungodly it spills blood! The boos start to rain out as the blood comes dripping down the face of Johnny Cox. Cort then Irish Whips Johnny Cox into the corner with the wedged chair, but Johnny Cox reverses the Irish whip, sending Cort face first into the chair instead. Johnny falls to his knees exhausted as the crowd lets out a pop.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: Johnny reversed it and Cort goes into the chair! Both men are down now!

Ace: This Johnny guy might not be so bad after all.

Frank Knox looks around and sees both wrestlers are down on the mat and starts making the count. 1. . . 2. . . 3. . .

Wolf:

Both men down now after that move. Johnny is losing a lot of blood, I dunno if he can continue on this way.

Ace: Wrestling needs a cut man! If Johnny had a cut man he'd be working on that cut right now, but instead he's got to contend with all that blood in his eyes.

Wolf: That

s a good point Ace. The blood streaming down and distorting the vision of Johnny Cox.

Johnny lays on the mat, a pool of blood slowly forming under his head. Cort too, lays in the corner sucking air, hardly moving after colliding with the chair. 4. . . . 5. . . . 6. . . . Cort Vang is the first to get up and he crawls over to Johnny and goes for the pin.

Wolf: Near double count out there, but Cort now with the pin! 1. . . 2. . . kick out! Johnny Cox kicks out!

Ace: Like any pest, rats can be difficult to kill.

Cort gets up frustrated as the crowd still buzzes after the near pin fall. Cort grabs Johnny by the hair bringing him to his feet, and as he does he hits Johnny rises with a punch to Cort's gut, breaking Cort

s clutch on his hair. Johnny gets to his feet with another punch to the face of Cort, and then Johnny grabs Cort by the head and directs him over to the top rope. Johnny then lowers Cort's face onto the rope and runs him across the top rope.

Wolf: Cort

s face just got up close and personal with the ring ropes there! Johnny just raked Cort's eyes across the rope!

Ace: That

s one way to even the score. Johnny can't see, why not blind Cort Vang?

Cort comes off the ropes grabbing his face and rubbing his eyes. Johnny salutes the crowd before charging Cort and knocking him to the mat with a clothesline. Johnny taunts Cort and Cort is quickly to his feet. Johnny charges him again and knocks him again to the mat with a clothesline.

Wolf: Serious of clotheslines here from Johnny Cox!

Ace:

He

s seeing red, Wolf

quite literally. He

s pissed off

now!

Cort gets up again and Johnny goes for yet another clothesline, but Cort ducks the clothesline and as Johnny turns Cort hits him with a right strike to the face. Johnny goes still for instant as if he had suddenly lost all control of his muscles and then falls to the mat. Cort shrugs and goes for the pin again.

Wolf: Another pin! 1. . . 2. . . NO! Johnny kicks out.

Ace: Cort a little surprised after that one. He had more on that strike than he figured.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: You

ve also got to factor that Johnny has been losing blood. He doesn't have much left in the tank, that's for sure.

Ace: Just enough to kick out, it seems.

Cort gets up, breathing heavily and he looks around the ring. Finding the chair he grabs it and then climbs to the top rope.

Wolf: Cort Vang up on the top rope! He's also got a chair! What's he gonna do?!

Ace:

I don't

think we

ve ever seen this before from Cort Vang, I have no idea, Wolf.

Cort motions for Johnny Cox to get up as the crowd starts to buzz in anticipation of the upcoming move. Johnny slowly gets to his feet and as he does Cort tosses the chair at him. Johnny catches the chair and Cort jumps off of the top rope and spears Johnny Cox to the mat. The crowd pops.

Wolf: Awesome dangerous move by Cort!

Ace: He calls that move the Vang Terminator! What a move! Listen to these fans!

Cort quickly gets up after the bump and raises his arms. He then picks up Johnny Cox and hooks him from behind, Johnny's chin under Cort's arm.

Cort then lifts him in the air and spins him over his shoulder, bringing Johnny down neck first on his shoulder.

Wolf: Death is Welcome! Death is Welcome!

The crowd pops as Cort crawls over the fallen Johnny for the pin. Knox hits the mat.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . 3!! It

s over! It

s over!

Ace: Cort Vang pulls through this match, and unfortunately for Johnny he came up at the wrong end of the stick tonight.

Wolf: You mean the short end of the stick

Ace: Whatever! He lost!

Cort Vang gets up and Frank Knox raises his arms, signaling he is the official victor as the protesters boo and the bell rings.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner by pin fall. . . . Corrrrrtttt Vaaaaaang!

The protesters continue to boo as Cort looks down at Johnny, who seems to still be motionless save for the heaving of his chest and rolls out of the ring.

Wolf: Cort Vang with the impressive victory.

Ace: The question is what is he going to do now? Look out Tombs! The One Man Misdemeanor is again out on the loose!

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: We

ll be back with more action fans, right after this. . .

Not Even One Slice

Wolf: Tommy, tell me if you see what I'm seeing: Tombs locker room? Ace: Well, there are not too many John Wayne want to be cowboys around here Wolf! As FJ stands there looking at his newly won DRW Championship, there is a knock on the door. FJ Tombs: Who is it? Voice: Papa John's! FJ Tombs: Papa John's? I didn't order no god dang pizza! FJ walks over to the door and opens it. Some skinny pimply face teenager stands there in his Papa John's uniform holding what looks to be an Extra Large pizza. FJ Tombs: I thought you mighta been one of man slicks wanting a piece of Mr. Tombs! Hold on let me fetch my wallet! As FJ Tombs turns to get his wallet, the kid steps to the side as Ian Michaels is seen stepping into camera view. Doing his best to not make any noise he walks into the dressing room behind Tombs. Ace: Should have figured... I mean, the setup was too easy! Wolf: I wonder if that is Ian's pizza? Ace: You're hungry, huh? Wolf: Yeah, catering was awful, one bite and I could not withstand to eat anymore! Ian gets right behind him and grabs him by the shoulder and swings him around pushes him back against the wall with his forearm across his chest near his neck. Ian Michaels: Easy champion, if I wanted to harm you, you would have never seen or heard it coming. So listen very carefully to what I have to say. Ian shoves himself off Tombs and looks over the championship. Ian Michaels: You could say you are fucked, but that would only sum up tonight and Cell Block Four! If you manage to retain that strap then, I'll take my claim to someone smarter than Ross and get what I deserve. A shot at you, and that championship. That victory the week before you won that title, states I have without question earned that right! FJ Tombs: You know our match was not even close to being fair! The week before you tried to end my career, and not to mention the distraction I had to deal with! Ian starts to chuckle over Tombs' comments. With a deep sigh Ian shakes his head and let a slight giggle slip through his vocal cords. Ian Michaels: Fair? Since when did this business justify you to having anything FAIRLY? It's professional wrestling for christ sakes! Suck it up like a big boy, and remove that thumb from your mouth! FJ Tombs looks at him with a pissed off look. Ian Michaels: Okay, maybe it is a dick then, whatever! Point being, you wanted the match, you got the match! You got pin BY ME after I stomped your face into the canvas for the second straight Lethal Injections!

Last Lethal Injection, I left you alone so you could win the strap. That was me being nice.

Tonight, I'll leave you be, because CVC is not going too! You do what you must to retain that strap at Cell Block Four, because after that, I am going to introduce you to the canvas once again with another Hate Crime. And if you do not have the strap, I'll just have to claim your rematch! Think about that, CHUMP! Ian Michaels smirks at FJ Tombs as he exits the locker room, as he sees security looking for him. He takes off towards an unguarded exit for his car. Ace: Now we know what Ian wanted tonight Wolf! He wanted to put FJ on notice, and I am pretty sure he just did! Wolf: Yeah, but hopefully next week he won't be dodging security, but will be in action!

Skidd Row vs. Seth Stratton

Wolf: Well before we get to the current champion and the main event, up first we ve got the man who lost the title last Lethal Injection

Skidd Row. Tonight he takes on a formidable opponent in Seth Stratton.

Ace: Skidd Row is gonna be raring to go after that loss to FJ Tombs. If I were him I would have asked for an immediate rematch.

Wolf:

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

He  
s gonna have to keep his mind on tonight, Ace  
and worry about the title  
later, for Seth Stratton is no slouch. He hasn't  
lost yet!

Ace: I watched one of Seth's  
tennis matches last night on the ESPN Classic, and I gotta say this guy had the skills.

Wolf: But. . .?

Ace: But what? I mean. . . he got into it with the chair umpire a couple of times, and of course then they  
found out he changed the netting of his racket to some illegal material that made the ball shoot off like a  
rocket. . . Took em three sets before they figured that one out.

Wolf: So he cheated. . .

Ace:  
No no, I wouldn't  
say that. He just thought outside of the box. . .  
The camera cuts to the  
entrance, as the intro to Sabotage by The Beastie Boys begins to play. The Death Row Faithful rise to their  
feet, the protesters not to be denied however  
rising with them and booing along with all the cheers. Skidd Row then appears from behind the curtain,  
looking determined and a tad angry after his loss.

Wolf: Skidd Row not as smiley as usual.

Ace: Of course, Wolf! He lost his belt! It  
s his after all!

I mean, I  
m not a big fan of Skidd Row  
but as you know Tombs is just too much. He  
s too  
nice!

Wolf: Tombs won it fair and square, look at the video if you don't  
believe me. . .

Skidd does not look around at the crowd, nor does he give his attention to the cameraman, he simply walks  
his way down the ramp, his hands at his sides clenched into fists. The protesters wave their signs and boo  
the former Death Row champ, but he continues his way to the ring, unfazed by all the outside stimuli.

Wolf: I think losing the title has woken Skidd Row up!

He  
s coming down here tonight ready to kick some you-know-what, Ace.

Ace: He  
s gonna have to be focused on this match with Seth Stratton in the ring. That guy is a sneaky one.  
Skidd Row reaches the ring and hops up on the apron, and only then does his glance around, his face still  
unchanged. He grabs the top rope and hops over, landing feet first and going into a little trot to warm up his  
legs. Skidd glances at the announcer for a moment, who nearly shits himself due to a perpetual fear of  
anyone shorter than him, and then Skidd hops up on the turnbuckle and raises his arms in the corner.

Wolf: Skidd Row as we said coming off that devastating loss to FJ Tombs

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

but we expect him to come back from this one. He  
s been through diversity before.

Ace: Skidd Row headed for desolation row, real quick here Wolf.

Skidd Row gets down from the corner as the cheers from The Death Row Faithful die down, and takes off his  
shirt, tossing it in the corner. Sabotage begins to die down, giving way to the hateful boos of  
The One Million Moms. The Jesus Guy in the first row can be heard screaming  
I FORGIVE YOU MY SON, TAKE UP THE GOOD BOOK.

Wolf: The crowd quiets down  
except for that Jesus Guy  
and that means that up next we  
ve got the best tennis player in wrestling coming up next.

Ace: The only tennis player in wrestling.

Tattoo by Van Halen begins to play, and the boos start in grand accompaniment. The camera cuts from the  
ring to the crowd, showing the many signs proclaiming Death Row Wrestling to be a product of the Devil. The  
One Million Moms show their strength, starting up a massive  
VE GOT JESUS CHANT.

VE GOT JESUS clap clap clapclapclap WE

VE GOT JESUS clap clap clapclapclap WE

VE GOT JESUS. . .

Wolf: The One Million Moms doing what they do best, running their mouths.

Ace: They

ve got Jesus eh? Well we

ve got Seth Stratton! He

s better than Jesus!

Wolf: So much for separation of church and wrestling.

The camera then cuts to the entrance, where the curtains part and Seth Stratton appears wearing a NEVER  
FORGET t-shirt that depicts the one, the only, Josh Hydreck. He struts momentarily with the music, as much  
because he feels its groove as he wishes to make the women in the crowd fall into a sudden creamy bliss. He  
raises his arms for an instant, with memories of winning Wimbledon in his head, and then shows off one of  
his lightening fast backhands.

WE

VE GOT JESUS clap clap clapclapclap WE

VE GOT JESUS clap clap clapclapclap WE

VE GOT JESUS. . .

Wolf: Well apparently Seth Stratton took it upon himself to be the ambassador for Death Row Wrestling and  
actually went and spoke with a few of the One Million Moms, and let  
s just say it didn  
t end well.

Ace: The funny part is there aren

t even one million moms in the One Million Moms, and it didn

t end well because Seth Stratton fucked one of their daughters!

Wolf: Women love the tennis don

t they?

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Ace: That and omelets. . .

Seth Stratton makes his way down the exact center of the ramp, looking around at all of the One Million Moms with a fake smile on his face.

HELLO LADIES,

he shouts, and

HOWDY THERE BEAUTIFUL,

though in his head he

s calling them FAT COW and HAIRY LIP. As he reaches the ring he points once again to his NEVER FORGET shirt and drops to one knee almost as if in prayer.

Wolf: That Never Forget shirt of course referencing one Josh Hydreck, who died in the ring several Lethal Injections ago in some bizarre in-ring accident. Quite tasteless if you ask me.

Ace: Bizarre in-ring accident?! Tarrasque snapped his neck like a twig! There was no accident about that. . .

Wolf: Oh and Hydreck

s family is in the crowd! My God Seth! You monster!

The camera cuts to what remains of the Hydreck clan: the sobbing mother, the mascara running down her face since the start of the show, the strong hard backed father far too Guido to ever shed a tear, and Hydreck s brother and sister, a retard and a slut, respectively. Seth turns to them and gives a slight nod, wiping away a tear that was never there.

Wolf: Come on now Seth! No wonder you were banned from tennis!

Ace:

He

s just showing his respects for one of the greatest wrestlers to ever grace the Death Row ring, Wolf. Have some class damn

it!

Wolf: Josh Hydreck lasted five minutes in The Row. . .

Ace: And they were the best five minutes of The Row

s short history. . .

Seth climbs up the steel steps, and walks the apron to the middle of the ropes. He then steps through and enters the ring, raising his arms momentarily in the air. He points to his Hydreck shirt and then lowers his head as if to sob, but then quickly raises his head and he s smiling.

Wolf: The bastard is smiling! He

s making a mockery of Josh Hydreck!

Ace: That guy could have been

world champ!

Wolf: And now you are too!

Seth then takes off the shirt and uses it to wipe his face and under his arms before kicking it up into the air and out of the ring. The protesters boo as always, but even louder is the shrill sound of some animal dying no, it

s the sound of Mrs. Hydreck sobbing at the savage act. Mr. Hydreck acts like he

s about to jump the barricade and show Seth a thing or two about tarnishing his dead son

s image, but the security dissuade him and he didn

t really want to get into a fight anyway.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: Stay back Mr. Hydreck. It  
s not worth it! It  
s not worth it!

Ace:  
I can already see the lawsuits, Wolf.  
Wolf: Shhh! Don  
t you ever mention the L-Word around here, Ace! What are you stupid?!  
The boos continue to rain out as Tattoo by Van Halen dies down. The announcer clears his throat and brings  
the microphone up to his face.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, the following matchup is for one fall and has a thirty minute time limit. . .  
The Death Row Faithful buzz. . .

Announcer: Introducing first, from Chicago, Illinois, weighing in at one hundred and ninety pounds, he is  
Skidd Rowwww. . .

The Death Row Faithful let out a pop that is quickly consumed by The One Million Mom  
s and their hunger for hatred. The boos rain out, the signs shaking, the Hydreck  
s in the crowd continuing to sob. Skidd Row lifts himself up using the bottom rope and raises his arms.

Wolf: Skidd Row getting some love from the Death Row fans. Or at least I think I hear a few cheers through  
all those boos.

Ace: At this point I don  
t hear boos anymore. Those cows are just mooing if you ask me.

Announcer: And his opponent, from Mill Valley California, weighing in at an alleged two hundred and thirty  
pounds, he is

The Sultan of Sweet, Sethhhhh  
Stratttooon!

Seth points to the Hydreck Family in the crowd and then does a quick forearm smash to the air, reminiscent  
of glory days as a tennis pro. The boos rain out even louder now, as The Death Row Faithful join the  
protesters in voicing their disgust.

Wolf: Seth Stratton may be The Sultan of Sweet, but he  
s getting booed like a common criminal.

Ace: Jealousy Wolf. These people wish they were half as good at tennis and wrestling that Seth Stratton is.  
This guy can do it all. And from I hear his prowess extends to the bedroom as well.

Wolf: Who  
d you hear that from?

Ace: The Wendy  
s chick.

Wolf: Who?

Ace: The Wendy  
s chick!

Wolf:  
I have no idea who that is. . .

The bell rings, Frank Knox signals the start of the match and we  
re underway. Seth Stratton makes his way around the  
ring, standing taller than his opponent, Skidd Row. Skidd Row moves around in the center of the ring,

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

watching Seth as he circles around him. Seth then throws up his arms, stops dead in his tracks and motions Skidd Row to come at him.

Wolf: Seth Stratton beckoning the former champion on. This guy wants to fight!

Ace: Seth needs to be given some credit for showing up here after the loss of Josh Hydreck. Seth fighting the emotional pain of the loss of a good friend.

Wolf: They didn

t even know one another, Ace! Seth and Josh never spoke one word to one another!

Skidd Row complies and the two lock up near the center of the ring, and Seth quickly reaches up and grabs Skidd

s arm and wrenches his arm with a wrist lock. Seth then quickly hooks his legs around one of Skidd row s legs and grabs his head before rolling forward, forcing Skidd row to the mat as well.

Wolf: Seth Stratton with the side leg scissor take down.

Ace: Hey that was pretty good for a tennis pro!

Wolf: That was good for anybody.

Seth keeps the hold on Skidd

s arm and then jumps up, bringing his knee down on Skidd s arm.

Wolf: Knee smash from Seth Stratton on Skidd

s arm and Seth is in control early here.

Ace: Listen to these fans: everybody is booing now!

The boos rain out as Seth Stratton stomps Skidd

s exposed arm, once, twice, three times before bringing him to his feet by his hair. As Skidd Row gets to his feet he rises with a punch to the gut, the force of which causes Seth to bend over at the waist. Skidd Row then goes off the ropes for momentum and as he returns he jumps up for the dropkick but Seth Stratton swats it away, sending Skidd to the mat face first.

Wolf: Skidd Row with the dropkick, but Seth Stratton swatted it out of the way, and Skidd is down.

Ace:

That was a throwback from his tennis career, Wolf

he swatted Skidd Row just like he was back on the courts swatting at them yellow balls!

Seth taunts the crowd and receives a chorus of boos for all his trouble. He struts around the ring a bit as Skidd Row slowly gets to his feet. As Skidd gets up on one knee Seth Stratton goes over to him and grabs him by the hair, pulling him up the rest of the way. Seth keeps his grip on Skidd s hair and directs him to the corner, slamming him face first into the top turnbuckle.

Wolf: Turnbuckle smash by Seth Stratton!

Ace:

It

s been all Seth so far, Wolf. Skidd hasn

t had one bit of

offense!

Skidd Row sells the turnbuckle smash, coming off of it grabbing his chin and staggering into the middle of the ring. Seth Stratton follows from behind and quickly hooks Skidd s head, bringing him to the mat with him.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: Bulldog by Seth Stratton!

Seth then rolls Skidd over and goes for the pin, hooking the leg. Frank Knox hits the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: 1. . . kick out! Skidd Row kicks out quickly after that one. He s still got life Ace!

Ace: Well he

s got to get some offense going or this match won t last very long

and I fear these One Million Moms are actually here because they want to see some blood. The damn vultures! Give em some blood Seth!

Seth Stratton gets up after the attempted pin, and Skidd Row is up just as quickly still grabbing on to his arm. Seth and Skidd Row circle around one another and quickly lock up. The two collide with the front lock up, and Skidd Row quickly switches around to a rear lock. Skidd Row then hooks one of Seth s legs and lifts Seth up over his shoulder and then kneels down, dropping Seth tailbone first on his knee.

Wolf: Skidd Row with the atomic drop on Stratton.

Ace: Woah, that

ll hurt the ole bum. You ever hurt your tailbone? What am I thinking, of course you have, you re bones are already depleting!

Wolf: I don

t have osteoporosis you bastard!

Ace: Oh really

then why are you sitting on that inflatable pillow?

Seth sells the atomic drop, bouncing forward grabbing his lower back. He then turns around and Skidd Row hooks one of Seth

s arm and falls to the mat, pulling him over.

Wolf: Arm drag by Skidd! He

s found new life here Ace!

Ace: The former Death Row champion. What did you expect? This kid aint just gonna roll over, not even for the great Seth Stratton!

Seth quickly gets up and Skidd Row again hooks one of his arms and sends him to the mat with yet another arm drag. Seth gets up again quickly, the crowd buzzing from the quick action and Seth charges Skidd Row, going for the clothesline, but Skidd Row ducks. Seth then bounces off the ropes and upon returning Skidd Row jumps, twisting so that his back is to Seth and scissor locks Seth around the waist with his legs. Skidd then rolls forward whilst hooking Seth under the armpits with his legs, taking down to the mat and pinning him to the mat.

Wolf: Forward Rolling Cradle by Skidd Row into the pin!

Ace: Well that

s what Skidd has gotta do here. He

s gotta use his speed against Seth Stratton, catch him off guard, make him swing and miss you know the deal!

Frank Knox hits the mat and goes for the count, as the Death Row Faithful buzz, one fan in particular employing a loud fog horn he lets off a few times in rapid succession.

Wolf: 1. . . kick out! Seth Stratton with the quick kick out and both men are on their feet now.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Ace: Impressive pin by Skidd Row  
ve never seen him do that before  
he working on some moves lately?

Wolf: You never know Ace. This kid could be working to get back into the title hunt.

Seth Stratton quickly gets up, as does Skidd and the two stop with bent knees and raised fists, staring at one another as the Death Row Faithful let out a couple of cheers. The two then start to circle one another once more, and as Skidd goes for the lock up Seth raises a right and pokes Skidd in the eye.

Wolf: Eye rake by The Sultan of Sweet.

Ace: The eye rake, a move Seth learned as a tennis pro.

Wolf: Oh yeah, how  
s that?

Ace: You mean you haven  
t seen that video on Youtube of Seth going to shake hands with an opponent at the net after losing an  
important tennis match? Instead of shaking hands he eye rakes the guy right then and there! It  
s beautiful!

Wolf:

That  
s horrible, Ace.

Seth Stratton then bends Skidd Row  
downward, grabbing his arm with a hammerlock, while applying a front face lock with his other arm. Seth  
then lifts Skidd Row up and over, slamming Skidd Row to the mat on his back.

Wolf: Impressive uh  
what would you call that, Ace?

Ace: I don

t know a suplex of some kind  
oh oh, the official Death Row Wrestling nerds are telling me that was a Facelock Chickenwing Suplex.

Wolf:

For an ex tennis pro, Seth sure knows a lot of moves.

Ace: He

s a sultan. What do you want?

The Death Row Faithful pop at the use of the suplex variation, while the One Million Moms continue to boo  
away, their throats not yet even hoarse (from years on the protesting circuit). Seth then drags Skidd into the  
center of the ring and goes for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat.

Wolf: And Seth Stratton with the pin now! 1. . . 2. . . kick out! Skidd Row kicks out! Skidd is down but not out.

Ace: Skidd

why do you suppose he spells it that way, with two  
s?

Wolf: I don

Ace: Maybe that extra D is to accurately describe the size of his man breasts!

Seth Stratton checks on Knox, who extends two fingers, signaling it was only a two count. Seth then drops to  
the mat, applying a scissor leg on Skidd Row

s arm with his legs, falling backward while holding Skidd  
s already injured arm. Seth applies pressure on Skidd

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

s elbow by hyperextending it across his body.

Wolf: Seth Stratton with the crucifix arm bar on that already hurt arm of Skidd Row!

Ace: He

s attacking a body part and immobilizing it! Skidd will be essentially a one armed man before this match is over, you can count on that much.

Seth wrenches back on the arm, Skidd Row selling by screaming each time Seth hyperextends it. Frank Knox checks on

Skidd, asking him if he would like to submit, but we can see him shaking his head. Skidd Row reaches out for the ropes, trying to inch closer to it.

Wolf: Well Skidd is trying to do just that!

Ace: Yeah, good luck doing that with the grip Seth Stratton s got on him.

Skidd finally reaches the ropes, emphatically reaching out and grabbing the bottom rope. An instant passes and Frank Knox notices and claps his hands once, trying to signal to Seth to break the hold. Seth keeps wrenching back, and the ref starts to count 1. . .2. . .3. . .Seth breaks the hold and Frank gives him a stern warning.

Wolf: Skidd Row makes it to the ropes and Seth breaks the hold after a warning from Frank Knox.

Skidd Row crawls into the corner, grabbing his bad arm. He then slowly gets up, first to his knees, and then to his feet. Skidd Row grabs his arm, selling the injury as Seth Stratton charges him and lands on him in the corner.

Wolf: Body splash by Seth Stratton!

Ace:

That poor kid, Seth has forty pounds on Skidd Row.

Wolf: Allegedly. . .

Ace: What? Seth Stratton weighs two-thirty. Anyone who says different is just lying!

Skidd Row comes stumbling out of the corner, and Seth Stratton helps him to the mat by kicking his legs out from under him. Skidd Row hits his back on the mat with a loud thud. Seth Stratton turns and leans up against the ropes to laugh at Skidd Row, but instead The One Million Mom s boo.

Ace: That was great! He tripped that punk up!

Wolf: It wasn

t that great

and The One Million Moms feel the same way.

Ace: Oh they don

t like anything

they don

t count!

Seth Stratton makes his way to the fallen Skidd Row and stomps Skidd Row s arm once before stepping on it with all his weight. Skidd Row kicks his legs and screams in pain as Seth Stratton steps up onto his shoulder and then steps off.

Wolf: All of Seth

s weight coming down on the arm of Skidd Row!

Ace: The Sultan of Swat is using his brain here tonight ladies and gentlemen.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: And very little cheating

Seth Stratton then stomps Skidd

s arm several more times before grabbing him by the hair and bringing him to his feet. Seth then quickly gets Skidd Row into a wrist lock, wrenching his arm. Skidd can be heard screaming from the sudden pain, as Seth continues to wrench on the arm.

Wolf: Seth Stratton continuing to work the arm of Skidd Row. Completely unrelenting!

Ace: Completely genius, Wolf!

Skidd Row slaps his arm and grunts once before reaching up and reversing the wrist lock, putting Seth Stratton into a wrist lock himself. Skidd Row wrenches on the arm before grabbing Seth Stratton and hooking one of his legs around Seth

s. Skidd Row then falls backwards, bringing Seth with him to the mat.

Wolf: Russian leg sweep by Skidd Row! But has he got anything left?

Ace: I doubt that Wolf, my man Seth Stratton has been putting the work in.

Both men remain on the mat as the Death Row Faithful start to buzz. In contention the One Million Moms start up the 100th JESUS SAVES chant, as the guy in the front row dressed like Jesus bobs up and down with the chant.

JESUS SAVES. . . JESUS SAVES. . . JESUS SAVES.

Wolf: Both men down, and The One Million Moms have taken the opportunity to remind us all that Jesus Saves.

Ace: We get it already. These people really need another chant. I m getting bored of it.

Wolf: You and me both, you and me both.

Both men slowly get to their feet, Seth first, stumbling into the corner, followed by Skidd who gets up with the aid of the ropes. Seth then comes out of the corner as Skidd Row turns and Skidd Row elbows Seth once, twice, three times, before Irish whipping him into the ropes, but Seth reverses the irish whip sending Skidd into the ropes.

Wolf: Skidd Row into the ropes. . .

As Skidd Row returns off the ropes Seth Stratton goes for the clothesline, but Skidd Row ducks. As Skidd Row reaches the ropes on the other side of the ring he jumps up onto the middle rope and jumps off, turning and landing on Seth Stratton with a body splash.

Wolf: What a move by Skidd Row. Seth Stratton is down!

Ace: Get em Skidd! Get em!

Wolf: What a flip flopper! You were all for Seth five minutes ago!

Ace: Well yeah. . . Seth was winning. I like winners. . . What s so wrong with that?

Skidd Row then quickly gets to his feet and turns away from Seth Stratton before jumping up in the air and flipping over him, landing across the abdomen of Seth Stratton.

Wolf: Standing moonsault by Skidd Row!

Skidd Row stays on top of Seth, hooking the leg, and Frank Knox hits the mat, going for the count.

Wolf: And we

ve got a pin by Skidd Row! 1. . . 2. . . kick out! Seth kicks out!

Ace: I thought Skidd had him with that one. Completely unexpected.

Frank Knox gets up after the pin and raises his arm to signal the two count to the crowd. The Death Row

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Faithful buzz after the near fall. Skidd Row gets up slowly and makes his way over to the corner. He climbs up slowly, one foot at a time, and as he reaches the top he turns and leaps off with an elbow drop, but Seth Stratton rolls out of the way and Skidd Row ends up hitting nothing but mat.

Wolf: Skidd Row went for the high risk move and it didn't pay off.

Ace: That's my boy Seth! Kick his ass!

Wolf: There you go again! You're incorrigible, Ace!

The crowd buzzes as both men lay on the mat. The One Million Moms continue to cut through the cheers with their boos, never tiring of showing their hatred for anything and everything. Skidd Row rolls on the mat, grabbing his bad arm.

Ace: What an idiot! I didn't even see that! Did he really just use his bad arm to go for that elbow drop?

Wolf: He sure did. But that's his strong arm, it's only natural to use it.

Ace: Even when there's pain shooting through it?

Seth Stratton gets to his feet first and makes his way over to Skidd Row and stomps him twice before bringing him to his feet. Seth then Irish whips Skidd Row into the corner. Skidd Row collides with the turnbuckle with such force that he comes stumbling out of the corner after colliding with it. Seth Stratton walks up to the stumbling Skidd Row and hooks him around the abdomen before bringing him up over his head and to the mat.

Wolf: Belly to Belly suplex by Seth Stratton!

Ace: Did you see the air Skidd Row got on that one?!

Wolf: And what a sound! He hit the mat with real force with that one.

Skidd Row quickly gets to his feet and nearly stumbles to his knees, staggering out into the middle of the ring. Seth Stratton then takes a step back and raises his leg back before bringing it forward and connecting, kicking Skid Row blatantly in the nuts.

Wolf: There he is! There he is ladies and gentlemen! Seth Stratton has finally made an appearance here tonight

he just kicked Skidd Row square in the nuts, and he did it on purpose too!

Ace: A slight miscalculation Wolf! He was definitely going to kick him in the gut. There was no particular malice in that blow!

Wolf: Sure sure you should be a politician's PR man with the bullshit you spin pardon my language everyone.

Frank Knox gets into Seth Stratton's face, reminding him of the no blow rule. Seth Stratton ignores him and then hooks Skidd Row's head, before coming down and bringing Skidd Row's head into the matt.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: DDT by Seth Stratton after the low blow!

Ace: These fans are still buzzing after the last one. I think even The One Million Moms liked that one!

Wolf: Of course

the bunch of man haters!

Skidd Row rolls out of the ring after the DDT and lands on the ground outside the ring on his knees. He breathes heavy from all of the physical exertion, his face a faint pink. He makes his way over to the barricade and pulls himself up, only to have The One Million Mom

s boo down at him in his face. Skidd Row repels himself away and falls to the floor again. Meanwhile Seth Stratton makes his way over to the ropes and climbs through, jumping down to the ground.

Wolf: Seth Stratton in pursuit of Skidd Row now, and both men are outside of the ring.

Ace: Careful with all those protesters around, you just never know what they are capable of doing!

Wolf: That

s for sure

they aren

t afraid to get violent.

Seth Stratton grabs a handful of hair but Skidd Row rises up with a punch to the gut. The blow gives Skidd enough of an opening to get to his feet, and promptly he places a kick aside the head of Seth Stratton s head. The Death Row Faithful pop from the sound of the blow and Seth Stratton staggers back a few steps.

Wolf: Well placed kick by Skidd Row. I thought he had nothing left!

Ace: Wrong as usual, Wolf!

Skidd Row follows Seth, grabbing his still nagging arm. As Skidd Row reaches him he punches Seth with his good arm, and then goes for the Irish Whip, but

Seth Stratton reverses it, Irish whipping Skidd Row into the barricade instead. Skidd Row collides with the barricade and the force of the collision sends it back a few

feet, knocking into the first row. The One Million Moms, unfamiliar with such a thing immediately rise up and begin to boo.

A hairy lipped mother in a purple sweater screams furiously as the remnants of whatever it was she was drinking drips down the fat of her face. She wipes away the liquid and stands up, fuming.

Ace: Probably the first time that woman ever took a shot in the face.

Wolf: Aww

come on now!

The boos continue to rain out, The One Million Mom

s brought to a profound state of hatred. As the camera zooms in on Seth Stratton and Skidd Row to hide the angry faces of the moms in the

crowd, played out nearly a thousand times throughout the arena, the trash starts to fly.

Wolf: Fans taken to throwing stuff now! Knock it off!

Ace:

Those aren

t fans, Wolf

This is the work of The One Million

Moms!

Empty popcorn boxes start to enter the picture, dashing through the shot as Skidd Row sells the collision

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

with the barricade. A cup full of liquid misses its mark, colliding with the ring post in a splash of Coca-Cola. Seth Stratton grabs Skidd Row to get him away from the rabid fans and slams him face first into the ring steps. A ripped up program flutters through the air and lands outside of the ring, spilled open with images of Death Row wrestlers.

Wolf: Knock it off! We  
ve got a match going on you savages!

Ace: It  
s times like this I wish I had a big long cane  
d bop these fools on their heads, each and every one of them. How come you don  
t have a cane Wolf? You  
re old. . .

Wolf: Because I don  
t need one

The boos continue to rain down, but the thrown refuse seems to have reduced. Meanwhile Seth Stratton tosses Skidd Row into the ring, and quickly crawls in, covering Skidd and going for the pin. Knox hits the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: Seth Stratton going for the pin in the midst of all this madness! 1. . .2. . . kick out! Skidd Row kicks out!

Ace: It seems The One Million Mom  
t spend much money here today, for they  
ve run out of things to throw!

Seth Stratton gets up and checks on Knox, who signals it was only a two count. After a complaint Seth Stratton gets to his feet and stomps Skidd Row once, twice, three times on the arm. Seth runs and bounces off the ropes for momentum, and upon returning jumps in the air and comes down with an elbow drop.

Wolf: Elbow drop by Seth Stratton.

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

Seth Stratton goes for the pin, hooking the leg and placing his forearm over the nose of Skidd Row. Frank Knox goes for the count.

Wolf: 1. . . 2. . . kick out! Skidd Row kicks out! I thought Seth had him with that one.

Ace: You  
ve got to hand it to Skidd. . . he  
s getting his ass kicked out there  
but he  
s not giving up!

Wolf: Well that  
s certainly one way to put it. . .

Seth Stratton again checks with Knox to confirm the count and again Knox only shows him two fingers. Expecting a third finger to have been shown Seth hits the mat in frustration and then gets up to stomp on Skidd Row again

this time his stomps seem even more forceful.

Wolf: Seth Stratton getting frustrated here.

Ace: Well I would be too. Skidd Row is like a case of herpes  
you think you

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

ve got him licked, and then before you know it he  
s back again.

Seth Stratton grabs Skidd Row by the hair, but even then Skidd Row is slow to get up. Skidd gets up to one knee, his eyes flicking around, his mouth open sucking in air. Seth looks down, his hand full of hair and then looks out to the crowd, raising his free arm. Skidd Row raises an arm and begins to pull on Seth  
s tights to help himself get up but Seth quickly lowers his arm and strikes Skidd across the top of the head.

Wolf: Seth if you have any decency you

ll put this kid away! As it is he can barely stand! Come on now!

Ace: Serve him up something nice Seth!

Skidd Row crumples to the mat after the blow and Seth throws up his arms in disgust. Seth then turns and makes his way to the corner, where he turns with his back up against one set of ropes, his foot resting on the bottom rope of the other set. Seth looks around at the crowd with a smile on his face, as he watches Skidd Row trying to get to his feet.

Wolf: Come on Seth! Knock this off! Stop soaking up the limelight!

Ace: No Wolf

I think he

s surveying the crowd, looking for the next daughter of a One Million Mom to fuck.

Wolf: He better not! We don

t need these freaks following us all over the South!

Skidd Row slowly gets to his feet, and even then he falls backwards and has to hook his arm over the top rope of the ring. Seth Stratton laughs and raises his arm out to display the effects of his handiwork. Skidd Row regains his balance and shakes his head in an attempt to clear his head. Seth Stratton turns to face Skidd Row and loses all his lightheartedness. He glares at Skidd and makes his way over to him, but as he does Skidd quickly drops and goes for the quick roll up, completely surprising Seth and even Frank Knox, who takes a moment before he hits the mat for the count.

Wolf: Skidd Row was playing possum! Quick roll up!

Ace: No! It was desperation you fool! He  
s done for!

Wolf: 1 . . .2. . . kick out! Close but no cigar!

The Death Row Faithful buzz after the near fall.

Wolf: Skidd almost pulled the win out of his you know where!

Ace: No one saw that coming, not even me!

Skidd Row stumbles back into the corner as Seth Stratton quickly gets to his feet. Seth then charges Skidd in the corner, but Skidd, with his arms draped over the top rope, lifts himself up just in time for Seth to get Skidd

s boots in the face. The blow knocks Seth backward.

Wolf: Skidd Row doesn

t seem to have much left here, but he  
s fighting back in any way he can!

Ace: He just won  
t go down!

Skidd Row then shortens the distance between himself and Seth Stratton, gobbling up space in a small trot. He then grabs Seth by the arm and tries to Irish whip him into the ropes, but Seth reverses, sending Skidd

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

into the ropes instead.

Wolf: Reversed Irish whip. . . Skidd into the ropes.

Skidd turns and his back bounces off the ropes, sending him back toward Seth Stratton.

Wolf: Skidd returns. . .

Seth turns and faces Skidd as he returns, and bends down at the waist as Skidd passes over him.

Wolf:

Leap frog by Skidd. . .

Skidd then bounces off the ropes on the other side and as he returns, Seth lowers at the waist yet again for a back body

drop, but Skidd jumps, turning mid air, rolling off of Seth's back.

Wolf: Back body drop

no! Skidd rolls over Seth

s back, landing feet first!

Ace: Look out Wolf!

Skidd steps back, bending at the knees, and goes for a kick to the head, but Seth Stratton ducks it. The force of the missed kick sends Skidd Row spinning three-sixty.

Wolf: Missed kick by Skidd!

As Skidd Row faces Seth again, Seth spins himself and hits Skidd Row in the gut with a spinning backfist.

Wolf: Backhand by Seth! You know what's next!

Ace: Oh yeah baby! Bring it on!

Seth runs off the ropes and turns, his back hitting the ropes so the it sends him back toward Skidd, and as he returns he raises up his elbow and brings it down against the back of Skidd Row, who's still bent over at the waist from the backhand.

Wolf: Match Point! Match Point!

Ace: Isn

t that a Woody Allen movie?!

Wolf: Nope! It

s what Seth calls that vicious elbow!

Skidd Row hits the mat face first, and he lays there motionless. Seth turns him over with his boot before dropping to his knees and going for the pin. Frank Knox hits the mat.

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

s over it

s over!

The crowd begins to boo as Seth Stratton rises to his knees and raises his arms in triumph. The bell rings and Frank Knox makes his way to Seth and tries to raise his arm, but Seth rips his arm away.

Wolf: OCD.

The boos continue to rise out as Seth rises to his feet and goes to the nearest corner, pulling himself up by the top rope. He raises his arms and the boos continuing. He brings a hand up to his eyes and moves his head as if he

s looking for someone, and when he spots them, he points to the Hydreck family, and then points to the sky.

Wolf: He

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

s making a mockery in light of a recent tragedy!

Ace: Nope. He

s just showing his respects to Josh Hydreck. B.F.F

s.

Wolf: Yeah, yeah

whatever. Well there you have it folks. The former Death Row champion falters after losing the belt, just last Lethal Injection. I was really hoping for him to come back strong, Ace.

Ace: Forget about that, let

s go back to Seth Stratton

speaking of Death Row Champions

this guy would make a great one!

Wolf: You may be on to something there, as much as I hate to admit it. This guy has yet to have been beat.

Ace: Give him some real competition. Please!

Seth climbs out of the ring, but not before looking down at Skidd Row disgusted.

Johnny Returns

We cut to Tim Ross in his office, a black beauty draped across his knees. He sweet talks her as he strokes her long legs, when suddenly the door to his office flings open. He rises with a start, knocking the women to the floor with a squeal.

Ross: What tha fuck? . . . Wes, Leon, what good are you?

Johnny Cox enters the room frantically, a notepad in front of him. He nearly jumps on Tim Ross he s so excited.

Johnny:

Ross, Ross I got to tell

yah!

Ross: You get some information for me?

Ross asks, cool and calm.

Ross: Good. Sit down.

Johnny: But Boss I got to tell yah!

Ross:

Yes, I heard

you, sit down and start from the top.

Johnny Cox makes a face, one of anger as much as it was of disappointment, for he was sure Tim Ross would be eager to know what he had to say, and here he was making him start from the top.

Ross: Go on.

Tim nods.

Johnny: Okay. . .

Johnny looks down at his notebook and starts from the top.

Johnny (cont

d): Dark likes to drink beer. . . cVc? He likes to fuck a lot of loose women. Many women. . . Tarrasque. . . he s not exactly human. I saw him in the back eating a whole plate of raw beef. . . Skidd Row. . . . he used to be in the indys for a long time. . .

Ross: What the fuck is this?

You know, I always wondered why you made it in prison. Why nobody shanked you even though you was a

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

rat. And now I know motha fucka. Because you never gave up anything worth nuthin  
Get the fuck out of  
here!

Johnny: But wait! I got one more. . .

Ross: Boys, see this rat out of here.

Leon and Wes grab Johnny, and start pulling Johnny out of the room.

Johnny: But wait! The cops are coming! The cops!

Ross: Cops? Boys let him go. . . cops? What  
s this about cops?

Johnny: The cops are coming. The cops are coming!

Ross: What? Why?

Johnny: All these people. These protestors! Shit I dunno man, but they  
re coming! I

m getting the fuck out of here.

Ross: Jesus Christ! Why didn  
t you tell me that in the first place?

Johnny: You said. . .

Ross: No we gots to go. Leon, Wes, we movin  
out boys.

The camera fades. . .

FJ Tombs Vs. cVc

Wolf: Cops? What  
s this about cops?

Ace: With all these assholes around I  
m not surprised. Ross called them in!

Wolf: Were you not watching? Ross is getting out of here!

Ace: No way. . .

Wolf: Well we

re just gonna go ahead and assume The Rat is as horrible with his information as he is at wrestling.

Ace:

Hey I thought he did pretty good for a first timer. But now he  
s done busted his cherry, Wolf.

Wolf: Pleasant as always Ace. . . Up next is the main event we  
ve all been waiting for. New Death Row Champion Fj Tombs set to take on Chance Von Crank in a preview  
of what

s to come at Cell Block Four.

Ace: Tombs of course recently crowned after defeating Skidd Row, who after tonight seems to be on a bit of  
a losing streak.

Wolf: Tombs has been through hell and high water here in The Row, and now he  
s got the biggest prize around his waist  
kinda makes it all worth it.

Ace: But tonight he

s going up a formidable opponent in The Trailer Park Prodigy.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: As much as I hate to admit it, you're right, Ace.

A huge cocking noise is heard throughout the auditorium, followed by a gun blast that frightens the shit out of the protesters. A few realize it was only an audio effect, and start to boo, while others never realize it and instead crouch down and even go so far as to scream in terror.

Ace: Jesus Christ somebody is shooting off in this place!

Wolf:

No-no

you damn well know that

s the ever obnoxious start to cVc

s theme music. Even more tasteless in these trying times we live in, Ace.

cVc

s voice is heard throughout the

auditorium, spouting his famous catchphrase. The protesters rise in fury and start raising their signs up in the air.

Wolf: cVc agitating the crowd, and he hasn't

even come out yet.

Ace: These One Million Moms are livid

and they

ve been getting worse and worse as the show has progressed. The vibe in this place is funky. Feels more like were at an underground bare knuckle boxing match than a wrestling match.

Wolf: You watched Snatch on TV last night too?

Ace: You bet your ass I did.

cVc appears from behind the curtain wearing his new shirt that says

t Be A

then depicts a rooster, followed by a candy sucker. A CVC Fucking Sucks chant starts up, and the protesters boo, at the sight of cVc as much at the use of such profanity. One Mom in particular can be seen in the front row wearing a unicorn shirt, her hairy upper lip spread into a horrifying scowl as she shouts out a prayer and tosses her hands up in the air as if she were in the presence of pure evil.

Wolf: Fans using some choice words here in regards to The Trailer Park Prodigy.

Ace: Just say it! They

re saying he fucking sucks!

Wolf: Yeah. . . that.

Ace: And they

re wrong you know? cVc doesn't

suck. . .

Wolf: The jury is still out on that one Ace. . . we already know what the Death Row Faithful think!

cVc makes his way down to the ring with his hands out in front of his crotch, acting like he's masturbating. The protesters immediately boo, as masturbation is a sin in their eyes and a completely worthless endeavor.

Wolf: cVc. . . uh. . . pleasuring himself as he makes his way down to the ring.

cVc reaches the ring and spots the guy in the front row dressed like Jesus and immediately rushes over to him, moaning like he

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

s about to blow his load. cVc then tosses his hands out in the Jesus guy  
s face like he just splooged whilst moaning and shivering as if experiencing an orgasm. The Jesus Guy steps  
back, his face one of shock as it turns beet red.

Ace: cVc just jizzed on Jesus!

Wolf: Ahem. . .

Ace: This is vintage Row right now Wolf. . . Vintage Row. Jizzing on Jesus.

Wolf: It

s a fucking disgrace is what it is. . . and I don

t curse. That

s how disgraceful this is.

The Jesus guy immediately acts like he

s gonna jump the barricade for the second time of the night but cVc keeps his ground and Jesus changes his  
mind and takes to booing instead. The protesters start to shout at cVc, their eyes filled with hatred. The Death  
Row Faithful start up a KICK HIS ASS JESUS chant, and the protesters would be all for it if not for the use of  
such a naught word as

and instead start up a Jesus Saves chant in contention.

KICK HIS ASS JESUS

JESUS SAVES

KICK HIS ASS JESUS

JESUS SAVES

Wolf: Listen to these people! They

re going crazy.

Ace: They

ve been building up to this all night. Anything can happen Wolf, anything.

And meanwhile, Jesus has threatened to cross

the line

several times now.

Wolf: Somebody watch that guy!

cVc enters the ring and takes off his shirt and tosses it into the crowd. He then turns around to taunt the  
other half of the crowd and immediately the t-shirt hits the back of his head.

Wolf: When is this guy gonna realize no one wants a TPP shirt?

Ace: Hey I still want one!

Wolf: Well then you

re the only one.

The shirt falls to the mat and cVc swoops to pick it up and turns to the other side of the ring and tosses it into  
the crowd. The t-shirt returns and cVc kicks it out of the air, frustrated.

Wolf: What did you expect? Not everybody loves you as much as you love yourself cVc!

Ace: I love you Mr. Von Crank.

Wolf: Ace here doesn

t count

s an idiot.

The boos continue, the protesters taking to tossing Jesus saves pamphlets all over the ring and the  
surrounding areas.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: These protesters are working in full force now, complete with propaganda!

Ace: I

d still like to know what we did to piss these guys off.

Wolf: I don

t think we did anything

and that

s the point. These people are mad to get mad.

cVc bends down and picks up one of the pamphlets and leafs through it halfheartedly and then tosses it aside, scoffing. He starts clearing out the ring with his foot as his music slowly dies down.

Wolf: cVc in the ring now, and that means we  
re waiting for one man. . . Mister Tombs.

Ace: It

s all down to you Tombs, once again. When are you gonna tire of holding this federation up on your back?

Wolf:

He won

t ever, Ace. He

ll be here and giving it his all even if it kills him. . . And that

s why Tombs has been our best champion so far

and I expect his tenure as champ to be a long one.

Ace: Not if the Crankster has anything to say about that. . .

Kiss My Country Ass begins to play and the Death Row Faithful rise. A few Tombs signs even make an appearance, through all the signs that say JESUS SAVES and the like.

Wolf: Here he comes ladies and gentlemen, the new Death Row Champion set to embark on his journey as the best wrestler in The Row.

Ace: I hate to disagree with you Wolf, but I will. cVc is the best wrestler in The Row, not Tombs.

Wolf:

Well that

s what tonight is all about. We

re set to find that out in just a few minutes, Ace. So set back and get ready for one hell of a match!

Tombs appears from behind the curtain, his Death Row belt strapped around his waist. It catches in the light for a moment, grabbing your attention. The boos rain out from the protesters, and for a second Tombs is shocked upon hearing them.

Wolf: Tombs unaccustomed to all these boos. He

s always had a warm welcome everywhere he

s gone. But don

t take it too personally Tombs! These people hate everything! They gave him the same response when he came out earlier.

Ace: Remember that ovation he got in Texas? I

ve said it before and I

ll say it again: this guy is sickly sweet. He

s gotta have some skeletons in his closet: pissed in someone

s coffee, fucked a hooker and killed her

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

something!

Wolf: Well as Ace relates to us some of his past mistakes

Ace: Hey they never proved I killed her! It was a hung jury!

Wolf: Sure Ace

Sure.

Tombs runs his fingers through his mustache before unhooking the belt and raising it for one half of the crowd. Cheers erupt from the Death Row Faithful, and the protesters, content to ruin everything shower down more boos. Tombs then turns and raises the belt to the other half of the auditorium and gets generally the same result.

Wolf:

There it is, The Death Row Championship

aint it

pretty?

Ace: Hell yes it is. It

s almost as pretty as me, and that

s no easy feat!

Tombs then lowers the belt and drapes it over his right shoulder. In the ring cVc leans over the ropes nearest to the ramp and shouts inaudible taunts at Tombs that are enough to make some of The One Million Moms in the front row nearby turn red with anger and a hidden suppressed enjoyment. From the ramp Tombs points at cVc then points at the belt, talking all the way down the ramp.

Wolf: Tombs and cVc having a war of words here before the match.

Ace: cVc loves to talk. He talks all the damn time.

Wolf: But this is not a debate Ace! This is wrestling! Go get em Tombs!

Ace: Fuck that, show em why they call you The Trailer Park Prodigy, Chance!

Tombs gets to the ring and climbs up the steps, the belt held gingerly over his shoulder. Tombs slowly walks along the apron until he reaches the middle of it then steps through the top and middle rope, swinging his body under the top rope and through into the ring. Tombs steps up to cVc and then raises the belt in his face.

Wolf: Stare down now by both competitors.

Ace: That

s right cVc tell him who

s best!

cVc begins jabbering in Tombs face, talking fast, and Tombs takes it in, nodding his head and talking only when cVc stops to take a breath. Both men stare at one another dead in the eyes as Kiss My Country Ass dies down, giving way to the boos of the One Million Moms.

Wolf: Well the fans buzzing at the start of this match.

Ace: Tell your fucking friends to hit up [deathrowwrestling.com](http://deathrowwrestling.com) right now. They can watch porn any time. But this. . . well yeah you can watch this at anytime too. . . but we ve got ugly moms and Jesus Freaks!

Wolf: Great PR job there Ace. I

m sure the fans we

ll come flocking to The Row after that one.

Ace: Why thank you.

Wolf: I was joking

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

you fool.

The announcer climbs up into the ring and makes his way to its center. He looks at cVc and Tombs, who continue to stare at one another, exchanging words and then he turns 360 to look at the crowd. He gulps, the action comically visible as his Adam

s apple rises and falls in his throat. The boos ring out around the arena, adding to the scene, and the announcer looks more timid than usual. In fact it looks like he shit his pants and is afraid everybody is going to know about it.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen. . . here is your Main Event!

The Death Row Faithful cheer, while The One Million Mom s let out some boos. We cut again to Jesus, who is booing and pointing his thumbs down like a movie critic. The woman in the unicorn shirt is still praying, her eyes flicking up into the back of her head like she s about to have a seizure at any moment; flirting with it at all times but just missing that one last abomination that will send her over the edge.

Wolf: That lady just creeps me out. Something out of Stigmata.

Ace:

If she starts speaking in tongues, I m fucking out of here.

Announcer: Introducing first. . . from Harlan, Kentucky, weighing in at two hundred and sixty pounds, he is The Trailer Park Prodigy. . . Chance. . . Von. . . Crannnk!

The boos start up, but Chance ignores them, keeping his gaze on Tombs, who continues to listen to his trash talk.

Wolf:

Well Chance forgoing his usual antics here. . . he could actually be serious about this match tonight, Ace.

Ace: He

s always serious Wolf, and tonight s match is special. Whoever wins this match will have a psychological advantage over the other. Hey, if cVc can prove he can beat Tombs, it s gonna be in the back of the champ s mind leading up to Cell Block Four. That s for sure.

Wolf: You

ve been hit and miss all night Ace, but with that one you re dead on. Bull s-eye there little buddy.

Ace: Little buddy? Okay Skipper.

Announcer: And his opponent. . .

The Death Row Faithful are already starting to cheer.

Announcer:

From Athens, Texas. . . weighing in at two hundred and seventy-five pounds, he is the current Death Row Champion. . . F. . . J. . . Tooombs!

The Death Row Faithful pop, and Tombs ignores it, continuing to stare down cVc. cVc steps back to flick his hands in Tombs face and in response Tombs simply raises the belt, never keeping his eyes off of cVc. Frank Knox enters the fray and takes the belt, then hands it off to the ring hand.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: Well this is a grudge match in the making, that's for sure. Tombs vs. Crank.

Ace:

Although Tombs has the weight advantage, I've got cVc in this one. The Trailer Park Prodigy cannot be denied just ask the ladies and when he wants something he takes it.

Wolf: Forcing himself on women. . . yeah, sounds like a great champion Ace.

The bell rings but both combatants remain still, trash talking one another. Frank Knox signals the start of the match and cVc content with his trash talking reaches up and pushes FJ Tombs. The shove sends him back a step or two, but he quickly recovers and gets in cVc

s face. The crowd buzzes, cut through with the sporadic boos of The One Million Moms.

Wolf: What is this, a schoolyard? cVc pushing Tombs around like a little kid.

Ace:

Just trying to get into the head of Tombs, Wolf. That's all.

cVc pushes Tombs

again, but this time Tombs retaliates with a push of his own, the force of which sends cVc immediately to the mat. The Death Row Faithful pop.

Wolf: There yah go cVc! Tombs just pushed your ass to the mat!

Ace: Tombs may have more power, but cVc has him beat in every other area. He gets more pussy and is definitely the better wrestler.

Wolf: cVc just may be the only active wrestler with three forms of sexually transmitted diseases.

Ace: Hey! That

s never been proven!

cVc quickly gets to his feet, shocked, as Tombs flexes his muscles in a display of strength. Tombs then motions for cVc to come at him, and cVc complies, the two men locking up in the center of the ring. The two struggle for the upper hand and Tombs quickly gains it, using his strength to bend cVc backward toward the mat.

Wolf: I think it has been well established that Tombs is the stronger man here. What is cVc doing?

Ace: He

s giving Tombs a false sense of superiority. It

s always best to build a man up before you cut the feet out from under him, it makes the look on his face all the more enjoyable when you beat them.

Wolf: Uh-huh. Whatever you say.

The crowd buzzes and Frank Knox checks the hold to make sure everything is legal. cVc then uses his strength to straighten back up and quickly rises with a knee to the gut of Tombs, the blow causing Tombs to expel a breath of air and bend at the waist. cVc raises his right arm and comes down with a forearm smash against the back of Tombs

s head. He raises up for another, and yet another, each blow ringing out through the arena.

Wolf: Chance Von Crank with the upper hand now, working the back of the champ.

Ace: I told you he was just getting into Tombs

head. Watch as he dominates the rest of this match.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

cVc then Irish whips FJ Tombs into the ropes and as he returns cVc drops to the mat, and Tombs jumps over him to the other side of the ring. Tombs then comes off the ropes on the other side of the ring and as he returns he lifts a foot and kicks cVc square in the head.

Wolf: Big boot from FJ Tombs, and cVc is down!

Ace: Come on ref! Something about that big boot had to be illegal! Lets get some order in there!

Wolf: What is it you kids say? Haters gonna be hating?

Ace: . . . Something like that. . . And I aint hating! Check Tombs boot that things gotta be loaded!

The Death Row Faithful let out a pop as Tombs raises his arms and cVc gets to his feet with his hand holding his chin, selling the big boot. cVc curses and he and Tombs lock up in the center of the ring. FJ Tombs quickly gets behind cVc with a rear lock. The crowd pops, the protesters boo, as they do no matter what happens.

Wolf: Tombs with that bear like grip on cVc.

Ace: He'll get out of it Wolf, dont you worry about that.

Wolf: Whos worried?

cVc makes a face, trying to struggle out of the hold, but then he raises his leg backwards between Tombs legs, striking the ole family jewels. The protesters boo, as do the Death Row Faithful as Tombs falls to the mat selling the low blow. Frank Knox quickly gets in cVcs face and gives him a warning:

I wont have any of that crap Chance!

Wolf: Chance Von Crank with the low blow, and no one with a set likes that one.

Ace: Yeah, Im sure there are a lot of man hating lesbians out there who love a good low blow, but for the love of God!

cVc throws his hands up as the crowd continues to boo and then he pretends to splooge in the face of a few audience members in the first row. cVc tells Frank to

Fuck Off

then turns and runs his hands through his hair as he makes his way to Tombs, slapping him hard as he brings him to his feet.

Wolf: cVc going to work now

Ace: Doing what he does best

Wolf: And whats that? Disappointing every woman he goes to bed with?

Ace: What? No. . .

cVc then Irish whips Tombs into the ropes and as he returns cVc hooks Tombs arm and lifts him up into the air before bringing him to the mat, all in one motion.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

Wolf: Hip Toss by The Trailer Park Prodigy! He used the momentum off the ropes to drive Frank Joe Tombs right to the mat.

cVc taunts the crowd and is rewarded with a chorus of boos. cVc pretends to splooge once more before dragging Tombs, face down, toward the ropes. cVc takes Tombs

head and drapes it across the bottom rope and looks around at the crowd with a smile on his face before stepping up on Tombs, standing across the shoulder blades. He grabs the top rope and pulls it upward so that he may apply all his weight on Tombs.

Wolf: cVc using the ropes to choke Tombs! His neck is draped right across the bottom rope and cVc is mercilessly choking him!

Ace: That

s right baby, cocked back and fucking loaded. cVc is gonna choke out the champ here tonight. Who cares about the DQ?! Tombs can

t be champion if he

s dead!

Wolf: In front of The One Million Moms? That would be the end of us for sure Ace.

Frank Knox quickly makes the count, 1. . . 2. . .3. . . Fou

cVc breaks the hold and Frank Knox warns cVc yet again with a finger in his face. Tombs meanwhile lays on the mat, grabbing his throat and selling the injury. He swallows once and makes it appear quite difficult.

Wolf: Tombs is struggling to swallow after that one

s no place for that kind of stuff in The Row!

Ace: Are you kidding?

We

re Death Row Wrestling. It

s what we do, Wolf.

Wolf: That doesn

t mean I have to like it.

cVc jumps up into the corner and raises his arms, and both the protesters and the Death Row Faithful boo.

One cVc fan with missing teeth can be seen cheering, but being the minority he cheers are lost in the constant boos. Tombs slowly gets to his feet as cVc gets down and turns to face down Tombs.

Wolf: cVc more interested in inflating his own ego than wrestling in this match.

Ace: Listen here Wolf, it

s not a sprint, it

s a marathon. cVc is just taking his time

because we all know the longer he

s on the screen the better it is for the Row. I feel that way about myself personally.

cVc and Tombs lock up in the center of the ring, as the crowd buzzes. cVc then quickly switches to a side headlock. Tombs takes several steps backwards before he hits the ropes, and then uses the momentum to toss cVc off of him into the ropes on the other side of the ring. cVc returns and Tombs clotheslines him to the mat. As cVc sells the clothesline Tombs shakes his head as if to get the cobwebs out.

Wolf: Tombs with the clothesline now! This match has been back and forth so far, neither man seeming to get the upper hand!

Ace: Are you seriously suggesting that Tombs is on the same level as cVc?!

Ace: Answer me! Answer me dammit!

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

cVc quickly gets to his feet and runs off the ropes for momentum and as he returns he goes for the shoulder block, but Tombs out powers him, the blow causing cVc to fall to the mat instead.

Wolf: Tombs with the shoulder block. Err

well cVc with the failed attempt of the shoulder block. That was like running into a brick wall.

Ace: Oh is that what you do these days Wolf, run into brick walls?

cVc gets up just as quickly but stumbles to the ropes, and as he does Tombs raises his arms in victory.

Those in the crowd that aren

t total assholes and inclined to ruining other peoples shit in the name of the Lord pop; the protesters boo (how tiring they are).

Wolf: Lots of taunting here from Tombs, a little uncharacteristic of him.

Ace: Perhaps the title has changed him for the worst?

Wolf: I doubt it, this guy lives, sleeps, eats The Row.

cVc looks around and then slowly makes his way over to Tombs and extends a hand. Tombs looks around at the crowd.

Wolf: Don

t do it Tombs! Don

t shake that scumbags hand!

Tombs cautiously extends his hand to shake cVc

s, and as his hand gets closer a devious smile spreads on cVc

s face. Tombs pulls his hands back and wags his finger in cVc

s face and the Death Row Faithful pop. cVc meanwhile is furious.

Wolf: Nice work Tombs! A handshake from The Trailer Park Prodigy, who s gonna fall for that?

Ace: What do you mean?

Wolf: He was gonna cheap shot Tombs! You know it! Don

t play innocent!

Ace: Cheap Shot?! cVc was just showing a bit of sportsmanship and Tombs spat all over it!

cVc charges Tombs and Tombs catches him, lifting him straight up into the air with a military press. The Death Row Faithful pop as Tombs even presses cVc two or three times to show his strength. After his last press Tombs tosses cVc to the mat, and The Trailer Park Prodigy hits the mat with a great amount of force, the sound of which makes the crowd pop.

Wolf: Huge military press there by Tombs.

Ace: Damn. . . you know cVc is such a great wrestler he even looks good when he s losing. You see the grace with which he fell through the air? Amazing.

Wolf:

Well as Ace further professes his love, Tombs is back on the offensive now, stomping away on cVc.

Tombs stomps cVc once, twice, three times, before dropping to his knees and going for the pin. Knox hits the mat to make the count, the Death Row Faithful buzzing in anticipation of the pin. The more zealous of them count along with the referee.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin ladies and gentlemen! 1. . . 2. . Kick out. cVc kicks out and that one was hardly close.

Ace: Well don

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

t sound so disappointed Wolf.

Wolf: I

m rooting for Tombs, and I

m not afraid to admit it. The Trailer Park Prodigy is an ugly mole on the face of The Row. Best to scrape it off!

Tombs checks with Knox and Knox signals the two count, as the crowd still buzzes after the count. The One Million Moms take a lull in the cheers to boo their discontent out into the arena

but at this point it

s been so constant it

s lost all relevance. He gets slowly to his feet and grabs a handful of cVc

s mullet, pulling upward and bringing cVc with it. Tombs then grabs cVc

s left arm, raises it over cVc

s own head and pins it there before reaching back and punching cVc right over the heart.

Wolf: Heart punch from FJ Tombs! The champ laying it on to the Trailer Park Prodigy now.

cVc sells the heart punch, bringing his shoulders forward and bending slightly as he makes his way into the corner. Tombs follows and hits cVc in the face with a left, then another left, followed by a right, each blow rocking cVc in the corner. Tombs then grabs cVc and Irish whips him into the corner. cVc hits the corner with a thud and then Tombs charges him, clotheslining cVc with such force it knocks him first up against the turnbuckle, his feet flailing in the air, and then straight down to the mat.

Wolf: What a clothesline from FJ Tombs!

Ace: Come on cVc take this butcher boy out! He

s just a stupid hick!

Wolf: Really Ace? He

s not the one living in a trailer. . .

The Deathrow Faithful pop after the clothesline. Fj Tombs looks out on the crowd for a brief moment before bending down to pick up cVc. Tombs then places cVc on the top rope, in the seated position. Fj Tombs goes to climb up, but cVc punches him in the face, forcing him to step back down.

Wolf: Well we

ve got a high risk maneuver here. . . Or at least I think that

s what Tombs has planned.

Ace: But cVc aint out of it yet, he

s fighting back from that precarious position.

Tombs goes for another hold but again cVc punches him, this one sufficient enough to knock Tombs back a few steps. It

s a big enough of an opening for cVc to get to bring his feet up to the top rope and jump off. He jumps over Tombs, but hooks his head as he flips over him, bringing him down to the mat with him. The crowd pops with such veracity the referee actually jumps.

Wolf: Neckbreaker from the top rope by cVc! And I think both guys are hurt after that one.

Angered by the pop, the One Million Moms show their force by overpowering the cheers with one massive BOOOOOOOOO.

Ace: Did you see that

as these bitch moms start mooing again

that move by cVc? Did yah? It was a prime example as to why The Trailer Park Prodigy is well

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

just that  
a prodigy!

Frank Knox sees both men are down and starts to make the count. 1. . . 2. . . 3. . . The One Million Moms  
start up a

RE GONNA BURN  
chant.

Wolf: . . .

Ace: They

re probably talking about this heat. This summer heat wave has been a real bitch, hasn't it Wolf?

Wolf: . . .

4. . . Tombs and cVc both start to slowly get to their feet. YOU

RE GONNA BURN 5. . . Tombs reaches the ropes, starts pulling himself up YOU

RE GONNA BURN 6. . . YOU

RE GONNA BURN. FJ Tombs gets to his feet first, followed by cVc.

Wolf:

Both men are up after that near double count out.

YOU

RE GONNA BURN, YOU

RE GONNA BURN.

Ace:

They

re giving it their all, Wolf. If this is just a preview of Cell Block

Four, it

s going to be a good event indeed.

cVc then swings first, hitting Tombs with a right. Tombs responds with a left to the face of cVc, which cVc reciprocates with yet another right.

Wolf: Both men exchanging blows now and this one has become a pure fist fight!

Ace: Get em cVc! Bust his head open!

Both men continue to exchange blows, the time between strikes decreasing, so that at one point they re both letting their fists fly, almost in dual flurries of punches.

They both then think to run off the ropes, Tombs running off one

set, cVc running off the opposite, and as they reach one another they both go for the clothesline, knocking one another to the mat.

Wolf: Double clothesline, and both men are down now!

Ace: They

re already in one another

s heads. Both these wrestlers seem to be thinking the same thing!

cVc quickly rolls out of the ring and lands flat on the ground outside, but he doesn't

seem to mind. Tired, he lays there sucking air as Tombs slowly staggers to his feet.

Wolf: cVc is down and outside of the ring now, and Tombs himself is trying to get to his feet.

cVc pulls himself toward the barricade and pulls himself up, and finds himself in the face of the guy dressed like Jesus in the first row. The Jesus Guy then spits in cVc

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

s face, and at first cVc is shocked, but only for perhaps just half a second, before he reaches across the barricade and slams that Jesus Guy on the ground.

Wolf: That guy just spit in cVc  
s face! Jesus just spat in cVc  
s face!

Ace: I told you he was trouble.

Immediately there was outrage. . . It was as if the cover of the auditorium had blown off, as if the all the sudden negativity in the room had shattered the poor structure of reality: the One Million Moms were pissed. A Death Row wrestler had just assaulted Jesus. . . The boos started, heavy loud guttural boos, and with them came insults and borderline profanity.

Wolf: My God this place is going crazy!

Ace: I told you he was trouble.

Wolf: These people are looking to riot! There  
s pandemonium here in the auditorium!

Ace: I told you he was trouble.

Wolf: Yes yes! You told us so! That doesn't  
change the fact  
and they  
re throwing things now!

The bell rings continuously as cVc starts to stomp the Jesus guy outside of the ring, screaming obscenities that cut through the boos and cries of the One Million Moms like a warm knife through butter. The trash starts raining down, and the crowd becomes a jostling of human  
s fighting for position. The security quickly bunches up around the barricade, trying to keep any one else from entering while others escort the Jesus Guy out of the place.

Wolf: Fans. . . fans. . . You can  
we can  
t have this!

Ace: I don't  
think it  
s safe out here!

A man over the auditorium starts speaking, but through all the boos and the screams we can only catch bits of it. PLEASE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--. . . . The screams rain out and the trash continues to fly into the ring, as cVc turns to threaten any potential newcomers

PLEASE REFRAIN FROM

Wolf: Got some help out here, we need  
hey hey knock it off!

The protesters around the commentators table start hitting Wolf and Ace with their signs, and agitated Ace grabs one and manages to snatch it away. PLEASE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

BOOOOO He tosses it aside and Wolf and Ace back away from the table. DO NOT THROW THINGS AT BOOOOO cVc meanwhile is shouting at the fans, and from out of nowhere he gets hit full in the face with a cup filled with some amber liquid.

PLEASE LEAVE THE ARENA

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

BOOOOOO cVc climbs the barricade and goes for the kill but the security hold him back. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLEASE REFRAIN--BOOOOOOOO

Suddenly officials from the back start coming out, trying to protect their wrestlers and coax them to the back. Tombs stands akimbo, his hands on his hips, looking around frustrated and confused, while cVc continues to jaw with the protesters. People start to leave the arena, but others are still upset, even jostling with Death Row fans.

Behind the officials come the cops, West Virginia  
s

finest, dawned in Swat Gear and fresh off a class about dispersing large groups of unruly people. They storm down the ramp and disperse around the barricade, holding people back. The boos continued to rain out, and though the police were present, it seemed to make the One Million Moms even more upset. BOOOOO The crowd jostled about the barricade, some taking to tossing their signs clear into the ring. BOOOOOOOO. cVc continues to taunt the crowd, despite Waylon Wolf and Tommy Ace holding them back, and in the struggle cVc falls backward, knocking into an officer that believes him to be an attacker and retaliates with his black police baton, bopping cVc in the back of the head with a single well-placed blow.

The fans and the police continue to struggle, and Tombs climbs out of the ring disgusted, shaking his head at all of the protesters. The feed continues until the camera man finally drops the camera and runs for it, the sound of boo

s prevalent as we fade to black.

Aftermath

Peabody: Yeah, we sure surprised the fucker.

Officer Peabody spits out into the street, looking out on the auditorium that not five minutes ago had been some sort of a warzone. He had to hand it to those One Million Moms, when they got riled up, they could really cause a stir.

Peabody: He didn

t see us going till it was too late. I wonder who tipped him off?

Williams: How long you fellas been watching him?

The young officer asked, his head still full of precious wonder, for never had he seen such a thing in his budding career as a man of the law.

Peabody: Oh for a while now.

Peabody turns from his fellow officers to look out on the hot West Virginian night. He takes in a breath and then turns to look in the back of his squad car, where the face of Tim Ross can be seen, screaming obscenities.

Peabody: Sheeut. Look at him, he sure is pissed.

The other officers, a young one with blonde hair, and a round fat one with a dirty uniform look and have themselves a laugh at Tim Ross

s expense.

Peabody: Betcha he

ll be shaking like a dog shitting peach pits once we get back to the station.

Williams: Why

s that?

Peabody: Because, Williams, we got this here fella on murder.

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

The young cops eyes widen, as he mouths the word murder.

Peabody: Yup. You see awhile back he killed a feller named Maynard Crane. And to be honest we weren't gonna go nosing in anything like that

Maynard was a serial killer. And a dead serial killer is a good serial killer, cause he can't kill no more. No, we thought we'd just leave that alone. But we kept our eye on this one.

He turned to take another look at Tim Ross in the back of his squad car, much like a scientist looks at a specimen he claims to know all about.

Peabody: And then. . . and then well this Hydreck kid ended up dead. And guess where? Right in the middle of his ring. . .

Peabody looks down at his notepad.

Peabody (cont

d): this Death Row. How about that eh? He

s already got a record. It

s like they say boy, once a criminal, always a criminal. We just got to ship him to the proper authorities, cause the crime didn't

occur in our jurisdiction

but we get the credit for being the ones that napped him up.

He spat in the road triumphantly.

Peabody: I also hear tell a man turned up dead just yesterday. When did you say this feller got into town?

The other officer, the fat one, looked through his own notes and after many page turns looked up:

Riley: Last week, on the 6th. Was seen in and around West Virginia since that time.

Williams: So he could have done it!

The others looked at him, and completely ignored him.

Peabody: Yeah, we knew he had this show going, and we knew full well about them protesters too. In fact, who do you think helped encouraged them along?

He winked.

Peabody (cont

d): The fact of the matter is we was able to surprise him. He tried to get away too. Was in a car, and it was all packed up with some five grand in cash, and a pistol in a brief case. He was burning rubber out of here

but of course we had the exits blocked. You can

t tell me he aint guilty. An innocent man don't

run like that

not any I

ve ever seen. This feller was scared.

The red, blue, red, blue, red, blue, of the cops sirens filtered through the night, and the officers stood around watching as the rest of the auditorium emptied out. They were waiting for everyone to leave and for the area to be secure. They had not counted on the disarray they had come upon in the arena.

Williams: What do you suppose ticked all those people off Peabody?

Peabody: I dunno. . . kid. . . I dunno. . .

Fade. . .

## Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection IX

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