

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XI

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Lethal Injection XI

12 Sep 2012

Salinas Community Center,
Salinas, California (seats 200)

Introduction

The Row is a traveling caravan, a group of gypsies traveling across the coast and enticing the straight-laced folk of

society that loath them and their practices, but at the same time can not look away. The people apply a certain mysticism to The Row

to that ugly corrupt thing that exists and is an assault to everything they hold dear

for their fear is coupled with a warmth, a knowing that stems deep in the brain of man. A knowing that man can be a beast, a monster, even a murderer

whether born that way or shaped by the anvil of society

and that The Row accepts such throw-aways of conventional life. There is almost a star quality about these men, a mysterious danger about their very presence that interests a mother of two living in suburbia, or an aging teen already filled with far too many images of violence. They hold the members of The Row up like anti-heroes, like counter-culture all-stars, and their eyes are glassed over by an ignorance bred deep in them.

Those who join The Row are generally ugly, ugly, men. . . They are dope fiends and alcoholics; former athletes so rotten and sneaky in professional sports they were either banned from the sport altogether or barred from certain venues; genetic freaks thrown away from some horrible corporate experiment; ditch diggers and landfill owners; they are men who sometimes wear cutoffs; men who hate everything; they are criminals and thieves; they are special. . .

And in a way, those who watch The Row are monsters too, underneath.

The Row travels on, a band of misfits, a grouping of fools, and along the way The Row had gained some and had lost some. The need for extra cash had led to the firing of Frank Knox

or so Dark had said. The truth was age was beginning to catch up with Frank Knox, making the former wrestler turned referee weak. Weakness was never a good thing to show in The Row (hence the high dropout rate), and being older himself, Dark had feared the fellas would make comparisons between Frank Knox and himself. . . that weakness in Frank could mean possible weakness in Dark.

As for the oversized puke with the heart of a kitten and the bladder of a child; Goliath? Out. I hear he's driving a truck these days, cursing the small cab of his ride.

The young one, with the Oakley glasses and an aspiration unwarranted when compared to his skill; Colby

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Rise? Out. I believe he went back home to Mother. She needs a foot massage.

Just another testament to the toughness of The Row. The dropout rate continues to climb.

Charlene had been gained, a crack whore from San Jose who felt she needed a change of scene. Everyone knew this meant she had become too well known to the local police. Despite being a horrible Ring Announcer, it seemed a boost in morale.

The Row escaped from The One Million Mom

s and entered San Jose without a champion. Lethal Injection went off without a hitch, though the heat in the gymnasium had so affected Waylon Wolf that he needed immediate medical attention after the show. He had sweated clean through his undershirt, his shirt, his tie, and his coat. He looked like a shriveled up prune.

But we will have a champion.

The Row will have itself a Head Motherfucker Tonight. Are you ready?

The doors are locked, all the furniture is pushed up against the doors, should the flimsy locks break. . . You ve got your shotgun in hand, and several rounds of ammunition grenades should they be necessary. You

ve read Catcher in The Rye far too many times, and now you wanna do something stupid like this. . . Make the right choice

put down the gun and watch The Row, they re coming for you anyway.

We

re just like Holden.

Either way man. . .

YOU

RE FUCKED!

One. . .

Two. . .

Three. . .

WELCOME TO THE ROW!

We open to the Salinas Community center, alive on a warm night. Summer has not yet left the city, warming the nights with tender winds that rattle through the trees and blow through your hair like a memory of hotter days already gone. The Salinas Community Center is a result of Mr. Arnold Schwarzenegger and his Parks and Recreation act of 2002. The center offers 2 measly tennis courts

their nets frayed and full of holes, four basketball courts ruptured and uneven due to the roots of nearby trees sprouting underneath, a swimming pool with more diseases than anyone would care to mention, let alone think about, handball courts adorned with gangster graffiti, and a state of the art children s play area made of nothing but foam and soft corners.

A shirtless Mexican with muscle turning to fat and several tattoos (including one depicting a gorilla holding a shot gun) follows the blue ball and swats it out of the air. The ball shoots back toward the wall and returns, and the other Mexican follows it, stepping back several steps before swatting it back. The handball game continues well into the night, thanks to the outdoor lighting that showers down light and shadow.

The basketball courts are occupied as well, with a few amateurs clanking shots off the rim and trying their best to juke their defender to no avail. In their games, it is he who tires the soonest who loses, and being out of shape players tire easily and are reduced to sweating animals, grunting for air. Their games do not last long before someone stops for a cigarette break.

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A homeless man slinks on by, trying his best to look inconspicuous. He walks through the rec center, and stops at a grouping of trees and brush before stopping to look around. He then steps through the brush and disappears. . .

The camera man turns and makes his way to one of the larger buildings. He knocks on the door, knock-knockknockknock-knock, and after a moment we hear the rattling of chains and the unlocking of several locks. The door then swings open and Horace appears, with a smile on his face. The camera man walks down a hall, and already you can hear the low rumble of many people engaged in small talk. The camera man makes his way through another door, and there it is, the main room, and in its center, The Death Row ring.

There are nearly 200 hundred people in the room, in quite closed quarters. They sit in rows five or six deep around the Death Row ring. The ceiling above draws their attention, for a giant mural has been painted along the ceiling by some amateur Michelangelo, depicting angels and devils engaged in deadly battle over the souls of the living. The room actually has a second floor; a balcony circles around the room over their heads, and given their lack of space, a few are angry the space has not been utilized for seating.

We cut to Waylon Wolf and Tommy Ace, sitting sucked back at a collapsible table near the wall. Waylon sits to the left of Tommy Ace, who at the moment is looking at himself in a compact mirror. What a fucking woman.

Wolf: Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to the Salinas Community Center, here in the heart of Salinas, California.

Ace: Yo.

Wolf turns to look at Ace and swats the compact mirror out of his hand. Ace looks shocked for a brief moment, but then he sees the camera and his shock turns to that sly, bullshit smile of his.

Ace: Why hello there. . . I

m Tommy Ace

loved by women and hated by men everywhere.

Wolf: And I

m Waylon Wolf

you know Tommy I hear IM Hate hates you more than anything else. He wants your blood. He wants to stomp your face in.

Ace swallows hard, as the fear rises up in his stomach. He feels he has to vomit, but he holds it back and manages a broken smile for the camera.

Ace: I

m not scared of him. . .

Ace squeaks.

Wolf: Yes, you look the embodiment of courage in the face of danger right now. . . Are you shaking Ace? Is there a breeze in here?

Wolf turns to look at Ace, who is visibly shaking and tensed up in an effort to retard the shaking.

Ace: Shut up. . . just sh-shut up. Okay?

Wolf: Well as Ace clenches his butt cheeks together in an effort to keep from soiling his trousers, let us take a moment to remind you that Lethal Injection XI is brought to you by Swamp Ass brand underwear the only underwear that prevents the dreaded swamp ass.

Ace: You know all about it, don

t you Wolf.

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Wolf: I do not. Let
s get on with the show, shall we?

Ace: You just want to change the subject.

Wolf: I do not. Can we do our job here?

Wolf looks at Ace irritably, but Ace ignores his glare, taking in the ever important camera.

Ace: Whatever you say. . . I still say you
re trying to change the subject.

Wolf: Well we

ve got Mariguano in action tonight, taking on newcomer Trevor Browning, who
s flown all the way across the Atlantic and has landed in the states. Unfortunately for him, he landed in The
Row.

Ace: Mariguano had an impressive win at Lethal Injection Ten. In a best of three with Colby Rise he beat
Colby with two pins

Colby couldn
t even win a single fall.

Wolf: It was a grueling match for our local luchadore, and tonight is no different.

Ace: I don

t know if Trevor Browning knows this or not, but The Row is for real. The kid seems a little too green if you
ask me. These fellas are going to eat him alive! In a month he

ll be a crack whore. Just you wait and see.

Wolf: You know all about crack whores, don

t you

Ace.

For once, Ace

ade
fades, and he turns to Wolf with anger in his eyes. His face spreads, a scowl forms and his brows come
down.

Ace: She was a coke whore. Not a crack whore. If you

re going to go airing other people

s business, you best get it right! She was a coke whore and I loved every minute of it! Alright! I said it!

He jumps up out of his seat, as if suddenly shocked, and raises his arm to prove his point. He becomes so
flustered his hair slips out of place, and looking up at it annoyed, he draws a hand over his hair and straightens
it out. The calm returns to his face, along with that bullshit smile of his and he straightens out his suit before
he sits down.

Ace: Now. . . where were we?

Wolf stares at Ace for a moment, frightened by the sudden outburst; there is more to this fool than he had
perceived. He turns back to the camera and continues.

Wolf:

Also in action tonight we

ve got Major Kendu taking on one of Dark

s lackeys, Johnny Cox.

Ace: Kendu claims to be a psychiatrist, and if it is true, than he has a wealth of knowledge that will ultimately
be beneficial to him. If he can get into the minds of his opponents, he can control them and bend them to his

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will.

Wolf: Well Johnny Cox is no stranger to psychiatrists, word is he spent two hours every week with a psychiatrist while in the pen. But don't mention it around Johnny Cox, or he'll and I quote
Cut yah.

Ace: Cut yah, huh? Well he should be worried about what Kendu is going to do to him tonight. With that bag of tricks of his he could cut yah, beat yeah, saw you in half, taze you
I don't and that's the point ladies and gentlemen: one never knows what is in that bag of his. It could be anything!

Wolf:
Later on we will also be seeing the monster Tarrasque take on the leader of Tha Krew, Wes Payton. Perhaps Dark is punishing Tarrasque now, for failing to dispatch of IM Hate?

Ace: It's a possibility Wolf. Wes Payton is a hired gun. This guy takes joy in taking people out. He shows no emotion in anything else
s made of stone
I dare say he may even have no soul. But will any of that be enough to take down Tarrasque? I don't know. . . that's the question we seek to answer here tonight.

Wolf: Speaking of IM Hate, he will be in action tonight against Cort Vang. Sources are saying that Dark has something special planned for IM Hate tonight, involving the match.

Ace: Well IM Hate took out Tarrasque at Lethal Injection Ten. Dark didn't think he could do it, not many people did
I know I sure as hell didn't, and I expect something even worse than the match last week. Maybe he'll make IM Hate fate blindfolded, or with both hands tied behind his back!

Wolf:
One can only hope. . . In our main event we have Seth Stratton taking on Fracture in an elimination style handicap match
if Seth Stratton is pinned, Fracture wins, but in order for Seth to win, he's going to have to beat both Rupture and Schism.

Ace:
That's quite the obstacle Wolf
I don't know if even Seth Stratton will be able to overcome those odds. He's a true athlete, I'll give him that, but this aint tennis. . . This will be a true measure of his greatness

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that is, if he manages to pull this one out.

Wolf: Seth of course came out last Lethal Injection claiming he was next in line for The Death Row Title after the unfortunate accident involving FJ Tombs that resulted in vacating the title. His reasoning behind this?

Well he has the best record in The Row of course. . . He

s four and oh.

Ace: He does have the best record. It

s a fact.

Wolf: Not if you ask Fracture, a team which has never been beaten either, at five and oh.

Ace: Oh who cares, let em fight, I don

t care why they

re fighting! Read that advertisement of yours and lets get this ugly bitch on the road.

Wolf looks at Ace quite annoyed before he reaches down and reads off a card.

Wolf: Hate Samoans? Call Tommy Ace. . . Samoan Removal. . . Hey you wrote that in didn

t you?

Ace: Of course I did. I hate Samoans.

Arrival

Ian Michaels is seen at his trunk pulling out his bags from his car. He turns to notice the camera man right in his face. Ian Michaels: Take your piece of shit equipment and go elsewhere. This is not the time for you to be here. The camera man keeps coming closer, as Ian slams his trunk down. Ian turns to the camera man and shakes his head. Ian Michaels: I gave you a chance! Ian starts to walk towards the man, as he gets close, he palms the camera and shoves him to down into the asphalt of the parking lot. Ian Michaels: You dumb bastard!

Trevor Browning vs. Mariguano

We

cut to Waylon Wolf Sr and Tommy Ace sitting side by side as always. Wolf is dressed impeccably for his time for Wolf in a way still thinks he

s in the mid-eighties, and his attire reflects that. Tommy Ace is dressed more in the fashion, as he is a disgusting little worm that takes interest in only outside appearances. With that said, one can image Tommy

Ace has nothing on the inside to offer himself; he

s purely superficial.

Wolf: Welcome ladies and gentlemen and tonight we

re going to start the show off with a bang. Mariguano debuted last Lethal Injection and put on a show that wowed everyone in attendance.

Wolf turns to Ace to take in his analysis

just doing his part to help feed Ace

s ego.

Ace: I know I was impressed. This kid may like his herb, but boy can he wrestle. Colby Rise didn't even stand a chance against Mariguano. Not a chance.

Wolf: That

s right Ace. This kid has been turning heads since joining The Row.

Ace: Yeah all those other bastards are kicking themselves because they didn

t sign him! That

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s right bitches

Mariguano is a Death Row exclusive. You can't get him anywhere else.

Wolf: Easy now.

Wolf turns to face the camera.

Wolf: It really was a great match, and tonight Mariguano takes on another newcomer, in Trevor Browning, all the way from England. Do we have a revolving door around here or something?

Ace: Yeah

and only because most guys can

t take it here in The Row. It just goes to show you The Row brings in international talent. Mariguano hails from Mexico, and now Trevor Browning from England. We

ve got a war of the worlds tonight!

Wolf:

Not exactly. We

ve got two earthlings in the ring there, Ace. . . Trevor Browning is going to have to bring everything he's got if he wants to stand a chance against Mariguano here tonight.

Ace: Well England has some tough bastards over there. The weather is shitty, the food is mediocre, and all the woman look plain, and as such it creates some real scummy bastards. Trevor, however is not one of them. He

s a sunny fuck.

Wolf:

The Row needs a little sunshine, Ace.

The horns begin to play the opening to Rule

Britannica, forcing a few morons so patriotic they confuse it with the National Anthem and stand with their hand over their heart. Glancing around they notice their error and quickly sit down, but not before a chorus of laughter from the others.

Wolf:

Well here he comes ladies and gentlemen, Trevor Browning.

As the song

peaks, full into its worship of the

British Empire and its kings and queens, Trevor Browning appears from behind a curtain draped over the door. He is

smiling, happy to be in America, though in his smile is a bit of apprehension.

Wolf: Trevor Browning looking a tad nervous here! He

s got a touch of the nerves Ace.

Ace: Well it

s his first match and he

s going up against one hell of a dope fiend. I

d have a case of the shakes myself.

The fans hardly react, as the man is unknown to them, and it seems to disappoint Trevor Browning, but only for a moment. He takes the short walk down to the ring and then circles around it once, slapping the hands of the more enthusiastic of the fans willing to high five anyone associated with The Row.

Wolf: Not much is known about this kid. We do know he was at Lethal Injection Ten. But he was in the

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crowd. . . Don

t tell me the Row is so hard up we
re hiring fans now!

Ace:

Alright, I won

but I

ve seen this kid

around, and he seems desperate to me. He

s too nice. . . You can

t be nice and survive in The Row. Why is he here? Of all the places in the world, he comes to The Row?

Wolf: Unless you

re Tombs. Tombs survived and everyone loved him.

Ace: Tombs

yeah look where he is. On his back with all kinds of tubes sticking out of him. That

s where

gets you in The Row

a hospital bed

a hospital bed or a shallow grave.

Trevor Browning puts one knee up on the apron and then grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up. He stands on the ring apron and salutes the crowd once before stepping through the top and middle ropes. He swings his head under the top rope and steps into the ring. Trevor then makes his way to the corner and pulls himself up, posing to an almost nonexistent pop from the crowd. Trevor drops to the mat and then starts to hop around, getting the blood flowing for his upcoming match.

Wolf: Well as Trevor prepares for his match, let

s discuss his opponent tonight, Mariguano.

Ace: You think he prefers water pipes? Glass or acrylic? Or stone? Or wood?

Wolf: What? What are you going on about? I

m talking about Mariguano, a former Lucha Libre Battle Royale winner.

Ace: A what?

Wolf: You

re hopeless. . . really hopeless, you know that?

The strings of a calypso guitar ring out through the crowded room, and the densely Hispanic crowd lets out a cheer. The guitar continues its sensual notes, abrupt and broken through with the occasional strum of the guitar.

Wolf: And here he comes! Mariguanooooo!

Ace: Smoke em if yah got em!

Wolf: What

s that supposed to mean?

Ace: Nothing

nothing Wolf. Don

t worry, the kids will get it.

The tempo picks up as another guitar joins in before the curtain draws back swiftly, and Mariguano appears donned in his usual wrestling gear, with a Mexican flag he has draped over his back and clutches with both

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hands. The crowd lets out a massive RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH as Mariguano plays it up to his adoring fans, shuffling from the left to the right.

Wolf: It

s the one and only Mariguano ladies and gentlemen, starting off this show right.

Ace: I don

t know how much this guy has smoked. Munchies may play a factor in this match.

Wolf: Munchies?

The metal guitar slide prompts Mariguano to make his way to the ring, as Vince Neil

The Edge

continues to play. Mariguano circles the ring, slapping hands with everyone in the first row, even stopping at one point to watch a young woman shake her ass along with the music.

Ace: Get a close up of that!

Wolf: Come on now, that

s someone

s daughter!

Mariguano nods his head and applauds the woman before turning to the ring and quickly hopping up to the apron. He then grabs the top rope and hops over the rope and turns quickly three hundred and sixty degrees before raising the flag of Mexico high over his head.

Wolf: Expect a high paced match here, ladies and gentlemen.

Ace:

Yeah, I don

t think Mariguano can wrestle any other

way!

Mariguano hands off the flag to a ring hand while Charlene saunters her way into the ring in a tight fitting red sequin dress, cut low for maximum cleavage exposure. It

s a trashy dress, for a trashy girl. She steps through the middle and bottom rope and walks to the center of the ring with ease, despite the four inch heels.

Ace: There she is ladies and gentlemen, the most attractive ring announcer in the business.

Wolf: You

re blinded by tits right now Ace. You don

t see the missing teeth, nor the crooked smile hinting at some dark past

you don

t see a walking std, but I sure do.

Ace: You

re just jealous cause she doesn

t like you.

Charlene smiles for the crowd before bringing the mic up to her lips. She strokes the base of it with her off-hand seductively, winking at the men in the crowd.

Ace: Back off boys, she

s all mine!

Wolf: You can have her, and whatever baggage she comes with!

El Toro enters the ring then, the midget donned in his usual bull luchadore mask, but he differs in that he wears a referee shirt.

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Wolf: Well it appears El Toro will be filling in for Frank Knox for tonight. Due to budget cuts Frank had to be let go.

Ace: Thank God. I never could stand that ancient bastard. . . But my question is can this little guy properly officiate a match? I mean how is he going to enforce his authority?

Wolf:

If anyone messes with Toro, I
m sure they
ll have to face the Boss. He
s got a soft spot for that little guy.

Ace: I can

t stand midgets

m just saying. Those sausage fingers freak me out.

Charlene: Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is for one fall, and has a twenty? No thirty minute time limit. . .

She lets out an innocent smile
oops did I make a boo-boo? You don
t care, look at my tits!

Charlene: Introducing first, from

Exeter, England. . . how depressing. . . weighing in at two hundred and eighty five pounds. . . Trevorr
BONING!

Wolf: That

s not her name!

Ace: Ha Ha!

Trevor turns and looks at Charlene and shouts something furiously at her. She

s at first taken aback, but her shock dissolves and she brings the mic up to her lips apologetically.

Charlene: I mean. . . BROWNNNNIIINNNNGGGG!

In the ring Trevor Browning raises his arms like a prizefighter, to a weak response from the crowd. As the fans die down he turns to his corner and starts throwing punches, continuing to warm up for the match.

Wolf: This kid looks like he

s ready to go Ace.

Ace: The nerves are gone, and now it is time to fight. You know they say this kid started fighting when he was fifteen. He knows what to do.

Charlene: And his opponent. . . .

She stops to wink at Mariguano.

Charlene:

From beautiful Guadalajara, Mexico

so beautiful I would love to go there one day. . . if anyone should want to take me along. . .

She smiles at Mariguano and winks once

more, her eye closing and showing the sparking pink eyeliner she had caked on in an effort to appear pretty.

Wolf: She

s flirting with our wrestlers! We can

t have this! How are they gonna keep their mind of the match!

Ace: I thought you said she was ugly?

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Wolf: Well I. . .

Charlene: Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-five pounds, he is El Misterioso. . . Mariiguannnooooo!
The mostly Mexican crowd lets out a cheer, clapping along rhythmically as Mariguano hops up to the ropes and raises his arms. He hops down and turns his attention to his opponent, Trevor Browning.

Wolf: This one is about underway
who do you like in this one, Ace?

Ace: Trevor Browning may have the weight advantage on Mariguano
but I don't think it

s going to come into play tonight. Mariguano is just too fast for it to make much of a difference. I
ve got the stoner over the bloke.

El Toro raises his arm and bangs the air, signaling the bell. The bell rings, and both men eye one another
cautiously.

Wolf: Well here we go, the match has officially sounded with the ringing of the bell. Keep your eyes on this
one, you aren't gonna wanna look away.

Ace: Like when your babysitter bent over to get cookies out of the oven.

Wolf: Loved cookies, did you?

Ace: That
s not what I was getting at.

Trevor Browning and Mariguano lock up in the center of the ring, and Trevor Browning quickly switches up
the lock up, moving behind Mariguano and grabbing him around the waist.

Wolf: Rear lock up by Trevor Browning on Mariguano.

Mariguano moves at the waist side to side, testing to see if he could turn out of the hold before reaching up
and grabbing Trevor Browning by the head and pulling him forward over his shoulder and to the mat to the
seated position.

Wolf: Snap mare by Mariguano, and he
s up and off the ropes!

Mariguano then runs toward the ropes Trevor Browning faces, and turning his back hits the ropes, propelling
him forward. Mariguano then leaves his feet, jumping into the air and keeping his legs together, bringing a
pair of feet to the chest of Trevor Browning. Trevor Browning falls to the mat and the crowd lets out a mild
pop. A few men whistle.

Wolf: What a drop kick by Mariguano!

Ace:

And listen to these fans, Wolf. I think they
re for Mariguano in this one.

Wolf: You think? Nothing against Trevor Browning of course, he has yet to win any hearts here in The Row.
Mariguano then scrambles over to Trevor Browning and goes for the pin, hooking the leg. El Toro hits the
mat and goes for a pint sized count.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin. . . 1. . . no, quick kick out there by Trevor Browning.

Ace:

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It

s too early yet, Wolf.

Trevor Browning quickly gets to his feet after kicking out of the attempted pin. Mariguano gets to his feet just as quickly and the two lock up in the center of the ring.

Wolf: Both men locking up once again in the center of the ring.

Ace:

We

re still in the preliminary stages of this match, Wolf. Both men feeling one another out.

Trevor Browning then breaks the lock up and grabs Mariguano around the head, holding him at his side.

Wolf: Side headlock now from Trevor Browning.

Trevor wrenches the hold, gritting his teeth as he tightens the headlock on Mariguano. Mariguano sells the side headlock, reaching up in an attempt to get out. Mariguano then turns and elbows Trevor in the abdomen, once, twice, three times. The crowd starts to cheer Mariguano.

Wolf: The crowd choosing sides now, cheering for the young luchadore Mariguano as he rises up with several elbows to the abdomen of Trevor Browning.

Ace: This guy won a lot of people over his first match. The crowd reflecting that here tonight.

Trevor Browning breaks the hold and Mariguano charges toward the ropes, and turning bounces off of them with momentum, but as he reaches Trevor Trevor raises an arm and brings it across Mariguano's throat, bringing him to the mat. The crowd quiets down, seeing Mariguano down.

Wolf: Browning just shut these fans up with an impressive clothesline!

Ace: Mariguano did not see that one coming, and sometimes it

s the strikes you don

t see that hurt the most.

Wolf: That doesn

t even make sense. . .

Trevor Browning then drops to the mat and hooks Mariguano, applying pressure to his throat with his forearm.

Wolf: Trevor Browning with the rear choke now on Mariguano, showing his technical skills.

Ace: He

ll do fine if he can keep Mariguano to the mat. . . Once he

s on his feet he

s hard to manage, as we saw last Lethal Injection in his match with Colby Rise.

El Toro bends at the waist and looks down at Mariguano, checking to see if he would like to submit. The crowd starts up a chant in an effort to revive Mariguano.

MARI-GUANO-clap-clap-clapclapclap-MARI-GUANO-clap-clap-clapclapclap.

Wolf:

That little guy is doing an alright job in there, Ace. El Toro checking on Mariguano now.

Ace: Fans showing their appreciation for the burn boy. Listen to that chant!

MARI-GUANO Trevor Browning wrenches on the neck

clap-clap-clapclapclap

Mariguano shakes his head, refusing to submit to the choke

MARI-GUANO-clap-clap-clapclapclap. El Toro bends over and continues to check on Mariguano

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MARI-GUANO

clap-clap-clapclapclap.

Wolf: Mariguano is refusing to submit! He
s fighting the choke! The heart of this kid!

Ace: Well if he wants to fight out of it, he
d better hurry
s only so much air the human lungs can hold!

The fans continue to chant as Mariguano slowly gets to his feet, fighting his way out of the hold. As he gets to his feet again he starts in with the elbows. He elbows Trevor Browning in the abdomen once, twice, three times before Trevor Browning breaks the hold.

Wolf: He
s out of it! Mariguano is out of the hold, and there he goes, off toward the ropes!
Mariguano charges toward the ropes but Trevor Browning quickly halts him, grabbing him by the mask and slamming him straight to the mat.

Ace: Or not! Wrong again, Wolf!

Wolf: Trevor Browning just grabbed hold of Mariguano
s mask, and he
s now down on the mat.

The crowd dies down as Mariguano sells on the mat. Trevor Browning smiles and salutes the crowd, feeling he
s already doing all his folks back home proud. He starts to stomp Mariguano, stomping him in the head with his right foot, twice before he drops to the mat and goes for the pin.

Wolf: Trevor Browning with the pin! He
s going for the pin!

Ace: I can see that.

Wolf: 1. . . 2
kick out. Mariguano kicks out.

Trevor Browning quickly gets to his feet after the kick out, and is up before Mariguano, who is still bent over by the time he gets up. Trevor charges Mariguano and hits him over the back of the head twice before Mariguano is up standing on his feet.

Wolf: Mariguano now up to his feet, but Trevor Browning is up and on him.

Trevor Brown throws a left, a right, followed by another left, each blow knocking Mariguano into the corner of the ring.

Wolf: Mariguano in the corner of the ring now, after a series of shots from Trevor Browning.

Ace: And that
s one place Mariguano doesn
t want to be. Have at him Trevor!

Trevor Browning switches up to kicks, kicking Mariguano in the abdomen, once, twice, three times. Mariguano sells each kick, letting out an OOF each time he gets kicked in the abdomen.

Wolf: Trevor Browning working Mariguano in the corner now, kicking him in the abdomen.

Ace: He
s stomping a hole in him!

Trevor Browning then grabs Mariguano by the arm, pushes him up against the turn buckle before Irish

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XI

whipping him into the opposite corner. Mariguano turns and hits his back on the top turnbuckle with force. He slumps in the corner after the Irish whip, selling the collision.

Wolf: Mariguano into the corner now after the Irish whip.

Ace: Look out burn boy!

Trevor Browning then cries out as he charges Mariguano, but as he reaches Mariguano Mariguano grabs onto the top rope and raises himself up, bringing both feet into the face of charging Trevor Browning.

Wolf: No! Trevor Browning comes up with a face full of foot, as Mariguano was ready for that one!

Ace: Trevor is hurt!

Trevor Browning stumbles backward from the blow, selling by grabbing his chin. He then shakes his head and charges Mariguano but again he meets up with another kick from Mariguano.

Wolf: Kick from Mariguano. . .

Trevor starts to stumble back but Mariguano grabs him and brings him toward the corner. Mariguano then hooks Trevor

s head and steps up onto the middle turnbuckle and seats himself on the top rope. Mariguano looks around at the crowd and they come alive.

Wolf: Mariguano working the crowd now.

Ace: This could be a mistake Wolf, you can

t give your opponent any opportunity to counter you. . . this could end up bad for Mariguano.

Wolf:

It

s gonna end up bad for someone, I can guarantee you that!

Mariguano cries out AYE-YE-YE before jumping off, swinging around and bringing Trevor Browning head first into the mat. The crowd lets out an enormous pop as Mariguano spins up to his feet and raises his arms.

Wolf: Tornado DDT! Torando DDT! By Mariguano!

Ace: What a beautiful move by Mariguano, and listen to these fans showing their appreciation. I m telling you, this guy is a show stopper!

Mariguano then drops to the mat and covers Trevor Browning, hooking the leg. El Toro drops to the mat and makes the count.

Wolf: Mariguano with the pin. 1. . .2

kick out by Trevor Browning. Browning kicks out.

Mariguano checks briefly with El Toro to confirm the count before grabbing Trevor by the hair and bringing him to his feet. Trevor rises with a right, and then goes for a left and Mariguano blocks it.

Wolf: The right slips through but Mariguano blocks the left.

Mariguano then throws two rights before Irish whipping Trevor Browning into the ropes. Trevor turns before he hits the ropes, his back bouncing off the ropes and propelling him back into the center of the ring.

Wolf:

Trevor off the ropes now, Mariguano awaiting him.

As Trevor Browning returns Mariguano hits the

mat, forcing Trevor Browning to jump over him or trip over him. Trevor hits the ropes on the other side of the ring.

Wolf: Trevor Browning off the ropes yet again after hopping over the fallen Mariguano.

Ace: Why do they do that stuff anyway?

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Wolf: It looks cool?

Trevor Browning returns off the ropes, and as he reaches a standing Mariguano, Mariguano leap frogs over him.

Wolf: Mariguano with the leap frog, and Trevor Browning still in motion here.

Ace: I
m getting dizzy!

Trevor Browning hits the ropes on the other side of the ring, and Mariguano falls to the mat, raising his legs up over for the monkey flip. As Trevor Browning reaches Mariguano he stops on a dime and comes down with an elbow across the face of Mariguano.

Wolf: Elbow drop by Trevor Browning on Mariguano, and he has once again sucked the sails out of this crowd.

Ace: I don
t understand it. Trevor aint any meaner than Mariguano. They
re both too nice if you ask me.

The crowd dies down as Trevor Browning regains control, getting to his feet and stomping Mariguano on the mat. Mariguano sells the stomps as Trevor Browning runs off the ropes for momentum and returns, jumping up into the air and bringing a knee down across the head of Mariguano.

Wolf: Ah the knee drop right across the head of Mariguano!

Ace: How
s that feel? Kinda like a night of too many tequilas, hey hombre?

Mariguano sells the knee drop, rolling around on the ring and grabbing his head and Trevor Browning looks around at the crowd from his knees and tries to catch his breath. Trevor then grabs the top rope and pulls himself to his feet.

Wolf: Trevor Browning slow to get to his feet now.

Ace: Taking a tea break. Aint that what they drink in London?

Wolf: He
s from Exeter.

Ace: What
s the difference? All of England sucks, doesn
t it? You see that opening ceremony at the Olympics? Bunch of freaks man. . . bunch of freaks. . .

Wolf: I would like to take this moment to remind you all that the views of one Tommy Ace in no way reflect the views of The Row or any of its personnel as a whole.

Trevor makes his way over to Mariguano, confident now that he
s sure Mariguano has been hurt. He saunters over to Mariguano and grabs him by the mask, bringing him to his feet.

Wolf: Trevor getting himself a handful of mask, and both men are to their feet now.

Ace: I
ve always wondered how one can see out of those damn things.

Trevor Browning throws a right and Mariguano returns it with a right of his own. Trevor throws another right and Mariguano returns it with another right of his own, for a second time.

Wolf: Both men exchanging blows now!

Ace: We
ve got all out war Wolf!

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Trevor throws another right, the crowd boos. Mariguano returns with a right and the crowd cheers. Right BOO. Right CHEER. Right BOO. Right CHEER. Right BOO. Right CHEER. BOO CHEER BOO CHEER BOO CHEER BOO CHEER. Mariguano then hooks Trevor Browning by the arm and flips him over, sending him to the mat.

Wolf: Arm drag by Mariguano, but Trevor is up again!

Trevor Browning quickly gets up and again Mariguano hooks him by the arm, dragging him to the mat.

Wolf: Another arm drag from Mariguano, linking all these moves together.

Ace:

He

s a quick one, I tell yah.

Trevor Browning gets up again and Mariguano quickly grabs him by the arm, Irish whipping him into the ropes.

Wolf:

Mariguano with the Irish whip. Trevor into the ropes now.

Trevor Browning hits the ropes and as he returns, Mariguano kicks Trevor in the abdomen, bending him over at the waist. Mariguano then puts a foot over Trevor's head, but Trevor avoids it by lifting himself upward, sending Mariguano into a backflip.

Wolf: Back flip by Mariguano!

Mariguano lands on his feet and the crowd pops. Trevor Browning catches Mariguano, quickly wrapping his arms around him and then lifting up and over, sending Mariguano over his head and to the mat. The crowd dies down as Mariguano hits the mat and sells the suplex.

Wolf: Belly to belly suplex! Mariguano is down! And again Trevor Browning has taken all momentum from Mariguano.

Trevor Browning catches his breath for a moment before scrambling over to Mariguano and hooking him around the head with a headlock.

Wolf: Trevor Browning applying the headlock.

Trevor Browning wrenches on the head, his arm draped across Mariguano's throat. El Toro checks on Mariguano asking him if he would like to submit, but Mariguano emphatically shakes his head.

Wolf: Trevor Browning locking it in now, and Mariguano is feeling it, that's for sure.

Ace: Anaconda squuuueeeeeeeeezeeee!

Trevor Browning wrenches on the head, Mariguano grunting as he tries to catch his breath. The crowd starts to come

alive, the Hispanic community chanting MEXICO.

MEXICO,

MEXICO, MEXICO.

Wolf: Fans showing their support for Mariguano

Ace: And Mexico!

Wolf: Or maybe just Mexico?

Mariguano reaches out for the ropes, but can see his too far for it to be any good. Trevor Browning tightens his hold, his teeth clenched as he applies pressure to Mariguano's head.

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Wolf: Well Mariguano is going to want to get out of this, or this one is over.

Ace: What the hell you think he

s been doing this whole time? Taking a break?

El Toro continues to check on Mariguano, and still Mariguano shakes his head, shouting

NO, No. Mariguano slowly gains his

strength, turning so that he may get up. Mariguano gets to his knees, and then eventually to his feet, Trevor Browning keeping his clutch on the masked luchadore the entire time.

Wolf: It

s not over yet folks! Mariguano is getting to his feet!

Ace: And these ass kissing fans are puckering up! Listen to em!

The crowd starts to cheer as they see Mariguano getting to his feet, and in frustration Trevor Browning wrenches further on the head, applying as much pressure as he is able to. Still Mariguano continues to fight back.

Wolf: The will of this young man showing here as Mariguano is refusing to go down!

Ace: He

s a flyer, his place is up there in the air, Wolf, not on the ground.

Before Mariguano is able to strike out Trevor Brown lifts Mariguano in the air, using his legs to lift him up and down to the mat. The crowd quickly quiets down.

Wolf: Side suplex by Trevor Brown!

Trevor Brown then scrambles over Mariguano, hooking the leg and drawing a forearm across Mariguano s face. El Toro his the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: We

ve got a pin by Trevor Browning! 1. . . 2

kick out! Mariguano kicks out after two.

Ace: That he does.

Trevor Browning checks with El Toro and gets two little sausage fingers in his face. Trevor then turns to Mariguano and brings him to his feet before quickly hooking him around the neck and slamming him down to the mat.

Wolf: Trevor Browning in control now after the neck breaker.

Ace: Two moves in a row constitutes being in control?

Again Trevor Browning scrambles over to Mariguano and goes for the count, the astute El Toro hitting the mat a split second after to make the count.

Wolf: We

ve got yet another pin by Trevor Browning. 1!. . . 2!. . kick out. Mariguano kicking out after yet another pin attempt.

Ace: And Trevor doesn't like it!

Trevor Browning gets to his feet and checks with El Toro and sees he s still only managed a two count. Trevor Browning then starts to stomp Mariguano in frustration. He stomps him in the head, in the back, in the ribs, not caring where he connects.

Wolf: You

re absolutely right Ace, frustration setting in now as Trevor mercilessly stomps Mariguano!

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Ace: I

d like to see El Toro break this up. . .

Trevor Browning then brings Mariguano to his feet and hits him with a left right combination, each blow rocking Mariguano.

Wolf: Trevor Browning on the offensive now with a left followed by a stiff right.

Trevor Browning then pushes Mariguano up against the ropes before he Irish whips him toward the ropes in the opposite direction.

Wolf: Trevor Browning with the Irish whip on Mariguano, who
s headed toward the ropes now.

Mariguano hits the ropes on the opposite side of the ring and returns, and as he does Trevor Browning swings with his arm, and misses.

Wolf: Trevor Browning swings and misses!

Ace: Strike one!

Mariguano hits the ropes on the other side of the ring, and returns once more, and again Trevor Browning goes for another clothesline, this time with the other arm. He misses.

Wolf: Swing and another miss by Trevor Browning.

Ace: Strike two!

Mariguano then hits the ropes on the other side of the ring for a third time, and as he returns he jumps up in the air and hooks him around the head with his legs, and then brings him down to the mat, head first.

Wolf: Flying head scissors by Mariguano!

Ace: You

re out!

The crowd pops as Trevor Browning sells the head scissors on the mat, reaching up and grabbing his head. Mariguano gets to his feet and raises his arms, receiving a decent pop from the crowd.

Wolf: Listen to these fans!

Mariguano points to one of the turnbuckles with all the bravado Babe Ruth must have had when he made his historic gesture to the stands where he planned to hammer the pill for a home run, and then did. Mariguano then makes his way to the corner and pulls himself to the top turnbuckle, turning so that he may face the ring.

Wolf: Mariguano to the top rope now!

Ace:

He

s gonna fly. . . And this won

t be the first time he gets high, Wolf.

Wolf: Could it be the Bongo Drop?!

Mariguano rises up to the standing position, slowly so that he may keep his balance. He raises his arms and jumps off clenching his fists and extending his thumbs giving the thumbs up

sign as he flips backward.

Wolf: It is!

He lands perfectly on Trevor Browning, but the only problem is Trevor has put his knees up, and Mariguano collides with the knees and falls off, grabbing his stomach.

Wolf: NO! Mariguano went for the Bongo Drop but Trevor Browning managed to get the knees up!

Ace: Hahaha that burn boy got what was coming to him!

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The crowd dies down as Trevor Browning turns over and covers the fallen Mariguano. El Toro slides to the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: Toro sliding in for the count! We
ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . .3!! Browning has done it! He
s beaten Mariguano!

Ace: Yeah and Browning sure took a beating to do it! I never saw this one coming!

Wolf: Neither did Mariguano!

El Toro raises Trevor Browning
s arm as the bell rings, signaling the end of the match.

Wolf: That
s Death Row Wrestling ladies and gentlemen, brought to you tonight by Sherry
s Sugar Shack, located off of Western Street, opposite the Denn
ys. That
s Sugar Shack.

Ace: We
re such sell outs. . .

A Little Assistance?

We cut to the hallway outside of the main room, where Johnny Cox is wringing his hands together deep in thought. He paces back and forth a couple of times before edging his way toward a door that says MEN.

Wolf:

Johnny Cox looking a little apprehensive here, I don
t know what
s going on. Johnny is supposed to be getting ready for his upcoming match against Major Kendu

Ace: Looks like he
s peeking in on a the men
s bathroom. He
s a perv!

Johnny reaches to door and opens the door just enough for him to peek his head through. Johnny
s head disappears behind the doorsill and then appears again as Johnny closes the door and turns his back
to the wall.

Wolf: Don
t tell me The Disposal is in there!

Ace: The smell would be too much for Johnny to even get close to the bathroom
he aint in there.

Johnny starts to rub his hands together once again before he lets out some air and nods to some internal
conversation he
s having with himself. He drops his hands and straightens up, his face taking on a tone of determination.
Johnny then flings open the door and enters the bathroom.

Wolf: Well here we go, like it or not.

He bathroom is tiled, with the walls covered with an extensive amount of amateur gangster graffiti. The stalls
have no doors, in an effort to prevent drug addicts from coming in to shoot up and the homosexuals from
copulating with one another with privacy. In one corner of the room Dark is discussing some things with Tha
Krew and El Toro.

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Wolf: Looks like Dark has turned the bathroom into his office!

Ace: That way if the urge to vomit comes upon him he doesn't have to go far!

Dark: Yeah. . . so just tell him he'll get his p

Dark notices Johnny Cox, who has lost all his determination and is wringing his hands again.

Dark: What?

Johnny: Well I got this match against Kendu, you know. . .

Dark: And?

Johnny: Well you saw what he did with The Disposal. . . you saw what he did with Goliath. I don't have The Disposal

s weight nor Goliath

s strength. . .

Dark turns and faces Johnny, letting out a smile.

Dark: So?

Johnny: So I was thinking. . . I was thinking. . . maybe Tha Krew could come out with me. For protection.

Dark laughs.

Dark: Protection? No. . . sorry Johnny. I need Tha Krew. And Toro, well he's referee. . . You

re on your own on this one.

Johnny: But

Dark: Go

Johnny: But

Dark: GET!

Dark shoo

s Johnny away, and Johnny slowly shuffles out of the bathroom, constantly looking back as if just by a look he could make Dark change his mind. Johnny shuffles out the door and lets out a cry that is cut off as the swinging bathroom door closes.

Wes: Think we should tell him you told us to watch his back anyway?

Dark: Nah. . .

Dark smiles.

Dark (cont

d): Let him sweat it out.

Wolf: You hear that!

Ace: Johnny is on his own!

We fade.

Major Kendu vs. Johnny Cox

We

cut Waylon Wolf and Tommy Ace briefly, sitting at their table.

Wolf: Well tough luck for Johnny Cox there.

Ace: Don't ever ask Dark for a favor, he won't grant it. It's a waste of time. At least if you're like Johnny Cox anyway.

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Wolf: What do you mean--'like Johnny Cox'?

Ace: You know, a total worm. A jellyfish. A being without a spine. That's the rat. He survived through the use of information when he was on the inside, and he's in The Row for no other reason than to serve the boss. He's a punk!

Wolf: The reason he's so scared is he's taking on Major Kendu tonight, in that very ring there. Kendu has taken care of The Disposal and Goliath. Goliath has not been heard of, since he was last seen being dragged out of the gym in San Jose last Lethal Injection.

Ace: Good riddance! Major Kendu is taking out the trash and putting it where it belongs--in the landfill! Hopefully Johnny Cox will be added to that list.

The unnerving intro to Needles by System of a Down begins to play, producing a cringe from Waylon Wolf and several of the fans in the crowd.

Wolf: That guitar intro is horrid!

Ace: I think that's why the song is called Needles, Wolf--it get's right under your skin.

The intro only picks up with the addition of another guitar and the drums beating at a fast tempo. The musical torture continues for thirty seconds before the lyrics kick in:

I cannot disguise All the stomach pains, And the walking of the canes, When you do come out

Major Kendu appears from behind the drawn curtain with his bag of tricks over his shoulder. He looks around at the crowd with a look of hatred on his face (if he could he'd bury all of them) as the music continues.

Wolf:

Well here he is, Major Kurt Kendu. I hear he's been studying Johnny Cox all week even has a character profile on him and everything.

Ace: That

s not all he

you see that secretary of his?

Wolf:

You

ve got a one track mind, Ace.

Ace: You

d be thinking about sex too if your. . .

still worked.

Major Kendu ignores the crowd, though a few of them do their best to distract him with their boos. Kendu keeps his eyes on the ring and his pace is slow and methodical. He does not care if the crowd boos jealously makes you ugly. And what is there to be jealous of?

Well for one, Kendu has himself a PhD. He

s undefeated. . . He

s rumored to be wealthy. . . to name a few.

Wolf: Kurt Kendu taking his time here tonight. He

s in no hurry to get rid of Johnny Cox.

Ace: Yeah, but that

s not fear you

re looking at

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s determination. Kendu knows he
s got Johnny Cox in that ring for thirty minutes
though of course Johnny won
t be lasting that long
and there
s nothing Johnny can do about it. I think he
s going to have some fun tonight.

Wolf: If you

re right Ace, it

s bad news for Johnny Cox.

Major Kendu reaches the ring and takes the bag from his shoulder and slides it in under the bottom rope.

Ace: Of course I

m always right!

Kendu begins to ascend to the ring, taking each step as if it requires great thought. He reaches the apron and walks out to its middle before turning to look coldly at the crowd. A little boy shits his pants

I shit you not

this little kid drops a load at the sight of those cold cruel eyes of Kendu, and the tears start to run down his face and he cries out. Kendu ignores the kid and steps into the ring, swinging his head under the top and middle rope.

Ace: Hey lady! Shut that damn kid up! This is a wrestling match, not a day care!

Wolf: It seems to me anyone can be a parent these days. Who would dare bring a child into this sort of environment?

Major Kendu walks to the center of the ring and turns to scowl at the child.

Ace:

Well tickets are free, Wolf. The Row has attracted some low class people

think they can afford a

nanny?

Wolf: It

s nine pm, kids should be in bed.

Ace: Aint that when you

re in bed, you old bastard?!

Wolf:

Don

t be ridiculous, I

m always in bed by eight.

The kid is dragged away by an angry mother as Kendu takes to his corner, watching over his bag of tricks.

Wolf: Well ready or not Johnny Cox, you

re time has come tonight.

Ace: Listen up Row! DEAD MAN WALKING!

A defiant guitar starts up and is soon overcome by the screaming of a man who hates the world and everyone in it and expresses such feelings through song:

6 MILLION WAYS TO DIE BUT YOU DON

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XI

T CHOOSE ONE IT CHOOSES YOU WHEN YOUR TIMES THROUGH

Wolf: Really Johnny?

Ace: Well if there ever was a theme that didn't match its combatant, this is it. The Rat is all talk ladies and gentlemen.

Boom Bye Bye by Cold World continues to play as the crowd starts up with its booing. Johnny Cox then appears from behind a drawn curtain, looking apprehensive for a moment, almost as if he didn't want to come out so soon. He quickly shakes his head and the fear is covered by a phony look of toughness. Not even the crowd believes it and starts to laugh.

Wolf: Johnny Cox is not impressing anyone here tonight in Salinas.

Ace: I'm surprised this guy is still in The Row. He's weak. And weakness gets you a quick ticket out of The Rows for sure.

Wolf: Funny
re still here, Ace.

Ace: Ha-ha.

Ace says without any mirth, as Johnny Cox makes his way down to the ring. Kendu, seeing him from the ring becomes amused and points out over the top rope at Johnny Cox, and immediately Johnny Cox gulps down some fear. He pulls out his shiv and makes a stabbing motion in the air with it. Kendu shows no fear; he laughs.

Wolf: Johnny Cox not fooling anyone. It has become apparent that this guy's bark is worse than his bite!

Ace: And his bark aint all that scary either.

Wolf: No worse than yours, Ace.

Johnny Cox reaches the ring and he makes like he's going to slide into the ring but quickly steps back, watching as Kendu reacts. Johnny backs away laughing shaking a finger in his face.

Wolf: I don't think that's a good idea, Johnny. You're just pissing off Kendu.

Ace: Yeah you're hole is gonna be extra deep, Johnny. And right next to Goliath

ll say it again

DEAD MAN

WALKING!

Johnny circles the ring, and Kendu eyes him the whole way, turning when Johnny reaches his back. Johnny slides in and immediately takes cover behind Charlene, draping one arm over her and pointing the shiv with the other.

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Wolf: The coward! He
s a coward!

Ace: God not Charlene! Don
t hurt the only beautiful thing in The Row!

Kendu backs away from Johnny Cox, his arms held up in innocence as Johnny tightens his hold on Charlene before flinging her aside. Johnny charges Kendu with the shiv raised over his head and Kendu stands, watching Johnny charge.

Wolf: Look out Kendu! Get out of there!

Ace: Stick him Johnny!

Wolf: Flip-flopper!

Ace: Old man!

The shiv comes down blindly and misses its mark, as Kendu moves out of the way. A drunk stumbles through the room, wearing a white shirt striped with permanent marker and in case the lines didn't get the point across, REFEREE is also written across the back, along the shoulders.

Wolf: A hired ref?

Ace: An intern! Working for college credits!

Johnny Cox turns after missing with the shiv and charges Kendu again, with the shiv raised high over his head. The shiv comes down and Kendu reaches up, grabbing Johnny Cox by the wrist.

Wolf: We

ve seen this crap before! Johnny can
t be coming to the ring with that thing, it always comes into play!

Ace: I say let Johnny and Kendu go at each other with weapons
no holds barred
and just let them kill each other.

The two struggle, the shiv raised high over their heads, and the crowd stands cheering, the initial shock wearing away; it

s all part of the show. . . it must be! The drunk referee slides into the ring and Johnny Cox and Kendu separate, the shiv still in Johnny
s hand.

Wolf: And this is why we need a sanctioned referee. . . this is a joke Ace!

Ace: The people don
t seem to mind. Welcome to Thunderdome, bitch!

Johnny swings the shiv and Kendu ducks it, and the shiv plunges through the shoulder of the referee, producing an ear splitting scream. The man

s eyes go wide and he stumbles back, his hand instinctively reaching up toward his shoulder, where the plastic shiv has penetrated. He looks at the shiv and then at Johnny, then to Kendu and then back to the shiv again before turning white and falling backward to the mat. Passing out.

Ace: The pussy can
t take the sight of blood! He went down like a tranked donkey.

Wolf: We

ve got to get that guy medical attention!

Ace: Oh it
s just a scratch

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XI

quit being such a baby.

Johnny Cox bends to check on the man, and Kendu stands behind him, breathing heavy with pent up excitement

s time to inflict some hurt. The crowd buzzes as they see Kendu waiting for Johnny, knowing Johnny has no idea what is in store for him.

Wolf: Look out Johnny

Kendu has got you in his cross hairs,

Ace: I

ll say it again

DEAD MAN WALKING! Ha it never gets old, unlike you Wolf.

Johnny Cox looks at the passed out man concerned, slapping him around in an effort to wake him up. He sees his efforts are in vain and gets to his feet and looks around at the crowd and shrugs.

Wolf: Well Johnny may be worried about that fella he unintentionally stabbed, but he s got a lot worse coming down the pike.

Ace: He heard a lot of that in jail. Coming down the pike.

Wolf: What

disgusting!

Kendu is nearly hopping around he

s so tensed and ready to spring. Johnny Cox turns around and Kendu charges him, tackling him clean to the mat. Johnny crumbles to the mat and Kendu straddles him, raining down lefts and rights.

Wolf: This is not even a match! We

ve heard no official bell, and we

ve got no official ref!

Ace: Kendu doesn

t care, he came here to kick some ass, and that

s what he

s gonna do.

Tha Krew then appears from behind the curtain drawn over a doorway in the eastern corner of the room. They walk into the room unnoticed at first, but then a few fans look their way and play it up for the camera. Wes Payton and Leon Williams stand in an empty walkway, watching the match.

Wolf: What are they doing here?

Ace: They

ve probably come to collect what

s left over of Johnny Cox.

Kendu gets up off of Johnny Cox and starts to stomp him all over, not discriminating against any one particular body part. He stomps and stomps, and then stops to take a breath and take in the crowd. He notices Tha Krew and stops to stare at them. Tha Krew stare right back, not moving.

Wolf: Well Kendu has noticed Leon Williams and Wes Payton, collectively known as Tha Krew and Dark s personal body guards.

Ace: Kendu could go home with three trophies tonight when he was only expecting one! What a night it would be for him.

Kendu raises his arms in the air, while Johnny Cox sells on the mat, trying to get up to his knees but instead flopping to the mat. Kendu then can be seen yelling something inaudible to Tha Krew, and Tha Krew don

Lethal Injection: Lethal Injection XI

t give him any reaction, not helping us any in regards to the nature of his words. Johnny slowly gets to his feet, and as Kendu lowers his arms turn away Johnny Charges him and knocks him into the corner of the ring.

Wolf: Johnny Cox coming back with some offense of his own!

Ace: A true coward, fighting only when a man's back is turned.

Johnny lowers his upper body and goes to tackle IM Hate in the corner, but IM Hate brings down several rights to the back of Johnny's head. Tha Krew continues to watch as Kendu then hits Johnny with a palm strike, forcing him back several steps.

Wolf: Palm strike by Kendu!

Kendu shortens the distance between himself and Johnny Cox and then kicks Johnny in the gut and places his head between his legs. Kendu then grabs Johnny's waist and lifts him vertically before falling down to the mat, bringing Johnny's head to the mat with him. The crowd pops.

Wolf: Piledriver by Major Kendu!

Ace: Yeah, good by Johnny!

Kendu gets to his feet and again raises his arms and looks at the Tha Krew. Still Tha Krew do not respond. It is as if Kendu is trying to get a reaction out of them, but he cannot. Kendu lowers his arms and turns away from Tha Krew and brings Johnny Cox to his feet. Johnny Cox stumbles and Kendu grabs a handful of his hair.

Wolf: Johnny Cox already can't even stand.

Ace: That means Kendu isn't done yet. He's done when his opponent can no longer stand. He hasn't even used his bag of tricks yet!

Kendu then turns Johnny around and hooks him around the waist. Kendu then lifts and bends backwards, bringing Johnny over his head and to the mat.

Wolf: German Suplex!

Kendu keeps his hold on Johnny and slowly gets to his feet, bringing Johnny Cox to his feet with him. Kendu then lifts Johnny Cox upward and bends backwards, bringing Johnny Cox over his head and to the mat.

Wolf: Another German suplex!

Kendu keeps his hold and brings Johnny to his feet for a third and final time. Kendu then lifts Johnny Cox and bends backwards, sending him over his head and to the mat. Kendu releases the hold and Johnny Cox sells on the mat.

Wolf: A third German suplex! Major Kendu calls that Kendu Crush.

Ace: Good-bye Johnny! And Tha Krew isn't even moving to lift a finger!

Wolf: Poor Johnny. . .

Kendu gets to his feet and lets out a cry of triumph directed toward Tha Krew. Kendu stares them down and still Tha Krew watches on, making no motion toward the ring.

Ace: Wes Payton has got a match coming up. He doesn't

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t want to waste his energy needlessly!

Wolf: Either that or he

s enjoying this, and knowing

Wes, I wouldn

t put it past the bastard.

Kendu then looks out at the crowd and points toward his bag of tricks. He turns to look at Tha Krew to see if this will draw a reaction from

them, but still they stand still

Wes Payton with his arms cross, Leon Williams futzing with his afro.

Wolf: He

s going for his bag of tricks! Why doesn

t someone do something?

Ace: No one cares. In The Row you

ve got to look out for yourself, because you

re the only one who matters.

Wolf:

That

s a horrible way to look at it, Ace.

Ace: That

s just the way it is.

Kendu grabs his bag of tricks and drags it out into the center of the ring. Kendu opens to bag dramatically and then reaches in. He searches around with his hand a bit and then pulls out a steel pipe twelve inches in length.

Wolf: Kendu has gotta pipe!

Ace: A 20 inch pipe.

Wolf: Yeah, and [] this is twenty inches, right?

Ace: You betcha.

Kendu raises the pipe over his head and the crowd pops. Tha Krew still stands watching, showing very little emotion over the whole ordeal. Kendu brings his hand down and stares at the pipe with a smile on his face. He makes his way to a corner and waits for Johnny Cox to get to his feet.

Wolf: Don

t get up Johnny!

Ace: Get up Johnny!

Wolf: Don

t get up Johnny!

Ace: Bust his head like a watermelon Kendu!

Johnny Cox slowly gets to his feet, stumbling as he gets there. Johnny was in the process of taking in his surroundings when the pipe swung through the air. The lights caught it for a moment and then it came down, aimed precisely at Johnny

s crown. Johnny saw lightning, fireworks, and then he saw black. He fell to the mat, his body not moving, the crowd letting out a bloodthirsty howl as the blood began to flow from an open wound above Johnny s head.

Wolf: MY GOD! MY GOD! Kendu just cracked Johnny Cox over the head with that pipe! Johnny is bleeding!

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He

s bleeding everywhere!

Ace: I love it! Let it flow!

The pool starts to form, and

Tha Krew finally start to move. Kendu soaks in the chants of HOLY SHIT, HOLY SHIT, HOLY SHIT as Tha Krew moves as a unit, down to the ring.

Wolf: Tha Krew is finally going to help Johnny. . . now that all the damage has been done! This is just sick!

Sick I tell yah!

Ace:

A little tough love, Wolf.

Leon Williams and Wes Payton slide into the ring, ignoring Major Kendu and making their way to Johnny Cox. Wes Payton picks up Johnny Cox, draping him over his shoulder.

Wolf: Tha Krew are ignoring Major Kendu, and are collecting Johnny Cox!

Ace: Probably gonna show Kendu

s work to the boss.

Wes Payton makes his way to the ropes, but Kendu notices him and isn't about to let him walk off with his newest trophy.

Wolf: Uh-oh. This could be trouble.

Ace: You don't

take a man

s kill, and that

s effectively what Wes Payton is doing. Kendu

s shot the deer, and now Wes is coming in to scoop up the carcass.

Kendu screams a few inaudible words to Wes Payton, who stares straight back at him without any reaction on his face. Wes turns to Leon and nods at him and Leon jumps on Kendu, scratching his back.

Wolf: Wes Payton attacking Kendu now!

Ace: What would you call that? He

s fighting like a woman!

Kendu kicks Wes in the gut and then hooks his head, bringing him down to the mat.

Wolf: DDT!

Kendu then gets to his feet and again stops Wes Payton. Wes Payton's face turns to one of annoyance, and he drops Johnny Cox flat on his face. The blood continues to pour from Johnny

s forehead, leaving little pools on the mat. Kendu charges Wes Payton and goes for the clothesline but Wes ducks it. Kendu turns around and gets a karate kick straight to the face from Wes Payton.

Wolf: Oh! What a kick from Wes Payton! And Major Kendu is gone. . . But what

s he doing, he

s turning away from him!

Ace: He doesn't

want anything to do with Kendu, he

s come to collect Johnny. What are you slow?

Wes Payton rolls Johnny Cox out of the ring and Johnny falls to the ground outside of the ring. Wes then

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kicks Leon with his foot and Leon stirs, slowly getting to his feet. Wes then climbs out of the ring, followed by Leon Williams and Wes picks up Johnny, still bleeding and walks him toward the curtain.

Wes and Johnny disappear behind the curtain, Leon behind them, a long trail of Johnny's blood trailing behind them.

Wolf: Well we were going to have a match, but instead ended up with a bloodied referee and Johnny Cox. What a disaster Ace!

Ace: That's true

if you were expecting a match. This match was destined to be a blood bath, and in that aspect it has succeeded. Johnny Cox has had two appearances, and both times he's come out of them bloodied first against Cort Vang, and now Major Kendu.

Wolf: Let's hope it

is not a trend with Johnny Cox. Nobody likes a bleeder, that's for sure.

Meanwhile in the ring Major Kendu gets to his feet and shakes his head, still selling the kick. He looks around and finds the ring empty, save for the bloodied referee. Major Kendu roars in disappointment and then collects his bag of tricks and exits the ring.

Wolf: I apologize folks. As I stated before we were scheduled for a match. It appears Johnny Cox has been a little overzealous tonight, and as such it has cost him.

Ace: Kendu with the win by disqualification?

Wolf: Sure. I don't

think it matters. This match never got to start, it was a brawl from the beginning.

Ace:

The Row is an unpredictable beast, Wolf's what makes us so darn attractive.

The camera cuts to Waylon Wolf and Tommy Ace. Waylon looks a tad disappointed.

Wolf: Well, we

ll be right back folks

I don't

know how much more of this I can take.

Ace: You

re getting too old Wolf, what can I say?

Wolf: Oh shut up.

Plan In Motion

Ace: I have word that we need to go to the back. Wolf: Why?

In a room of the community center, Ian Michaels is seen through the small glass window. You can hear him talking to

someone, but the we are unable to see who it is exactly. Ian Michaels: Tonight, TONIGHT! We take down Dark and his meaningless plans to hold us back. Tonight, we take the next shot in this war. We show that drunk bastard that we will not be pushed around by some trailer trash tattooed low life EVER AGAIN! So

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tonight, you know exactly what to do right... Ian notices the camera man right there at the window, as he starts towards the door, the camera man takes off down the hall. Ace: I would assume he is scared? Wolf: Ian has already assaulted the poor bastard... What do you expect? Ace: To not be afraid of that piece of shit! I could take him! Wolf:

You are crossing a line there Ace, I would not write checks you cannot cash!

Old Time Religion?

The Community Center lit up from outside could not even make the pool look clean. It was mirky and smelled of months-old mildew as the wind lifted a whif up into the air toward Cort Vang, pool side.

Dressed in his gear with the exception being his wrestling boots, Cort looks hard into the water as the light above him zaps and buzzes. The entire place looks better than San

Jose's event, but Cort is engaged in more deeper thought. For tonight, he will break his silence as he sits on the edge with his legs dangling into the water.

Cort Vang: I don't want to beat an already dead horse, but this place is bullshit. Not in the fact that we run the risk of swallowing some virus-humping bug that sticks its infection in our mother fucking ears just being around this pool, but because tonight in Salinas I can't find the bug.-- And I can't stop thinking about you, -- Eyes watering. He really needs to get his feet out of that water, too.

Cort Vang:

I can't wrap my head around the fact that you got car-popped to hell, Tombs.

See, I always had this dream that we were walking opposite sides toward the other with a thousand miles of mother fucking cells holding back every scum of the earth bitch thought imaginable. And we swapped bodies like some insane 'Freaky Friday' shit and things in The Row were back to the norm.--

Swiping a tear from his eye with his colorful lava-designed arm, this is not a time for Cort to be emotional. Yet, the memory of not settling his gripe with FJ Tombs seemingly tears up 'The One Man Misdemeanor'.

Cort Vang: The dream I had was relatively simple. I was going to bitchslap the badness into that corn-holed jackass and he was going to be the badass that The Row could lean on. Because that is my mission from the start, to eliminate the bitches that don't belong in

The Row. Only Tombs did belong, I just wanted to light a fire in his ass.

No, I'm not pleased about the responsibility of it all but a crazy thing happened in Arts and Crafts during my emotional growth therapy.--

Bottom lip trembling as he holds up his open palm and fitting perfectly into his hand the atrociously unfinished God's Eye. It resembled kindergarten handiwork, but Cort Vang is convinced this yellow-stringed popsickle stick garbage means something.

Cort Vang: God spoke to me. Not in words but in a mother fucking sign. There wasn't a big booming voice but a nagging in my ear that said, "If you don't, you never will."--- and it's still there.--- and I can't make sense of it all. Tombs went down in West Virginia, and by one of those old-ass M.O.M chicks that caused all of this apocalyptic bullshit. So two weeks ago, instead of coming to San Jose I signed up for the Salvation Army! -- Thats right, I'm saved, bitches! Which means I have permission to do all kinds of crazy shit and all I got to do is hand out a six-pack of ramen and ring a bell at Christmas!

Cort lowers his God's Eye, points to the heavens and looks back down with an eye-popping wild expression. Of course, eyes a bit red from a teardrop or two so its somewhat ineffective in coming across as 'hard'.

Cort Vang: So now that Tombs is gone, how can I be a better ass man?! Look at the bitches left in this dive. I.M Hate? - I.B Bitchknocking your ass out tonight. You are the reason I never got to give Tombs a proper

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introduction to true badassery and now I have nobody but God to be like! You interfered in our shit, and in turn denied ME my purpose that was given through him!

And because you did, God punished everyone and FJ Tombs was roaded into intensive care by God's Hit Squad! -- And don't tell me that this is all coincidence, because I seen the future through the mother fucking glued eye of my God and he says there will be no more hate! There can only be heads down on the chop block as the axe swings down. There can only be the steel prick of needle as the eyes roll into the head and we're all dead, dead, DEAD!!

As always, Cort mumbles and turns about, heading inside with wet feet slapping the ground. A new Soldier of God, according to his ramblings, ready to war with I.M Hate.

Tarrasque vs. Wes Payton

Wolf: Last Lethal Injection we saw Tarrasque take on IM Hate, in a match that was supposed to deflate IM Hate

s ego, but instead fed it as IM Hate managed to pull out the win.

Ace: Of course he did. His hate cannot be overcome by anything, not even the Tarrasque.

Wolf: Tarrasque put up a fight though, and gave IM Hate a run for his money. Tonight he looks to recover from his loss to IM Hate with a victory over Wes Payton.

Ace: Yeah and Wes seems to have a little extra spring in his step, you notice that? He s walking around like he

s got his love of beating people up again. I don t know what it is.

Wolf: Sounds like he s got a girl.

Ace: Sounds like you have no idea what you re talking about.

Ladies and Gentlemen

by Saliva begins to play, the crowd letting out a mild pop in appreciation of Tarrasque s power. They do not have to wait long, for Tarrasque runs out from behind the curtain and makes his way closer to the ring before he stops and lets out a bloodthirsty roar.

Wolf: Well here he is ladies and gentlemen, the only monster left in The Row.

Ace: Maynard Crane? Gone. Goliath? Gone. And in their wake we find Tarrasque. He may not get his bit of raw beef before matches like he used to, but that has only made him angrier Wolf.

Wolf: A lot hungrier too. . . But that

s not all Tarrasque has had to deal with, he also had some troubles last Lethal Injection he even got into it with Allen Anderson!

Ace: Well, he never laid a hand on him, if

Tarrasque did, Allen would no longer be with us. As for that situation, he was just seeing red, Wolf.

The crowd lets out a chorus of boos as Allen Anderson appears behind Tarrasque, hobbling up to his side on his patented cane. Allen snarls at the crowd and then guides his hand up to the small of Tarrasque s back, signaling for him to head toward the ring.

Wolf: Fans showing their hatred of Allen Anderson, as always.

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Ace: I don

t understand it. Allen Anderson is our saving grace. He keeps Tarrasque from tearing this place apart. Tarrasque makes his way to the ring, his eyes filled with determination. Tarrasque reaches the ring and stops. Allen Anderson then ascends the steel ring steps, using Tarrasque's shoulder to keep his balance. Allen then reaches the apron and directs Tarrasque to climb up and he complies. Tarrasque steps over the rope and Allen Anderson barks at him, instructing him to hold the ropes so he can climb in. Tarrasque complies and Allen Anderson enters the ring gingerly.

Wolf:

The Brain

Allen Anderson seems to be tightening his leash on Tarrasque. Allen Anderson has never done that before.

Ace: Well a few losses will do that. You must remember Tarrasque is practically a product at least that

s how the Warhammer Corporation sees it.

Tarrasque makes his way to the center of the ring and lets out a roar, and the crowd pops in response. Allen Anderson then hobbles over to Tarrasque and directs him into a corner, where he pulls him in with his cane.

Wolf: Allen Anderson instructing Tarrasque here before his match

this one must be important to him and the corporate interests.

Ace: Expect domination from Tarrasque, Wolf, and nothing less.

The beat to 2 of Amerikaz Most Wanted by Tupac (featuring Snoop Dogg) starts up and it is met by a chorus of boos. The camera quickly cuts to the curtain drawn across the door.

Wolf: Tarrasque is in the ring, and here comes his opponent for tonight ladies and gentlemen, Wes Payton.

Ace: Head honcho of Tha Krew.

The curtain parts and Wes Payton appears looking as stoic as ever, his sunglasses covering his eyes and giving him the appearance of a soul-less being. Leon Williams jumps around behind him, as fidgety and full of life as he is still. The camera gets close and Wes Payton removes his glasses, showing a pair of bulging eye balls laced with red blood veins and the pupils too dark centers of everything cold and painful.

Ace: Jesus Christ, that shit gets me everytime!

Wolf:

Well it certainly is unsettling, Ace

ll give you that. But I don

t think Tarrasque is bothered by it

that thing is a

beast! He may look like a man, but that Warhammer Corporation defiled God with that one.

Wes Payton makes his way to the ring, keeping his eyes on Tarrasque, who nods his head in the corner of the ring, listening to

The Brain

Allen Anderson

s instructions. The two beasts stare at one another, and Tarrasque looks down at a man with intense eyes and a lackey that is more of a joke than anything else, and Wes Payton looks back and see

s one big mothafucka

but that bigger they is, the harder they fall nigga.

Wolf: What a show we

ve had so far, ladies and gentlemen, and we

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ve only just begun.

Ace: This next one is sure to be a real barn burner. These two personalities are going to clash, and it's going to be ugly.

The sort of ugly you can

t help but watch, Wolf.

Wolf: Here here.

Wes Payton nods his head and Leon Williams slides into the ring before him, hopping around as he reaches his feet and slinging insults in Tarrasque

s face. Wes Payton then slowly walks to the ring and hops up to the apron, showing a hint of his agility. Wes Payton then runs his feet along the apron like he

s wiping all the dirt off before he steps through the ropes and enters the ring. He stares straight at Tarrasque as Allen Anderson takes to the ring steps and quickly exits the ring, passing Charlene heading up. His head turns and he takes in a view of her ass before stepping down and taking up a place at the side of the ring.

Wolf: This one is just about under way folks

who do you like in this one, Ace?

Ace: You know, you always ask me I never really know. This one is no different. We

ll see here in the opening moments of the match who takes the upper hand.

Wolf: Tentative tonight Ace? Got your mind on other things?

Ace: What? Oh

um, no. . .

Charlene saunters her way to the center of the ring, taking in a couple of whistles from the crowd. It almost seems customary now, but she still takes a noticeable relish in every whistle and howl.

Charlene: Ladies and gentlemen. . . our next match is scheduled for one fall, and has a thirty minute time limit.

She stops to smile at herself for finally getting it right, and she

s not the only one to notice; a few bursts of applause ring through the room, coupled with even more catcalls and whistles. TAKE IT OFF! is heard, screamed by some unknown fan.

Charlene: You gotta pay for that honey. . . Introducing first, from

Akira, China. . . weighing in at a whole two hundred and eighty five

pounds, he is a product of the Warhammer Corporation, a beast, a mystery, a mean mean man. . .

Wolf: Oh she

s riffing now. . . This can

t be good.

Ace:

To be fair, Tarrasque is a mean mean man. . .

Charlene: He is. . . DAH BEAST FROM DAH FAR EAST-- Tarrasssssquueeeeeee!

The crowd lets out a small pop for Tarrasque, who raises his arms to his sides, flexing his muscles as he lets out a massive roar. Tarrasque huffs after the roar, much as a horse would, and stares down his opponent.

Wolf: Tarrasque looking determined to whoop some ass tonight!

Ace: That corporation give him some chemical injection or something? This guy is like Bane's got poison running through his veins!

Wolf: Comic book reference. Way to go, loser.

Charlene soaks up the spotlight, getting the most out of the little time she has in the ring. She bends at the

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waist seductively, and then bends back upwards with a knowing smile on her face. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, the rowdy fans starting to yell vulgarities in Charlene's direction. She takes them in and remembers them for later: potential customers.

Charlene:

And his opponent. . . from New York, New

York, weighing in at two hundred and thirty pounds, he is Wessss Payyytonnnnn!

Wes Payton stands still as his hype man Leon Williams hops around and goes crazy. He pats Wes on the shoulder and points at his opponent, telling Wes what a bitch he is, a dumb, slow mothafucka, and so on and so forth. El Toro, the acting referee motions both men to move to the center of the ring and they comply.

Wolf: Here we go Ace, you ready?

Ace: Oh you know it Wolf. I was born ready, you old bastard.

After a brief covering of the rules (in Spanish) El Toro raises his arm and the bell rings, the crowd popping for the start of the match. Tarrasque lets out another roar, and Wes Payton takes it, keeping his spot in the ring and staring straight at Tarrasque. Wes slowly brings up a hand and wipes his face, as if to wipe away the spit from the roar and then kicks Tarrasque in the gut.

Wolf: Wes Payton with the kick!

Tarrasque takes the kick and it doesn't

faze him at all, in fact he asks for more. Wes Payton steps back a few steps and then measures up a kick and hits Tarrasque square in the jaw with a kick.

Wolf: Superkick from Wes Payton on Tarrasque!

Ace: And Tarrasque took it!

The crowd pops from the loud kick, as Tarrasque takes a step or two back after the blow. Tarrasque quickly recovers and straightens out, the power swelling in Tarrasque even in the simplest of gestures.

Wolf: Tarrasque is unfazed by that kick! And he's asking for more!

Wes Payton then takes another step back and spins around for another kick, but as he connects Tarrasque grabs his leg, catching him.

Wolf: Tarrasque caught him that time!

Tarrasque uses his free arm to push Wes Payton violently to the mat, his upper body hitting the mat as Tarrasque keeps hold of the leg. The crowd pops from the loud slam, and Tarrasque grabs Wes Payton's other leg and starts spinning around the ring.

Wolf: Tarrasque is spinning Wes Payton about the ring as if he were a top!

Ace: Don't

get dizzy now! We

ve had enough puking in The Row as it is.

The force of the spinning brings Wes Payton up off of the mat, and after swinging around several times Tarrasque releases his hold on Wes Payton

s legs, sending him flying across the ring and to the mat.

Wolf: Air plane spin by Tarrasque.

The crowd lets out a mild pop, and El Toro goes to check on Wes Payton. Tarrasque makes his way to Wes Payton but becomes dizzy himself, falling to one knee.

Wolf: Tarrasque has lost his footing. . . he's done made himself dizzy!

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Ace: Me dizzy. Me no like!

Tarrasque

s face switches to one of confusion, as the world spins around despite his efforts to stop it. His mind cannot grasp the concept

as far as he is concerned the world has inexplicably started turning, and too fast for his liking. Tarrasque shakes his head and the confusion gives way to a burning hot rage.

Wolf: Tarrasque doesn

t seem to know where he is! He

s pissed Wolf!

Ace: So much for a

supersoldier.

Just spin him around and watch him break. Pfft

Tarrasque lets out a roar as the spinning stops, and gets to his feet to find Wes Payton already on his feet.

Before he can think to grab him Wes Payton bends back and plants yet another kick across the chin of Tarrasque.

Wolf: Yet another superkick from Wes Payton! And that one connected!

Ace: Sounded like a rifle going off, that one did.

Tarrasque feels the crack of the kick, feels the jolt travel around his skull, but he does not fall. The Warhammer Logo flashes before his eyes; he cannot allow himself to fall. The rage comes back and he lets out yet another roar.

Wolf: Tarrasque is still standing Ace!

Ace: That he is! Can anything put this bastard down?

Tarrasque and Wes Payton lock up in the ring and quickly Tarrasque raises his hip, bringing a knee to Wes Payton

s gut, the force of the blow causing him to bend at the waist and let out an OOOOF. Tarrasque then raises up an arm and brings it down across Wes Payton

s back, the force of the blow knocking him down to one knee.

Wolf: Tarrasque in control, those heavy blows knocking Wes to the mat!

Ace: Those heavy arms of his will knock the air out of you, that

s for sure. I

m glad I

m not Wes Payton right now.

Tarrasque raises up his arm and brings it down across Payton

s back as he tries to get to his feet, knocking him down to the mat again. Tarrasque then bends down and brings Wes Payton to his feet and Irish whips him into the corner with such force Wes Payton collides with the turnbuckle and comes stumbling out of the corner.

Wolf: Irish whip into the corner! The ring shook with that one, and Wes Payton is out but still on his feet!

Ace: Look: the walking dead.

Tarrasque bends and catches Wes Payton, lifting him high over his head, Wes Payton parallel with the mat.

Wolf: The power of Tarrasque lifting Wes Payton right over his head! Look at that Ace, that

s two hundred and thirty pounds he

s lifting there!

Ace: Tarrasque could lift three Wes Payton

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s. Maybe four. Or one Disposal.

Tarrasque roars and turns so everyone can see him lifting Wes Payton quite easily, and then he steps forward and drops his hands, Wes Payton falling face first to the mat behind him.

Wolf: What a Gorilla Press Slam by Tarrasque!

Ace: Yeah and he made sure everyone saw it too
sure took his time with that one. Not always a good idea

The Brain

seems happy, so I must be wrong.

Wolf:

Well that

s a real rarity, Ace.

Tarrasque then puts a foot down over Wes Payton

s
chest, pinning him to the mat. El Toro rolls up into a slide and goes for the count.

Wolf: Tarrasque with the non-chalant pin.

Ace: You kidding? No one can get out from under that weight.

Wolf: 1. . .2-kick out. . . Seems you
re wrong Ace.

Wes Payton turns onto his belly and quickly starts to crawl toward the corner of the ring, but Tarrasque stalks behind him, matching his progress forward. Tarrasque then stomps Wes Payton in the back, and keeps his foot down on the back, pinning Wes Payton belly down to the mat.

Wolf: Well Wes was wisely try to get away there, but Tarrasque has once again pinned him to the mat.

Ace: And now. . . he
s fucked. That

s what you were thinking, right?

Wolf: Not at all Ace

I don

t have a filthy mouth.

Tarrasque then bends down and brings Wes Payton to his feet, but Wes Payton rises with several chops to the gut.

Wolf: Wes Payton fighting back now!

Wes Payton stands up straight and Tarrasque reaches back for a right but Wes Payton ducks it and as the blow passes over his head Wes grabs Tarrasque by the wrist and keeps his hold.

Wolf: Tarrasque in a precarious position here
m not quite sure what Wes is going to do, but it can

t be good

whatever it is.

Wes Payton lifts Tarrasque

s arm and turns under it, so that Tarrasque is standing behind him. Wes then lifts Tarrasque arm up and brings it down across his shoulder, bending the arm against its joint.

Wolf: Arm breaker by Wes Payton!

Ace: That

s a damn good way to break an elbow, Wolf!

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Tarrasque starts to stagger back, selling the arm breaker by grabbing his arm, but Wes Payton quickly bends down and turns, drawing one of his legs out and sweeping it through Tarrasque's legs, sending him back first to the mat.

Wolf: Wes Payton with the leg sweep now, and Tarrasque has hit the mat! He can be knocked down!

Ace: Many have tried, but very few have succeeded.

Wes Payton drops to the mat and covers Tarrasque, not even bothering to hook the leg. El Toro slides to the mat and goes for the count.

Wolf: Wes Payton going for the quick win here, 1 kick out.

He didn't

have enough that time, Wolf.

Ace:

That was a desperation pin, Wolf. Wes

Payton, dare I say, is trying to get this one over with as quick as possible.

The force of the kick out sends Wes Payton across the ring and immediately he scrambles over to Tarrasque and starts punching him with lefts and rights in an effort to prevent him from getting to his feet. Tarrasque gets up to his knees and Wes Payton hooks him around the head, applying pressure and draping the forearm across the throat.

Wolf: Wes Payton trying desperately to keep Tarrasque on the mat

Ace: And he

s failing in that endeavor

Wolf: Locking in the headlock now, but Tarrasque is still getting up!

Tarrasque rises to his feet anyway, ignoring the tightness in his throat. Tarrasque grabs Wes Payton by the hips and lifts him up vertically into the air before bringing him down, tailbone first across his knee.

Wolf: Massive atomic drop by Tarrasque! I

ve never seen one that big before!

Ace:

Wes

s spine just shot up to his skull, Wolf.

Wes Payton sells the atomic drop hopping up into the air before hitting the mat and grabbing his lower back. Tarrasque raises his arms out and roars as the crowd pops.

Wolf: And Wes Payton is hurt!

Ace:

I

m sure he

s wishing this was a tag match, Wolf. He

d be tagging in Leon Williams right about now.

Tarrasque makes his way over to Wes Payton but Wes Payton quickly gets up to his knees and holds out his hands, literally pleading with Tarrasque. He backs and and gets up to his feet, clenching his hands together as he bows his head before Tarrasque. Tarrasque looks around at the crowd and then smiles, letting out a massive roar.

Wolf: Well Wes Payton is trying to plead with Tarrasque, but I don't

think it

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s working Ace.

Ace: You can

t relate to Tarrasque. He only knows one thing, destruction. Plead all you want, he s still gonna snap you in half.

Tarrasque makes his way toward Wes and Wes suddenly looks up and kicks Tarrasque square in the nuts, the blow causing all the men in the crowd to sympathize with the beast.

Wolf: Low blow by Wes Payton! And that one was intentional! There s no doubt about that one!

Ace: Tarrasque is a super soldier, but he is a male after all and all males have that weakness!

Tarrasque stumbles backwards, selling the low blow, as Wes Payton jumps up into the air and hits him with both feet in the chest, sending him flailing backwards and up against the corner.

Wolf:

Drop kick now by Wes Payton.

Wes Payton starts to get to his feet but El Toro gets up in his face and scolds him for the low blow. While the midgets back is turned, Leon Williams hops up onto the apron and starts choking Tarrasque in the corner. The crowd starts to boo Leon Williams.

Wolf: And look at this crap! Underhanded tactics by Tha Krew!

Ace: What do you expect? These guys work together, and Leon Williams was bound to be involved in this match sooner or later.

Wolf: He

s a coward I tell you! Him and Wes! They re both cowards!

Leon Williams wrenches on the neck of Tarrasque, Tarrasque kicking his feet as Leon cuts off his windpipe. Leon Williams releases the hold and drops down and crouches by the ring as El Toro turns around. Wes Payton quickly makes his way over to Tarrasque and starts where Leon Williams left off, openly choking Tarrasque in the corner.

Wolf: Wes Payton choking Tarrasque now! That s illegal! Come on El Toro!

El Toro makes his way to the corner and grabs hold of Wes Payton

s leg, trying to pull him away from Tarrasque out of the corner. Wes continues to choke Tarrasque, and it isn t until El Toro bites his thigh that he releases the hold and turns to curse the little midget.

Wolf: Well you

ve got to hand it to El Toro, he may be associated with Tha Krew through Dark, but he s calling this one fair.

Ace: I think he secretly wants to see Tarrasque rip Wes Payton limb from limb. . . but that s just a theory t quote me on that.

Wes Payton turns back to Tarrasque and measures up a chop, placing it expertly across the chest of Tarrasque, the great smack from the chop ringing out through the arena.

Wolf: What a chop there by Wes Payton!

Wes Payton reaches back and chops Tarrasque once more before he starts to throw punches in combinations, unloading rights and lefts all along Tarrasque

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s midsection.

Wolf: Wes Payton tattooing the ribs of Tarrasque now.

Ace:

Those are shots that will come back later. There
s no better way to tire a man than to work the body, Wolf.

Wolf: You used to box?

Ace: No I just watch the Rocky movies a lot.

Wes Payton steps back to admire his work for a moment before he grabs Tarrasque by the arm and goes to
Irish whip him into the corner of the ring.

Wolf: Wes Payton with the Irish whip. . . no! Reversed!

Tarrasque reverses it, Irish whipping Wes Payton into the corner of the ring. Wes collides with the turnbuckle
in the corner of the ring and Tarrasque charges him and clotheslines him into the corner with such strength
Wes Payton crumbles to the mat.

Wolf: Massive clothesline by Tarrasque in the corner! And Wes Payton is in a bad way!

Ace: He may as well have been hit by a two ton truck.

Tarrasque turns and raises his arms and lets out a roar for the crowd, the crowd popping in appreciation of
Tarrasque

s savageness. Wes Paton takes the opportunity to roll out of the ring and lands flat on the ground.

Immediately Leon Williams rushes over to him to check on him.

Wolf: Wes Payton has left the ring!

He

s had enough, Ace.

Ace: I would too. He

s finally doing something smart and getting the hell out of here.

Leon Williams helps Wes Payton to his feet and Wes Payton takes a moment to gain his balance before he
stumbles his way around the ring and toward the exit.

Wolf: He really is getting out of here!

Ace: Bad form! Go get him Tarrasque!

Tarrasque turns and sees Wes Payton fleeing and takes up pursuit, climbing over the top rope and following
behind him. When Tarrasque reaches Wes he raises up a fist and brings it down knocking Wes Payton
forward.

Wolf: We

ve got a fight outside of the ring ladies and gentlemen! This ring cannot contain these men!

Ace: Look out fans, this one

s going to get wild.

Wes Payton turns and throws a right, making contact with Tarrasque

s face. Tarrasque ignores the blow and returns with a right of his own, that makes Wes stagger backwards.

Wolf: These guys are fighting amongst our fans!

Ace: Run for cover!

Tarrasque throws another right and again Wes takes the punch, staggering back through a row of fans now.
Tarrasque follows in pursuit but Wes reaches up and grabs a fans box of popcorn and hits Tarrasque over
the head with it.

Wolf: Attack with the. . . the popcorn?

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Ace: By the power of corn. . .

Tarrasque roars in anger and pursues Wes Payton through the row, the fans acting like dipshits by playing it up for the camera and nearly trampling over one another to touch Tarrasque.

Ace: DO NOT TOUCH THE ANIMALS!

Wolf: What are you people crazy?!

Wes Payton clears the row and Tarrasque follows after him, and as Tarrasque makes his way through Wes stumbles his way toward the ring.

Wolf: These guys have nearly fought all over this small room here at there Salinas Community Center.

Ace: Yeah apparently El Toro needs to catch up on his rules. This should have ended in a double count out long ago, but as you can see El Toro isn't even counting now.

Tarrasque throws another right and then Irish whips Wes Payton toward the ring.

Wolf: Look out!

Wes Payton collides with the ring apron, selling the collision and falling to the ground. The crowd pops and Tarrasque makes his way toward Wes Payton but Leon Williams jumps on his back.

Wolf: Leon Williams attacking Tarrasque now!

Ace: Jumping on his back just like a monkey!

Wolf: Hey that's racist!

Ace: No its not he really jumped on his back like a monkey.

Tarrasque swings his arms around as Leon Williams chokes him, his forearm draped across his throat. Tarrasque then takes a moment to find Leon and he reaches up and grabs Leon and swings him over his shoulder and to the ground.

Wolf: There goes Leon! Tarrasque is taking out Tha Krew by himself!

Ace: If anyone can do it, it's Tarrasque.

Tarrasque lets out a roar before he bends down and brings Wes Payton to his feet only to toss him back in the ring. Tarrasque looks to Leon Williams for a split second but then turns back to the ring, changing his mind. He climbs up into the ring and scrambles over Wes Payton, hooking the leg.

Wolf: We've got a pin. 1. . . 2. . . kick out by Wes Payton.

Ace: Pride is an ugly thing Wolf. He doesn't want to take any more punishment, but he can't stand to lose either.

Tarrasque gets to his knees and grabs Wes by the head and punches him once, twice, three times before getting to his feet. Tarrasque extends his arms and lets out a roar as Leon Williams jumps up to the apron to distract him.

Wolf: Leon Williams is getting up on the apron now, trying to distract Tarrasque.

Tarrasque turns and grabs him by the throat, choking him. Tarrasque then lets out a roar and picks him up and slams him down to the floor over the top rope.

Wolf: What a choke slam by Tarrasque on Leon Williams!

Ace: Well that

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s the last of him
for a while anyway.

Wolf: This was beginning to feel like a handicap match, wasn't it?

The crowd pops as Leon Williams sells on the ground outside of the ring. Tarrasque turns toward the center of the ring and spots Wes Payton getting to his feet. Tarrasque makes his way over to Wes Payton and helps him to his feet before kicking him in the gut, causing him to bend at the waist. Tarrasque then hooks Wes Payton between his legs, and grabs his waist lifting him up into the air and snaps him down to the mat, Wes Payton

s upper back and neck hitting the mat and folding him up.

Wolf: Powerful snapping powerbomb by Tarrasque!

Ace: He really folded him up with that one.

Wes Payton sells the powerbomb, laying motionless on the mat. The crowd pops after the loud bump and Tarrasque lets out yet another roar of dominance. Leon Williams continues to sell his choke slam out of the ring, just now getting to his feet and stumbling around.

Wolf: Leon Williams learned a lesson tonight.

Ace: Yeah

t fuck with Tarrasque.

Tarrasque makes his way to Wes Payton on the mat and brings him to his feet. Tarrasque reaches back and then draws his hand forward, grabbing Wes Payton around the throat. Payton s eyes open wide as Tarrasque applies pressure to the throat.

Wolf: Wes Payton is going for a ride!

Tarrasque then lifts Wes Payton with one hand and then slams him down to the mat, the crowd popping after the massive bump. Tarrasque looks around at the crowd with eyes full of triumph and through the cheers come the orders of Allen Anderson, charged and full of hate. Tarrasque turns to look at Allen, and nods as he listens to Allen s instruction.

Wolf: Tarrasque taking in some instruction now from Allen Anderson.

Ace: Meanwhile Leon Williams is licking his wounds!

The poor fool, Anderson ought to go over there and finish him off.

Tarrasque then lets out a roar and turns to Wes

Payton, who still lies motionless on the mat. Tarrasque grabs Wes by the head and brings him up to the seated position. Tarrasque then looks around at the crowd, his hands on either side of Wes Payton s head and he jerks his head, turning Wes head rapidly to one side.

Wolf: It

s the Paralyzing Factor! The Paralyzing Factor! And Wes Payton is done for!

Ace: Did you see those eyes roll up into the back of his head? Somebody should check to see if the poor bastard is still alive.

Wes Payton falls to the mat and Tarrasque covers him, hooking the leg. The crowd buzzes in preparation to count along with the referee as El Toro slides to the mat to make the official count.

Wolf: Tarrasque with the pin! It

s over! It

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s over! 1. . . 2. . . 3! That

s it! It

s over ladies and gentlemen!

The bell rings as El Toro points to Tarrasque to signal he is the winner. Tarrasque rises to his feet and lets out a massive roar, as

The Brian

Allen Anderson claps in approval of his beast outside of the ring.

Wolf: Tarrasque has won it here, perhaps redeeming himself with

The Brain

Allen Anderson and the Warhammer Corporation.

Ace: Maybe he

ll get himself some prime cuts of raw beef after the show

or maybe they

ll take him out into the field and shoot him like a lame horse. One can never tell what those wicked bastards are thinking.

Wolf: Tarrasque just may be able to help us all make some money from here on out.

Ace: If he keeps up the winning

but as it is he hasn

t been looking the unbeatable soldier, now has he?

Wolf:

No. But he sure looked unbeatable tonight, Ace.

Pulling a Pain Train

The low budget camera feed picks up outside the Salinas Community Center. Sitting next to the side entrance is the locker room of DRW Megastar Seth Stratton.

Okay, it

s a tent. But one a small tent. One of those bigguns. Seth has standards. He emerges from the tent with a rather skeezy looking prostitute. Those standards don

t extend to women. Seth: Thanks for the blowjob, dear. What

d we agree upon? Crack Whore: Twenty. Seth reaches into his pocket. Seth: Well now, we both know that wasn

t worth twenty. You totally gummed it. Crack Whore:

Of course I did, I don

t have any fucking teeth.

Seth: Either way, it was substandard. He pulls out a ten. Seth: Take it or leave it. She begrudgingly takes it and walks off screen. Seth notices the camera man for the first time. The camera jumps back, it

s holder recoiling in fear. Seth: Hey buddy, don

t worry. I

m not Ian Michaels. I

m not going to verbally denigrate you and threaten you with physical violence. The camera shot steadies.

Seth: See? That

s better. I

m not the type of guy to jump a homeless camera man just because I

m stronger and more athletic. I

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He leaves that to the Neanderthals, who flaunt their retard strength with reckless abandon. He pauses. Seth: Tonight is the defining night of my short yet spectacular wrestling career. I'm going to head out to that ring and capture the DRW Championship in front of hundreds of Mexicans, just like I've always dreamed. The fact that it's against two guys? That isn't going to be a problem. I can handle two dudes at once. I know that sounds oddly homoerotic, but fuck it. I'm going with it. I'm gonna pull a train tonight, a train of pain. Fuck, I'm pumped right now. Let me at these fools! Yeah! Seth pounds his chest, then attempts to throw the side door open. But it's locked. He pounds on the door. Seth: Hey! Hey, you assholes said this would be open! Now I look like a dumbass! I'm totally not pumped anymore. My nips are flaccid. The door swings open. A smiling Mexican man in a sombrero is holding it. Seth: About time, fuck stick. The camera feed fizzles out. Surprise Ian! The first few licks of Binge and Purge begins to play, bringing up with it a chorus of boos from those in the crowd. Wolf: That's music so the rumors are true! He's got something special in store for IM Hate tonight! Ace: And it ain't a cake. For some reason this IM Hate has gotten under Dark's skin and he's taken it upon himself to personally rub out this fool, but so far he's failed. Wolf: That's right folks, IM Hate took on Tarrasque last Lethal Injection in San Jose, and came out with the victory against the Beast, Tarrasque. The music continues to play, slow and methodical, and the fans keep up with their booing. The lyrics start up and still Dark has not appeared. Wolf: Taking his time tonight? Ace: Either that or IM Hate has already attacked Dark from behind and Dark is out in some parking lot somewhere flat on his back. Wolf: There's a viable option Ace, Wes Payton was just smacked around the ring by Tarrasque. The Krew have already been hurt, El Toro is out refereeing and Johnny Cox. . . well he was destroyed by Major Kendu. So far it has not

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been a good night for Dark and his cronies. Now would be the time to strike. . .

Finally Dark appears, sticking his head through the curtain before following his head with his body and coming into full view. He smokes a cigar instead of a cigarette, and he seems unusually happy, given the sorry state of his lackeys.

Dark makes his way out onto the court and he is followed by Tha Krew, Wes Payton looking more annoyed than in pain at his nagging injuries, and Leon Williams glazed in the eyes, as if he had just taken some drug.

Wolf: I can't believe I'm saying this but here comes the boss and his staff.

Ace: His head of Cabinet! Johnny Cox of course is missing, probably still draining from his head somewhere in the back.

Wolf: That was a nasty cut.

Ace: The guys a bleeder, that's all.

Dark looks around at the crowd, puffing on his cigar as he makes his way down to the ring, ignoring the boos that rain down on him.

Ace: These people ought to show some respect! Dark saved this federation! If it weren't for him we'd all be nowhere right now!

Wolf: That doesn't mean they have to like it, Ace. Dark isn't the nicest of fellows.

As Dark reaches the ring he motions for Tha Krew to enter the ring and they do so, and as they reach the apron Dark climbs the steel steps. Tha Krew holds the ropes open for Dark and he steps through holding his arms out as he puffs out his cigar and spews big clouds of smoke out through the air. He reaches the ropes and leans over, and pushing the cigar to the corner of his mouth he gestures for a microphone and receives one.

Wolf: The boss has come here to talk ladies gentlemen, and talk he will sometimes at great length.

Ace: Hey we should all be so lucky to hear some of the wisdom Dark has gained from all his years in the wrestling business. This is gold Wolf! Just gold!

Dark looks around at the crowd for a moment before he begins.

Dark: Do you know who I am?

Ace: A drunk?

Dark:

I ask because it seems to me a bit of anarchy has descended upon us. Last Lethal Injection, Seth Stratton and Fracture took it upon themselves to name themselves the top dogs for the right to be called the Head Motherfucker

to be called Death Row Champion. . . and IM Hate has taken it upon himself to destroy Death Row Wrestling. . . So I ask you, do you know who I am?

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Dark draws the cigar from his mouth and looks around at the crowd, which seems on the verge of answering his question.

Dark: I
m the boss.

He smiles a smug little smile as the crowd lets out their boos. He looks around and takes notice of this discontent and smiles even wider.

Dark: I
m the boss, so if I say jump you say how high. If I say get me a beer, then you damn well better get me a beer. If you don
t, you
re fired, and it
s as simple as that.

Sure I could fire IM Hate, I could turn around and just let his ass go. But I
m not going to do
that, no, instead I
m going to make IM Hate

s life here in The Row a hateful experience. You see IM Hate is a man who claims to live on hate. He hates everything. But hate without the basis of love means nothing. Constant hate breeds complacency. How can one be said to be angry, when one is always angry? IM Hate has nothing to live for anymore.

Dark (cont
d): IM Hate is just going through the motions, and he doesn
t even know it. His life is a dreary day to day meandering through a world where everything is ugly and everything is mean. . . So that
s spice up that world, shall we?

The crowd starts to buzz in anticipation of what Dark is going to say next.

Dark: IM Hate, tonight you take on
The One Man Misdemeanor, Cort Vang. . . That is no easy feat as it is
believe me I
ve been there. I
ve fought Cort Vang twenty feet above the ring on some scaffolding. I
ve fought Cort Vang in triple threat matches. . . And tonight you have that opportunity IM Hate. . . but you
won
t be doing it alone.

Wolf: What? What
s Dark got planned here? He
s not actually gonna give IM Hate a partner here, is he?

Ace: It would bring a little sunshine to his life. You never know what this bastard will conjure up.

Dark:
Tonight, IM Hate will be taking on Cort
Vang, but he will not be alone. Do you know of The Disposal? The man who can down a dozen hot dogs in a
blink of an eye? A man that disgusts twice as many people as he impresses? Well we
re gonna take The Disposal, and then we
re gonna take my good friend Ian Michaels

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IM Hate if you will
and we

re gonna attach em with a length of leather strap.

Dark lets out a cloud of cigar smoke as the crowd lets out a mixed reaction.

Dark: That

s right pukes. IM Hate will be the mother, and The Disposal shall be his big fat baby
and the lethal strap shall be their umbilical cord. . . Protect your baby lan. Don
t let him get hurt now.

Dark smiles and drops the mic, throwing his arms up to instruct Tha Krew to do what they gots to do. Dark
makes his way out of the ring and meets up with Waylon Wolf and Tommy Ace as Tha Krew makes their way
for the exit, walking with intention.

Wolf: Looks like we

re going to be joined by the boss here, who just announced that IM Hate will have to fight attached to The
Disposal

yeah you heard that right. Uh how
s this gonna work?

The camera cuts to the table, just as Dark starts to sit down. The table had been crammed as it was, but with
Dark there now it just looks silly. Muscling his way in between the two commentators he had fought for his
space and had managed to elbow Tommy Ace to a point where he was more to the side of the table, than
behind it.

Dark:

That

m here, Wolf. To see how this idea of mine turns out.

Ace: Great idea boss, great idea.

Dark:

Get your tongue out of my ass, Ace.

Wolf: You can

t claim this will make IM Hate any happier.

Dark: I think he

ll enjoy the challenge.

IM Hate vs. Cort Vang

The

beat to Am I Psycho by Tech N9ne begins to play, signaling the arrival of IM Hate to the auditorium. In an
instant the crowd rises up, some booing, some cheering. We cut to the curtain drawn across the exit as the
music continues to play, thumping nicely through the stolen stereo courtesy of the H-Town Hustas (no longer
employed
the pussies).

Dark:

These people should show IM Hate a little love, Wolf. I mean it
s not every day he gets adoration from random strangers.

Ace: Lookin

like that, it

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s no wonder everyone hates him. He
s an ugly bastard.

Dark: That he is, Ace, that he is.

Wolf: What

s going on here, where is IM Hate?

Dark:

I have absolutely no idea, Wolf.

We cut briefly to the table where Waylon looks at Dark suspiciously. Dark smiles and feigns innocence as Am I Psycho continues to play. It seems it is taking longer for IM Hate to come out than usual, and the fans, tired of booing buzz as they wait for something to happen. Meanwhile the music keeps chugging along, so far ushering no one out to the ring:

I see you looking at me, So I ask am I a

psycho? Am I a psycho? Yeah I

m a psycho I guess I

m a pyscho

Wolf: Are we going to see IM Hate tonight, Dark?

Ace: Hey you call him Boss! Aint that right boss?

Dark: Call me whatever you like

and I aint gonna say it again, get your tongue out of my ass. . . As for IM Hate he

ll be here, he

s just been. . . delayed.

Dark can be heard laughing as the curtain parts and IM Hate is thrown violently to the floor. Looking agitated he turns toward the curtain and Tha Krew appear standing over him. Attached to IM Hate is a leather strap, long enough to give him some movement, but short enough to be an annoyance.

Dark: Here he is boys! Ian Michaels!

Wolf: Why he

s been jumped!

Dark: No. . . not at all. He

s been improved with leash technology.

The leather strap becomes less and less taut, and Tha Krew separate to let through the massive Disposal, well into a box of Cheez-Its. The Disposal munches away, paying little attention to IM Hate, though he tugs on the strap.

Wolf: How

s he gonna wrestle in that thing?

Ace: That

s the point Wolf! This is a punishment.

Dark: IM Hate says he

s a versatile guy, what better way than to prove it tonight?

Ace: I think this is a wrestling first! We

re making history tonight, Boss!

Dark: I said watch that tongue.

Wes Payton, of Tha Krew, steps forward and nudges IM Hate with his foot as Leon Williams pushes The Disposal forward, as one would push a stubborn cow

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and much like a cow The Disposal chews away, uninterested. The two push and kick IM Hate and The Disposal down to the ring, and as they reach the apron Wes Payton directs IM Hate into the ring.

Dark:

You know, I was thinking of getting rid of Tha Krew. I have never liked their moniker. . . but tonight they re pulling their bit of the weight.

Ace: I have always respected Tha Krew Boss. . .

Dark: He

s lying again, isn

t he?

Wolf:

Yes, Dark.

IM Hate turns to curse Wes Payton and grudgingly climbs his way into the ring, audibly screaming YOU

LL GET YOURS. IM Hate makes his way into the center of the ring and starts to tug on the strap, encouraging the balking Disposal to get up in the ring himself. Wes Payton and Leon Williams make their way to the announcer

s table, and stand behind

Dark, Wes Payton folding his

arms, Leon Williams blowing out his fro with an afro pick.

Wolf: Uh. . . Um. . .

Dark: Don

t mind them. They

re just here to ensure no one tries to harm the boss while he adds yet more depth to an already dense show.

It

s been great so far, hasn

t it?

Ace: Just wonderful! Amazing! We

re changing lives.

Dark: You never know when to stop, do you?

The Disposal continues to eat his Cheez-Itz, ignoring IM Hate and all of his hatred.

Wolf: Well The Disposal seems more interested in eating than this match here. IM Hate taking on Cort Vang in some sort of a handicap match.

Dark: Tethered To A Fat Fuck Match. A Death Row original.

Ace: I like it!

IM Hate starts to talk to The Disposal, sticking his finger in his face to hammer home all his points.

Wolf: Who do you like in this one, Ace?

Ace: Cort Vang! The Boss done screwed IM Hate over with this one.

Dark: Seriously, if the ass kissing doesn

t stop, I

ll forcibly eject you from that seat.

Wolf: Oh please, oh please do it.

starts up through the room, the fans letting out a mixed reaction, as the music can mean only one thing: Cort Vang. The man has damn well been around long enough and fought enough battles for even the hardest of

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broken hearted bastards to give him a clap or two, but don't think them to be mercy claps they carry the respect of any other sign of appreciation.

Wolf: Well here comes IM Hate's opponent for tonight, one Cort Vang. Dark you've fought him, so why don't you give us an insight as to what it's like in the ring with Cort Vang.

Dark: It aint fun. His kicks are stiff and his mouth is dirty. He'll curse you while your head rings like a bell from some kick he laid up against the ole noggin. I may be getting old, but I've been in some battles over the years, and I've got to say that match we put on at Death From Above is up there.

Wolf: Really?

Dark: Absolutely. Damn near killed us both.

Wolf: Cort Vang has certainly show his toughness here in The Row.

Ace: Well he's still here aint he?

We cut to a shot of the curtain, where Cort Vang emerges to a mixed reaction from the crowd. He looks out on the crowd uninterested before dropping his head and raising his arms out in mockery of the crucifixion. Cort then raises his head and takes in IM Hate tethered to the fat Disposal and lets out a smile.

Wolf: Cort Vang has been learning to read Ace. What have you got to say about that?

Ace: IT

S ABOUT DAMN TIME!

Dark:

You could brush up on your reading too, Ace.

Wolf: Tell me about it! You should see Ace try and read a menu.

Cort Vang then makes his way to the ring, staring down IM Hate, who's already full into a hateful rage over nothing really at all. Cort reaches the ring and he quickly slides in under the ropes and IM Hate immediately tries to go after him but the leather strap goes taut and the mass of The Disposal halts his movement. Cort Vang backs away and laughs at IM Hate and his predicament.

Dark: Reminds me of a pitbull me and the boys used to fuck with as kids. Was kept chained up. Yeah he was a vicious bastard. Still to this day I respect that dog more than most men I've known.

Wolf:

You've really done something here, Dark. Why don't you just nail him to the ring while you're at it?

Dark: You know. . . that's not a bad idea? Wes go nail IM Hate to the ring

Wolf: My God I was kidding!

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Dark:

Oh

never mind, Wes. . . You know you shouldn

t kid about

business, Wolf. It

s bad form.

Charlene saunters her way up the ring steps and into the ring, stepping over the bottom rope and swinging her body under the middle rope. She makes her way into the center of the ring, taking great disgust in The Disposal. To her it is greatly offensive that he, a male, not take interest in her, but rather a box of crackers. She turns away from The Disposal and her face instantly changes, as she adopts an angelic demeanor for the crowd that is as phony as her tits and the extensions she haphazardly placed in her head after a night of 20 dollar tricks and peppermint schnapps.

Charlene: Ladies and gentlemen, the following match has a thirty no forty five minute time limit, and is for one fall. One fall right? Right. . . Introducing first, fighting out of North Carolina by way of Florida, weighing in at two hundred and fifty pounds, and currently attached to the fattest, ugliest, most disgusting man I have ever seen. . . I

HAAAAATTEEEEE!

IM Hate ignores his announcement, taking a moment to slap The Disposal across the face in an effort to get him to listen. The Disposal would not have minded, had it not been for the fact that IM Hate had interrupted his eating. The Disposal becomes angry and gets in IM Hate

s face but IM Hate yells at him and pulls on the strap and The Disposal quiets down.

Wolf: Is IM Hate actually trying to work with The Disposal? It could be the only way to win this match.

Dark: IM Hate lacks the compassion to work with others. He is nothing but hate. He is a shallow man with no substance. Watch as the wind blows him over like a stack of cards. Yah feel me?

Ace: I fee

Dark: Remember what I said Ace. . .

Charlene: And his opponent, from St. Helens, Oregon, weighing in at two hundred and nineteen pounds, he is The One Man Misdemeanor. . . Cort Vannnnnnnggg!

A YOU CAN

T READ chant promptly starts up and it agitates Cort Vang so much he jumps up to the turnbuckle in the corner and feels he must defend himself: I CAN SO READ! Cort Vang jumps down from the corner of the ring as the chant gives way to a few eruptions of laughter.

Wolf:

By the way, I notice El Toro will be officiating this match. He gonna call it fair, Dark?

Dark: He

s been doing it all night, hasn

t he?

Ace: Yeah don

t you know this is America? A man is innocent until proven guilty! You charging a fella for something he aint even done!

Dark: Yet. . .

Wolf: What?

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Dark: Nothing.

El Toro draws Cort Vang and IM Hate to the center of the ring, where he raises up a small pudgy hand and signals for the bell. The ring hand, a drunk rings the bell awkwardly DING DINGDING DING DING and the match begins.

Wolf: Well here we go. . . I don't know what sort of match this will make.

Ace:

Another vintage Row moment, Wolf.

Wolf: I

ve noticed that whenever you say that something horribly, horribly wrong happens.

Ace: Well what did you think I meant, when I said vintage Row?

Cort Vang keeps his distance from IM Hate, who seems rightly pissed off. IM Hate charges Cort Vang but Cort Vang side steps him and IM Hate comes up empty.

Wolf: Cort Vang using his speed here early, an obvious advantage with IM Hate tethered to The Disposal like that.

Cort Vang circles around IM Hate and then goes for the lock up but IM Hate rises up and foot and kicks Cort Vang in the gut. Cort Vang sells the kick, bending at the waist from the force of the blow and then IM Hate turns and goes to run off the ropes to the right of Cort Vang, but just as IM Hate reaches the ropes the leather strap goes taut, pulling IM Hate backwards. A few members in the crowd can be seen laughing at IM Hate's predicament as Cort Vang charges him and clotheslines him to the mat.

Wolf: Short arm clothesline by The One Man Misdemeanor, and IM Hate is down. This isn't fair!

Dark:

I didn't

intend it to be, Wolf.

Ace: Yeah, what are you thinking Wolf?

Wolf: If you think I

m gonna let you two double team me you

re wrong. I don't

have to take this you know?

The crowd pops as IM Hate sells on the mat, and Cort Vang, wasting no time begins to stomp him, indiscriminately. Cort gets a real rhythm going with his stomps, bringing them down on IM Hate as The Disposal stands nearby, munching away on his Cheez-Its.

Cort Vang drops to the mat, not even bothering to hook the leg as he goes for the pin. The midget hits the mat

s take in the count now, shall we?

Wolf: We

ve got a early pin here, 1

no. Quick kick out by IM Hate.

Ace: And both men are back up!

Cort Vang gets to his feet after the kick out and IM Hate quickly gets to his feet after him, more annoyed at Cort

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s notion that he could defeat him so easily than hurt by all the kicks. IM Hate goes for the lock up but this time Cort Vang rises up with the kick to the gut. IM Hate sells the kick, bending over at the waist. Cort Vang reaches up, grabbing the leather strap and gives it some slack before wrapping it around IM Hates neck. Cort pulls down and the force brings IM Hate to the mat.

Wolf: Cort Vang sends IM Hate to the mat!

Dark: Using that leather strap as a weapon boy.

Ace: You like that do yah?

Dark: Sure do.

Ace:

Then yeah, I like it too.

Dark: What the fuck did I say Ace? Knock it off!

Cort then drops to one knee and gathers up the leather strap, tightening it around IM Hates neck. Cort Vang then leans back, the leather strap cutting into IM Hates neck.

Wolf: Cort Vang is blatantly choking IM Hate! What you gotta say about this Dark?

Dark: El Toro suffers from momentary blindness

I forgot to mention it.

Ace: That explains it!

Wolf: Yeah

sure. So much for a fair match, ladies and gentlemen.

El Toro watches the illegal choke and says nothing as IM Hate reaches toward the sky, his fingers curling as if to show his inner turmoil. El Toro checks on IM Hate, but Hate responds only by choking, his face beginning to take on an unnatural color.

Wolf: HE

S GOING TO KILL HIM!

Dark: Calm down, you're high strung Wolf. You could relax.

Ace: I try and tell him every Lethal Injection. . .

Wolf: You do not!

The crowd buzzes. IM Hate reaches for the sky. Cort Vang draws his hands back, tightening the leather strap. . . And then a tremendous thing happens the hate swells up in Ian's body, and slowly, despite the burning of his lungs, he starts to get up.

Wolf: Ian is getting to his feet! Ian is fighting out of it!

Ace: It's either that or die!

Dark: I won't have any deaths in the ring on my watch I promise.

Ian gets to his knees, his face turning blue.

El Toro checks him, Ian now face to face with the little man standing in his white and black ref shirt. Ian ignores the midget and gets to his feet.

Wolf: He

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s done it

Ian has gotten to his feet!

The crowd buzzes, those fans who actually like Ian cheering, though they are the minority. Though on his feet, he quickly hits the mat again as Cort Vang uses the strap to toss IM Hate across the ring and to the mat. The sound of the bump rings out through the small room, and the crowd lets out a small pop in appreciation.

Wolf: Thank God that is over! I thought we were gonna have another Hydreck fiasco!

Dark: God Bless Hydreck. It

s for him The Row keeps on keeping on.

IM Hate sells on the mat and quickly unwraps the leather strap. He lays on the mat and chokes for air as Cort Vang turns to The Disposal and grabs a Cheez-It from his hand and pops it in his mouth. He chews it down and smiles.

Wolf:

Uh

well it seems Cort is having himself a mid-match snack here, Ace.

Ace: This is an opportunity for some product placement boss.

Dark: Somehow I think the Cheez-It people wouldn't

want to be associated with us. It

s just a feeling I have.

Cort Vang makes his way over to IM Hate, who

s on his knees and bent over, gulping up air. Cort Vang makes his way over to IM Hate and brings him to his feet and then lends back, measuring up a strike. He hits IM Hate in the head, knocking him clean to the mat.

Wolf: IM Hate down after that powerful strike from Cort Vang.

Dark: Those things are no joke. I know firsthand.

The crowd lets out a meager pop as Cort Vang steps back, watching IM Hate as he slowly gets to his feet. As IM Hate gets to his feet Cort Vang turns his upper body and uses his hips to power a kick up against the side of IM Hate

s head, knocking him to the mat.

Wolf: Cort Vang with a kick now!

And IM Hate is down. He

s taking him apart one strike at a time, Ace.

Ace: Well as Dark put it so well

those kicks are no joke. Spot on as always Boss.

Dark:

I

m kicking your ass after the show, Ace. Congratulations.

Cort Vang slowly makes his way over to IM

Hate, feeling confident now. He brings IM Hate to his feet and pushes him into the corner before he unloads several rights and lefts to the head of IM Hate.

Wolf: Cort Vang working IM Hate in the corner now, unleashing combinations.

Dark: It

s been all Cort so far eh?

Ace: That

s right sir, your plan is working!

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Dark: Kiss my ass all you want, you
re still getting a beating after the show Ace.

Ace: But

Cort Vang then grabs IM Hate by the head and pushes up against him before he leaps toward the center of the ring, hooking IM Hates head and bringing it down face first to the mat.

Wolf: Bulldog by Cort Vang on IM Hate out of the corner! IM Hate in a bad way here folks.

Cort Vang then turns IM Hate over on his back and goes for the cover, hooking the leg. El Toro drops to the mat an instant later, going for the count.

Wolf: Cort Vang with the pin now! 1. . . 2
kick out!

Not enough there, Ace.

Ace: Well he hooked the leg, so it
s not like IM Hate kicked out due to Cort
s laziness. IM Hate still has some hate brewing in him, that
s all.

Dark: Cort should have choked him out when he had the chance.

Cort Vang gets up after the kick out and takes the leather strap and wraps it around IM Hates arms, placing his hands behind IM Hate and pulling back.

Wolf: Cort Vang with a full nelson now!

Ace: He

s using that leather strap too, aint he?

Dark: Sure is. Cort Vang is showing what a good fighter he actually is. He may be small, but sometimes it
aint the size of the dog of the fight. . . but well you know.

El Toro bends over and checks on IM Hate, who writhes in pain but refuses to submit. The crowd starts to
buzz as Cort Vang pulls back, forcing IM Hate
s neck forward. IM Hate lets out several cries of anguish.

Wolf: What is that smell. . . Hey what is that?! What are you doing?!

Dark: Booze. Drinking.

Wolf: You

re drinking?!

Dark: Aint that what I said? I figure we
ll be here awhile, so why not?

We cut to Dark sipping from a flask, Wolf looking at him
shocked, as back in the ring Cort Vang continues to wrench the hold. IM Hate still shakes his head, refusing
to submit. El Toro continues to check with him, as if at any moment IM Hate will suddenly change his mind
and call it a night.

Wolf: What is it?

Dark: Some cheap whiskey. Something to take the edge off.

Wolf: I could use some of that

you know I

m on the brink as it is! I can

t take this sort of work environment. I

m nearly seventy years old God damn it!

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Dark: Well here, drink up old man.

Waylon can be see taking big chugs from the flask, and only hands it back to Dark when its empty.

Dark:

That

s alright, I got another flask. Care for some more?

Wolf: Damn straight! Whooo-eeee! That s all I needed!

Cort Vang continues to wrench the full nelson in the center of the ring, The Disposal taking notice of the match for the first time only because he has run out of snacks. The Disposal stands by watching, quite bored, as El Toro continues to check with IM Hate.

Wolf: Will IM Hate ever give up?

Dark:

He hates himself too much for that. He secretly likes the punishment, Wolf.

The crowd continues to

buzz, as IM Hate once again begins to show signs of life. IM Hate

s hands begin to move frantically, and slowly he gets up to one knee. . . then another, standing now on both feet.

Wolf: IM Hate is back up again.

Ace: He simply can t be put down!

Dark: Invincible. Like cockroaches. Never can really get rid of them.

IM Hate then falls to the mat in the seated position, bringing Cort Vang down with him, his chin across his shoulder. The crowd pops as Cort Vang falls to the mat.

Wolf: OH! Jawbreaker by IM Hate on Cort Vang! He did not see that one coming!

Dark: You know I lost some teeth that way.

Cort Vang sells the jaw breaker as IM Hate shakes his head to get the cobwebs out. He then unwraps the leather strap and tries to get to his feet, but quickly loses his balance. IM Hate crawls toward the ropes and starts to pull himself up as Cort Vang gets to his feet as well.

Wolf: Cort Vang is up now, and he s after IM Hate! I

M FEELIN THAT BOOZE!

Ace: You can t ever let up Wolf. You can catch a breath after the bell has rung and the ref has raised your arm.

Dark: For once, he s right.

Cort Vang makes his way over toward IM Hate, who plays possum in the corner. He bends down, eyeing Cort Vang out of the corner of his eye, waiting for him to get close enough. When Cort Vang is close enough for IM Hates liking IM Hate rises up with a clothesline but Cort Vang ducks it and instead IM Hate clotheslines The Disposal.

Wolf: Uh-oh, that clothesline just hit The Disposal. It didn t knock him down, but I don t think he

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Il be happy about it either. THE FAT SON-OF-A-BITCH! HAAAAHA!

Dark: Yeah, messing with The Disposal before, after, or during a meal is never a good idea. Since he eats all the damn time it

s best just to leave him alone altogether.

Ace: You okay Wolf?

Wolf: NEVER FELT BETTER! BITCHHHHH!

The Disposal staggers back after the clothesline and IM Hate stumbles back with him, and Cort Vang swings around for a kick that IM Hate ducks and instead Cort Vang hits The Disposal, sending him back yet another few feet.

Wolf: And again The Disposal takes the brunt of the offense this time a kick from Cort Vang! LOOK OUT FAT FUCK!

Dark: Yep, and now he s really mad.

Ace: Wolf, you

ve got a foul mouth when you drink!

Wolf: SO THE FUCK WHAT!

The Disposal recovers and lets out a cry of anger and charges both IM Hate and Cort Vang, clotheslining them both to the mat. The crowd lets out a pop for the fatty.

Wolf: Double clothesline by The Disposal!

Ace: What the hell is going on! This match is quickly falling apart!

Wolf: I guess it

s anything goes! WHO GIVES A SHIT ANYWAY? This federation can t do anything right! Not a damn thing! You fuckers are all a bunch of losers!

Dark: Um. . . Wolf I think you better take a breather.

Wolf: NEVER! NEVER YOU NAZIS!

Dark:

Wolf. . .

The Disposal raises up his arms in triumph as the crowd rains out some applause for the fat man. Proud, The Disposal soaks up their adoration and attempts to leave the ring, but the tug on his wrist reminds him he is attached to IM Hate. The Disposal then looks around in desperation and then thinks to do the only thing he knows how to do: EAT HIS WAY OUT.

Ace: This is Tommy Ace. . . fillin

in for the drunken Wolf! The Disposal is trying to chew himself out of this!

Dark: I knew I should have gotten a length of chain God damn it! If only Tombs were around he knows all about rounding up cattle!

The crowd buzzes as The Disposal shoves the leather strap into his mouth and chomps away as if it were a piece of beef jerky. Meanwhile IM Hate and Cort Vang slowly get up to their feet, and after shaking the cobwebs loose they look at one another and then The Disposal. Instantly they both charge The Disposal and start to unload lefts and rights on him.

Ace: And now Cort and IM Hate are working together!

Dark:

Aww shit, I don

t believe

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it!

Ace: It just may take the two of him to knock him to the mat.

Dark: Listen to these fans! They actually love that fat bastard!

The crowd pops as The Disposal eats up blows like, well, like The Disposal at an eating competition. He takes every punch and then stumbles backward before tipping over like a felled tree and hitting the mat with such force El Toro jumps in the air as if exaggerate the aftershock.

Ace: Down goes The Disposal!

Wolf: PIG FUCKER! PIG FUCKER! PIG FUCKER HO!

IM Hate then turns to Cort Vang and starts punching him instead, with lefts and rights. IM Hate then pushes Cort up against the ropes and Irish whips him toward the ropes on the other side of the ring.

Ace: Irish whip. . .

Wolf: Irish WHISKEY!

Ace: You see what you
ve done Dark?!

Cort Vang hits the ropes and bounces off, returning to the center of the ring.

As Cort reaches IM Hate, Hate takes the leather strap and steps
back, drawing it tight. Cort Vang collides with the strap and his the mat flat on his back.

Ace: IM Hate now using that leather strap as a weapon now!

Cort sells on the mat, reaching up to grab his throat. IM Hate then saunters his way over to Cort Vang and brings him to his feet. IM Hate keeps his left hand out on Cort Vang
s head and raises back a right hand and swings forward with a quick jab. The jab connects causing Cort Vang to take a step back. IM Hate throws another jab, working, Cort into the corner.

Ace: IM Hate with the quick jab work on Cort Vang.

IM Hate steps out of the corner as The Disposal slowly get up to his feet. IM Hate then grabs the leather strap and pulls on it with all of his might, sending The Disposal into Cort Vang into the corner.

Ace: IM Hate is using The Disposal as a weapon now! He
s using the leather strap to his advantage!

Dark: The son of a bitch! He may have more brains that I thought. This is something I
ll have to think over.

The crowd pops as the morbidly obese man collides with Cort Vang in the corner. The Disposal stumbles out of the corner, and Cort Vang stumbles out after him. IM Hate then bends over and picks Cort Vang up onto his shoulders. IM Hate positions himself in the ring and then falls to his side, tucking Cort Vang's head as he slams Cort to the mat, head first. The crowd lets out a mixed reaction of boos and cheers.

Wolf: DEATH VALLEY DRIVER! SHITTING DICK NIPPLES!

Dark: Jesus Christ!

IM Hate drops to the mat and hooks Cort Vang
s leg, El Toro hitting the mat immediately after
him, going for the count.

Ace: We
ve got a pin! 1. . . 2. . . kick out!

Dark: IM Hate almost hate Cort Vang on that one. Almost pulled the rug out from under him!

IM Hate gets up and checks the count with El Toro, who shows him two defiant fingers. IM Hate then turns his attention to Cort Vang, who is still selling the death valley driver on the mat. IM Hate makes his way over

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to him and brings him to his feet. IM Hate then drops down and picks Cort Vang up on his shoulders for the second time.

Ace: Cort Vang is in trouble!

Dark: Could this be another death valley driver?

Wolf: YOUR MOTHER IS A WHORE!

IM Hate looks around at the crowd, his shriveled black heart swelling with hatred for Cort Vang. He circles around the ring, his face contorted into an evil smile, but as he goes to drop Cort Vang to the mat Cort slides off his shoulders and then spins around, using the momentum and his hips to place the back of his heel against IM Hate

s head. The kick connects and the crowd pops from the sound of it.

Ace: Excellent spinning heel kick by Cort Vang, and that one hit home Dark. . . hey you know I like this just you and me. . .

Dark: Well that makes one of us. . .

IM Hate staggers backward into the corner after the kick and Cort Vang quickly gets to his feet. Cort then pushes The Disposal into position, who doesn't seem to mind being moved like a piece of furniture, and then he takes off for the corner.

Ace: Cort Vang moving The Disposal around. . . not quite sure what he's going to do here.

Dark:

He

s lining up a shot, Ace. . . The

Disposal, corner pocket!

Cort charges The Disposal and dropkicks him in the back, sending him straight into IM Hate in the corner. The crowd pops as The Disposal collides with IM Hate, his belly fat nearly consuming the most hateful man in The Row.

Ace: You

re right Dark, drop kick to The Disposal, into IM Hate trapped in the corner.

Dark: Great minds think alike

Cort may not know how to read, but he's quite educated in the art of fighting.

The crowd continues to buzz as IM Hate staggers out of the corner and falls flat on his face. Cort Vang drops to the mat, turns IM Hate over and covers him, not even bothering to hook the leg. El Toro slides to the mat as the crowd lets out an anticipatory cheer.

Ace: Pin 1. . . 2. . . NO!

The anticipation of the fans is burst like a balloon, and they all return to their seats as

Cort Vang gets up to double check the pin fall. To his dismay, El Toro holds up two fingers. Disappointed but determined to win the match Cort Vang gets to his feet and sells his shock to the crowd.

Ace: Cort can

t believe it!

Dark: Well The Disposal, he weighs what, like five hundred pounds? Five hundred pounds running straight into you is no joke.

Something inside of Cort Vang snaps. A feeling comes over him like a flood, that same feeling that comes whenever he is about to do something the institutions of societies don

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t like. He blinks and his eyes look different, like the eyes of a different man
a crazed man, and he makes his way over to the fallen IM Hate.

Dark: I

ve seen this before. . . Cort Vang
s got tha crazy eyes!

Ace: Look out IM Hate!

Cort Vang brings IM Hate to his feet and immediately grabs him by the head. Cort turns to take in the face of
Ian Michaels, wanting to remember it now

the way the nose juts out from IM Hate
s face in a proud Samoan air; the way the cheek bones rise up in defiance of the cheeks, standing out like
two hard edges; the way the eyes open in complete and utter hatred. . . He wants to remember it so he can
take relish in how ugly it will look when he is done.

Dark: The flip has been switched, and now Cort Vang is in uber-douche-criminal-mode.

Ace: That

s quite a specific mode.

Dark: We

s in the future now. We have the technology.

Cort Vang makes his way over toward the corner, ignoring the fat Disposal who sits up against the ropes
already breathing heavily. When Cort reaches the turnbuckle he grabs the top rope with his off and and
begins to go to work.

Ace: Cort Vang ramming IM Hate
s head into the top turnbuckle!

Dark: And he aint stopping.

Cort

s face twists as he drives home IM Hate
s face into the top turnbuckle, working him rhythmically. Again and again and again and again he runs IM
s face into the top turnbuckle, with a rapidity that leads one to believe he won
t stop until IM Hate passes out.

Ace: My God! IM Hate just may suffer some brain damage after this one!

Dark: That

boy Cort. Stir up those brains of his
make him so fucked in the head he don

t know if he

s a white or a Samoan.

The crowd buzzes as Cort rams IM Hate

s head into the top turnbuckle for the 15th, 16th, 17th time (who knows for sure) and keeps going.

Ace: And listen to these fans!

Dark: Yeah I don

t know who

s more bloodthirsty, the one fighting or those who come to watch and encourage him.

After a while IM Hates head comes up off the turnbuckle with just the slightest hint of red, as a cut along his
dome opens up.

Ace: IM Hate is bleeding! Wait. . . what the fuck is this!

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Dark: The son of a bitch. . .

The crowd buzzes as Shane Jackson and Jason Cruz (collectively known as Cash Money) slide into the ring despite the fact that both of them are wearing fancy suits. They hardly get to the feet before they charge Cort Vang and in a joint effort pull him clean off IM Hate. Cort Vang falls back on the mat, more surprised than hurt.

Ace: What the hell is going on here?!

Dark: The son of a bitch. . .

Cort Vang gets to his feet and can be talking to both members of Cash Money, but what he says is inaudible over the buzzing crowd (besides The Row is in desperate need of new cameras). Cort Vang raises his hands as if to illustrate some point he

s making when suddenly both members of Cash Money charge him and both members extend their arms out and knock Cort Vang to the mat. The crowd lets out bursts of boos.

Ace: Clothesline by Cash Money on Cort Vang! But why!

Dark: Don

t you see? The son of a bitch. . . He

s recruited some lackeys!

Ace: No!

Dark: Yes!

Cort Vang sells on the mat as Cash Money turns to IM Hate and shortens the gap between themselves and the corner of the ring. They reach IM Hate and grab his arm and Jason Cruz reaches in his pocket and swings through the leather strap attached to his wrist, cutting it one simple, easy motion.

Ace: Well that was easy. . .

Dark: Yeah what the fuck?

IM Hate stumbles out of the corner and shakes his head as if to get the cobwebs out. He then takes the objects out of Jason

s hand and turns, cutting the other end off of The Disposal

s wrist, giving him a good length of leather strap. He then says something inaudible to Cash Money and the descend up Cort Vang and pick him up, each man grabbing an arm, holding him there.

Ace: NO! He

s gonna use that strap as a weapon.

Cort Vang

s head hangs down from his raises shoulders, his arms out, and for once he isn

t mocking the crucifixion, this time he may as well be crucified. The crowd continues to let out a chorus of boos as IM Hate doubles up the leather strap and tests the bite on the end of it by cracking it once through the air.

Ace: Cort Vang is gonna get himself a whipping!

Dark:

No on my watch. . . Wes, Leon. . .

IM Hate makes his way over to Cort Vang and brings up the strap as HEY MOTHERFUCKER cuts through the air. IM Hate turns and see Dark standing by the side of the

ring, with Tha Krew behind him. IM Hate lowers the strap and nudges his head toward Cash Money, causing Cash Money to throw Cort Vang to the mat as if they were leaving him for dead.

Ace: Well Dark has decided to get involved in this match. . . Aint that right, um. . . uh. . . well I

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m the last commentator standing!

You

Il have to bear with me for a minute here folks, I

m not use to heading the broadcast. . .

Dark climbs the steps

slowly, as Wes Payton circles around the ring one way, and Leon Williams circles around the ring in the other direction.

Ace: It appears Dark and his boys are trying to trap IM Hate and his boys in the ring. . . and it looks like we might have an old fashioned gang fight here ladies and gentlemen!

Dark reaches the apron and slowly edges his way to its middle, as IM Hate slings taunts and insults his way. Tha Krew circles the ring and Leon Williams takes to the steps in one corner as Wes Payton takes to the steps in the opposite corner. Jason Cruz turns facing Leon Williams, and Shane Jackson turns his back to Shane, facing Wes Payton.

Ace: Cash Money has gone back to back! This one is going to get wild folks!

Dark starts to steps through the ropes as Cort Vang gets to his feet and kicks IM Hate in the small of the back. The foot sets everyone in motion and Dark enters the ring and starts to stomp IM Hate as Cash Money turns to beat the bitch who sucker punched their leader.

Ace: And here we go!

Tha Krew enter the ring and face off with Cash Money as Dark picks up IM Hate and brings him into the corner, working him with lefts and rights. Cort Vang sells on the mat, slowly getting to his feet as Cash Money and Tha Krew exchange blows. The crowd pops from all the action in the ring, adding to the excitement of the moment.

Ace: Dark facing off with IM Hate, and Tha Krew and Cash Money are going at it now! We ve got fists and kicks flying! This has turned into an absolute brawl!

The crowd goes ape shit as the action picks up in the ring. The match descends into a total brawl that looks like it

Il end only in bloodshed.

Ace: JESUS CHRIST! We

ve got to get some help out here, or we

Il never get to our main event! But who is there to help! We

ve fired most of our staff!

Dark continues to punch IM Hate in the corner, showing no prejudice by striking him wherever there is an opponent. In one corner Wes Payton and Shane Jackson are fighting, with Leon Williams and Jason Cruz fighting in an opposite corner. Cort Vang gets to his feet and looks around before he joins in with the fray.

Ace: Cort Vang involved now! And The Row has dissolved into total anarchy!

The crowd blows up as the roster starts to come out from the back. Tarrasque leads the way, followed by Kendu, Mariguano, an unknown guy who looks like a biker, and Trevor Browning. They charge the ring and slide in under the ropes or take the time to step up to the apron and step through the ropes. Tarrasque lets out a roar and makes his way to Shane Jackson and Wes Payton and promptly pulls Shane Jackson off of Wes Payton. Mariguano reaches Dark and IM Hate and with the help of Trevor Browning manage to separate the two.

Ace: These guys have put their differences aside in an effort to do what s right for The Row!

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The biker fella pulls Cort Vang and Leon Williams off Jason Cruz and everyone in the ring seems to calm down, but then IM Hate lets loose a loogie than hits Dark square in the face and he takes off like a pitbull. The crowd lets out another shout of approval as the fighting continues, the ring once again descending into anarchy.

Ace: Jesus Christ! IM Hate just may tear the Row apart with this one! I got to get in on this!

Ace rips the head set off of his head and can be seen jumping up to the ring. He steps through and joins the fray, where elbows and fists and kicks are flying around the ring. Ace looks around trying to figure which way to go and then promptly gets hit square in the face. He falls to the mat, grabbing his eye as the crowd lets out a huge pop.

The action meanwhile continues: IM Hate and Dark have be reduced to a mass in the corner, arms flailing as both men exchange blows. The Disposal sits in a corner looking lost as the men fight around him, the crowd letting out their blood thirsty cheers. Leon Williams goes flying out of the ring, landing in a heap near the fans, courtesy of Tarrasque. Tarrasque lets out a roar as Wes Payton and Shane Jackson fight nearby. Jason Cruz struts around the ring and meets up with a kick from Cort Vang, who stands over him as he lies flat on the mat.

The crowd lets out another furious pop as the fighting continues. . . It seems to go on without end. . .

CUT. . . STATIC. . . PICTURE. . . CUT. . .

PLEASE STAND BY

Seth Stratton vs. Fracture

We

cut to Ace, who sits alone at the commentator

s table, his hand over his eye. He

s already developed quite the shiner, and his ego leads him to believe his beauty has been robbed of him forever. The shame (good friends with ego) leads him to try and hide his disfigurement, as he acts as if his eye has popped out of the socket, leaving a disgusting gaping hole. It is an action paradoxical to the superficiality of the wound, and Ace worsens it by turning so that only the good half of his face can be seen. He licks his lips and starts up with the gig:

Ace: I may have lost the battle, but I have not lost the war ladies and gentlemen! When I find the bastard who sucker punched me, he

s gonna wish he never messed with the one, the only, Tommy Ace.

He chokes for a moment, as if not even he believes the bullshit he

s saying.

Straightening up his ego comes back to him. Why God damn it, Tommy Ace is running this show all by himself, and that means something God damn it! Tommy is the baddest of em all!

Ace: Well here we go ladies and gentlemen. We may have had a hiccup but we

re back now, and yes, our main event will go on as planned! This is The Row baby, and you can say we re dead all you want, but it don

t make it so.

The crowd still buzzes from the brawl in the ring, the signs of it still around the room. Suddenly Waylon s head appears up from under the table and his bloodshot eyes hint at the inner turmoil inside of him. His stomach feels like a bubbling chemistry set and just as quickly his head drops down and the sound of puking is heard.

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Ace: Yes, that did just happen. . .

Ace looks down about his feet and Waylon continues to moan out on the floor, rolling around in his own vomit.

Ace: And my good shoes too. . .

He lets out a sigh, and almost cries. It

s just been too much: to have been robbed of his beauty and to have lost his best shoes all in one night. He drops his head. God is ugly, and coke is good. Ace could go for some now, and maybe a shemale or two. . . He licks his fingers at the thought of it and lets out a shudder.

Ace: Well anyway. . . Everyone is okay ladies and gentlemen. A little uglier maybe. A little angrier at everyone else

but everyone is ok. . .

Ace says it almost as if he

s trying to convince himself, and for a moment he actually believes it.

Ace: Hey

s right! Everyone is ok ladies and gentlemen! What doesn't kill you only makes you stronger. That bastard IM Hate may have The Row in his sights, but it aint gonna happen. That bastard IM Hate may have been busy since last Lethal Injection recruiting Cash Money but every day The Row grows stronger itself.

He looks down upon his colleague Waylon Wolf, a respected man in the business drunk off his ass and rolling in his own puke. He scans the room, the small decrepit room The Row is using to host Lethal Injection. He remembers Tim Ross, a criminal, running the show

crooked from the very beginning

and now a drunk and a wrestler that probably couldn't

get hired anywhere else, in Dark. And as he thought of these things, he knew it was not true. Everything wasn't

all right. . .

Ace: I just don't

know anymore. . . I mean we were at Madison Square Garden! We had it all! We had a television deal!

The money was a lot nicer, I can tell you that much. . . and now look. Look at where we are now. . . Waylon is drinking again and I

ve got the itch. I just don't

know anymore. . . I just don't

know.

Ace shakes his head

sadly, the one side of his face streaked with tears. Tattoo by Van Halen begins to play out over the stolen audio system and the crowd ceases buzzing to emphatically boo.

Ace:

Well here we go, I guess. The show must go on. . . whether I want to or not.

I

ve got

Elvis, on

My Elbow, And when I

flex, Elvis talks

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Ace: These people must really hate tennis! Of course if you ask Fracture, nobody from the tennis world remembers or knows of Seth Stratton. They were at the US Open after all and could only find one person who knew of him!

The stolen audio system sounds great, surprisingly great, as we cut to the entrance, with its curtain drawn over the door. We can see Seth

s lower half standing there, but he pulls the curtain dramatically as if he were a magician unveiling a spectacular illusion. HOW CAN IT BE?

HE

S JUST SO AMAZING, LISTEN LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AS HE EVEN BELTS OUT SOME STEVIE NICKS. . . Seth

s inner monologue runs through his head and he is met with a chorus of boos he doesn't even hear. . .

Ace: A warm. . . reception for Seth Stratton as always. This Seth fellow really is a man of the people and though he was once a tennis star his wrestling is nothing to scoff at. If his record says anything, it says that Seth Stratton is a man capable of surviving in the wrestling world. And with one of the scummiest federations, too.

I

ve got a hula girl, on the back of my leg And she hulas, when I walk

Tens-of women swoon. If you ask Seth, that

s what he

ll tell you, though your own eyes will tell you something different. The crowd continues to show its disgust for Seth Stratton, who seems quite relaxed and in no way bothered by the fact that he is in a handicapped match of sorts. He makes his way down the direct center of the aisle made between the rows of fans.

Ace:

Here he comes, Seth Stratton making his way down to the ring now for tonights main event. He

ll be taking on both members

s right both members of Fracture tonight.

Luckily, Seth is confident enough not to be worried. Plus he

s right: they

re a tag team

who gives a shit about the tag team division?! Not me, that

s for sure.

Seth illustrates a few backhands from his career in tennis before he gingerly climbs the steel steps at the corner of the ring. He reaches the steel post and swings himself onto the apron. Seth looks around at the crowd for a moment, disgusted by all the day laborers, before he steps through the ropes, swinging his head under the top rope and into the ring.

Ace: His opponents for tonight make up the team Fracture, which is of course made up of Rupture and Schism. These two are second generation wrestlers that are following their fathers

as both of their fathers were in a tag team together themselves. We

ve got two different worlds for you here tonight

two very different backgrounds with Seth Stratton, a skilled new face here in the wrestling world, and Schism and Rupture, who come from a line of wrestlers and have lived for nothing but wrestling. It should be

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interesting.

Escape The Fate

s No Sympathy For The Dead starts and before the cameraman can cut back to the entrance Schism and Rupture burst through the curtain and sprint through the fans and rush the ring.

Ace: And here they come, not wasting any damn time! High energy!

Schism jumps into the ring over the bottom rope at full speed as Rupture simultaneously slides in. As Schism gets to his feet, Rupture starts to run and bounce off the ropes several times, and as Schism climbs the turnbuckle to pose Rupture jumps up to the center of the middle rope and the two pose simultaneously. Schism then back flips off the top rope back into the middle of the ring as Rupture hops down unceremoniously from the middle rope. They converge in the middle of the ring before turning to stare down Seth Stratton.

Ace: This one is just about underway, our last match of the night. I normally don't believe this but I

am glad we

have come to our last match of the night, as I don't

think The Row would be able to survive another match. We

are falling apart as it is. Hopefully a champion tonight will be able to help keep The Row together, regardless of whom it is.

Seth Stratton ignores the team Fracture and instead leans over the top rope and points to a random Mexican and can be heard shouting HEY JOSE, WANNA BE MY TAG

PARTNER? The man says nothing, as he in fact happens to know very little

English. COME ON NOW, FIVE DOLLARS. CINCO. Seth shows his hand with five spread fingers to help the man

along, but still gets to response.

Ace: Seth Stratton spending his time berating the fans here, when he should be keeping his head in this match.

Charlene enters the ring in a new outfit she believes to be quite fancy. She is the only one. The cheetah print gives a hint to a lack of class, and the stains on it are not food stains. . .

Charlene: Ladies and gentlemen. . . here is your main event of the evening!

The crowd buzzes the announcement, Seth Stratton standing in the corner and mocking Fracture by pretending to stretch.

Charlene: The following match is an elimination handicap match, is for one fall, and has a forty-five minute time limit. The winner will be named The Death Row Champion!

Ace: Charlene doing a wonderful job as always ladies and gentlemen, but I don't know so much about that dress.

Charlene: Introducing first, from

Mill Valley, California. . . weighing in at an alleged two hundred and thirty pounds, he is The Sultan of Sweet. . . SETH STRATTTONNNNN!

The crowd lets out a chorus of boos that Seth ignores. He shows off a forehand smash before returning to his corner. The crowd slowly buzzes and then quiets down for the next announcement.

Charlene: And his opponents, from

Albuquerque, New Mexico. . . weighing in at a combined weight of three hundred and eighty two pounds, they are Schism and Rupture. . . the team know as FRACCCCTUUUUREEEEE!

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Schism and Rupture raises their arms but only for a moment, as they are both more interested in dispatching of Seth Stratton. It

s about damn time they got some attention.

Ace: The team of Fracture taking on Seth Stratton ladies and gentlemen. These two

Schism and Rupture grew up together, they went to school together, they trained together, and now they wrestle together. They

re practically brothers, and have no doubt done their father
s proud.

This is nothing to joke about, Seth Stratton has got has hands full tonight ladies and gentlemen, as Schism

they can go for the tag, but Seth Stratton however does not have that luxury.

El Toro raises up the Death Row belt in the center of the ring, and both Seth Stratton and the team of Fracture take a moment to look up at it. It is up in the lights that scuff marks and dings accrued during its short time in The Row show in the metal

which obviously cannot be real gold. The crowd buzzes as El Toro lowers the belt and hands it off to Charlene, who takes the belt and the microphone she had been groping like a penis with her out of the ring.

Ace:

We

re about underway here, Rupture and Schism working out who

ll start this match here against Seth Stratton. I don

t know exactly how all of this will work

whether Fracture will share the

title, taking turns, or whether one member will take it upon himself to claim himself the winner. . . That is of course if Fracture wins this one.

Schism decides to start off the match, and with a slap on the shoulder

Rupture makes his way to the corner and steps through the top and middle ropes. On the apron at the corner, Rupture leans up against the post. El Toro raises up an arm and the bell rings, signaling the start of the championship match. The crowd buzzes.

Ace: Well here we go. The match has officially begun, and at the end of it The Row will have itself a new Head Motherfucker. Whoever it is, they will be a champion worthy of taking FJ Tombs

place. Get well Tombsy, and come back less nice or I

ll have to start callin

you Lil

Miss Sunshine.

Schism eyes Seth Stratton, who edges his way to the center of the ring and sticks out his right hand. The crowd buzzes, broken through with the occasional boo as Seth Stratton looks around at the crowd and nods his head at Schism.

Ace: Looks like Seth Stratton is going for the handshake before the match. He is a true sportsman, as his career in tennis can attest.

Schism looks around at the crowd, as if to ask them whether or not he should trust

Seth Stratton. Having spent time looking into the illustrious tennis career of Seth Stratton, Schism knows better. Schism sticks his right hand out for the handshake but as Seth goes to grab his hand Schism raises his hand and runs his hand along the side of his

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mask, as if he were running his hand through his hair.

Ace: The diss by Schism! The son of a bitch! You don't do that to Seth Stratton!

Seth steps back and laughs, almost taking appreciation in Schism's cageyness. Seth drops his head for a moment before looking up at Schism and the two circle one another around the ring. Seth and Schism then lock up in the center of the ring.

Ace: Lock up.

Seth reaches up and gets Schism in a side headlock, wrenching on the cranium of Schism. Seth grits his teeth as he tightens the hold. Schism takes several steps backwards toward the ropes and uses them to push Seth Stratton off of him.

Ace: Sultan of Sweet into the ropes.

Seth Stratton hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns toward Schism. Seth Stratton runs toward Schism and bumps him to the mat with his shoulder.

Ace: Shoulder block by Seth Stratton!

The crowd lets out a few boos as Seth Stratton takes off toward the ropes again. Seth hits the ropes and as he returns Schism rolls over onto his stomach, forcing Seth to jump over him. Seth hits the ropes on the other side of the ring as Schism gets to his feet and as Seth reaches him in the center of the ring Schism hops over him.

Ace: Leap frog by Schism over The Sultan of Sweet.

Seth Stratton hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and Schism keeps his back to him and as Seth reaches him Schism jumps up and hooks his legs around Seth's abdomen. Schism then pushes himself upward and as he reaches his peak he hooks Seth around the head and falls to the mat, bringing Seth's face to the mat. The crowd pops.

Ace: Bulldog variation by Schism! And Seth Stratton never saw that one coming.

Schism spins to his feet as Seth Stratton gets up the ole fashioned way. Seth sells the bulldog by grabbing his head and then motions to Schism to come at him. The two lock up in the center of the ring and immediately Seth Stratton comes up with an eye gouge, raking an eye through Schism's mask. Schism sells the eye gouge by reaching up and grabbing his face as the crowd lets out some boos.

Ace: Intentional eye gouge by Seth Stratton! And El Toro may be small but he aint gonna take that shit.

El Toro warns Seth Stratton and Seth Stratton comically drops to one knee and cups his ear as if to better hear the midget. El Toro warns Seth again and Seth laughs and gets to his feet and shortens the gap between himself and Schism, who's still selling the eye gouge.

Ace: Well El Toro trying to enforce his authority, but I don't think Seth Stratton is having it. He's making a joke of El Toro! He had no respect for line judges in tennis, and I doubt he feels any different when it comes to referees.

Seth Stratton kicks Schism in the gut, causing him to bend at the waist and then Seth grabs a handful of mask and runs Schism's face over the top rope.

Ace: Seth Stratton using the ring now as a weapon! He just ran Schism's eyes over the top rope!

Seth Stratton releases the hold and raises his hands up in innocence as El Toro tries to warn him again.

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Ace: Now now Toro, remember who you
re messing with, a Stratton
not some punk with inferior genes!

Seth ignores Toro and quickly turns to Schism and grabs him by the arm, bending it upward against the
shoulder and putting his weight down on the shoulder, causing

Schism to hit the mat. Seth Stratton continues to extend the arm against the joint, Schism letting out a few
cries out pain each time Seth extends the arm.

Ace: Seth Stratton targeting the arm of Schism now, with the arm bar.

El Toro bends at the waist and checks on Schism, asking him if he would like to submit. Schism ignores El
Toro and quickly takes a free leg and drapes it over the bottom rope.

Ace: He
s got to the ropes! He
s got to the ropes!

El Toro notices it and turns his attention to Seth Stratton and slaps him on the shoulder. Seth looks up a bit
surprised an El Toro points to Schism

s leg draped over the rope, but Seth refuses to break the hold.

Ace: Schism has legally broken the hold by reaching the ropes, but Seth Stratton is refusing to break the
hold! He

s bending the rules once again
he better be sure he doesn
t BREAK them.

El Toro counts, 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . Seth breaks the hold and Schism sells, grabbing his shoulder and getting up
slowly in the corner. Seth gets to his feet and El Toro storms up to him with a pudgy finger extended and Seth
looks down at him and laughs.

Ace: Seth Stratton skirting a disqualification here. He
s got to watch himself, or this match will be over before it has even started.

Seth shortens the distance between himself and Schism in the corner of the ring. He reaches Schism and
greeted him with a couple of rights to the face before he grabs Schism and goes for the Irish Whip.

Ace: Irish whip by Seth Stratton
there goes Schism.

Seth Stratton charges after Schism and as Schism reaches the corner he grabs onto the top rope and lifts
himself up. He catches Seth Stratton behind him with his legs around the head. Schism the releases the
bottom rope and swings downward and to the left of Seth, sending him into the corner turnbuckle. The crowd
pops.

Ace: Jesus Christ what was that?! Leg Scissors? Whenever Fracture wrestles they make me feel as if I know
very little about wrestling.

Schism runs to the opposite corner of the ring to give him a runway. Schism then starts his run, picking up
speed, and as he reaches the fallen Seth Stratton still draped in the corner he jumps up and places two feet
to the back of Stratton, causing him to collide with the turnbuckle and crumble backward to the mat.

Ace: Drop kick into the corner by Schism on Seth Stratton!

The crowd applauds the violence as Schism grabs Seth Stratton by the wrist and drags him into the center of
the ring. Schism then grabs Seth by the leg and turns his body as he pins him. He faces the crowd and
counts along as El Toro hits the mat for the official count.

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Ace: We

ve got a pin here

and a new champion? 1. . . 2-no. The Sweet One kicks out of the pin attempt. Perhaps Schism should have put more effort in that pin attempt and not played it up for the crowd.

El Toro gets to his feet and raises up two fingers, and the crowd gets in the spirit and shouts out a healthy TWOOOOO. Schism gets to his feet as Seth Stratton sells on the mat, leaning up on his hip and shaking his head. Schism grabs Seth by the hair in an attempt to bring him to his feet. Seth rises up with an intent to injure Schism, and he brings his arm up through Schism

s legs with an uppercut to the ole

family jewels. Schism sells the low blow, his legs closing together and his hands shooting down to his crotch as he falls to the mat. The crowd boos.

Ace: LOW BLOW by Seth Stratton! And once again he intended to do it!

El Toro is so pissed by this he actually stomps his feet and snorts like a bull (gotta live up to the name you see) and he charges Seth Stratton to stick an angry finger in his face. Seth looks up and grabs his nose as if the smell is too much to endure. This only further irritates El Toro and he goes so far as to shove Seth Stratton.

Ace: This little man is not scared of anyone, not even a tennis great like Seth Stratton. I think he s insane!

Seth laughs at the shove, because it

s so much like getting pushed by an overweight child. Seth gets to his feet and stands over the fallen Schism, who

s well into the nausea that comes with any good blow to the nuts. Seth knows the look well (as he doesn't always win the ladies, and often says the sort of thing that leads a woman to hate the whole sex so much that they

ll take to such vicious savagery as to go for the jewels, though he

ll tell you different

he never strikes out) and seeks to help the process by stomping Schism in the stomach. Seth stomps him once, twice, three times before bringing him to his feet.

Ace: Seth Stratton targeting the stomach of Schism now. . .

Seth bends and hooks one leg and grabs Schism under the chin and lifts him up, and then dropping to one knee, bringing Schism abdomen down against his knee.

Ace: Gutbuster by Seth Stratton!

Schism sells the gutbuster on the mat, grabbing his stomach and curling into the fetal position. Seth Stratton meanwhile stands straight and raises his arms out to a chorus of boos from the crowd. He illustrates a forehand from the glory days and makes his way over to Schism, dropping to the mat and hooking the leg. El Toro grudgingly hits the mat for the count

as it is his opinion that this Seth Stratton is a real asshat.

Ace: We

ve got a pin attempt by Seth Stratton now after the assault on Schism

s abdomen. 1. . . 2

no. Schism kicks out of that one.

Schism turns onto his belly to get up but Seth Stratton quickly grabs him around the head, and extends his thumb, pressing it up against Schism

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s throat. The action cuts off the windpipe and Schism visibly struggles, his hand reaching out as Seth tightens the hold.

Ace: Seth Stratton with some sort of a choke here. . . He

s got his thumb pressed in against that windpipe! Schism is either gonna have to submit or pass the fuck out!

El Toro checks on Schism, asking him if he would like to submit. Schism does not answer

he simply tries to get out of the hold. He struggles in Seth

as it is no doubt a tight one from all the apparent jerking off Seth does

and the crowd starts up with some clapping and whistling.

Ace: Schism is in a bad way here! He

s somehow gotta find a way to make the tag. . . This will surely be some sort of an iron man match for Seth.

His biggest enemy today is fatigue!

Schism continues to struggle in the hold, his lungs beginning to burn more and more as Seth Stratton looks around at the crowd and does his best impersonation of a toothpaste commercial

s all smiles. The smile quickly fades however, as Schism turns his hips and slides to the right of Seth.

Schism then slowly gets to one knee, then the other.

Ace: Schism is fighting back! Seth Stratton may have thought this one was over

he sure was posing like it was.

Schism gets to his feet and Seth Stratton shakes his head as much in shock as in anger. Schism then elbows Seth in the gut twice before Seth breaks the hold, stepping back from the blows. Schism then turns to face Seth and jumps in the air and hooks his legs around his head, falling back and turning, sending Seth to the mat.

Ace: Hurricanranna! That move may have been out of desperation, but it was a beautiful one at that! Schism has got to try and go for the tag now, get the fresh man in!

Both men sell on the mat. El Toro looks around at the men, and seeing them both down begins to start up the count. 1. . . both men still lie on the mat,

Seth moving a little and grabbing his head, Schism flat on his back breathing heavy.

2. . . 3. . .

Ace: We just may have a shitty double count out here ladies and gentlemen. . . sisters and brethren. . .

Schism turns onto his belly and starts to slowly inch his way toward the corner, where

Fracture leans over the top rope with a pleading hand. 4. . . Schism inches closer and closer, Seth Stratton begins to pull himself to his feet. The crowd begins to buzz.

5. . . Schism is close enough to Fracture he can leap up and tag him in, but he takes a moment to collect himself, pulling himself up to one knee.

Ace: Get that tag in! Get that shit son!

6. . . Seth Stratton dives forward and grabs Schism

s leg, pulling him into the center of the ring, bringing a wave of disappointment to Rupture and the crowd.

Ace: Seth Stratton able to get Schism before he made that tag! And it couldn

t have been any closer! Schism was just inches away from Rupture. . . but as women like to say, inches matter. . . the bitches.

Seth Stratton keeps his hold on Schism

s ankle and Schism kicks the leg in question in an attempt to pull it free. Seth keeps his hold so Schism rolls onto his back and with his free leg kicks Stratton away. Stratton takes several steps backward but charges again and Schism this time uses both feet and plants them in the abdomen of Seth Stratton. He pushes with

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his thighs and sends Seth backwards.

Ace: Seth into the corner. . .

Seth back peddles and is stopped with the aid of the turnbuckle in the corner.

Ace: Schism is down but not out of it! Look out folks!

Schism then quickly rolls forward and goes into a run and takes his right arm and extends it out, bringing it across the upperchest/throat of Seth Stratton. The crowd lets out a pop.

Ace: Schism with the clothesline in the corner now.

Seth Stratton sells the clothesline in the corner, bending over from the force of the blow. Schism straightens him up with a chop.

Ace: Knife Hand Chop from Schism, and you could hear that one! What a slap!

Seth Stratton sells the chop, turning his shoulders inward and grabbing his abdomen. Schism jumps up on the middle rope and begins to bring down rights, the crowd counting along with each strike.

Ace: Here we go!

1

9---- Schism brings down the tenth right but Seth Stratton blocks it and then grabs Schism around the waist and runs out of the corner before slamming Schism to the mat. After the effort and the nine punches to the noggin Seth falls to the mat for a breather as Schism sells on the mat nearby.

Ace: Seth Stratton with the bodyslam out of the corner, and he
s down now! I bet he wishes he had someone to tag in right about now. . . I bet he wishes he never got himself in this situation in the first place!

Seth Stratton slowly gets to his feet, and when he does he comes up to the crawling Schism and stomps him once in the back.

Ace: Stomp by Stratton! The Stratton Stomp!

Seth Stratton then grabs Schism by the mask and brings him to his feet. Seth hooks Schism
s head under one arm pit and tosses Schism
s arm over his neck before grabbing Schism by the tights and lifting him up into the air. Seth Stratton holds him there for a moment before cradling the head and bringing Schism straight down against his head-neck.

Ace: Brainbuster by Seth Stratton after letting the blood flood to the head for a bit! That one looked particularly ugly ladies and gentlemen, and if you don
t believe me all you

ve got to do is look to Schism sprawled out on the mat.

The crowd lets out a fading OHHHHHH as Schism sells on the mat. Seth Stratton wastes no energy by flopping over onto Schism, pinning him to the mat. The dutiful El Toro slides to the mat, his luchadore horns pointing the sky. The crowd counts along every time the midgets hand hits the mat.

Ace: Pin by Stratton. . . 1. . . 2.

no! Kick out by Schism. Had Steth Straton hooked the leg Schism made have been eliminated!

El Toro raises up and extends two fingers up in the air and the crowd chants out TWWWWOOOOOOO. The crowd buzzes as both men lay on the mat breathing heavily. El Toro looks at the two men and starts up the count.

Ace: Both men down here, feeling the effects of this match. . .

The crowd buzzes. 1. . . 2. . . 3. . . Both men start to stir, 4. . . Schism turns onto his belly and crawls with his elbows toward the corner of the ring, 5. . . 6. . . Seth Stratton gets up and leans up against the ropes to rest, 7. . . Schism dives and tags in Rupture and the crowd lets out a tremendous pop.

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Ace: Rupture is in now! And he
s chomping at the bit!

The crowd continues to cheer as Seth Stratton charges Rupture and Rupture throws a right, knocking him
clean to the mat.

Ace: Right by Rupture!

Seth Stratton gets up quickly and charges Rupture and again Rupture throws another right, knocking Seth
Stratton to the mat.

Ace: Another right by Rupture!

Seth Stratton gets up quickly again and charges Rupture. Rupture side steps him and aids Seth Stratton in
his movement forward by pushing him in the same direction. Seth hits the ropes and as he returns toward
Rupture, Rupture hooks his arm and flips him over to the mat.

Ace: Arm drag by Rupture and Seth Stratton is finally down! Rupture linked all those moves together
expertly. When you figure he

s just now entering this match whereas Seth has been fighting all this time
ve got to assume Rupture has the advantage!

Seth Stratton sells on the mat and Rupture makes his way over to him. Rupture reaches Seth Stratton and
then grabs a handful of hair, and pulling upwards he brings Seth Stratton to his feet.

Ace: Seth to his feet now. . .

Seth Stratton rises up and goes for a kick to the gut but Rupture catches it and then turns his hips before
spinning in the opposite direction while keeping his hold on the Seth
s leg. The wrenching of the leg sends Seth to the mat.

Ace: Dragon Screw by Rupture!

Seth Stratton sells the dragon screw on the mat, grabbing his leg and grimacing in pain. Rupture quickly gets
to his feet and grabs the same leg Seth Stratton is grabbing and lifts it up, exposing the back of the knee.
Rupture then kicks the knee and drops the leg, allowing Seth to sell the blow.

Ace:

Rupture is definitely targeting that knee of Seth Stratton. Unlike his good friend and partner Schism, Rupture
prefers to keep his opponent on the ground and work from their.

As if to prove Ace

s point Rupture grabs Seth

s leg and moves it to his

right, exposing the side of the knee. Rupture then jumps in the air and comes down bringing both shins down
across the side of Seth

s knee. Seth sits up immediately in pain, selling as Rupture keeps his hold on the leg and bends it against
the joint.

Ace: Seth may know all about tennis elbow, but knee injuries are a different beast altogether! Rupture
continuing to work the knee of Seth Stratton, seems to be hyper extending it.

Seth continues to sell the pain in his knee as Rupture wrenches back on it. El Toro circles around the two
wrestlers, occasionally stepping in to ask Seth if he would like to

bitch out

and tap. Seth ignores El Toro and grimaces in pain, reaching for his knee. The obvious then comes to Seth
and he sits up and begins to punch Rupture in the face, once, twice, three times before the man gets off of
the knee.

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Ace: Seth has gotten out of the predicament, but I think the damage may have already been done. He looks like he

s in a great deal of pain here ladies and gentlemen.

Rupture gets to his feet and stands over Seth Stratton, taking in his pain. Rupture then steps back a bit, positioning himself. Rupture then leaps up in the air flips, landing on Seth Stratton.

Ace: Standing moonsault by Rupture! And he s going for the pin!

Rupture hooks the leg, pinning Seth Stratton to the mat. El Toro hits the mat, sliding with expertise as the crowd rises to count along.

Ace: 1. . .2

no! Kick out by Seth Stratton: The Sultan of Sweet still has some life!

El Toro rises and raises two fingers, the crowd shouting out TWOOOOO. Rupture gets to his feet and drags Seth Stratton into the corner, where Schism leans out for the tag. Rupture tags in Schism and then holds down Seth Stratton as Schism climbs up into the air.

Ace: Schism now the legal man, looking fresh now after a quick breather. He

s up on the top rope now, and Seth Stratton has nowhere to go; Rupture is holding him down!

Schism leaps off the turnbuckle and extends a leg down, flying through the air in the seated position.

Rupture lets go of Seth right before Schism lands on him, his leg landing across the throat of Seth Stratton. The crowd pops as Rupture rolls out of the ring.

Ace: What a leg drop by Schism! And Fracture is wisely taking turns here beating the shit out of Seth Stratton.

Schism hooks the leg and El Toro drops to the mat, the crowd preparing to count along with the tiny referee.

Ace: And we

ve got another pin here

could we have a new champion? 1. . . 2. . . NO! Seth Stratton kicks out!

The crowd buzzes after the kick out, a few Stratton fans (no fucking way) shouting out TWOOOOO. Seth Stratton sells on the mat, turning on his belly and slowly crawling to the corner of the ring as Schism rises to his knees and puts his hands on his hips to stare at El Toro and the 2 count. Schism then gets up to his feet as Seth Stratton reaches the corner and pulls himself to his feet.

Ace: Seth Stratton has kicked out, but he

s certainly feeling the effects of this match ladies and gentlemen. I

m afraid Seth Stratton might bust his cherry tonight, and suffer his first lost here in Death Row Wrestling. . . I don

t wanna be here for the temper tantrum when he finds out

m just saying that right now.

Schism makes his way over to Seth in the corner, who

s still selling the effects of having two fight two masked men instead of just one. Schism breaks into a trot and jumps up on Seth

s thighs. He hooks Seth around the back of the head and falls backward, and with his legs he pushes up and with his hands he pulls back, sending Seth up and over his head and to the mat.

Ace: Monkey flip by Schism! And Seth Stratton is down!

Seth Stratton sells on the mat, hardly moving and breathing heavily. Schism takes a moment to take in the crowd before he makes his way over to the fallen Seth Stratton. Schism bends down and grabs a handful of

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Seth
s hair and brings him to his feet.

Ace:
Seth sells the monkey flip momentarily and Schism grabs Seth Stratton by the arm and goes for the Irish whip.

Ace:
Seth Stratton reverses the Irish whip, sending Schism into the ropes instead. Schism hits the ropes and as he does Rupture reaches out and makes the blind tag. El Toro indicates the tag while Schism reaches Seth Stratton he leaves his feet and turns with his hips, hitting Seth Stratton in the face with a kick.

Ace: Spinning Heel kick!
The crowd pops as Schism rolls out of the way, leaving Seth Stratton open for Rupture, who leans back, keeping hold of the top rope before pulling himself forward and up over the top rope. He lands directly on Seth Stratton and the crowd lets out another pop.

Ace: Body splash! By Rupture on Seth after the kick by Schism! Fracture showing everyone why these two are considered such a great tag team!
Rupture hooks the leg of Seth Stratton and El Toro slides to the mat to go for the count. The crowd counts along and stand up in anticipation of the pin.

Ace: Pin! We
ve got a pin! 1. . . Yes! 2. . . Yes
NO! Seth Stratton kicks out! Some fucking how. . . some fucking way. . . this short short wearing tennis jockey kicks out!
Rupture checks with El Toro, who emphatically raises two fingers
the crowd quieting down in disappointment. Their disappointment is matched by Rupture, who reaches up to grab his mask in disbelief.

Ace: And not even Rupture can believe it!
Seth Stratton sells on the mat, making movements like he
s going to get up, but apparently he cannot.

Ace: Seth Stratton is hurt ladies and gentlemen, like he
s never been hurt before in The Row. Fracture is really giving him a run for his money.
Rupture makes his way over to Seth Stratton and stands over him, watching him as he tries to get up. Rupture nudges him with his boot and then drops down to grab Seth Stratton by the hair. Rupture then brings Seth Stratton to his feet and in desperation Seth Stratton pushes him away. Rupture back peddles and Seth Stratton then stoops down and picks up El Toro, clutching him to his chest and swinging him around like a weapon.

Ace: Hey what the hell is this! El Toro is not a chair Seth! That
s a Death Row official you
ve got your hands on. . . I love it! Give Rupture a midget shot!
The crowd starts to laughs as Rupture backs away from Seth Stratton, who swings El Toro around in front of him. Rupture backs up against the corner and Seth Stratton drops El Toro and charges Rupture. Seth Stratton goes for the body splash in the corner, but Rupture moves out of the way and Seth Stratton comes up with nothing but turnbuckle.

Ace: Seth Stratton comes up empty, but meanwhile how
s Toro?! He

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s pissed! That
s how he
s doing!

El Toro gets to his feet and brushes himself as if he had fallen in some dirt. Seth Stratton sells in the corner and El Toro charges up to him to yell obscenities in his face in Spanish.

Ace: El Toro giving Seth a hefty lesson on Spanish curse words here ladies and gentlemen. He is not a happy camper. The lil tyke.

Rupture makes his way to the corner and stomps Seth Stratton in the gut one, twice, three times.

Ace: Rupture stomping away on the gut of Seth Stratton
perhaps making up for what he did to his buddy Schism?

Rupture then presses up against Seth Stratton and grabs his arm before attempting to Irish whip Seth into the opposite corner.

Ace:

Irish whip by Rupture
no, Seth
reverses!

Seth reverses the attempted Irish Whip but keeps his hold on Rupture and instead sends him into clothesline sending Rupture straight to the mat.

Ace: Stratton just turned that Irish whip into a devastating close line. All that motion brought into the length of the arm.

Rupture sells the clothesline on the mat and Seth Stratton crawls over toward him. Seth then hooks the leg, pinning Rupture to the mat. El Toro slides to the mat to make the count, the crowd once again coming alive.

Ace: Seth Stratton with the pin! 1. . . 2. . . KICK OUT!

Rupture kicks out after the clothesline.

Exhausted, Seth Stratton turns and lays flat on his back, breathing heavily while Rupture slowly tries to get to his feet. Rupture crawls toward the ropes as Seth Stratton gets to his knees, bent over and trying to catch his breath.

Ace: Both men slow to get up here. This match will go on until there
s an end! It
s got to! Fuck the damn time limit! Let em go, and let em go until we
ve got ourselves a champ!

Rupture pulls himself upward as Seth Stratton starts to get up to his feet. Rupture gets to his feet first and he makes his way over to Seth Stratton. Rupture reaches Seth Stratton and goes for the lock up but Seth kicks Rupture in the gut, causing him to bend over at the waist. Seth then runs off the ropes for momentum and as he returns he brings down an elbow against the back of Rupture
s head.

Ace: Match Point! Match Point!

Seth Stratton drops to the mat as a few of the fans in the crowd let out some boos, and goes for the cover, hooking Rupture by the leg. El Toro slides to the mat and goes for the count.

Ace: Seth Stratton could be eliminating Rupture right here! 1. . . 2. . . 3! Rupture has been eliminated!
Rupture has be eliminated!

The crowd lets out a chorus of boos as Rupture sells on the mat, grabbing the back of his head. He rolls out of the ring and El Toro turns to Schism, motioning for him to enter the ring. Schism obliges, hopping over the

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top rope.

Ace: Fracture has been reduced to

ladies and gentlemen. . . and how lucky are we? This match is like two matches in one!

Seth Stratton turns his back to Schism, as he is unaware of him and is slow to get to his feet. Schism stalks behind Seth Stratton as he gets to his feet. Seth stumbles backwards and Schism catches him from behind, grabbing each arm and then falling backwards, sending Seth over him and to the mat.

Ace: Tiger suplex by Schism! What a move ladies and gentlemen! He hooked Seth into a double chickenwig and then threw the fucker right over his head to the mat! This is the match that keeps on you lucky bastards!

Seth sells the suplex on the mat as the crowd pops and Schism slowly gets to his feet. He makes his way over to Seth Stratton and stomps him a few times, as if to make sure he's down before running to the corner and pulling himself up to the top rope.

Ace: Schism going for some high risk here ladies and gentlemen! Let's hope it pays off.

Schism balances himself on the top turnbuckle as he rises to the standing position.

Ace: We could be seeing the Spiral Tap
yes! Yes it is!

Schism jumps off the turnbuckle and spins through the air, but he comes down and hits nothing but mat as Seth Stratton rolls out of the way. The crowd dies down in disappointment.

Ace: Schism was going for the Spiral Tap but Seth Stratton still had the presence of mind to move out of the way!

Both men are on the mat now, Seth Stratton feeling the effects of the entire match, while Schism sells the botched Spiral Tap. The crowd buzzes as El Toro looks around and starts up the count.

Ace: Both men down here. . . in this fucking epic match.

El Toro raises his arms with each count. 1. . . both men still remain motionless on the mat, save for their breathing. 2. . . 3. . . 4. . . Schism starts to move, as does Seth Stratton. 5. . . Seth pulls himself to his feet. 6. . . Schism starts to get up but Seth charges him and stomps him in the back of the head, knocking him back to the mat.

Ace: Seth Stratton up after six, and he's looking like he wants to end this match right here, right now.

Seth Stratton drops to the mat and hooks Schism around the head, Schism immediately reaching up to try and break the hold. Seth Stratton wrenches the hold, and El Toro bends at the waist to check on Schism. Schism shakes his head as he reaches out for the ropes.

Ace: Reverse chin lock here by Seth Stratton.

Seth Stratton continues to wrench on the head of Schism as the crowd buzzes and El Toro circles around the two. Seth Stratton then drops to the mat, falling on Schism and keeping the hold. He wrenches the head, his face grimacing as he tightens the hold. Schism lies on his side, his arms out.

Ace: Seth Stratton keeping Schism to the mat here, a good idea when you consider Schism loves to fly around. Schism is going to want to get out of this, that's for sure.

El Toro lays on his belly, checking on Schism as the crowd continues to drone. Seth Stratton yells out ASK HIM ASK HIM as he grinds his teeth and tightens the hold. El Toro continues to check on Schism, who

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s outstretched arm begins to slowly fall to the mat.

Ace: The darkness is coming upon Schism! Seth Stratton has got that hold locked in and he s not going anywhere! All his weight is on Schism right now, and he outweighs him by nearly fifty pounds. Schism hand falls to that mat and he lays there motionless as Seth Stratton continues to wrench away at the head. El Toro gets up to his feet and looks around at the crowd before bending at the waist and picking up Schism

s hand. He raises it and the hand falls flat to the mat. El Toro steps back and raises his hand, one!

Ace: Well El Toro is going for the count here. . . Schism is not responding ladies and gentlemen. The Sultan of Sweet just very may be our next champion!

El Toro bends at the waist once more and grabs Schism hand and raises it. He takes a moment for everyone to see the arm extended before he lets go of it, and again Schism

s arm falls to the mat, his hand falling out of the air like a dead bird. Toro steps back and raises up his arm, two!

Ace: Schism is just one arm away from losing all hope. The reign of Seth Stratton is upon us ladies and gentlemen, take it notice!

El Toro bends at the waist for a final time and grabs Schism

s hand and raises it up in the air. He drops the hand and the arm falls, but catches before it hits the mat, Schism gaining consciousness.

Ace: Well aint that fuckin

convenient! Schism has woken up with only a fraction of a second to spare!

Schism

s arm reaches out and begins to pump the air as Schism kicks his feet. The crowd takes the cue and starts to applaud, pumping up the fallen luchadore. Seth Stratton shakes his head in disbelief, as Schism gets to his feet, one foot at a time. Schism then turns and elbows Seth in the gut several times before breaking the hold.

Ace: And Schism is out of it!

Schism charges the ropes and bounces off of them for momentum. As he returns to Seth Stratton he goes for the clothesline but Seth ducks it and hooks his arm. Seth then uses the arm to spin Schism around and then Seth quickly hooks his head and drives it down backward toward the mat. The crowd dies down as the bump rings out through the room.

Ace: DDT! DDT! By Seth Stratton!

Seth Stratton is slow to get up, he crawls toward the ropes and grabs onto the middle rope to pull himself up to his knees. He then gets up and immediately falls over to the ropes, draping himself over the top rope.

Ace: Seth is up but damn is he tired! This match has tested him more than any other before it!

Seth stumbles his way over to the fallen Schism and grabs him by the mask, bringing him to his feet. Seth then spins to the left, hitting Schism in the gut with a spinning backfist.

Ace: Back hand! And you know what that means!

Seth the takes to the ropes, bouncing off for momentum and as he reaches Schism he brings down the elbow against the back of his head. Schism falls dead to the mat, and Seth Stratton drops to the mat after him.

Ace: Match Point! Match Point by Seth Stratton! We could have a new champion!

Seth Stratton then scrambles over to Schism and hooks the leg, and El Toro slides to the mat after to make the count.

Ace: This could be it! The whole she-bang! 1. . . YES 2. . . YES 3!!! He

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s done it!

The boos rain out through the arena as El Toro hops up and signals for the bell.

Ace: Seth Stratton is the new Death Row Champion! Take it in everyone, he beat two men tonight to become the champ! YES!

El Toro hobbles his way over to the ropes and retrieves the Death Row title from Charlene. He then turns and makes his way ceremoniously to Seth Stratton, who is still selling his exhaustion on the mat. El Toro then bends at the waist and grabs him by the arm and raises it up in the air.

Ace: I promised myself I wouldn't

do this. . . but I think

I think I

am actually going to cry. . . Just lemme cry and take in this beautiful moment folks. . . This is history we are witnessing right now.

Seth Stratton slowly gets to his feet and then rips the title from El Toro before raising it up in the air. He drops to his knees and raises the title up and down, figuring it may as well be a tennis trophy. He brings it to his lips and kisses it and then immediately spits in the ring and wipes his mouth with his free hands.

Ace: There he is ladies and gentlemen. . . The DEATH ROW CHAMPION! Seth Stratton. . . A tennis great, and now a wrestling great!

The crowd continues to show its displeasure by resorting to throwing garbage in the ring. Half drunk cups of mysterious liquid fly through the air and land in the ring, splashing about; trash hits the ring, crumpled up to provide for better aerodynamics; pop corn boxes hit the ring to spill their guts out. . . and amongst it all Seth Stratton kneels in the ring, raising the belt in victory.

Ace: I

am sorry shitheads. . . but we

are outta time!

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