

Lethal Injection: II

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: April 25, 2012
Location: Fair Park Arena — Birmingham, Alabama

Results

Lethal Injection II

Segment

Introduction

As your slow ass internet connection finally finishes buffering, the Lethal Injection logo comes across the screen. As it fades, from black we are introduced to cell doors. As they open, a long, dark, and gritty hallway is exposed. Slowly at first, the camera moves down the hall picking up speed until it rest on a door. As the door unlocks and opens we see a chamber.

The camera looks through a window of the chamber to reveal a man strapped to a bed. Tears roll down his cheeks as he tries to wiggle lose with no luck. Through the window we can see across the chamber and out a parallel window, revealing a masked man. We see him walk out of view, returning to it as he comes around the chamber.

The camera zooms in on the masked individual who positions himself next to the gas release button.

Masked Man: It's time.

He pushes the button and the gas begins to pump throughout the chamber. At that point the entire scene just witnessed plays backward at a fast speed. As the cell doors close back, the Lethal Injection logo burst through them and settling on the crowd as the camera pans across the front row of screaming fans before landing on the announcer's table. Waylon Wolf, Sr. and Tommy Ace sit, waiting for the action to begin.

Wolf: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Death Row Wrestling! I'm Waylon Wolf and joining me this week is Death Row interviewer, Tommy Ace!

Ace: Thanks Waylon, but I'm the man who needs no introduction baby, YEAH!

Tommy pops his collar with confidence.

Wolf: What a show we have for you tonight as round two of the Death Row Wrestling World Championship kicks of.

Ace: Plus we have Doozer in the house!

Wolf: Could we find out who the mystery man is this week? What a night I tell you.

Ace: Waylon, I'm being told cameras have caught up with Pyroclastic Youth outside the arena!

Wolf: Let's get the feed out there now!

Twittin' For A Hittin'

Outside of Fair Park Arena, a lone Death Row talent stands not amused. Pyroclastic Youth is in fact, bitter and angry. He has attracted the attention of several Birmingham youths who buy into his uncensored personality from youtube videos and the uneasy eyes of several on-lookers who assume the worst from this lanky talent. A week removed from a controversial win over Yoshii, P-Yoot still seems unsatisfied with his standing in Death Row. Dressed in black jeans

and red jacket hoody, he has the classic 'What I gotta do to..' look.

Pyroclastic Youth: Mother effin' Fair Park Arena, I got your fair right in the crease of where I effin' park myself. What a white boy got to do around here to get his face time?! Lethal Injection Deuce, here I am, ready to bitch-stomp some Kentuck up-chuck mother effer. --

Eye roll.

Pyroclastic Youth: -- So everybody just got to rub it in, eh? Yeah, lets all twitter some junk on the white boy from Oregon who can't read. Mother effin' Chance Von Crank trying to buck up like he got himself some prize winnin' clanks. Something about ripping my soul out for merchandise or some supernatural spaz talk. Country, I wish you would move up on me like that! My soul isn't worth the gleam in my bastard dad's eye. My soul isn't worth the pave job of Bessemer Road, you blow-pop sucker! But I got my eyes on something better than all that noise.--

Youth burns his eyes into the camera assisting this monologue.

Pyroclastic Youth: I got your true merch locked up, Flea Market. I got your Round 3 Ticket in the pocket. Tonight ain't nothing but a common courtesy bite my ass. If anybody has a problem with my language or what I do, hop that magic carpet and bring it 'til you're blue in the effing face. This ain't Aladdin, Death Row! Walt Disney ain't no where near the vacinity of this mother effer so why are we talking about Merchandise sales and souls?! Souls?! Do I look like I give a damn about Heaven, Hell or even the nasty dirty covered ground we all step our feet on?! That's my church, mother effer.

Wiping his boots into the strip of curb grass as he extends his hands out, Pyroclastic Youth nudges the camera toward the few misguided youths egging him on.

Pyroclastic Youth: See this right here? These punks don't give a damn about your 99 cent shirt rag. Youth Revolt, that's the words on the mouths of Birmingham's Unwanted. We straight break your shit up! No smiles, no excuses, that's the life of the disenchanting and angry! Prodigy Of The Trailer Park?! -- yeah, be that Chance. Be that twittering mother effer who can't back up his bravado. Tonight is the minute of your first steps, Baby Crawler. Come get it, get-it!

Pyroclastic Youth heavy stomps away from the camera, entering Fair Park Arena with all the maturity of a pissed-off five year old as his Birmingham following hollars 'Roll Tide'.

Bring Me Dat Motha Fucka Crane

As we return inside the building, Tim Ross is standing with Tha Krew.

Ross: Two weeks ago that motha fucka tried being all crazy in my motha fuckin ring.

Payton: Sho nuff.

Williams: Crazy fucking white people mang.

Wes Payton nods his head.

Ross: It aint about black or white, it's about fuckin crazy fucks like that. I want you two to go and get me dat motha fucka. I got some words for him.

Payton: Sho nuff boss.

Tha Krew head out of the office as Tim picks up some grape juice and takes a drink.

Ross: Damn that shit is good.

Jesco Black vs. Yoshii

"The Man Comes Around" by the late Johnny Cash can be heard throughout the building. The fans react with cheers

As the show switches to the back, Tim Ross is sitting behind his desk. His door opens and Maynard Crane walks through.

Ross: Yo motha fucka you don't know how to knock or what? What if I woulda had a bitch in here?

Maynard stands, staring at Ross.

Crane: What did you want?

Tim puts his feet up on his desk and clasp his hands together.

Ross: Look, on the last show you fucked up Maynard. You let your emotions get the best of you and shit.

Crane snarls at Tim.

Ross: But it's cool playa. I like that shit. I want to see some violence, I wanna see motha fuckas hurt.

Maynard tilts his head up and looks at Ross as if questioning where this is going.

Ross: But what I don't want to see is you getting in my motha fuckin referee's faces. You got that shit motha fucka? This is Death Row and if I see that shit again, you gonna be a dead man walking. Ya heard?

Crane's snarl turns into a smirk.

Crane: I can "feel" you "playa".

Tim's face goes to wonderment.

Ross: Nah man, don't do that homie. Like i said, do your thing but stay the fuck away from my guys. Got it?

Crane: Sure.

Maynard nods and turns, walking out the door. Tim smiles.

Ross: That motha fucka's gonna hurt Goliath tonight. Smells like motha fuckin ratings to me.

He laughs and we head back ringside.

Black Skull Gauntlet

The lights in the arena go out inside of the arena and Death Row's fans immediately begin to murmur amongst themselves as "Unstoppable" by ES Posthumous begins to play over the PA system. Emerging from the back appear two men, scowling at the fans as they stand on the stage, hands on hips. They look at each other and shake hands before heading off down toward the ring, completely ignoring their responses.

Wolf: "Fans, you won't believe this. Nor do I! We're in the presence of Japanese wrestling royalty tonight! That's Kenta Urinoe with his protégé, THE Sam Skull.

As the duo make their way down to the ring they ignore outstretched hands from the fans, shrugging their shoulders as if to get away from their touch, as if they disgusted them. They both slide beneath the bottom rope and Urinoe climbs a turnbuckle to stare out at the fans as their music cuts out. Skull reaches out of the ring for a microphone and turns to the fans.

Skull: "How ironic. A piece of crap wrestling promotion naming itself Death Row Wrestling which cashes in on the youthful ignorance of young professional wrestlers willing to spill their blood for the corporate powers that be to fuel their Hummers.

"A corporation willing to feed you idiots the bloodlust you desire. A corporation whose soul is decrepit and untrue to this business... completely disrespecting the people that put food into the mouths of their children.

"Death Row Wrestling, the Black Skulls have come to town to do one thing and one thing only...

"Bring respect through PURE wrestling to this company...

"Or to destroy it from the inside out!"

Wolf: "OH MY GOD! Skull laying down the challenge to the heads of Death Row. I'm not sure they're going to like him waltzing in here and telling them how to run their business."

Skull nods his head at the fans, without any enjoyment on his face. The emotion that would be spread across would be complete disdain for everything that his eyes can soak in from inside that ring.

Skull: "Death Row... Mr. Urinoe and I, you can call him SIR, have come to this promotion to lay down the gauntlet. To lay down a challenge to all you idiots out the back. Each and every one of you. Any of you who have sold your souls to these demons that patronise your legacies... we're laying down a challenge to any of you idiots to come out here and PROVE to us that you have what it takes to get inside a wrestling ring and actually WRESTLE.

"A challenge, I for one, don't believe could ever be attained to due to the fact this company only hires high-spot hacks, one-trick ponies and grinder monkeys that dance to the tune of a thousand burning tables exploding beneath superplexes.

"I don't believe there is a SINGLE wrestler back there capable of taking on either myself or Mr. Urinoe.

"Not ONE of you has the BALLS to face pure wrestlers like us. Men who have stood the test of time and forged their legacies NOT through chair shots to the skull, NOT through bleeding their lifeblood out on the canvas for you idiots..." (he points to the fans) "...and NOT for pinning people due to the fact that they'd out WRESTLED THEM!!!

"Not one of you idiots out the back HAS what it takes to compare to Mr. Urinoe or myself. The Black Skull gauntlet has been laid DOWN for all of you idiots. Every single one of you. And next time Lethal Injection holds an event I promise you...

"If someone doesn't accept our challenge..." (he points out the back and then to the spot where he stands) "...I'll drag one of you idiots out here by the scruff of the neck to face me."

Wolf: "THE Sam Skull is laying down the gauntlet for ALL of Death Row Wrestling, folks. He's challenging the entire roster to prove their mettle in a pure wrestling contest."

Skull hands the microphone over to Kenta Urinoe as the fans boo. Urinoe does not wait for them to quieten down.

Urinoe: "I have wrestled in dis country before. I know what dis country is rike. Dey take honourable man and break him. Dey take pure wresrer and make him breed all his brood for stupid wresring fans dat don't know TRUE wresring if it bite them on face.

"For over thirty year I seen American dog promoters spit on honourable Japanese wresring stars. Make dem breed. Make dem make you pig fans rough at dem. All for what? Because dey don't speak rike you? Because dere eyes aren't wide rike you? I SPIT on American wresring promoters."

Urinoe spits in the centre of the ring as Skull just soaks in the negative reactions from the fans.

Wolf: "Despite Kenta's accent, I think his message is getting across to the fans well enough."

Urinoe: "Dis country KILL Sam's fatha. I watch my best frien' DIE inside wresring ring for pigs rike you fans. Now'days he sit at home shaking. Shaking from de Parkinson Disease. He give his rife to wresring promoter dat NOOOO respect his honour, NOOOOO respect his worth, make him take chair shot after chair shot until his brain is shaken to smivareen. Jed Kennedy is walking dead and it is no thanks to PIGS rike YOOOUUUUU!

Urinoe points at the fans, almost individually, turning a full circle as he points randomly at people in the crowd.

Urinoe: "Now me and Sam come back from Japan to teach dese American pigs about TRUE wresring. And I draw rine

and de sand for ANY of these so called wresrers to come face de Brack Skulls in pure wresring combat.”

“Unstoppable” by ES Posthumous hits the PA system again as Skull and Urinoe roll out of the ring. Not once do they turn back to measure the response from the fans, they can hear it clearly enough as they head to the back having laid down their challenge to the entire Death Row Wrestling roster.

Dark vs. Rykor

The lights dim as a strobe flickers once the guitar rifts of Metallica's "For whom the bell tolls" begin. Pyro shoot right before Rykor walks through the curtain.

Announcer: From Oakland, California. Weighing in at 280 pounds. He is... RYYYYYKKKOOOORRRR!!!!

Rykor slowly walks to the ring, sliding in under the bottom rope and waits. As his music fades, "Binge and Purge" by Clutch hits the PA.

Announcer: His opponent, from Bakersfield, California. He is The Illustrated man... DAARRRRKKKK!!!!

Dark heads out and down toward the ring.

Wolf: Dark on his way to the ring now. A good favorite to win the whole tournament.

Ace: Just what we need, an alcoholic a champion.

Wolf: Well, nevermind.

Dark waits in the opposite corner of Rykor, looking at his opponent and grinning. Rykor, with little patience, charges.

Wolf: Rykor's looking to start off quickly here as he... OH MAN, what an elbow counter by Dark! Experience proving to be the wiser as Dark suckers Rykor into running at him and shoots a sharp elbow straight to Rykor's jaw.

Ace: Rykor might be spitting teeth after that.

Rykor stumbles around the ring, holding his face where Dark just connected with a strong elbow. Dark follows and grabs Rykor by the shoulder, turning him around and whips him into the corner turnbuckle.

Wolf: Dark whips Rykor into the corner and runs after him... strong body check by Dark! Rykor staggers forward and falls to his knees. Dark with a DEVASTATING KICK TO THE GUT!! That had to be painful, folks!

Holding his midsection and grimacing in pain, Rykor falls over on his right side. Dark takes a step closer to him and delivers a couple hard stomps. Rykor, writhing in pain, rolls onto his back.

Wolf: Dark, proving to be relentless against the new guy, pounces down and starts mangling Rykor on the mat. Talk about a one-sided bout so far, everyone.

Ace: Luckily for Rykor, it looks like he'll be able to reach for a rope.

The ref repositions himself better to see Rykor as he blindly grasps at a rope... at anything. Right as it seems like Rykor could finally make a grab, Dark releases a hand from his opponent's throat and knocks the arm away. Dark releases the mangle immediately, knowing Rykor can reach the rope, and grabs his opponent's right leg to start dragging him to the center of the ring. Rykor, with just enough strength, lifts up his free leg and boots Dark, who stumbles back a few steps.

Wolf: Rykor with an impressive defensive push back right there, I'm surprised he can even lift a leg right now.

Dark bounces right back and clotheslines Rykor as soon as the wrestler gets to his feet. This time, Dark picks Rykor back up and whips him into the ropes. Rykor bounces for the first time and comes running back toward Dark, who bends over forward getting ready for him.

Wolf: SWINGING NECKBREAKER COUNTER BY RYKOR!

Ace: That was beautiful.

Rykor pops back up quickly after the move and lifts up Dark, still on the matt. Rykor quickly boots Dark in the gut and hooks him in preparation for a vertical suplex, which is successful. Rykor, back up quickly once again, goes to pick up Dark from the mat once more.

Wolf: OH, cheap shot by Dark!

Ace: That's a drunk fighting for you.

The ref charges up into Dark's face and gives him the business for delivering the cheap shot as Rykor tip-toes around the ring holding his private area. Dark, pushes the ref aside and marches up to Rykor..

Wolf: BIG HAYMAKER FROM DARK.. ANOTHER, Rykor hits the matt. He's back up within the blink of an eye... ANOTHER HAYMAKER!

Ace: Rykor is rieling.

Wolf: Rykor, standing stunned, gets whipped to the ropes by Dark... RYKOR COUNTERS! What an impressive TORNADO DDT!

Ace: Dark is down.

Wolf: Rykor lifts him up by the hair on his head and sets him up... Pumphandle Suplex!

Rykor drops down for the pin,

Both: 1..... 2.....

Wolf: KICK OUT!

Ace: I can't believe Dark kicked out of that one.

Wolf: The match sure turned around fast, it seemed like just minutes ago Rykor couldn't get a- OH, another low blow by Dark!

The ref, now steaming in Dark's face, gets pushed to the side. Rykor, bent over writhing in pain, gets his head grabbed and locked under Dark's left arm...

Wolf: WHAT A DDT BY DARK! Looked like he just implanted Rykor's head into the matt with that one.

Dark goes for the pin,

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

The bell sounds.

Ace: Well, he did it.

Wolf: Dark defeats Rykor and moves advances in the championship tournament.

Ace: All I can say is wow.

Maynard vs. Goliath

"So, are we rolling or not?"

"Yeah, go ahead, Mr. Crane."

Maynard Crane sits behind bars, literally. It appears that he enjoys shooting promos in a jail cell on death row. (Of course, he'll say it's apropos for the fed he's in.) Paco, Crane's white rat, sits on Crane's right shoulder.

Crane: So, FJ Tombs is looking for some payback. I don't blame the man, really, because, well...I hurt him. What he

doesn't realize is that my hurting people isn't personal, it's simply business. It's quite evident that he can't differentiate between personal and business. We are in a wrestling business, Tombs. People get hurt, voluntarily and involuntarily. You were the perfect catalyst to send any and all a message: don't fuck with Maynard Crane.

As for my opponent, Goliath...perhaps I have to mirror what I did at the first Lethal Injection to merely prove a point. I should lobotomize you, Goliath, and I think tonight's the night.

A Goliath of a Problem

The camera switches to show Rykor coming down a hallway after just exiting the ring area. He holds his head and walks slow. As he turns a corner, he bumps into Goliath whom is on his way to the ring.

Wolf: Last show, Rykor attacked Goliath out of nowhere.

Ace: I think that may have just come back to bite him in the ass.

Goliath looks at Rykor, slightly turning his head to the side. Rykor just stares back, still holding his head.

Rykor: What? You go a probl...

At that moment Goliath lunges forward, slamming a fist into the side of Rykor's face. He then grabs the back of Rykor's head and swings him around.

Wolf: Rykor's head just met that wall with force!

Rykor hits the ground, unconscious.

Ace: He just got knocked the hell out!

Goliath looks down before stepping over Rykor and continuing on his path to the ring.

The (Pre-)Interview

What must be the oldest limousine still actively escorting passengers rolls up to Fair Park Arena. Despite the absence of any vehicles currently in the drop-off zone, the limo comes to a halt long before it reaches the entrance to Death Row Wrestling's venue for this week's show.

Wolf: Who in the world could this be, folks? Quite the ride he's got there. I haven't seen a limousine like that since I was a little boy... Really takes ya back!

The limo continues to sit, far removed from the arena's entrance, motionless.

A phone rings.

The view quickly switches over to the insides of Tim Ross' office.

Ross, seemingly perturbed, checks his blinged-out gold watch and reluctantly picks up the phone. The boss instantly makes his mood known with an aggressive throat-clear to start off the conversation, then follows with:

Ross: You've reached Tim Ross, the muthafuckin' boss... you know what I say, time is money bitches... so whatchou costin' me cash fo'?

An awkward pause ensues.

Voice on other end of phone: Um- I... I guess I'm uh... I'm costing you cash... because uhhmmm... I was... I was just hoping we could have our little interview thingy... I was wondering if we could do that outside? Like... in my limo, here... maybe?

Ringside chimes in.

Wolf: Oh no, oh no... No one tells the Boss what to do!

Cutting back to the office of Tim Ross, the Boss looks like a dangerous mix of pissed off and offended. He curls his upper lip, scrunching his face, and runs his tongue across his teeth while sucking in. In the very least, it wasn't a pleasant sight or sound.

Ross: Look... LOSAH. This ain't tha time, o' tha place to be fuckin' wit' me. You already late fo' ya intahview. I'd s'gest you git yo' broken down shit in muh office 'fore I shootcha-ass back to tha streets.

Another, not quite so long, still awkward pause.

Voice: I just - I thought maybe it'd be easie-

Ross: You thinkin' was the firs' mistake. Talkin' back to me was the second. Time is money, bitch... you already been stealin' fromme. Why'd I hire yo' ass now?

Voice: Well I... I didn't me-

Ross: Time is money, man!

Ross removes the phone from the side of his face, clenching his open hand up in anger and gritting his teeth. While attempting to crack his neck, he catches sight of a motivational poster he had made years ago. It reads, "You tha mothafuckin' boss!"

Ross: Nah-nawww... Fuck that noise, old shit-stained mothafuckah. You done lost yo' chance.

The voice on the other end of the line frantically rebukes.

Voice: No - NO! Please. Ross. I just... My manager stole my phone the other day when I was passed out and you were returning my call. I just got it back from him because I was randomly bitching about how badly I wanted to make the show tonight... and how I thought you fucked me over. He realized he messed up and gave me my phone back. I literally just heard your message, so I'm here.

Appearing to calm down a bit, Ross responds much more gently.

Ross: Well alright then... you're here. What's the problem? Come into my office and we'll figure it out.

The third, and longest, of the awkward pauses.

Voice: I'm...

Ross huffs.

Ross: You're what?

Voice: I'm... -

Ross: You know what time is, right?

Voice: Money...

Ross: Least you ain't dumb. So what?

A slight pause.

Voice: I'm in my pajamas.

Initially, a vein pops on Ross' forehead while wrinkles crease up all over his livid face. Then... an evil grin forms... and he eases back into his comfortable, black leather chair.

Ross: You know what? How 'bout we postpone this interview? Will that work?

A sigh of relief from the other end of the phone is followed up with a now-eager voice.

Voice: Oh my god - you're a savior, man. Thanks so much. When will work for you? You pick the time. I'm... well... you know. I can meet whenever.

Ross: Okay, cool. Tonight. After the next match - in the middle of the ring. I'll see you there.

Voice: But I-

Ross: You no-show me, Dooze... ya done.

Cackling, Tim Ross happily hangs up his phone.

Wolf: Oh my! Hopefully more to come on this, everyone! Could we possibly bear witness to an in-ring interview between Tim Ross and wrestling great... Doozer?!?

Goliath vs. Maynard Crane

As we return ringside, Maynard Crane is just entering the ring. Goliath stands in the opposite corner, watching him.

Wolf: Well, here we go. Last show Maynard Crane almost put FJ Tombs out permanently. Earlier we thought we would see repercussions from Tim Ross, but it seems that Tim actually enjoyed the violence.

Ace: Tim isn't stupid. The name is Death Row you know? He sees money in believing on that.

As Maynard's music fades the bell sounds.

Wolf: Goliath charges Crane.

Maynard throws his huge hand out, catching Goliath in the throat. Goliath falls backward to the mat, holding it, gasping for air.

Wolf: Fist to the throat of Goliath by Maynard Crane!

Maynard bends down, and with his ape like hands, wraps them around Goliath's throat, lifting him up with ease.

Wolf: Maynard Crane has unbelievable strength and is displaying it right here!

Ace: I wouldn't want to be Goliath right now Waylon.

Maynard holds Goliath up by the throat, lifting him. Goliath kicks but can't stop it as Crane sits back, falling to the mat and pushing Goliath out some, releasing his grip, causing him to land awkwardly on his back.

Wolf: I don't even know what to call that.

Ace: The beginning of the end for Goliath I think.

Maynard rolls over and crawls to where Goliath is. He leans over him and looks down before giving a crooked smile.

Wolf: That man is intimidating.

Maynard drops fully to the mat and rolls out of the ring.

Wolf: What is he doing?

Ace: Whatever it is, it can't be good for Goliath.

Crane bends down, pulling a chair out from under the ring.

Wolf: Oh no!

Ace: Here comes the pain!

Wolf: Don't say that.

Ace: Why?

Wolf: I don't know, something about trademarks.

Ace: Who is ever going to know?

Wolf: Look, I'm sure someone is sitting in Stamford right now, googling stuff like that.

Ace: Moving on.

Maynard slides back into the ring, chair in hand.

Wolf: Goliath stirring. On one knee, he is trying to compose himself, unknowing as to what is awaiting behind.

Goliath makes it to his feet and turns as Maynard brings the chair down, directly into his skull.

Wolf: Lights out!

Goliath falls back, almost lifeless. Maynard steps over him, lifting the chair again, bringing it down right across the face of Goliath.

Wolf: Again! My God! Maynard Crane doesn't care about anyone's well being.

Ace: I can't watch.

Blood pours from the forehead of Goliath as Maynard tosses the chair to the side.

Wolf: Maynard has made short work of Goliath, not caring at all about this being a wrestling match.

Ace: More like a slaughter.

Crane drops to one knee, leans over and places his hands on Goliath's chest. The referee counts.

Wolf: That's all she wrote as Maynard Crane demolishes Goliath.

Ace: He's sending a message to everyone in the locker room.

Wolf: I couldn't agree more. There is something sadistic about Maynard Crane.

The bell sounds as the three count is made. Maynard gets to his feet and just looks down as a bloody, unconscious Goliath.

Wolf: He's proud of himself. Sickening.

Word From Our Sponsor

Face Palm

The Webcast is disturbed by a another feed. cVc logo flashes across the screen as Bleeder by NothingFace begins to blast. A black and white picture comes into focus with a clear shot of Birmingham, Alabama, Fair Park Arena. A 1986 GMC School Bus that has been painted purple & orange pulls into the parking lot. The scene cuts from shots of a young Chance Von Crank wrestling. Shots alternate between a backyard wrestling brawl to wrestling at Florida State University. The front and back of the Trailer Park Prodigy DVD on sale from Death Row Wrestling Online Store. His music still blasting as he walks out and the crowd roars with boo's peppered with cheers. He stops on the stage with Downtown Eddie Slapdown behind him, with the color back the fans at home can see that his robe is bright purple with orange outline.

cVc: Welcome to Lethal Injection II, Alabama... WAR EAGLE!!!!

Crowd boos loudly and a "Roll Tide" chant breaks out.

cVc: That`s better... Allow me to introduce myself Alabama. I am The Shock-N-Rolla, Here-2-Show-Ya, Cocked Back and Fuckin' Loaded...Time Out!..... Now Fucking Shout!.....The Trailer Park Prodigy, The Reluctant One,

RazzleDazzler, 1.. 2.. Three YOUR DONE, Second to None, Chance Von Crank!

The crowd begins shouting, "cVc has a VD!".

cVc: So What? The Clap is not so bad. I have to defeat the best wrestler in this place here tonight. Wait...

Chance looks back at his manager Downtown Eddie.

cVc™: Do I have to face Chance Von Crank tonight, Eddie? What the fuck man!?! Noone told me I had to fight the greatest in Who Gives A Fuck, Alabama?!?

Downtown and cVc share a brief laugh.

cVc™: This is not the Main Event. Why do I come to these shows when im not obviously the headliner? Cancer Jiles is still alive? Noone likes that Hooh-Haw Motherfucker. HOOH-HAW! Round Two? After the show, the bitch with the biggest titties in here im talking to you, we can screw. Pyroanticlimatic or whatever the fuck transformer slash fag name your going by, Fuck you. You speak ill of TTP? You sit there for one second and think to yourself, "Im Better"? I put that to question instead of statement due to the fact... What the fuck are you thinking? Did you see my DVD ad that came on after I stole the feed? I stole the fucking feed!? I got people who do that shit for me, and I tour on a orange fucking school bus!?! Look at this asshole talking shit about The RazzleDazzler. You can tell when he is full of shit, his mouth is moving. I would goto a bookstore but im in fucking Alabama, its like a third world country that outsources flannel.

cVc hold his arms high walks toward the ring. Just before he gets to the ring he turns to Downtown Eddie who stops immediately.

cVc™: You Know Eddie I been thinking. I can` t revive your career, get away from me.

Chance lunges toward his manager grabbing his right arm and pulling him in for a violent clothesline. The crowd begins chanting "Downtown Eddie Slapdown!". He then rolls Eddie into the ring after picking his lifeless body up into the ring. Chance twists Eddie`s arm almost to the snapping point then slings him into the ropes. On the exchange The Reluctant Slam™! in the middle of the ring. He jumps off bouncing around his prey screaming "WHOOO-HAAAA!", "HOOOHHH-HA!", helping Eddie off the mat with every bounce around him he does. Eddie gets to his feet and is bent over as Chance sets him up for his finishing manuever like one would a powerbomb or pump handle slam. RazzleDazzle™! Eddie isn` t moving as referee` and Paramedics alike run to the ring to tend to Downtown Eddie Jones. Tommy Ace rushes toward the ring with a mic as Chance picks his up he tossed in the ring after attacking Eddie.

cVc™: Ace get your ass back there or you will get it twice as bad as that cockbag did. I want pretty the ring announcer lady who`s stepped in tonight to do my interview.

Ace slowly backs away toward the announcer's table away from Chance. She gets into the ring with Chance slowly and he hands her his mic.

cVc™: It wouldn` t hurt if I used alot of lube, 5 inches is a little bit much your first time. Ass Sex is what im talking about baby doll...

She looks frightened as she takes the microphone from Chance but his last comment is heard still throughout the arena as laughs break out.

Pretty Ring Announcer Lady: Why did you just fire Downtown?

She Slowly hands the mic back to CvC.

cVc™: Your right smoking hot lady, 5 and a half inches, you know, because im not jewish. No Tv version of my cock, its Uncut and has special features. The turtle neck meat man slides up and down just like a real sweater would, got it?

She whispers something into his ear, and he does the same as she runs back toward the back.

cVc™: Hell yeah, you see the ass on that girl? Im gonna fuck her later tonight wearing a Cam Newton jersey, Cockbags! While all you Alabama jerkoff's do just that. Think about my skeet across her chest, IM THE FUCKING BEST! Bring this asshole out, the first shots been shot, this fights gotta be fought, HOOO-HAW!

Chance Von Crank vs. Pyroclastic Youth

“Lava” by Ministry begins to play as Pyroclastic Youth burst through the curtains, jetting down the aisle.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth the number one man in Death Row right now.

Ace: I bet he'd let me interview him.

Wolf: I think your interviewer days are over before they began if you're sitting here with me Tommy.

As he slides under the bottom rope and jumps to his feet, Pyroclastic Youth pulls his jacket off and waits for the bell to sound.

Announcer: From St. Helens, Oregon. Weighing in at 219 pounds. PRYOCLAAASSSTTTTIIICCC YOOUUUUUTTHHHH!!!!

The fans begin to boo.

Wolf: Both men ready as the bell sounds.

Chance puts his hands up as Pyroclastic looks on confused.

Ace: What is he doing?

cVc ask for a microphone. A few moments later, he is handed one.

cVc: You know what, you can have the win. I think I want to go get some of that fine ass now.

Wolf: What?

Ace: I don't think i understand either.

Chance drops the microphone and exits the ring as Pyroclastic Youth watches, confused.

Wolf: Chance Von Crank refusing to face Pyroclastic Youth! He's forfeiting his chance to advance in the tournament.

Ace: I just don't understand.

Wolf: You already said that.

Chance heads to the back as Pyroclastic Youth yells at him to get back to the ring, but to no avail as Crank goes through the curtains. The chorus of boos is deafening.

Wolf: The fans are angry, and rightfully so!

The referee leans over, mouthing something ringside. The bell then rings.

Announcer: The winner, as a result of forfeit. Pyroclastic Youth.

Pyroclastic just stands with his hands on his hips. The referee tries to raise one of his hands, but Youth just walks away.

Wolf: I don't think I've ever seen something like this happen before.

Ace: I really, just don't understand.

Well, It Ain't Doozer

The screen starts to play a video of a town nailed hard from mills shutting down, and houses being foreclosed by the banks. What use to be a nice happy suburban palace, is now an about dead misery leaving behind memories of having it all and then having it all ripped away.

Standing there in the shadows of shattered and destroyed street lights is a dark skin lad shaking his head.

Unknown: I look around the broken dreams that surrounds me right now. Molly had an iPod, a laptop, the newest iPhone, and everything a twelve year old girl could ask for. About eight years ago, jobs started heading overseas and her father who told people by tens that they were no longer needed, was also out of a job.

The man walks closer to a house, a sign in the yard by Wells Fargo, selling it, like most of the houses on that street. The yard is starting to overgrow with grass and weeds from not having someone taking care of it. A sight to familiar to most cities across the country.

Unknown: Daddy's drinking ran momma into the arms of another man, and now daddy now lies in the ground after he swallowed a 45 in his final days of battling his depression through the bottle. Molly is now twenty, two kids, no man, living off federal aid. She dropped out of school, and all her dreams went up in smoke that day.

The man gives a sad laugh, as he stands on the porch looking out across the suburban. Broken dreams, and a future you never planned on, that is the mind set in the man. What most people deal with in today's society.

Unknown: Funny I have mention dreams so much. Cancer, you know about dreams. Dream was a place you use to run around like a child tossing eggs at people, claiming to be this "COOL" guy. Trash talking every man, woman, and even child that crossed in front of you and did not bow at your feet. That was a few years ago, and you have not changed a damn thing.

You're still this egotistical middle aged jackass who assumes everyone sees him as he sees himself. You are pathetic, and broken. You are Molly, and I'm the mean mean case worker who is about to deny your federal aid. Hard times are coming, so do me a favor and grasp that Death Row Championship.

I could picture nothing greater than seeing Cancer Jiles as the Death Row Heavyweight Champion. I'll even slide into that ring, and raise your hand myself. Hell, I'll even place that belt around your waist! But that is where the kudos ends. At this point, you will realize everything is going as I planned. You'll be champion, and I'll leave you a bloody mess in the center of that ring.

I will have achieved everything I wanted to, with only getting my hands dirty once. The focus of Death Row will be on me, the champion will want revenge, and I will be the most talked about wrestler in the industry today! Guys yourself, Doozer, Talon, Travis Williams, Mike Polowy, and so on, you all will be failed memories. I'm not Doozer, I am not none of those guys I stated. You see who I am for the most part. I told you, I know you, but you don't really know me.

I sat back once and attempted to hand you the ball. You failed at running with it, and for this, like all other times, YOU WILL FAIL AGAIN! This is your chance, drop the ball now, before you reach that ultimate high, I slam you into rock bottom depression, and you become Molly's father, another victim of a man too weak to deal with the fucking truth! See you soon old man!

The man turns to the front door and kicks it in. As he enters the house, the video footage ends and we are taken back to Lethal Injection.

The Bandits Reunite

A makeshift desk sits in the middle of the ring. Behind it sits none other than the owner of Death Row Wrestling, Tim Ross. He sits, right leg over left, with a smug smile spread across his face... and waits.

~RHAAAAAAA~

The crowd erupts as “The Next Episode” by Dr. Dre hits the speakers and fills the arena. Out steps none other than The Man, The Myth, The Legend... The Dooze... in his Superman themed pajamas. The ensuing laughter subdues the roaring cheers, but for whichever reason the entire audience is standing.

Doozer slowly steps down to the improvised office, completely taken aback by the reaction from the crowd. Despite the obvious embarrassment, a smile forms on his face. Superman pajamas and all, The Dooze lifts his right arm and waves to the fans to the same side.

~RHAAAAAAA~

His grin grows as the fans to that side of the arena react with a large pop. He looks to his left and waves again. The pop is equally as loud. Tim Ross, in reaction to the response given to his interviewee, adjusts himself uncomfortably in his seat in the middle of the ring. From sitting back to on the edge of his seat, cross-legged to power-stanced, and arms-crossed to elbows-on-desk-with-hands-meeting-in-a-triangle-shape-don't-you-dare-fuck-with-me body-languaged, it was clear that intimidation could be setting in.

The Dooze finally enters the ring and sits in front of the boss of Death Row Wrestling.

Ross: Did you have fun walking down here just then? Was that something you enjoyed doing, or was it tedious on those old legs of yours?

Doozer: You're a funny guy.

Ross: Indeed, but you're the funny looking one at least. Nice suit by the way. I'm glad to see you haven't lost your sense of profess

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