

# Lethal Injection: IV

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## Results

### Lethal injection IV

Segment

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23 May 2012

Allen Fieldhouse, Lawrence, Kansas (seats 16,300)

#### Introduction

Screw a personal life, there is only one place you want to be on a Wednesday night. That is sitting behind your computer like some 39 year old nerd living in his parent's basement, only cooler. Why's that? Because instead of surfing for World of Warcraft porn, you direct your browser straight to the only website that matters... DeathRowWrestling.com.

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 room set up for lethal injection.

However, the chair is empty.

Our, now familiar, masked man walks into view. In his right hand, he grips the Death Row Championship by it's strap, allowing the rest to hang. The man walks over and lays it across the chair. He slightly moves his fingers across the golden faceplate.

Masked Man: It's time.

The man turns and looks toward the camera, tilting his head slightly to the left then back, letting out a sadistic laugh. 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.

The camera pans across the crowd before landing on our commentators.

Wolf: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Death Row Wrestling! I'm Waylon Wolf and joining me is the one and only, 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 the Death Row Championship is decided in a Texas Bull Rope Match!

Ace: BRING ON THE MOTHER FUCKING COW BELL!!!

Wolf: Skidd Row debuts, Chance Von Crank promises the cure for Cancer and more!

Ace: It's going to be one hell of a show!

Wolf: Indeed.

Skidd Row Introduction

A yellow taxi cab arrives at the arena door. The camera shows us a pair of ring boots stepping out of the back seat.

Cabbie: That'll be fifteen fifty, chief.

The guy pays the cab fare. The cabbie clears his throat, this entire time we're still starring at ring boots.

Cabbie: Oh what, no tip?

The camera comes up. We see one of Death Row's newest signee's Skidd Row standing there before us. Gym bag in one hand, an impatient look on his face.

Skidd Row: Here's a good tip, watch the show tonight. See what happens to Yoshii and his Mario Kart buddies. See what happens when Skidd Rows starts to climb the corporate ladder. Will he crash and burn? Nope, don't think so. That's not his style. Instead tonight, Skidd Row takes one step closer to his dreams. The dreams of any man, the dreams of gold.

The cabbie is stunned and just stares a hole through Skidd.

Cabbie: Yeah, whatever. Nice to know you kid. You're a cheapskate.

And off he goes. Skidd smiles and walks over to an arena worker.

Skidd Row: Which way to catering? I want to get something to eat before my match.

The worker looks down at his clipboard.

Worker:Um, who are you?

Skidd Row: I'm Skidd Row.

Worker: Dude you've got like three mintutes before your match. You better hurry.

Skidd looks at him slightly odd.

Skidd Row: I never fight on an empty stomache. Which way to catering?

The worker realizes this isn't going to be over any time soon.

Worker: Down this hall, third left. Have fun.

Skidd walks into the building.

Skidd Row: DOWN ON SKIDD ROW, THAT'S WHERE YOSHII WILL BE, DOWN ON SKIDD ROW.

He sings this part as if he's singing "Under the Boardwalk". What an odd ball.

Skidd Row vs. Yoshii

The lights go out and the PA system fires up. The unmistakable intro to "Sabotage" by the Beastie Boys starts playing and from behind the curtain comes Skidd Row!

Announcer: Weighing 190 pounds and hailing from Chicago, Illinois..SKIIDDD ROW!!

Ace: Skidd Row is making his Death Row debut!

Wolf: I wouldn't get too excited; He is making it against Yoshii.

Skidd Row walks down the ramp as he slaps a few hands on his way to the ring. He slides through the ropes and

somersaults onto one knee! The crowd responds as he touches each turnbuckle before settling in the middle of the ring watching the entrance ramp.

Wolf: That was a nice somersault if I must say so.

Ace: Here comes Yoshii!

"The National Anthem" by the Yoshida Brothers hits and the lights go dim with a hint of red. A spot light shines down at the entrance ramp and out walks Jed who stops and extends his hand to show the 493 pound Godzilla, Yoshii.

Announcer: And his opponent is hailing from Tokyo, Japan! Weighing in at four hundred and ninety three pounds, Godzilla himself! YOSHHHHH!

Ace: Yoshi is a monster, Wolf!

Wolf: He looks pissed after his loss on Lethal Injection three to Daniels.

Yoshi walks out and heads to the ring with a serious and concentrated stare, as the light follows as Jed trails right behind him. Yoshii takes the steps up into the ring and walks along the apron and awaits as Jed sits on the middle rope to let Yoshii get into the ring with ease. The lights re-lighten just in time for the fans to see and hear Yoshii look up and yell "??? !???????????????? ?!!!!

Wolf: Yoshii towers over the Death Row newcomer, and is more than double his weight.

Ace: I think this will be the epitome of a squash match Waylon.

Skidd Row sizes an over-confident looking Yoshii as the bell sounds.

Wolf: Here we go!

Skidd steps back and bounces off the ropes, using them to send him with momentum toward Yoshii.

Wolf: Skidd Row met with a huge overhand fist to the head by Yoshii.

Skidd instantly goes to one knee. Yoshii reaches down, grabbing his opponent's head, and pulls him to his feet.

Wolf: Huge backhand chop by Yoshii, followed by another.

Ace: Skidd is reeling.

Yoshii grabs the left arm of Skidd Row and whips him into the ropes. As Skidd returns, Yoshii catches him in his massive arms.

Wolf: The former sumo wrestler lifts, side belly-to-belly slam!

Ace: This one is over.

Jed Eye claps on the outside as Yoshii gets to his feet.

Wolf: Yoshii runs and jumps...

Ace: I don't want to look.

Wolf: HUGE leg drop!

The ring shakes as he lands, the fans pop, and Skidd Row looks dead.

Wolf: Using the ropes to get to his feet, Yoshii looks to be wrapping this opening contest up here quick as he drags the motionless body of Skidd Row to the nearby corner.

Yoshii holds onto the ropes as he begins climbing the turnbuckles.

Wolf: Yoshii setting up for the Yoshii Bomb.

Ace: Skidd Row is going to be feeling this for the rest of the time he's in Death Row.

Wolf: If he is able to even compete again after this.

The cameras flash as Yoshii bounces then leaps up, releasing the ropes. At the very last moment, somehow, some way, Skidd Row is able to roll out of the way, under the bottom rope and falling hard to the floor outside. Yoshii hits the bar mat and an overwhelming Oooooohhhh roars from within the crowd.

Ace: Skidd Row moved! He moved!

Wolf: Yes, but did you see how hard he hit the unprotected floor on the outside?!

The camera zooms in on Skidd Row who rolls around on the outside, holding his lower back in obvious pain. Inside the ring a look of complete surprise comes across Yoshii's face as he holds his legs on the mat.

Wolf: Yoshii cannot believe that Skidd Row was able to roll out of the way.

Ace: I think we all are.

Jed Eye walks around the ring, stopping near Skidd Row. He turns to the ring and slaps the corner of the apron, yelling for Yoshii to get up.

Ace: The issue here is that if Yoshii wants to regain momentum, he needs to get Skidd Row back into the ring. At his size, maneuvering in and out of the ring is more difficult than a normal sized competitor.

Wolf: I agree Tommy. However, Yoshii needs to do something soon before Skidd has a chance to recover.

Ace: Hitting the floor like he did, I'd say the chances of that are slim to none.

Skidd rolls over and pushes up to his hands and knees, trying to get back up. Inside the ring, Yoshii begins to get to his feet using the ropes.

Wolf: Both men now moving.

Skidd gets to his feet, but sells an injury to his back as Yoshii raises completely as well. Yoshii heads toward the ropes and begins to exit under the top.

Wolf: Yoshii heading to the outside.

Ace: This could be a good move or bad on his part. I would personally wait for Skidd Row to return to the ring and then make my move.

With Yoshii halfway out, Skidd makes his move.

Wolf: Skidd Row runs.

Skidd runs up the steps and leaps off, both feet out, catching Yoshii square in the face.

Wolf: Dropkick by Skidd Row!

Skidd falls back to the hard floor, his head bouncing off of the concrete as Yoshii twist violently sideways and twist in the ropes before falling over the middle, hitting hard on the corner of the apron and then plopping down to the floor. Jed Eye grabs his head with both hands and yells in shock.

Wolf: Both men down on the outside of the ring after Skidd Row makes a risky decision that paid off.

Ace: Yea, but did he do even more damage to himself? And if he didn't, how the hell will he get Yoshii back in the ring?

Wolf: I'd reckon Skidd needs to try and win by count out. That's if he can even get up again.

Jed Eye rushes over to check on Yoshii, trying to help him up, but obviously unable to budge the big man at all.

Wolf: Jed Eye unable to help Yoshii to his feet.

Ace: He's going to need a forklift.

Skidd Row uses the apron to pull himself to his feet, still holding his head, he rolls into the ring and back out to restart the referee's count.

Ace: Unsure if that was wise.

Wolf: I don't know what he's thinking, but if Skidd wants to make a name for himself, he should wait for an opponent who isn't a behemoth.

Skidd heads over and pushes Jed Eye out of the way, grabbing Yoshii's head as he is getting up. Once up, Skidd directs Yoshii to the apron and attempts to slam his face into it, but Yoshii is able to stop him and reverse the move.

Wolf: Yoshii introduces Skidd Row to the Death Row ring corner.

Skidd stumbles back holding his face. Yoshii turns and comes forward with an extended arm.

Wolf: Skidd Row ducks the clothesline attempt by Yoshii!

Both men turn, and Skidd Row leaps up.

Wolf: Skidd Row connects with another drop kick!

Ace: He needs to use moves like this to compete with his oversized opponent.

Yoshii stumbles back and into the guard rail. Skidd starts towards him, but Jed Eye gets in between them, holding his hands up. Every time Skidd Row tries to go around him, Jed Eye moves.

Wolf: Jed Eye running interference, trying to give Yoshii a chance to recover.

Ace: Smart move by Yoshii's manager.

The fans slap the back of Yoshii as he stands up straight.

Ace: Yoshii looks pissed.

As Yoshii charges Skidd Row, Jed Eye moves out of the way. Yoshii grabs at Skidd, who moves sideways, turns and quickly slides into the ring.

Wolf: Skidd using his speed to get out of the way of danger.

Ace: He needs to stay on the move.

Yoshii slowly walks over to the steps and up, and then enters the ring.

Wolf: Both men now back in the ring with a small breather; it could go either way at this point.

Ace: Either way? Are you kidding me? This match has been all Yoshii and will continue to be. I mean, come on! Look at his size compared to Skidd Row.

Wolf: Skidd Row really needs to re-evaluate the situation and figure out how he can use his speed and smaller size to gather an advantage here.

Skidd Row runs toward Yoshii and leaps up, but is caught in his massive arms.

Wolf: Yoshii catches Skidd Row in a bear hug.

Ace: He's squeezing Skidd Row with a ton of force!

Skidd Row thrust his arms out, clinching his fist.

Wolf: Skidd Row trying to hold on.

Ace: Yoshii is showing no mercy.

Jed Eye slaps the apron yelling for Yoshii to finish the job.

Wolf: Skidd Row seems to be losing consciousness.

Ace: If he passes out this match is over. After those blows to his head, he could very well have a concussion!

The referee checks on Skidd who looks to be going limp. Jed Eye slaps the apron more, getting louder. The fans begin becoming very vocal, with a mixed reaction.

Wolf: I think the ref is about to call this one.

Ace: He needs to.

Suddenly, Skidd Row's fist shoot back out. Yoshii's face is that of shock. Skidd Row's fists begin shaking. The fans get louder.

Wolf: Skidd Row is trying to hold on, but can he?

Ace: No fucking way.

Skidd Row slaps his fist in, catching Yoshii in the temples. Yoshii just seems to squeeze harder. Row brings his arms in again. This time when his fists catch the temples of Yoshii, the Japanese sumo legend drops Skidd to the mat and stumbles back.

Wolf: Skidd Row somehow has gotten out of Yoshii's grasp!

Ace: You've really got to be kidding me. How?!

Skidd Row rest on his hands and knees, trying to catch his breath, as Yoshii holds his head and stumbles around. Suddenly Skidd Row leaps forward, toward the back of Yoshii's knee.

Wolf: Skidd Row chops Yoshii's knee! The big man goes down like a tree in the woods!

Ace: All I can say is wow.

Skidd rolls over and uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet again. He runs and slides.

Wolf: Baseball slide by Skidd Row!

Ace: Building momentum, but can he finish Yoshii off?!

Yoshi gets angry and begins to get up, as he does Skidd runs to the turnbuckle and begins to climb it.

Wolf: Skidd Row looking to take a high risk.

Yoshii gets to his feet as Skidd stands high on the top turnbuckle. He leaps off, as he flies down, Skidd grabs Yoshii's neck and twist around.

Wolf: OFF THE TOP ROPE INTO A HUGE DDT!

Ace: That was impressive!

Jed Eye pulls his hair in disbelief as Skidd covers Yoshii and the referee goes for the count.

Wolf: I think it's over!

The referee hits three and the bell begins to sound.

Ace: Somehow, Skidd Row was able to beat Yoshii!

Wolf: Not a bad way to make your debut!

Ace: Not at all.

Jed Eye slides into the ring to check on Yoshii as Skidd celebrates.

Fracture Debut

The scene shifts to a location most of the guys in the back would be familiar with, an empty gym with equipment evenly spread around the room encircling a tattered and torn wrestling ring. The canvas is held together by duct tape and a little bit of hope, the ropes are sagging ever so slightly, and the turnbuckles hang loosely in the corners, unable to be fastened properly.

In the middle of the ring stand two men, topless, wrestling tights, both masked, in mirroring colors. One donned in orange and white, the other, in purple and black.

They circle the ring for a moment, their fingers twitch with anticipation as they cease their circular dance and tie up.

Orange drops to one knee, pulling Purple over with a fireman's carry before rising to his feet and hits the ropes. Purple rolls onto his front forcing Orange to jump over and head for the other side of the ring. He bounces back and ducks a leapfrog, one more bounce off the ropes and Purple bends over for a back body drop.

Orange turns and rolls over the back of purple, landing on his feet behind, a leg sweep later and purple is on his back with orange in the cover. A quick kick out and both men scramble to their feet, purple with a leg sweep of his own and a cover before another kick out.

Purple hit the ropes and comes back with a clothesline that takes orange off of his feet. He turns quickly and flips with a standing moonsault, however he connects with nothing but the canvas as Orange rolls out from under him. Seconds later orange rolls up purple with a La Magistral.

Purple manages to pull an arm free and roll through. He hooks onto an ankle of Orange though, before grabbing the other leg and pulls him up into position for a slingshot. Purple leans back whipping Orange up and sending him towards the corner of the ring, but Orange manages to have the wherewithal to land on his feet on the middle rope.

Purple turns around to see Orange come sailing back towards him, twisting in mid air and grabbing onto hi arm to take him down with an arm drag. Purple rolls through back to his feet and charges at Orange. He jumps for a leg lariat, but Orange uses his momentum against him and launches him overhead into the corner. This time it's Purple's turn to land on the middle rope, but he jumps right back off and over Orange, who had spun to follow him into the corner, with a backwards leapfrog.

Purple lands on his feet behind Orange, grabs him by the waist and pulls him backwards into a roll up. Orange flails his legs before pushing Purple away and towards the ropes.

Purple grabs the top rope and jumps over the top to land on the apron. He waits for Orange to get to his feet and springboards into the ring, taking orange down with an armdrag in the process.

Orange rolls back up to one knee and spins to face Purple, who has also risen to one knee. They lock eyes for a second, both men panting heavily from the combat they had just engaged in.

Finally, they both rise to their feet and embrace in the middle of the ring.

Fade out to darkness, save for one word in the center of the screen.

Fracture.

WILD BOIII

The lights go out in the arena. A purple spotlight hits the curtain where a cVc logo is ducktaped up now. The lights flash

as.. "YEAH, BITCH! YEAH BITCH! CALL ME STEVE-O!" is heard through out the arena. "Wild Boy" By Machine Gun Kelly continues to blast as the purple and orange laser light show begins. The Trailer Park Prodigy walks out onto the stage to mixed reaction from the crowd. Purple and Orange confetti falls from the rafters as he looks around at the fans.

Wolf: I was informed he paid for all of this out of his own pockets.

Ace: Yeah Bitch! Yeah Bitch! ImmA wild BOI!

Wolf: cVc, ladies and gentlemen has lived up to his name so far, now if he will stick around till Cancer gets in the ring we should see a fine match!

Ace: He came to win. TPP! TPP!

Chance walks over to the announce table and leaps up on it. The confetti has stopped raining down and a three man crew from side of the ring comes out to get it out of the ring to prevent a injury. Chance walks back and forth across the announce table wearing his robe. He takes it all in as he stops finally and looks around at the crowd and the crew now exiting after retrieving the confetti from ring area. Chance looks behind him at Ace, and asks for a mic. Ace reaches him one, and Chance slaps him a high five for doing so. He holds the mic up to his lips, but does not speak. He tosses his robe off and is wearing something around his neck.

Trailer Park Prodigy™: Allow me to Introduce myself... I am The RazzlerDazzler, Trailer Park Prodigy, The Reason Your Ass Is In That Seat, Shock-N-Rolla, Here-to-Show Ya, COCKED BACK AND FUCKING LOADED, CHANCE VON CRANK! As you can see I have my Nobel Peace Prize around my neck.

The camera pans into show what Chance is talking about, it is a 1976 Ford T-Bird hood emblem on a gold chain.

Trailer Park Prodigy™: You see, I am on my way to the fucking top of this business. This Nobel Peace Prize is just another award from some assholes from who gives a fuck. Jiles time has come and fucking went and after I whip his ass I'm Gonna Titty-Fuck Some Whore in Here To Death. Now Everyone I am going to Cure Death Rows Cancer. It keeps growing, and killing out all the great talent with shitty catchphrases and Stupid moves, CCJ is the Past, CVC IS THE NOW! I'll be one more step closer to my strap, CCJ and his quirky words and still thinks he is relevant. He's Gonna Be Dazzled. Fuck Cancer, Let's Cure It!

Chance jumps off the table and rolls in the ring still holding the mic. He jumps on the turnbuckle looking toward the entrance ramp.

Trailer Park Prodigy™: Cancer says I bedazzled my cock? I had to, to fuck that scab covered meat paddy his wife calls A Pussy. Come Get It, Motherfucker.

Laughs can be heard through out the arena as Chance doesn't take his eyes from the ramp, waiting for Cool Cancer Jiles.

Cancer Jiles vs. Chance Von Crank

Ace: Whoa Chance is on top of his game tonight.

Wolf: He sure does know how to make an entrance. Here comes his opponent, CANCER JILES!

I AM THE COOL by Screamin' Jay Hawkins hits throughout the arena as the fans have mixed reaction to Mr. Cool. He struts to the ring never taking his eyes off Chance who is still on the turnbuckle holding his arms high, still in his robe.

Announcer: Hailing from Philadelphia, PA! Weighing in at 225 Pounds, He is Mr. Cool, Cool Cancer JILLESSSSS!!!!!!

Wolf: This could well steal the show even with our first champion to be crowned later tonight.

Ace: These two men are two of the best wrestlers in this entire company if you ask me, and I heard cVc asked for this

match?

Wolf: Foolish on his part, Cancer was a champion many times in Dream and all over the world, Ace.

Ace: This is Death Row however, and The Trailer Park Prodigy beat maybe our best tag team by himself last week.

Cancer Jiles walks up the steps never taking his eyes off Chance. Chance turns away to toss his robe into the crowd from the ring and Jiles charges, Chance turns quickly and the bell sounds to begin the match.

Wolf: As the bell sounds, we kick the match off with a little smack talk from both sides.

Chance Von Crank offers his hands for a test of strength.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles, a little reluctant, agrees.

As Cancer raises his hands, Crank quickly gouges his eyes.

Wolf: Jiles caught by surprise with that vicious eye gouge.

Ace: Chance Von Crank always has a plan!

Wolf: That plan seems to be to blind Mr. Cool.

Cancer holds his eyes in pain. Crank runs at the ropes, jumping to the second rope.

Wolf: Springboard, twist into an open palm slap. Adding insult to injury.

Ace: He just bitch slapped Jiles! I love it!

Wolf: You would.

Jiles stumbles, and then falls to the mat. As he attempts to get to his feet, cVc stomps his fingers.

Wolf: Ouch! That's smart.

Ace: It actually is. The Trailer Park Prodigy is a genius!

Cancer Jiles grabs his hand, which is throbbing in pain.

Wolf: Crank yanks his opponent up viciously by his head. Digging his nails deep into Jiles back, he rakes it all the way down.

The referee warns Crank, who raises his hands up as if saying he didn't do anything. As Jiles turns toward them, cVc pushes by the referee and boots Jiles in the 'junk'.

Wolf: Legal here in Death Row, but even the referee finds that in bad taste.

Ace: Jiles goes down quicker than a Mexican prostitute on Cinco de Mayo.

Chance Von Crank stops to give a cocky pose to the booing fans.

Wolf: Crank has been in 100% control this entire match. I don't think Jiles was prepared for his not so professional tactics.

Ace: He just isn't ready to face a man as ruthless as Crank. I love it! He's putting jiles in his place!

Chance Von Crank picks Cancer's legs up, looks out to the crowd then leans back, sending him flying into the nearby turnbuckle.

Wolf: Slingshot to the corner by Crank.

As Jiles stumbles off of the turnbuckle, in on swift move, Crank catches him as he turns into a perfectly telegraphed swinging neck breaker.

Wolf: Chance Von Crank goes for the pin to end the match.

Ace: End it quick and cVc can end the hype which is Cancer Jiles.

Cancer Jiles kicks out at two and three quarters.

Wolf: Somehow Jiles found the strength to kick out. Crank can't believe it. To be honest, neither can I!

Ace: Pure luck.

As Jiles tries to pull himself to his feet by using the ropes, Crank grabs his head and runs his eyes along the ropes. Jiles grabs his face again and flops to the mat.

Wolf: Chance Von Crank stooping to low levels to secure a win over Mr. Cool.

Crank goes to stomps Jiles, but Cancer rolls out of the ring.

Wolf: Maybe the smartest move by Cancer Jiles this entire match.

Ace: What is this chicken going to do? Run away?

Wolf: What? Like Chance Von Crank does?

Ace: No, Chance refuses to wrestle losers. Tonight he's doing Cancer a favor by giving him the privilege of facing him.

Wolf: I'm sure that's what it is.

cVc slides out of the ring as Cancer rolls back in.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles escaping cVc again.

As Crank turns to the ring in time to see Jiles soaring through the ropes.

Wolf: Suicide Drives by Jiles!

As he hits his mark, both men hit the ground. The fans pop for Jiles.

Wolf: That may have been the move to turn this match around!

Ace: Oh come on!

Jiles uses the steps to make it to his feet. As Crank attempts to push himself up. Cancer runs and places a boot into his midsection sending Chance back to the floor.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles now in control. He lifts Crank to his feet, and rolls him into the ring.

Ace: Get up Chance! Get up!

Jiles climbs to the apron, then the turnbuckle.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles looking to fly!

Crank begins to get to his feet. He turns towards Jiles, who leaps through the air.

Wolf: Jiles caught by Crank! Power slam into a pin!

Ace: Yes! Yes! YES@~!

The referee drops to begin his count and Chance throws his legs up on the ropes for leverage.

Wolf: Ah come on!

The referee hits two but as he is bringing his hand down for three, he sees Crank's feet and begins pointing as he gets back up.

Wolf: Good work ref!

Ace: Good work? He didn't finish he count!

Chance Von Crank gets in the referee's face, yelling about not knowing how to count. Behind him, Cancer is slowly using the ropes to get to his feet.

Wolf: Crank trying to justify his actions, but the referee isn't having any of it.

Cancer gathers himself and waits. Finally, Chance begins to turn and Cancer leaps forward.

Wolf: TERMINAL CAN... NO!

Chance moves and Cancer hits his super kick perfectly.... on the referee.

Wolf: Referee Juan Velazquez is out!

Cancer's face is full of surprise as he looks down at the referee who is out cold. Chance drops to a knee and brings his arm up between Jiles' legs.

Wolf: Low blow by Chance Von Crank and there is no referee to stop him.

Ace: Why would they stop brilliance anyway?

Cancer falls to his knees holding himself.

Wolf: Crank with a swift kick to the back of Cancer Jiles.

Cancer falls face first into the mat, holding his back in pain.

Wolf: This match has been almost one sided, as Chance Von Crank uses down right dirty tactics to make sure that Cancer Jiles has little to no chance of winning.

Ace: I see what you did there.

Wolf: I didn't do any.. oh.. shut up Tommy.

Chance grabs Cancer, and violently pulls him to his feet.

Wolf: Crank with an Irish whip. Cancer Jiles off the ropes and on the return, he ducks a clothesline attempt by Chance Von Crank.

Both men quickly turn to face each other.

Wolf: Boot to the gut of Jiles.

Chance Von Crank grabs the back of Cancer Jiles' head and yanks him backwards to the mat.

Wolf: Crank grabs one of Jiles' legs.

Cancer uses his free leg to kick Chance back. As cVc stumbles back a few steps, Cancer Jiles is able to get to his feet. Chance Von Crank regains his composure and takes a step towards Cancer who jumps.

Wolf: Somehow he pulls off a standing drop kick!

Ace: No!

Wolf: A moment ago you were screaming yes.

As Chance Von Crank hits the mat, Cancer quickly grabs his head and lifts him up.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles now with a knife edge chop followed by another, and another. He grabs Chance's arm, whips him across the.. no, Chance Von Crank reverses. Cancer Jiles off the ropes, he leaps, big shoulder block takes Chance

Von Crank down.

Cancer quickly covers Crank.

Wolf: The referee is still down, Cancer trying to end this match now that he is the offensive.

Ace: Ha!

As Cancer gets to his feet, he once again pulls Chance Von Crank to his.

Wolf: Jiles now with a big right hand, followed by another. However, Crank blocks this one and returns fire with his own. Chance Von Crank scoops Cancer up, Jiles slides behind him, landing on his feet.

Cancer pushes Crank who falls a few steps forward, stopping at the ropes. As he turns around, Cancer runs at him.

Wolf: Chance Von Crank moves, pulling the top rope down.

Cancer goes over the top rope, catching it as he goes over. Crank smirks and points two thumbs to himself at the crowd as Cancer uses his strength to flip back over the ropes and into the ring.

Wolf: Chance Von Crank turns, Cancer Jiles showing off his agility with a standing drop kick, the second one he's used in this match so far.

Ace: So unoriginal. What does Cancer have? Five moves?

Jiles picks up both of Chance's legs, he leans back, falling to the mat.

Wolf: Slingshot! Chance Von Crank flies into the nearby corner post.

Ace: Maybe six. Whatever.

As he hits, he bounces back and stumbles around. Cancer Jiles sets up behind him, almost stalking the Trailer Park Prodigy.

Wolf: Crank turns, Jiles lunges forward, BIG SPEAR!

Jiles quickly returns to his feet.

Wolf: Quick and very hard stomps by 'Mr. Cool' Cancer Jiles.

Cancer yanks Crank to his feet, and quickly guides his head into the nearby top turnbuckle. He doesn't let go. With his free hand he points to the corner post on the opposite side and walks Crank over to it, slamming his head into that turnbuckle as well before turning him around and shoving him into the post back first.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles using the top ropes for leverage as he stomps repeatedly into the mid-section of Chance Von Crank.

Ace: Get up Chance!

Crank falls to a semi-sitting position in the corner as Cancer continues to stomp. He walks to the middle of the ring and points at Crank as he looks out to the crowd.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles runs.

Chance Von Crank quickly grabs the ropes, pulling himself up and side steps as Cancer comes crashing through with a boot up. His leg wraps into the post before he falls back hitting the mat.

Wolf: Maybe the opportunity that Chance Von Crank needed to get back on top in this match

Ace: Maybe? He's got this locked!

Cancer Jiles holds himself in pain as cVc steps over him and climbs to the second rope. He holds onto the top rope, using it to launch himself up, before coming down with a knee drop.

Wolf: Crank to his feet, he pulls Jiles to his.

Chance grabs Cancer's arm, and goes to pull him into a short arm clothesline.

Wolf: Cancer ducks, they both turn.

Jiles leaps up, simultaneously grabbing the back of Chance's neck and placing his knees into Crank's chest, falling back. As Jiles lands on the mat, cVc's chest is crush and he springs up and backwards. The crowd goes insane.

Wolf: AMAZING!

Ace: Sickening!

A Cancer chant begins as the King of Cool rolls over and uses the ropes to get to his feet.

Wolf: It looks as if the referee is coming to, maybe just in time as Cancer Jiles can put this one away!

Ace: Someone knock him back out!

Cancer sees the referee then quickly covers Crank.

Wolf: The referee is still a bit out of it, but slowly making his way to Jiles and Crank.

Cancer yells for the referee to hurry. The ref drops beside them and raises his arm up.

Wolf: One!

The crowd goes ballistic as the referee raises his hand again.

Wolf: TWO!

Ace: NO!

Jiles yells for one more and the referee puts his hand up.

Wolf: This is it! THREE.... NO@~! KICK OUT BY CHANCE VON CRANK! SOMEHOW HE KICKED OUT!

Ace: YES!!

Cancer looks at the mat, unable to comprehend that the match just isn't over yet. As he begins to get up, Chance Von Crank rolls over, and starts to use the ropes to pull himself to his feet.

Wolf: Someone has to win! Both men have a drive to be the number one person in Death Row Wrestling. They both want to know, WHO IS THE BEST IN THE RING RIGHT NOW?!

The camera pans to the top as we see Goliath coming through the curtain and heading toward the ring.

Wolf: It's Goliath! What is he doing here?!

Ace: Putting his nose where it doesn't belong, that's what!

Wolf: This is the man who almost killed Rykor last week after he had his chance at the championship taken away in his first match against Cancer Jiles.

Crank rest on the top rope and looks down at Goliath making his way towards the ring. He is obviously exhausted and looks unready for Goliath to interfere.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles is protesting to the referee to have Goliath removed so that the two men can finish their match.

Goliath stalks Jiles from outside of the ring.

Wolf: Goliath looks to want to make an impact, and he can do that by taking out either or even both of these men.

Suddenly the crowd gets louder.

Wolf: RYKOR! Here he comes from the back!

Rykor rushes down and attacks Goliath from behind.

Wolf: Forearm to the back of Goliath, catching him off guard.

Ace: These idiots need to let Chance Von Crank finish Cancer Jiles off!

Rykor turns Goliath around and begins hitting him with huge shots.

Wolf: Rykor lighting into Goliath with fury.

Inside the ring, Cancer heads toward Crank who gets to his feet.

Wolf: Chance turns, caught by Cancer. Whipped across... NO! Crank reverses. Cancer sent into the ropes. On the return... PUMP KICK BY CRANK!

Jiles drops back. Outside the ring both Rykor and Goliath are exchanging punches. Rykor sends Goliath head first into the steps.

Wolf: Rykor taking charge of Goliath on the outside. What is he doing here?!

Rykor angerly stomps away at Goliath.

Ace: Getting revenge, it's obvious.

Chance Von Crank rolls out of the ring and begins yelling at Rykor to leave ringside.

Wolf: Big right hand by Rykor! He's attacking Chance Von Crank now!

Ace: Come on!

Rykor smashes cVc's head into the barrier then rolls him back into the ring.

Wolf: Rykor has cleared house!

Rykor looks down at Goliath then begins back up the ramp. Suddenly, Yoshii comes from the back and as quickly as he is able to, heads down the ramp passing Rykor.

Ace: Now what?

Wolf: Yoshii is checking on the situation, but he is too late. The damage is done.

Yoshii checks on Goliath then looks into the ring at cVc before turning around angrily.

CRACK@~!

Wolf: Rykor with a chair to the head of Yoshii!

Ace: That's what he gets for butting in.

Wolf: But why did any of these guys come out in the first place?!

Rykor tosses the chair down hard at Yoshii's head and begins yelling at him before snarling and backing up the ramp again.

Wolf: There are bodies everywhere.

Ace: Rykor may have asked for the match against Yoshii at Death From Above, but Yoshii asked for that chair shot coming down like he did.

Wolf: I just don't understand any of this!

Ace: What's there to not understand? Goliath has unfinished business with Cancer Jiles. Rykor has unfinished

business with Goliath, and Yoshii, well... Yoshii decided to stick his fat nose into Rykor's business just because they have a match. Overall, the way I see it, everyone here was just asking for what they got.

Wolf: And what's that?

Ace: A message from Rykor.

Inside the ring, Chance Von Crank uses the ropes to pull himself up. He looks outside of the ring at Goliath and Yoshii who are laid out and then down at Cancer who is coming around as well.

Wolf: Chance lets out a roar before yanking Cancer up by his head.

Ace: GET HIM!

Jiles retaliates with a shot to the gut of Crank, followed by another.

Wolf: He stands up and sends a fist into Chance's head, Crank blocks the next and delivers his own punch. The fans are going nuts.

Crank grabs Cancer, whip, into... NO! Over the top rope!

Wolf: Cancer hits the side of the apron before falling to the floor. The Trailer Park Prodigy follows him to the outside. The referee begins counting.

Crank pulls Cancer to his feet, directing him to the barrier.

Wolf: Chance Von Crank slams Cancer's head into the barrier.

The screaming fans pat both men on the back.

Wolf: Crank attempting to introduce Cancer's head into the barrier again, stopped by Cancer. jiles now grabs Chance's head and returns the favor.

The fans are loud as they get into the match even more.

Wolf: Cancer turns Crank around and hits him in the stomach. He takes a few steps back and runs, leaping, and putting his knee into the stomach of Crank.

Cancer slaps the chest of cVc before grabbing his arm and attempting to whip him into the steps.

Wolf: Reversal by Crank!

Ace: YES!

Wolf: Chance Von Crank rolls Cancer Jiles back into the ring, sliding in himself, then back out. What is he doing?

Ace: He's walking over to the time keeper's table.

cVc picks up his "Nobel Peace Prize" and mouths to the camera The Cure For Cancer as he holds it up.

Wolf: Cancer with that hood ornament.

Ace: His award medal Waylon! For curing Cancer!

Crank slides back into the ring as Cancer is to his feet.

Wolf: Cancer is there to meet him! He lunges forward.. TERMINAL CAN...

cVc sidesteps and uses the "medal" as a weapon as he slams it into the face of Cancer Jiles who hits the mat immediately.

Wolf: NO!

Ace: YES!

The referee drops down to count as Chance Von Crank covers Cancer Jiles. The fans begin to boo heavily as the referee's hand hits the three.

Ace: YES! YES! YES!

Wolf: With a little help from a weapon, Chance Von Crank steals a win from Cancer Jiles.

Ace: Steals? he earned it!

Chance Von Crank stands in the middle of the ring yelling I Cured Cancer! I Cured Cancer!

Wolf: Despicable!

Ace: Don't be a hater Waylon. That is the best man in Death Row!

Wolf: Only to you Tommy, only to you.

We Got The Dealz Yo

The H-Town Hustlas are standing in the hallway of the arena. they have a large cardboard box cut out like an old television show lemonade stand.

Gutta Boy: T-shirts. I got cho t-shirts.

Rodd Mac: Limited edition hub caps, right off The Black Skulls car yo! Five dollaz!

The Black Skulls burst into the scene, obviously angry. Kenta Urino points at the hub caps shaking his finger. THE Sam Skull puts an arm in front of him, to hold him back and steps forward.

THE Sam Skull: What my friend here is trying to convey, is those are ours.

Rodd Macc and Gutta Boy look at each other then back at the Black Skulls.

Gutta Boy: No problem homie.

Rodd Macc: Yea, no problem.

Rodd Macc hands Gutta Boy a hub cap then they both come forward, hitting The Black Skulls with them. The H-Town Hustlas continue the beat down. Hitting The Black Skulls with the hub caps and then once they are down, stomping away in their Timberlands.

As we fade away, the stomping continues.

Word From our Sponsor

The Black Skulls vs. H-Town Hustlas

"2 of Amerikas Most Wanted" Tupac & Snoop Dogg is heard through the arena as the H-Town Hustla's make their way through the curtain and out onto the stage.

Wolf: I am so ready for this tag team matchup, Ace!

Ace: These two men can talk smack, but can they wrestle?

Announcer: Weighing in at combined 507, Hailing from Houston, Texas.... The H-TOWN HUSTLAAAAAAAA'S!

They walk down the ramp and slide into the ring underneath the ropes together. Each man takes a turnbuckle and taunts to the crowd.

Wolf: These two men have a uphill battle if you ask me.

Ace: We will see about that!

"Unstoppable" by ES Posthumous hits the PA system.

Announcer: Hailing from Fukuchiyama, Japan and weighing a combined 526 Pounds, THE BLACK SKULLLLLLLLLLLLLLLS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Wolf: After that vicious attack backstage, will The Black Skulls be able to even make it to the ring?!

Ace: I don't know Waylon. So far, they haven't even come out.

Wolf: The H-Town Hustlas may have secured a forfeit.

The H-Town Hustlas just post up on the ropes and wait, talking amongst themselves.

Ace: Some may argue that The Black Skulls brought it upon themselves. the Hustlas where just trying to make a buck.

Wolf: It still is no reason to attack them like they did.

After a couple minutes, the referee calls for the bell and the announcer states that the winners of the match due to forfeit, are The H-Town Hustlas.

Wolf: Well, I guess a win is a win. At least with the newly signed tag teams to Death Row, this wont happen again.

Ace: Unless they beat up their opponents before the matches every week.

Wolf: Shut up.

The Hustlas dap each other and celebrate as the fans begin to boo.

Wolf: The fans unhappy at this, but can you blame them?

Ace: Yes I can Waylon. These are the same people who got mad at cVc when he chose a hot piece of ass over a boring match!

Wolf: You do know the business is built around having matches right?

Ace: That's beside the point.

Wolf: How?

Ace: It just is.

Lethal Injection

The camera opens on Dark, standing with his arms crossed. Next to him, like a carnival mirror image stood El Toro, short, tiny, midget-like.

Dark: Tonight is the night Tombs. Tonight is the night we take the bull rope and strap it to one another. Tonight is the night of Lethal Injection. Do you know what lethal injection is Tombs? Usually, it's when the government shoots up a criminal and kills him. They take two IV's, one for back up, and swab his arms. Aint that funny? Swabbing a man's arm that you're about to kill. Wouldn't want him to get an infection, now would you? Capital punishment. Oh capital punishment. Like all things associated with the capital, its inherently evil, only hidden under the guise of good. It used to be much worse you know. They used to quarter people—cut then in to quarters, they used to boil them alive, decapitate them, electrocute them, disembowel them, hang them, shoot them with a firing squad. But we don't do that anymore. Do you know why that is Tombs?

Dark pulls out a cigarette and begins to smoke it.

Dark: Because most folks these days are cowards. They can kill, and kill efficiently, but only if it is deemed humane. Only if it doesn't make all the vultures who come to watch squirm in their seats. Only if it isn't offensive to the smell.

Only if it isn't too ugly. Only if those who commit the act can relieve themselves with the idea that it was quick. That it was justice. Life blinked out in an instant. But they're still murderers. And even worse, they're fucking cowards. . .

He shoots smoke at the screen.

Dark: But I'm no coward Tombs. I haven't changed my ways. My efforts are anything but humane. And here tonight Death Row names it first champion. And it is only fitting if tonight Lethal Injection lives up to his name. So it will Mr. Tombs. And I assure you Mr. Tombs. . . it's going to be painful. No there won't be anyone watching that won't squirm. That won't go home with a pit in their stomach, like they just watched a horrific car wreck. It is time Mr. Tombs. Prepare thyself. And don't you worry none, I won't be going into shock from lack of alcohol tonight. I've had me a few beers.

The camera pans in on El Toro.

El Toro: PUTA!

The camera fades.

Pyroclastic Youth vs. Maynard Crane

Wolf: Crane and Pyroclastic Youth will now battle it out, right here, right now.

Ace: These two men have taken Death Row by storm and I cannot wait to see this matchup.

'Lava' by Ministry exceeds the eardrums of what is excessively too loud. A quick pop-through as Pyroclastic Youth holds a steel thermos in his left hand.

Announcer: Weighing in at 219 pounds and hailing from St. Helens, Oregon... PYROCLASTIC YOUTH!!!!

Ace: I wonder what he has in that thermos tonight.

Wolf: Whiskey... I would guess after losing his chance to be in the main event tonight,

Ace: Ouch.

Head-swirling his black braid to his anthem, P-Yoot takes off and slides under the bottom rope. Still holding the thermos and standing near the ropes, he leans his head back and pours the red soup in his open mouth before instantly spewing it inches from front row fans.

Ace: Nope, it's red shit that may be soup.

The introductory chords to "Love?" by Strapping Young Lad plays throughout the arena as Maynard Crane walks down to the ring.

Announcer: Weighing in at 236 pounds and hailing from Parts Unknown, MAYNARD CRANE!!!!!!

Wolf: He has his rat Paco in tow as he makes his way to the ring. Crane is so strange and maybe a bit unstable.

Ace: Maybe so but damn can he wrestle!

Wolf: Wrestle? Maynard Crane is just a sadistic monster.

Crane has his white rat Paco against his ear, listening to him, nodding in agreement, and then places him in a cage already in his corner. He climbs inside and sits down in his corner eyeing Pyroclastic Youth awaiting the bell to ring.

Wolf: Both men stand toe to toe.

The bell sounds to begin the match.

Wolf: Right away they explode with rights and lefts on each other. Pyroclastic Youth is set on regaining his momentum and Maynard Crane just wants to destroy everyone.

Ace: I just don't see Pyroclastic Youth being the guy to finally put Maynard away.

They lunge in to a lock up, in which both men thrust their full power. Crane finally takes control, wrapping his arms around Youth and throwing him over and to the side in a belly to belly variation.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Blades goes down. Maynard Crane now floats over to a ground position, showing that violent type offense he is known for as he straddles Youth and begins to pound away at him. Pyroclastic Youth is doing the only thing he can; he is covering his head trying to lessen the blows.

Ace: Maynard Crane is just very physical.

Maynard finishes and gets to his feet, pulling Pyroclastic Youth up with him. He holds his upper body close.

Wolf: Maynard Crane with those vicious knee strikes to the stomach of Pyroclastic Youth.

Ace: At least he is showing he does in fact have more moves than a deadly claw.

He pulls back and comes forward with an elbow to the side of Youth's head. Youth grabs his head and stumbles a few steps back.

Wolf: Maynard Crane dominating as he grabs Youth's head and introduces it to the top turnbuckle.

Ace: Of course he's dominating, haven't you seen this guy every show?

Pyroclastic Youth falls to the mat. Maynard Crane leans down and lifts his legs up. He pulls up as he leans back then proceeds to twist, chunking Pyroclastic Youth across the ring.

Wolf: Maynard Crane throwing Youth around like a rag doll. Pyroclastic Youth doing the only thing he can right now, rolling out of the ring to the floor.

Ace: The only thing he seems to know how to do.

Pyroclastic holds himself up on one knee using the apron, catching his breath. Maynard Crane has his target in site and runs at the ropes, leaping over the top. As he does, Youth stands up and turns toward him.

Wolf: Maynard Crane leaps over the top rope! What agility!

Ace: I didn't know he could fly!

Youth sees him in time. He moves enough to catch Crane and use his momentum to quickly turn it into a slam to the floor. Maynard Crane grabs his back in and neck in pain as Pyroclastic Youth falls back to one knee.

Wolf: Did you see that?!

Ace: Youth needs to capitalize on this.

Pyroclastic pulls himself up with the apron. He runs over with a boot to the gut of Maynard Crane, who was attempting to push himself to his feet.

Wolf: Denied by Youth, He now grabs the back of Maynard Crane' head and lifts him to his feet. Youth scoops Crane up, he lifts and drops. Right on the barrier!

Ace: Holy shit! Of all the people to get an upper hand on Maynard Crane, I would have never guessed it'd be this joker.

Crane falls back to the floor, holding his stomach and chest.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth now crossing the barrier.

Fans move out of the way as he picks up a chair from the front row. Youth crosses back over with the chair.

Wolf: Chair in hand, Pyroclastic Youth lifts it. He targets. Crane trying to get up, as he looks above.. WOW! What a

chair shot!

Ace: Where was this Pyroclastic Youth on the last show?

Crane falls to the floor sideways. Blood can be seen coming from his forehead. Youth holds the chair high before bringing it down, full force, across the back of Maynard Crane.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth has drawn blood from Maynard Crane!

He lifts again, coming down once more with a thundering thud across the back of Maynard Crane.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth destroying Maynard Crane with that chair.

Pyroclastic Youth drops the chair then walks over to the ring, rolling in and then back out to restart the count. He now helps Crane to his feet.

Wolf: Maynard Crane stands, unable to keep still as he is in a daze. Pyroclastic steps back then comes forward with an arm out.

Ace: Clothesline! No, Maynard Crane side stepped!

As he sidesteps, he scoops Youth up, twists around and hits a back breaker.

Wolf: What a backbreaker!

Ace: There goes that momentum Youth had.

Crane gets to one knee and looks down at Pyroclastic Youth, who is out. He uses the barrier to pull himself to his feet.

Wolf: Youth is picked up over Crane's shoulder.

Maynard Crane heads towards the ring, Youth still up. Once he gets to the edge, he drops Pyroclastic to where his face bounces off of the side of the apron and he falls to the floor. He picks Pyroclastic up again.

Wolf: Maynard Crane rolling Youth into the ring, he is now entering himself.

Maynard holds onto the top rope and looks out to the crowd. Pyroclastic begins to attempt to get to his feet. Once he is on one knee, Maynard Crane runs at him, lifting his knee.

Wolf: Knee smash to the face of Pyroclastic Youth!

Ace: Here's the Maynard we all know, dangerous.

Pyroclastic Youth falls flat to the mat as Maynard drops down to his knees and covers him.

Wolf: Maynard Crane going to go ahead and end this one. Pyroclastic Youth has given him the biggest challenge to date.

The referee drops down and begins his count, but at two Pyroclastic Youth is somehow able to get his shoulder up.

Wolf: Kick out by Pyroclastic Youth!

Ace: I have no idea how he was able to do it!

Maynard grows angry.

Wolf: This doesn't look good.

Crane Raises to his knees and stretches his arm out putting his humongous hand into a claw.

Ace: I got a feeling this is about to get bad for Pyroclastic Youth.

Crane covers Youth's face and locks that vicious claw in, squeezing the temples of his opponent. Pyroclastic lets out a

blood curdling scream as Maynard raises up, pulling Youth with him, and holding on only by his grasp.

Wolf: Pyroclastic has nowhere to go!

Youth kicks his feet as Maynard places his free hand behind Pyroclastic's back for support, holding him high with the claw.

Ace: How long can P-Yoot hold out?

Pyroclastic is close enough to the ropes that he is able to kick his left leg over the top. He begins using it to try and pull out of Maynard's clasp.

Wolf: Are we about to see the first person ever to escape the Iron Claw?!

Ace: I'll be a monkey's uncle if he does.

Suddenly, Pyroclastic breaks free from Maynard Crane. His body violently slings down and into the ropes. Tangled with his leg hooked over the top, Pyroclastic hangs upside down as Maynard stumbles back in shock.

Wolf: This may actually be worse for Youth.

Maynard's face shows a look of fury like never before as he charges Youth. Crane raises his knee, but Pyroclastic is somehow able to use his agility and leg strength to do a sit up. However, the momentum sends him OVER the top rope, flinging chest first toward the ropes as Maynard's knee connects through them.

Ace: WHAT THE MOTHER FUCK?!

Wolf: Wow!

Pyroclastic Youth flies from the outside of the ropes, hitting the floor hard and sliding into the side of the announcer's table.

Fans: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Maynard steps over the top rope and to the apron. The camera focuses on Pyroclastic Youth who appears dead.

Wolf: I don't even know what or how that happened. One moment Pyroclastic Youth was tangled in the ropes, the next he had sent himself up and over, just to hang outside the ring and catch a knee to the chest. Just wow.

Maynard hops down to the floor and slowly walks over to Pyroclastic Youth, almost stalking him.

Wolf: Maynard Crane out here by our table, he needs to just finish this off! I'm unsure how much more Pyroclastic can take.

Ace: Hell Waylon, I think he's dead!

Maynard raises his large foot up and brings it down, but somehow Pyroclastic is able to roll out of the way.

Wolf: Pyroclastic moves! He moves!

Youth rolls out of the way of another stomp attempt, and backwards coming up to his feet at the same time.

Ace: Where is he getting this burst of energy?!

As Maynard steps forward, Pyroclastic runs toward him, leaps to the announcer's table with one leg, and with the other swings it around, connecting his foot to the face of Maynard Crane.

Fans: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Maynard Crane whips sideways and down to one knee as Pyroclastic Youth lays face down on the floor. A few seconds later he begins to push his way up, holding onto the side of the table. Behind him, Maynard Crane stands up.

Wolf: This is too close for comfort!

Crane grabs the back of P-Yoot's tights and rolls him up onto the table. Waylon Wolf and Tommy Ace both quickly push away from it.

Ace: Shit's getting real Waylon!

Wolf: Real close!

Maynard climbs up on the table himself. Standing over Pyroclastic he looks around before bending down and lifting his opponent up. He puts Youth's arm around his neck, and scoops him up.

Wolf: He isn't?!

Ace: He is!

Maynard comes up and then down in a sitting position, crashing Pyroclastic through the table.

Wolf: MY LORD!

Ace: PACO DRIVER! PACO DRIVER!

The bell begins to ring.

Wolf: What?

Ace: Is that it?

Wolf: It seems that there has been a double count out!! Maynard Crane failed to pay attention to the time he was spending outside of the ring!

Crane rolls over and pushes himself to his feet. He looks at the time keeper then to the referee, pointing his finger and yelling.

Ace: I don't think that makes Maynard very happy at all.

Wolf: It was his own fault.

Crane walks over to the ring and brings both fist down to the corner of the apron in anger.

Wolf: The first double count out in Death Row. Maynard Crane is livid!

Ace: Wouldn't you be?

Officials check on Pyroclastic Youth who seems to be moving as Maynard Crane walks around the ring toward the ramp.

Wolf: Pyroclastic Youth was hunting for monsters this week, and I think tonight he found one.

The Interview... Again

The scene cuts to backstage. Three men, all dressed in their Sunday's finest, are standing outside a wooden door with 'Tim Ross' inscribed in gold. Doozer, in a suit and tie, looks as uneasy as ever. His peers, Mr. COOL and The Dude, seem anything but...

Mr. COOL: You ready, Doozy baby? This is gonna be the balls. I can't wait to egg tha-

Doozer: [interrupting] I uh... I actually think I might fly solo on this one, Jiles.

Count COOL can't believe his ears. The Dude looks like a 4 year old who just heard Santa wasn't real.

The Dude: B-b-but... Dooze... we alwa-

Doozer: [again, interrupting] Dude, you know... sometimes it's time...

Doozer chokes on his own words and struggles to finish his statement.

Doozer: Sometimes you just need to realize where you're at, ya know?

Obviously not getting the point, The Dude shoots an inquisitive stare CCJ's way. The King of COOL shrugs. The Dude looks back, still confused, at his lifelong friend.

The Dude: Kansas?

Doozer shakes his head - half smiling.

Doozer: Yeah, Dude... that's where we are physically. I meant where you're at in life.

Cancer throws his arms up in protest.

Mr. COOL: Great! Another midlife crisis... isn't this like your fourth already? Get over yourself, asshole.

Frustrated, and not caring to hear any rebuttal, Cancer Jiles storms off. The Dude begins to reach out and call him back, but Doozer takes his manager's arm and lowers it. It's his way of telling The Dude to let Cancer go.

Doozer: Sometimes, Dude... it sucks... but sometimes you just gotta grow up. I'll see you when I'm out.

The two pound fists - Doozer looking determined now, The Dude shell-shocked. Doozer knocks on the wooden door. A voice from inside permits his entry.

The Dude solemnly stands as he watches his friend slowly disappear behind the closing door.

Scene fades.

Dark vs. FJ Tombs

Wolf: Ladies and Gentlemen our first Death Row Title match is about to get underway.

Ace: These two men have earned they're chance to compete for the title. Winning the tournament and Tombs got to choose the match type after his pin of Pyroclastic Youth on Lethal Injection Three.

Wolf: Bull Rope Match was what he chose and this should be the best Main Event we have seen here in Death Row as we crown our first Champion.

"Kiss My Country Ass" hit the Pa and the crowd starts cheering. After a few seconds, FJ Tombs walks out, bull rope in hand, and points to the right side of the audience and then to the left. He smiles and starts walking to the ring.

Announcer: Hailing from Athens, Texas at 275 pounds, standing 6 feet and 5 inches, FJ Tombs!

Wolf: This man means business and has come a long way for this Championship Match.

Ace: Can he get the pin here tonight and become our first champion?

Wolf: You win by touching all four turnbuckles as there are no disqualifications and no count outs in this match, as well as no submissions or pin falls. The bull rope will be attached to both men, with a seven pound cowbell attached to the center of it.

FJ walks up the steps and climbs into the ring. He walks over to the opposite corner and stretches till his opponent enters the ring.

Wolf: He looks prepared and ready for this match up. The referee will explain the rules of the match after Dark enters the match.

"Binge and Purge" by Clutch hits as Dark walks out from behind the curtain. The fans are split between the two men as

Dark walks toward the ring. He smiles at Tombs as he steps on one step.

Announcer: From Bakersfield, California, weighing 250 Pounds and standing Five foot ten, The Illustrated Man, DARRRRRRRRRRKKK!!!

Wolf: We will know who our first Champion will be after this match, Ace.

Ace: This is going to rock. I love this environment, not one person is sitting! Every fan here is on their feet for our Main Event!

As Dark tries to enter the ring, FJ steps forward spinning the rope, with the cow bell out. Dark rolls quickly back out trying not to get hit.

Wolf: The cow bell will defiantly be a match changer if used by either of these men.

Ace: I think every match needs more cow bell!

Wolf: This match can't start until both men are strapped into that rope.

Ace: Dark very reluctant to get close to Tombs with the rope in hand.

Announcer: This is a Texas Bull Rope Match for the Death Row Championship!

The crowd pops. The referee finally gets Dark to come to the center of the ring. He begins attaching the strap to each man's wrist as the fans become more and more pumped. Once secure, the referee begins to explain the rules to both men.

Referee: The first to touch all four turnbuckles will win, and become our first champion. Only way to be disqualified during this match is to intentionally remove your wrist from the bull rope. Do you both understand the rules as I have explained to you?

Both men nod as the Death Row Championship is held high by the Referee after explaining the rules and checking the rope for a last time. The bell sounds.

Wolf: Let's get it on!

Ace: I'd rather just watch the match.

FJ charges Dark, who moves to the side and quickly slips his arms up under FJ's from behind.

Wolf: Dark quickly placing FJ Tombs into a full nelson lock.

Tombs stomps Dark's foot, and rolls behind him, placing Dark in a half nelson.

Wolf: Reversal by the Texan here in the match he earned the right to call.

Ace: I'd say he defiantly has an advantage. These rednecks like to strap themselves to each other and grapple in the woods. Ever see Brokeback Mountain?

Dark slaps his shoulder, and rolls back around, reversing on FJ Tombs.

Wolf: The bull rope is tangled around both of their legs; they need to remember that they are attached to each other.

FJ Tombs elbows Dark causing him to release the hold. As Dark stumbles back, FJ steps forward almost tripping. He begins to untangle his leg. As soon as it is, Dark comes forward with an arm out.

Wolf: Clothesline.

FJ Tombs hits the mat.

Wolf: Dark wasting no time as he grabs the cowbell and mounts FJ Tombs.

Dark begins to repeatedly smash the cowbell into the side of FJ Tombs' head.

Ace: There is the game changer in action.

Wolf: Dark with no compassion as he hits Tombs with the seven pound, almost solid, piece of unforgiving metal.

Dark tosses the bell down, lifts FJ up to a sitting position, and twist the rope around his throat. Placing his knee into the back of FJ Tombs, Dark pulls back, choking him.

Wolf: Dark trying to render FJ Tombs unconscious.

FJ Tombs tries to get his fingers between the rope and his throat, but has no luck as Dark pulls back harder.

Ace: FJ Tombs has been a beast in this tournament, but I think Dark may just be too much of a veteran, especially in unconventional matches like this. Pain is his specialty.

Wolf: You're right; his rich history is full with violent matches in which Dark's goal is to injure.

FJ's arm drops down, motionless. His neck bends then falls completely forward.

Wolf: FJ Tombs is out!

Dark doesn't hesitate as he unwraps the rope, rolls over and pushes up. He runs to the nearby turnbuckle, touching it.

Wolf: ONE!

Dark looks at the next closest and points to it, looking out to the fans before walking quickly over and slapping it.

Wolf: TWO!

Ace: Two more and this is over!

Dark heads to the next which is almost out of reach.

Wolf: that rope is only so long, will he be able to reach the remaining two?

Dark stretches and is able to touch the next turnbuckle.

Wolf: THREE!

Ace: This is over! Dark is champion!

Dark lunges toward the fourth, but it's not close enough. He is yanked back and down to the mat by FJ Tombs body.

Wolf: Dead weight keeps Dark down!

Dark rolls over and pushes himself up. He wraps the rope around his wrist and yanks back.

Wolf: He can't move FJ Tombs!

Tombs moves a little bit giving Dark some slack, but it isn't long before FJ is coming to and realizing what is happening. He begins rolling away from the last corner, causing Dark not to be able to get any closer.

Wolf: FJ Tombs coming to in the nick of time!

Tombs slides out of the ring and yanks back as hard as he can. As he does, Dark flies forward and to the mat. Tombs hits the floor. Dark rolls toward the edge of the ring, rolling up in the rope as he does.

Wolf: Tombs just barely able to save this match from being over already.

Ace: I'm actually surprised. I though this match was over.

Tombs gets to his feet and begins to pull back, pulling Dark with him until Dark is out of the ring and hits the floor.

Wolf: FJ Tombs meeting Dark with a serious series of boots to the ribs.

Ace: It's going to take a lot more than that to keep Dark down. FJ will need to reach deep inside to a place he probably never dreamed of going, an animalistic place, if he expects to beat the Illustrated man in any type of match with an over the top violent undertone.

Wolf: Wow that actually sounded educated.

Ace: I've been reading "Wrestling Commentating for Dummies."

Wolf: Really?

Ace: No ass hat, I'm just that damn good. Jesus H.

FT Tombs lifts Dark up, but is met with a big right hand to the ribs, followed by a left.

Wolf: Being hit with those fists of Dark's are like being hit with twenty pound sledgehammers. Each blow ranging the risk of bruising or even breaking the ribs of FJ Tombs.

Dark pulls back and comes forward with a big elbow to the side of FJ Tombs' head. Tombs is hit with such power that he twist round. At that moment, Dark takes the rope and wraps it around his throat again.

Wolf: Dark using that rope as a weapon once more.

Ace: Very smart there. I think FJ made a poor decision when choosing the match type. I would have personally gone with something that has both of Dark's arms tied behind his back or something.

Wolf: That would have been interesting, yes. But here in Death Row, the fans pay to see brutal matches such as this one.

Dark, still with the rope tightly around FJ's neck, pushes him forward and into the barricade. As Dark tightens the rope, the front row fans get an up close and personal view of FJ Tombs trying so hard to gasp for air.

Ace: I think he's turning blue!

The Tattooed Terrorist releases the rope, grabs the back of FJ's head and violently slams it into the steel barrier, effectively busting his forehead wide open. Blood splatters on nearby audience members who seem to get even louder and crazier.

Wolf: FJ Tombs is busted open!

Grabbing his opponent's arm, Dark uses it to pull Tombs into his knee. As FJ is bent over, Dark reaches back and comes forward with another big fist to his face. Tombs spins around, hitting the barrier, and then the floor.

Wolf: This isn't even a wrestling match; this is an old fashioned whoopin'!

Dark brings his boot down hard into the back of FJ Tomb's skull.

Ace: If I was Dark, instead of trying to put Tombs out cold again, I'd get him into the ring first. Remember, he wasn't able to get the dead weight of an unconscious FJ Tombs up earlier, and that cost him an early victory.

To add insult, Dark spits on FJ as he tries to push himself up.

Wolf: I think that Dark gets so into it, that he forgets that he is strapped to FJ Tombs.

Picking the cowbell up, Dark mounts Tombs and begins grating it against his busted open forehead, causing more blood to spill. FJ Tombs screams in pain.

Wolf: This is not for the weak of heart. Parents, if you are letting your children watch this, I ask you to please send them to the other room.

Ace: If parents are allowing their kids to watch this, then they must be fucking bad parents Waylon.

Wolf: Do you always have to be so vulgar?

Ace: Do you always have to have such a thick beard?

Wolf: That makes no sense.

Ace: Your momma makes no sense.

Wolf: Are you three?

Dark drops the cow bell and lifts FJ Tomb's legs up, holding them for a bit before stomping his inner thigh.

Wolf: Piece by piece, Dark is destroying his opponent.

Dark lifts FJ's legs again, this time before he is able to stomp, Tombs somehow yanks his legs away, closes them, and kicks Dark, causing him to stumble back and falls to the floor.

Ace: FJ needs to try and do something now, or he might as well throw the towel in.

Wolf: Although he is still green, FJ has shown heart since arriving in Death Row. He has overcome many odds and has earned his way into this match right here. No matter how much Dark throws at him, I do not think FJ will ever give up Tommy.

FJ slowly crawls away from Dark, trying desperately to capture his breath. Unfortunately, a simple kick isn't enough to keep Dark down as he begins to rise to his feet.

Wolf: Dark returning to his feet.

FJ continues to crawl. With Dark up, he heads toward FJ, inadvertently giving him enough slack to crawl under the ring.

Wolf: FJ Tombs has disappeared under the ring!

Ace: All that's going to do is piss Dark off.

Dark gets his footing, wraps the rope around his wrist and begins to pull.

Wolf: Dark trying to pull FJ from under the ring, but he isn't budging.

Ace: Plenty of things to hold onto under there. Smart move by Tombs I'd say.

Dark curses, steadies his footing some more and tugs as hard as he can. Suddenly he flies backwards, crashing into the barricade. The fans get to their feet trying to see FJ Tombs, but he is not attached to the other end of the rope.

Ace: FJ Tombs unhooked himself from the rope! He is disqualified!

The referee checks on Dark and the empty end of the rope.

Wolf: The referee is assessing the situation, but without physically seeing FJ Tombs remove himself from the rope, I don't think he can call the match.

Ace: Horse shit!

Dark pulls himself up using the barrier and looks at the referee, then at the rope, and back at the referee who just shrugs. This only infuriates Dark more as he rushes to the side of the ring.

Wolf: Dark now lifting that apron up and looking for FJ Tombs.

Ace: He needs to use this as an advantage and go touch those turnbuckles!

Wolf: In the heat of the moment like this, I think that is the last thing on the veteran's mind.

Ace: Exactly! As a veteran, he should know this!

Dark digs around and comes back out from under the ring, cursing, yelling, and snarling. Spit flies out of his mouth as he explains that he doesn't see FJ Tombs under the ring to the referee.

Wolf: FJ Tombs has disappeared.

Ace: Probably to wherever people come from when they magically appear from under the ring during a match.

Wolf: Break fourth walls much?

Dark stomps back over and lifts the apron again, this time a cloud of white smoke shoots out from under the ring like debris from an imploding building. Dark grabs his eyes and stumbles around as FJ crawls from out under the ring, fire extinguisher in hand.

Ace: That's a way to cool off Dark's hot streak!

FJ sprays the substance again before jolting forward and clocking Dark in the forehead with the fire extinguisher. The fans pop loudly as Dark hits the floor, blood pouring from his forehead.

Wolf: FJ Tombs returning the favor from earlier when Dark busted him open.

Ace: This is defiantly not for those who can't stand the site of blood.

FJ throws the weapon down, hitting Dark directly in ribs causing him to let out a yelp of agony.

Wolf: I think FJ found something that is more dangerous to ribs than Dark's own fist.

The referee rushes over and begins yelling at FJ about the rope being unattached. FJ fires back that he has no idea what happened and the two go back and forward before FJ raises his hands up and agrees to be re-attached.

Wolf: Removing the rope may be out of FJ Tombs' nature, but it has helped in turning this match around.

Tombs walks over and stomps Dark several times, before grabbing his head, and lifting him up.

Ace: Isn't he supposed to be getting re-attached to Dark?

Wolf: FJ doing the smart thing in my opinion, as he rolls Dark back into the ring.

Tombs climbs up on the apron and enters the ring. Dark begins to get up, but is met with a boot to the mid-section. As the referee walks up the stairs and begins to enter, FJ looks to the fans, then looks at Dark.

Ace: I don't think I like the look in his eyes!

The referee gets into the ring, picking up the open end of the rope. But before he can get to FJ, Tombs runs over and slaps the turnbuckle.

Wolf: WAIT! FJ Tombs going for the win!

Ace: He can't do that! Can he?!

FJ slaps the second and the fans pop. As FJ runs to the third, the referee tries to catch up.

Wolf: THREE!

Dark begins to push up again, just in time to see FJ Tombs touch the fourth and final turnbuckle.

Wolf: FJ TOMBS WINS! FJ TOMBS WINS! FJ TOMBS WINS!

FJ drops to his knees and raises one arm up as the crowd is going crazy. The referee begins waving his arm in a No fashion.

Wolf: NO! The referee is NOT allowing it!

Ace: he has to be attached to Dark to win!

FJ Tombs' eyes grow large and his mouth drops. He cannot believe that his victory is not to be counted.

Wolf: I'm unsure if this is the right call to be honest. Even though FJ is no longer attached to Dark, there is no proof that he took the rope off himself. He did in fact touch all four turnbuckles as instructed by the referee at the start of the match.

Ace: Senior referee, Frank Knox, is law here in Death Row. If he says it doesn't count, then it doesn't count.

As FJ Tombs stands, he begins to converse with the referee, who stands by his decision that FJ needs to be attached to Dark. FJ turns to face Dark, only to see him running with a forearm. FJ is able to jump out of the way. However, the referee is not as lucky as he receives the full force of Dark's shot.

Wolf: The referee is down!

Ace: Well, that will fix the argument of being hooked together. But with no referee, there can be no winner!

Dark looks down at the referee. It's hard to tell if he's pissed at himself for hitting the wrong guy, or pissed at the referee for being stupid enough to not move. As he turns, he is just able to see the boot kick him square in the face.

Wolf: Big boot by FJ Tombs.

As Dark falls back, he grabs his face. He is caught by the turnbuckle, which holds him up.

Wolf: FJ Tombs wasting no time, on the offense. Rights and lefts to the ribs of Dark, obviously injured by that fire extinguisher.

Ace: He needs to utilize all the time he can as the referee tries to recover, so that he can have Dark down for the count and win this match.

FJ smashes Dark's face with a forearm before grabbing the top rope and using it for leverage as he sends multiple boots into the mid-section of his once attacker.

Wolf: FJ Tombs coming back with everything he has. Now with the shoulder thrust. Dark is wearing down.

Dark begins to scoot further down, almost to a sitting position in the corner as FJ begins stomping him again.

Ace: This is that place I said FJ needed to go. He had to reach down into the darkness of his soul and bring up this animalistic nature, and it's paying off.

FJ lifts Dark up some, then climbs to the second rope, straddling him. He holds Dark's head and raises his right hand, bringing it down with vicious punches. The crowd counts along as FJ hits his mark each time.

Wolf: Huge right hands by FJ Tombs. This is payback for everything Dark has done to him. This is him taking the torch being passed and running with it. This is FJ Tombs showing that he must come out with the win!

FJ brings one last fist down, he hops off the ropes. As he moves, Dark falls face forward and hits the mat with a thud.

Wolf: FJ Tombs may very well be the first Death Row champion!

The crowd cannot be contained as the scream. Not one person is in their seat. FJ grabs Dark's leg and drags him to exactly the middle of the ring.

Wolf: FJ now positioning Dark right where he needs him to be able to reach all four turnbuckles.

Ace: If he was still attached AND had a referee Waylon!

Tombs picks the open end of the rope up and begins to re-attach it.

Wolf: FJ Tombs complying with the referee.

Ace: What a role model for the kiddies huh? Cheater and argumentative

Wolf: In his defense, this type of high profile match will push any man to go outside of their norm.

Once the bull rope is secure and the referee agrees, FJ Tombs runs to the turnbuckle.

Everyone: ONE!

FJ jets to the next.

Everyone: TWO!!!

Dark gets to his knees and pulls on the rope. FJ Tombs flies backward.

Fans: Boo!

Wolf: Dark saves the match.

Ace: The fans really don't want Dark to win do they?

Dark scrambles to his feet heading to FJ. As he bends down to lift FJ up, Tombs raises his legs, placing them in Dark's stomach, and flips him over and into a sitting position in front of him.

Wolf: Don't count FJ Tombs out yet!

FJ takes a page out of Dark's book, and wraps the rope around his throat, placing his knee into Dark's back, and pulling to apply pressure.

Wolf: FJ Tombs now trying to put Dark out!

Dark reaches for the ropes, but cannot reach them.

Ace: Even if Dark grabs the rope, that doesn't break anything.

Wolf: Not in this match, not in Death Row!

Dark begins kicking. Every time he kicks, he is able to get closer to the ropes. Dark is finally able to get to the ropes. He throws his closest leg over the bottom and uses it to pull himself, which in turn gets him away from FJ Tombs who is forced to release his grip. Dark uses the ropes to pull himself up as FJ begins to get to his feet.

Wolf: What an epic battle this has been for the top prize in Death Row!

Ace: The only prize Waylon.

As FJ gets his footing, Dark looks at him and snarls.

Wolf: That can't be good.

FJ runs at Dark, who yanks on the rope just right so that the cowbell flings up and pops Tombs in the jaw. He grabs his face, blood can be seen coming through his fingers.

Wolf: Did he just knock some of FJ Tombs' teeth out?

Ace: Either that or he bit his tongue off.

Wolf: The pool of blood is massive!

The fans boo Dark, who doesn't stop.

Wolf: Boot to the gut of a hemorrhaging FJ Tombs.

Dark hooks his neck and lifts him almost all the way up, then suddenly drops Tombs on his head.

Wolf: BRAINBUSTER!!!!

Ace: Good googly moogly that looked bad!

Dark hits the mat with one fist, then a second. He looks at Tombs, smiling an evil smile. FJ Tombs is out cold and a bloody mess.

Wolf: Fans, after tonight, I can guarantee FJ Tombs will never be the same again. This match is a match that will shape you, and change you for the rest of your life.

Ace: He may need blood after this. He has lost a ton.

Wolf: Both men, bleeding. It is true; blood has been spilled for the coveted title.

Dark crawls a bit then gets up and taps the top of the first turnbuckle.

Wolf: There's one.

Ace: He's in no rush it seems.

Wolf: I don't think he can move any quicker.

Dark holds the top rope as he makes his way to the second. As he slaps it, he rest on the corner. Almost looking as if he will pass out.

Wolf: Two! FJ Tombs is still out. I wish Dark would hurry. This man needs medical attention!

Dark is able to stand on his own and walks to the third consecutive turnbuckle. Stepping over the rope so not to trip.

Wolf: Dark touches the third turnbuckle! One more!

The fans begin to boo very heavily.

Wolf: This is not who they want to win Tommy.

Ace: Well, experience triumphs.

Dark looks out to the crowd, just staring.

Wolf: This man has given most of his life to the sport.

Ace: Yea, but look at his history. He's a filthy, drunken bastard and the fans know it!

Dark spits toward the crowd and flips them off with both hands. He then looks at FJ Tombs, who still isn't moving. He spits in his direction and flips him off as well. The boos erupt.

Wolf: Dark walking to the last turnbuckle...

But he can't reach. Dark is literally one foot from the turnbuckle, but the rope will not allow him to advance any further.

Dark: [Very loudly] FUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!!!!

The fans begin to laugh at Dark. He yanks and pulls, barely budging. The referee checks on him, but is shoed off.

Wolf: Dark must touch the final turnbuckle without being interrupted to win, can he do it?

The referee turns and begins checking on FJ Tombs who is still out.

Wolf: I'm concerned about FJ Tombs.

Ace: I think he's dead.

The referee holds his arms up in an X motion toward the back. As he does, Dark is seen unhooking the strap around his wrist.

Wolf: What?! NO!

Once its undone, Dark grabs it with both hands and pulls as hard as he can, moving FJ's body along with him. He

throws an arm over the turnbuckle. The referee turns and rushes over. Dark slaps it twice then falls down, the end of the rope underneath him.

Wolf: The referee had to see that!

Ace: Everyone saw that!

The referee helps Dark to his feet, who has the strap back around his wrist, with one button undone. But it's still there. The referee begins calling for the bell.

Wolf: Dark wins!

Ace: He pulled a Tombs! But he did it in public view!

Dark drops to his knees as officials are helping Tombs out of the ring already, to clear him from the ring and get him attention.

Wolf: My God!

A Lethal Championship Crowning

Binge and Purge" by Clutch hits the PA. Dark's stumbles to his feet, his arms raised in victory, leaning up against the ropes to help him stand up. The DRW crowd boo and jeer unmercifully at Dark's victory as a cocky smirk comes across his face.

Dark's music stops to be replaced by the Death Row Wrestling's theme song as DRW Owner Tim Ross, along with Payton, walk slowly down to the ring, offering a congratulatory applause to Dark. Tim Ross has a large black bag tucked underneath his right arm. The ring ring scamper past the two and begin to assemble the post-match title ceremony inside the ring while Dark stands on the outside. The ring crew quickly roll out a black carpet with the DRW logo proudly emblazoned in gold in the center of the ring. A couple of Tiki torches are placed off center in the ring, while two other ring crew come down the ramp with a very large metal chair over their heads. Once inside the ring and placed between the Tiki torches, it is obvious this is no ordinary chair, but an electric chair used to execute criminals. Dark is a bit perplexed and darts his eyes back and forth from the chair to Tim Ross as if to say, "Are you serious?"

Tim Ross and Payton enter the ring and Time Ross asks for a microphone. Dark is a bit hesitant about getting in the ring. The DRW music dies down as Tim Ross begins to speak to Dark. \*

Ross: Hey, yo! YO! Dark! Dark! Hey, man! Ain't nuthin' to worry 'bout, dawg. It's all good. This ain't no REEEEEAL churr, yo. Yo, look! I'll sit my ass down in this churr.

Tim sits down in the chair without hesitation, but Payton, unaware the chair isn't hooked up, and assuming it is, starts freaking out and tries to pull Tim Ross out of the chair.

Ross: (to Dark) See, dawg! Ain't nuthin' going to happen. Yo ass ain't gonna be sizzlin' like a prok chop on a Sunday evening. So why don't you-

This entire time Payton was putting his hands all over Tim Ross trying to get him up out of the seat. Finally, Payton placed his hands too close to Tim Ross pectorals, and he quickly turns to Payton, glaring at him.

Ross: Yo, dawg! What the hell... is yo problem, sucka. Your hands got a mind o' they own or sump'n? You ain't getting enough poon tang, so you've decided to play for the other team?

Looks down at Payton's hands, still wrapped around Tim Ross chest, then glares at Payton.

Ross: You got two seconds to get yo hands offa me, or I'll have Yoshii squash you like a mutha fuckin' cockroach.

Payton reluctantly releases his hold on Tim Ross, who very slowly turns away from Payton, but eyeballing him as long as possible. By this time, Dark has stepped into the ring. Tim Ross excitedly gets up from the chair and motions Dark

to sit in the chair.

Ross: Go ahead and sit down in the churr, Dark. It's all about the photo opp. See you the poster boy now of Death Row Wrestling, and you gotta represent, see yo?

As Dark still hesitantly sits down in the chair, Tim Ross takes out the Death Row Wrestling Title Belt and places it in Death's lap. Local photographers begin taking pictures of Dark with the title belt. Tim Ross begins barking instructions at the photographers.

Ross: Yeah, dat's it. Make sure y'all take a whole bunch of pictures. I want this mutha fucka's face on magazines all over the world. I want the world to see that Death Row Wrestling is the best mutha fucking wrestling organization to hit the scene!

Ross: Hey, yo, Dark? My man! Hold that title up in yo lap so the world can see that bling bling you got! ...Yeah, dawg! Give me that shitty evil grin! Gimme that grin like you think you own da place! ... Yeah, dat's it!

Ross and Payton now step forward on either side of Dark and flash some sort of gang signs while the photographers take a few more pictures. Ross laughs.

Ross: One of the perks of being in DRW? Having yo picture taking with the boss! HAHAAHAHA!!!

The picture taking stops, Tim and Payton get out of their pose, and Dark stands up from the chair. He shakes Tim Ross hand, and holds the belt high over his head.

Ross: So now to make it official... Ladies and gentlemen... It is my honor, to introduce to you, your VERY FIRST...DEATH ROW WRESTLING CHAMPION....

Prometheus" begins to play and the lights go out in the arena except for a ominous dim blue light shining down over the electric chair. Everyone in the ring looks all around, as do the photographers outside the ring.

Ace: What the hell just happened? What is going on?

Wolf: Someone just pulled the plug on us, folks, and we are in almost total darkness.

Their attention is directed towards the top of the entrance ramp, where the mysterious masked man that has appeared at the beginning of every DRW episode thus far, emerges from behind the curtain. Dark curiously eyes the unknown man, however, Tim Ross and Payton appear extremely nervous.

Ace: Uh oh. It's this guy. I wonder what he wants? I wonder if he is pissed because the only spot he has gotten thus far in DRW is a few cameo appearances at the beginning of the show?

Wolf: That might explain why Tim Ross and Waylon look like they want to run.

The masked man has caused a lot of garbled chatter with the fans, all wondering who the masked man is. Finally, the masked man stomps down towards the ring.

Wolf: Here he comes!!!

Tim Ross and Payton run for cover. In his panic, Payton accidentally knocks Dark off his feet and back into the electric chair. As Payton falls to the floor, he hits a lever near the bottom of one of the legs of the chair, strapping Dark's wrists and ankles to the chair, unable to move.

The DRW Championship Belt lies a mere inches away at Dark's feet. Tim Ross and Payton bail out of the ring as do all of the photographers, except for one brave soul. Dark is trying to free himself but to no avail. He calls out for Tim Ross to help, but by now Ross and Payton are already on the top row of the lower level trying to make their way out of the arena entirely.

Ace: What's wrong with Tim Ross? That's his franchise player in that ring!!

Wolf: Something tells me that masked man has been looking, has been waiting, for this moment to happen, so that he can execute another soul.

Ace: Well, he wouldn't REALLY execute Dark... would he?!?!

The masked man arrives at the ring and punches out the lone photographer with one punch.

Wolf: I don't know, but as this masked man has entered the ring and our power has mysteriously come back on, this crowd has caught on to this rather interesting position Dark finds himself in, and are cheering the masked man on?

Dark is trying to wriggle free from his binds, but without success. The crowd continues to cheer as the masked man looks up at Tim Ross and Payton, who appear to be comfortable staying where they are.

An "EXECUTE" chant begins to break out, and the masked man, cocks his head curiously to one side looking up at the crowd. Dark knows what's going on, looks over at the masked man who hasn't acknowledged him yet, and continues to try and free himself. The masked man slowly begins to turn around and finally looks upon Dark. The crowd's cheers get louder and louder, and when the masked man points at Dark, their cheers reach a fever pitch.

Ace: This crowd is disgusting! How DARE they ask for a man like Dark to be executed... ON LIVE TV?!?!

Wolf: Yeah, a man like Dark.

Ace: I'm surprised at you, Waylon.

The masked man approached Dark's and get within a couple of inched form Dark's face, taunting him. He then reaches down and picks up the DRW Title, and begins to walk away.

Dark: Where the hell you going with my title, you sonofabitch!! You little pussy!!!

Crowd: WHOAAAAA!!!!

Ace: Uh oh! I don't think the masked man liked that! He stopped dead in his tracks!

The masked man turns around, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out a weapon.

Ace: LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!!!

The masked man approaches a still strapped Dark and pulls the trigger, sending a couple of wires into Dark's chest, and a few thousand volts of electricity coursing through Dark's body, causing him to convulse and spit and foam at the mouth. The crowd goes nuts.

Wolf: My God! This masked man has just LITERALLY shocked the holy hell out of Dark!! What a crazy insane and sadistic thing to do.

Ace: And this stupid crowd is actually CHEERING for it!!! What is wrong with these morons!!

Dark appears weak and loopy, still drooling. The masked man reaches into another pocket, and pulls out a syringe for all to see. A milky liquid fills the tube of the syringe.

Ace: Unh- uh!! No freaking way! This masked man isn't going to give Dark a Lethal Injection, is he?!

Crowd: EX-E-CUTE!! EX-E-CUTE!! EX-E-CUTE!! EX-E-CUTE!! EX-E-CUTE!!

Wolf: I think this crowd wants an execution. I don't know about all this. Dark is shaking his head "no", but I don't think this masked man really cares. Is he going to do it?!?

Ace: He's going to kill Dark! He's REALLY going to do it, Waylon!! The sonofabitch is going to do it!!

The masked man reaches over and jabs the needle into the inside of Dark's arm at the elbow. Dark screams in pain and agony, but the masked man merely looks on while grabbing a microphone.

Ace: WE NEED HELP OUT HERE!!! SOMEBODY GET THE EMT'S OUT HERE!!! DARK'S DYING!!!

Wolf: Wait, look! I think the masked man is going to say something!!

Ace: What?!?! I'm sorry, Dark, I just killed you?!?!?!?

The crowd quiets down as the masked man brings the microphone up to his mouth. Poor Dark appears to be in tears, and appears to be fading fast. He looks up at the masked man, asking "why"

Masked Man: You know, Dark. If it were a simple matter of killing you.... and MURDER was NOT illegal... I wouldn't have gone through all this trouble to put you away. My methods are more subtle, more sophisticated. So while you're sitting there, crying your eyes out, pissing in your pants, and thinking this is the final moments of your life.... think of the two people that made you famous....

Crowd cheers in excitement.

Ace: Two people? Who is he talking about? Tim Ross and Payton?

Masked Man: FIRST... the local anesthesiologist... who gave me just enough medicine to make your your ass is knocked out for the next TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!!!

Dark realizes he wasn't injected with potassium chloride and will live another day, but he is too groggy to really celebrate, other than a very weak smile. The crowd laughs and cheers at the joke played on Dark.

Wolf: Dark's been punked by this masked man! This was all a prank!

Ace: Thank God for that!

Masked Man: And the SECOND person you can thank for making you famous....

Masked Man leans real close to Dark's face.

Masked Man: .... is ME!!!

The masked man pulls off his mask, revealing, the one, the only, former United Toughness Alliance legend, The Purple Haired Freak, The Sadistic Nut himself...

Ace: IT'S THE SPECTRE!!!!!!

Crowd: YEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!!!

Wolf: Listen to this crowd!!! They've come unglued!!! The Spectre is in Death Row Wrestling!!

Ace: And I don't even know if Dark saw who the masked man really was before passing out. This was a sick prank by The Spectre!

Wolf: Well, this crowd absolutely loves it! And pardon my French, but this place has gone apeshit over the return of The Spectre! But the question is.... what is or will be Spectre's role in DRW, and what will be the repercussions, if any, for Spectre's acts towards Dark tonight.

For all of us here at Death Row Wrestling, we bid you a goodnight. And we will see you in two weeks at Death Row Wrestling's FIRST Internet Pay Per View entitled Death From Above! Goodnight everyone!!!

Ace: Hey, somebody check on Dark! Make sure he REALLY IS ALIVE!!!

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite