

# Lethal Injection: V

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**Promotion:** United Toughness Alliance  
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## Results

### Lethal Injection V

Segment

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20 Jun 2012

The Oil Palace, Tyler, Texas (seats 8,300)

#### Introduction

There is no electric chair, there is no hallway into a lethal injection room. There is only darkness. The masked man has been revealed, and we have moved on. You lick the hot wing sauce off of your fat fucking fingers as you find the Lethal injection stream on [DeathRowWrestling.com](http://DeathRowWrestling.com), then you click it.

Yea you do, you fat fuck.

Buffering. Instead of feeding your pudgy face in your momma's basement, maybe you should get off your ass, get a job, and get some real internet. Of course, that wont matter soon if Death Row moves to a television network, does it?

Of course, that is to be seen.

The stream plays...

3...

2...

1...

WELCOME TO DEATH ROW.

As we fade up from darkness the screams of thousands can be heard. A panoramic shot of the jam packed Oil Palace in Tyler, Texas fills the screen. Backwood rednecks sure like their wrestling and they show it with the intensity in the air.

Of course, their hometown hero FJ Tombs will be in action.

That's enough to make any cousin fucker happy in the pants. We get shots of signs in the crowd.

HOW > DRW

#Hashtag

FJ is My Baby Daddy!

Maynard Crane is My Hero

Finally, the camera lowers and sets upon our host for the evening, and every evening. Our amazing commentary team,

Waylon Wolf and Tommy Ace, sit obviously excited to have work.

Wolf: Welcome everyone to Death Row Wrestling's Lethal Injection five, live from Tyler, Texas in the world famous Oil Palace! I'm Waylon Wolf, and along with me as every show is the one and only...

Ace: TOMMY ACE! Woo! Baby it's good to be back in Texas!

Wolf: Oh yea? You like Texas Tommy?

Ace: Hell no! But I sure as hell like this corn fed heifer who brings me enchiladas every time I call a show here, followed up by some post-show pu...

Wolf: We get it Tommy, you like fat women.

Ace: Cushion for the pushin' Waylon!

Wolf: We have some good matches for you tonight, including a special main event brought to us live via satellite from Huntsville, Texas straight out of the state penitentiary.

Ace: I wonder if anyone is going to drop the soap.

Wolf: I'd advise against it. Of course, maybe the biggest news tonight, Tim Ross addresses the future of Death Row Wrestling! Will he take the unknown potential investor's money, or will he go with Lee Best and join Best Studios?!

Ace: I think he just needs to get in line for government cheese and keep it how it is. Death Row is gritty and dangerous. Who wants to conform to the standard when we can become the standard?

Wolf: I think growth is natural and progression is needed.

Ace: Tomato, Potato.

Wolf: That makes no sense.

Ace: Neither does the fact we are still talking when we have so much action tonight!

Wolf: You have a point there... it's time ladies and gentlemen, for LETHAL INJECTION!

A Beautiful Entrance

The double doors to the back entrance of the arena burst open in the most dramatic fashion, all that's missing is the solo spotlight and a fog machine...

Wait, what's this? Fog suddenly begins to creep into the halls from the open doors as a lone figure walks through the fog, shoulders back, chest out, arrogance oozing out of every pore when he suddenly breaks out into a hacking cough.

???: Damn it, I told you, less fog!

Coughing and waving his hand frantically in front of his head in an attempt to clear the creeping fog, the figure turns and looks around the hall. Seeing a pair of large black guys standing off the side, the figure casually toss them an object that gleams in the light as it sails into one of their waiting hands.

???: Find a nice spot for me, near the front, will ya.

Confusion turns to surprise, which then turns into glee, as the pair, known as the H-Town Hustlas, rush past the new arrival and out into the parking lot, keys to a new Ford Mustang in hand. The figure, removing his sun glasses, flashes a brilliant smile towards the cameras as he continues to walk down the hall.

???: My nigger, what's up!?

Tim Ross turns around at the unexpected voice, shock, confusion, and budding anger quickly show on his face as he sizes up the unknown arrival.

Ross: Excuse me motha fucka, what you just say to me?

???: What? Did I say it wrong, my nigger?

Ross: I don't know who you talking to like that nigga, I ain't no man's nigger, especially no white bred faggot like you...

???: Wait, I'm confused, I've been watching the show and that's how everyone seems to greet each other around these parts. So don't get your panties in a wad, my nigger, please.

Ross: Say my nigger one more time! I mean it, say my nigger one more time nigga! I swear, I'll drop you 6 feet into the ground right here, right now! Go ahead nigga, say it!

???: Perhaps we've gotten off on the wrong foot. Here, Let me introduce myself, as if you don't already know, but I'm "Beautiful" Bobby Dean and I'm pretty famous. Perhaps you've heard of me?

Not waiting for the still confused Tim Ross to answer, Bobby Dean steam rolls right on through.

Dean: Of course you have, like I said, I'm pretty popular. You know, the "Name that Entertains," or perhaps, the "Moist Maker?" Anyway, I'm finally here.

Ross: Finally here? Whatcha talking about?

Dean: Well, like I said, I've been watching the shows and I got to admit, you guys need a name with some actual drawing power. I mean sure you got cVc and CCJ but they're no BBD. There is only one "Beautiful" Bobby Dean, and now you've got him.

Ross: Motha fucka, don't you know, we don't need you around these parts, playa.

Dean: I'm sorry, I'm having such a difficult time understanding you. So, how about we just go ahead and assume you've accepted my gracious offer to lower my standards by working in these slums for you, and you'll just go ahead and give me the shot at the title I so rightfully deserve. K, thnx, bye.

With that said, the man known as BBD, smiles, nods his head, and turns walking away from the confused Tim Ross. Putting his sunglasses back on his face, BBD walks out into the darkness of the parking lot, looking for his car.

Dean: Wait, where's my car!? Where are those two Valet drivers!?

Fracture vs. House of Pain

Wolf: That's right ladies and gentlemen, Lethal Injection Five is streaming to you live from Tyler, Texas.

Ace: Yes, indeedy, Wolf, you excited? I'm holding back a chub.

Wolf: We're all excited Ace for tonight, a card which features cVc and Cancer Jiles in a match picked by the Death Row Fans, a prison cell match!

Ace: Two men enclosed in a cell, engaged in deadly combat. Will the COOL One put down cVc, or will the Trailer Park Prodigy prevail?

Wolf: That's tonight folks! On Lethal Injection Five, that's Lethal Injection Five, brought to you by Eugene's Beaver Fur Maxipads, the only maxipad with the strength of a beaver's dam. We're talking serious flow stoppage here folks.

Ace: And Bloody Clown beer, its the beer clowns drink.

Wolf: Well, we're about set for our first match folks, lets head down to the ring!

Escape The Fate begins to play as Schism and Rupture, collectively know as Fracture come bursting through the curtain.

Wolf: Fracture of course coming off a big win at the iPPV over the H-Town Hustlas and the Untouchables, Ace. Looking

here to no doubt continue their dominance.

Ace: Yeah if Tim Ross ever gets him a decent tag team division, I see these guys being right at the tippy top. Who knows, gold may even be in these men's future.

They run down the ramp, hardly giving the music any chance to build up, charging straight to the ring. Rupture slides in as Schism, right behind him jumps under the bottom rope, rolling to his feet. Rupture runs off the ropes a few times while Schism climbs a corner and does a back flip just as Rupture jumps to the middle rope on the opposite side of the ring and does a pose.

Wolf: These guys are a couple of high-energy daredevils Ace. This should be an action packed night tonight Ace.

Ace: Don't go counting out the House of Pain, both members have long pasts glittering with gold. They've both won titles multiple times in other federations Wolf.

Wolf: But this is The Row.

Ace: Right as always Wolf, I'm just saying these guys aren't to be overlooked. They may be new here in The Row, but there are a lot of marks out there drooling all over these guys: both Derek Mobley and Warrick Hill.

The drum beat to Superstition by Stevie Wonder starts up as the lights in The Oil Palace start to go down. The beat picks up as Derek, with a lit cigarette hanging from his mouth emerges from behind the curtain with the other half of House of Pain, Warrick Hill. They make their way to the ring at their own, steady pace.

Wolf: Feeling superstitious tonight Ace?

Ace: Don't be ridiculous, I'm a man of science. . .

Wolf: So you've got Fracture to win tonight?

Ace: Now I didn't exactly say that. . .

House of Pain splits at the bottom of the ramp, with Derek sliding into the ring as Warrick climbs to the top of a turnbuckle. He looks out on the crowd and flicks his cigarette at a fan. They meet together in the ring as Superstition starts to die down.

Wolf: Tag team action about to be underway.

The bell sounds to begin the match as Warrick Hill and Schism lockup as does Mobley and Rupture.

Wolf: We've got a double collar and elbow tie up!

Schism and Rupture both throw knees into stomachs, as they each shoot their guys off.

Wolf: House of Pain off of the ropes.

Both men duck as Fracture leap frogs. All four men turn around, Fracture jump.

Wolf: Double drop kick!

Ace: Fracture may look goofy as hell, but they work together great!

Each member of Fracture lifts a House of Pain alumni up to their feet. Fracture nods to each other and whip their opponents into the ropes again.

Wolf: House of Pain on the return again.

Fracture run back, hit the ropes. As they meet House of Pain in the middle of the ring they leap.

Wolf: Double cross-body blocks!

As they hit the mat with force, Warrick Hill rolls out of the ring as Derek Mobley holds his mid-section. Fracture talk amongst themselves before Schism exits the ring to the apron, allowing Rupture to be the legal man along with Mobley.

Wolf: It seems as if the match is about to officially begin, but can House of Pain make a come back?

Ace: It's been all Fracture up until now, if they can keep the momentum then there is no question about who will walk out winner tonight.

Rupture walks over to Derek Mobley who is getting to his feet.

Wolf: Rupture sending Mobley into the corner turnbuckle. Runs, and leaps. Huge splash!

As Rupture hits, he bounces back and catches his footing. Mobley stumbles forward a bit, Rupture runs around him, leaps to the second rope and jumps off twisting in the air with a kick to the back of Derek's head.

Wolf: The agility of Rupture is nothing short of amazing.

Rupture reaches out and tags Schism in. Schism climbs the turnbuckle from the outside as Mobley stumbles in the ring. He leaps, catching Mobley's neck with his legs and spins around, flipping Derek to the mat.

Wolf: Hurricarrana!

Ace: This one is over!

Schism covers Derek Mobley as Warrick Hill rushes the ring, but is met with a drop kick from Rupture as the referee drops to count.

Wolf: It could be over!

Ace: It is!

The referee hits the three and calls for the bell.

Wolf: Fracture with a quick, but huge win here on Lethal Injection!

Their music hits as they hug then raise each other's hands in the air to celebrate.

Don't Worry About Maynard

Our view goes backstage, Tim Ross' office to be exact. Tim is sitting in his chair, behind his desk in deep thought as the office door opens. Tha Krew step into the office.

Ross: What da fuck you need?

Leon Williams steps forward.

Williams: Couple mutha fuckas wanna see you boss.

Ross: Send them in.

Wes Payton motions for the visitors to come in. The Untouchables, Jeff Andrews and Ronnie Long, walk into the office and to the front of Tim Ross' desk.

Ross: What da fuck you want? I'm a busy nigga tonight.

Jeff Andrews looks at Ronnie then at Ross.

Andrews: Everyone is telling us Maynard Crane isn't here tonight. We where just curious about our match.

Tim ross smirks a bit before answering.

Ross: Don't worry bout dat nigga Maynard Crane, I got Crane handled. You two take the night off and rest up, cause

on Lethal Injection VI you got to face two low down, dirty mutha fuckas.

The Untouchables look at each other then at Ross.

Andrews: Who?

Leon and Wes each tap one of The Untouchables on the shoulders. They turn around.

Payton: Us nigga.

The Untouchables turn around toward Tim.

Andrews: These guys haven't even had a match and you expect us to face them?

Tim just looks at Jeff.

Ross: Nigga, you two aint even had a good match. Get yo asses out my office before I have them beat yo teef in dis week.

Long: This is bull.

The Untouchables turn and walk toward the door and out of the office. Ross points at tha Krew.

Ross: You two niggas betta beat those asses on the next show. I need a team who is ruthless to hold the new title.

Williams: Sho' nuff boss.

Payton: Sho' nuff.

Ross: Good, now get da fuck out my office. I got shit to do.

Talent Evaluation: Dylan Daniels

The visual switches backstage. Inside what appears to be the office of Tim Ross, sits a man who is not Tim Ross behind the big, fancy desk.

Sporting an all black suit, with a Superman tie bringing the color, Doozer waits.

~KNOCK~KNOCK~

The Dooze looks up anxiously with a smug, little smile pushing his cheeks apart.

Doozer: Enter, minion.

Voice: Uhhh - okay.

Through the opening door, steps...

Dylan Daniels.

Doozer: Sit, min-

Tim Ross' office phone rings. The blue eyes of The Dooze dart left and align their focus on phone. The eyebrows above them scrunch in confusion. After three rings, he answers.

Doozer: H-hello, this is-

Voice of Tim Ross: [interrupting] Quit the minion shit. You're my minion. The wrestler's are my minions.

Doozer: [interjecting] But I'm Head of Tal-

Voice of Tim Ross: [interrupting again] I know what the fuck you are. And you don't get minions yet. Now get this stupid fuckin' talent eval done already. You know what you gotta do, so stop beating around the bush.

Doozer: [head nodding] Okay.

Voice of Tim Ross: Okay, what?

Doozer's eyes widen and he looks up at Dylan Daniels, now sitting in front of Tim Ross's desk, with shame. He forces the next words out.

Doozer: Okay, sir.

Voice of Tim Ross: You god damn right... minion.

Swallowing what pride remains within, The Dooze hangs up the phone and addresses the wrestler sitting across the desk.

Doozer: So, Dylan...

Dylan Daniels: Doo-

Doozer: [interrupting] No talking, min- [catching himself] - stral of match...es...

A cross look from Daniels.

Doozer: Today, we discuss your future here at Death Row Wrestling.

Dylan Daniels: Sounds goo-

Doozer: [interrupting, and finger-shaking] Nope. Still not your turn.

The Dooze takes a sip of water from a Superman-themed nalgene on his err- Tim Ross' desk. That's right, water. Not Bud Light. Which most would claim is not much different than water.

Doozer: Let's just get down to business, shall we?

Dylan Daniels straightens his posture, seemingly unsure of whether or not it was finally his turn to speak. Technically, The Dooze did ask a question... but typically that type of question is rhetorical. Oh, Mr. Daniels' dilemma... Luckily, Doozer picks up before Dylan can make the wrong move.

Doozer: What's your five year plan?

Dylan Daniels: Well, I tho-

Doozer: [interrupting] Fuck it, I can't do this. You're five year plan is outside of Death Row Wrestling.

Daniels, more confused now than ever, opens his mouth to respond but Doozer quickly raises his right index finger to hush him up.

The Dooze tightens his tie around his neck, then puts on his best Trump face.

Doozer: Yew're foi-yad.

Mind you, he's a retired wrestler... not a professional actor or imitator.

The newly unemployed Dylan Daniels instantly jumps out of his chair to his feet. His face lobster red and steam rolling out of his ears. He raises his right finger and points it straight in front of Doozer's face. Then, as if The Dooze pushed an emergency button under the desk, enters Tha Krew. Arms crossed, they stand at the door staring at Daniels. Dylan immediately recognized a lost battle. He lowers his arm, drops his head, and trudges out of office.

Scene cuts to the view of Doozer crossing a line through something on the lone piece of paper sitting in front of him. The look on his face, surprisingly, is melancholy.

Skidd Row vs Harold Halloway

The lights in The Oil Palace dim, the crowd buzzing in anticipation of the next scheduled match. Harold Halloway is

already in the ring. A drunk in one of the rows haw-haws, as he is already well into his drink, having already burned forty bucks on cold, delicious brew. The missus will not be happy tonight, but he is happy now: he's filthy drunk. The unmistakable intro to Sabatoge rips through the P.A. system and the crowd pops.

The cheers maintain their initial burst of enthusiasm as Skidd row appears in a tattered black shirt and blue wrestling shorts, his face crafted like stone, set in determination.

Wolf: Here is a kid with guts ladies and gentlemen, no doubt about it. He has a past in the indies, but has never had a chance anywhere.

Skidd Row stands for a moment, the intro music reaching its crescendo:

I can't stand it--

I know you planned it--

This WATERGATE

Skidd Row charges down the ramp, head full of steam. The fans reach out to touch him, the drunk seen puking himself as Skidd runs past. He doesn't see the fans, he sees only the ring that he hopes will help to bring him the fame and success he believes he rightfully deserves.

Wolf (cont): Now, he's in The Row, looking to perhaps change his own fate. All he wants is a chance, Ace. . .

Ace: That goes without saying Wolf--you've got to have guts to be in the Row--what with guys like Maynard and Tarrasque running around. But I don't know: is that really enough Wolf? Guts can only get you so far.

Wolf: Well no one can say Skidd Row is a coward, he has come to fight week in and week out since joining The Row.

Ace: Yeah, but can he win?

Wolf: Maybe if you quit your jabbering we'll find out.

Ace: Wolf old chap, I fear your age is getting to you: you forget that that is what we're supposed to do! Jabbering is our job!

Skidd Row stands in the ring after having slid under the bottom rope. The lights brighten and Sabatoge slowly fades from hearing. As if controlled by the music, the fans quiet down to a low drone.

Wolf: Well anyhow, the fans certainly buzzing here today in Tyler, Texas, for this our second match of the evening.

Ace: These Texans love their wrestling!

The bell sounds to start the match.

Wolf: Harold Halloway has a slight size advantage over Skidd Row, but don't count Row out as he has proven he can defiantly hang here in Death Row.

Ace: That's confusing when you say his last name and Death Row.

Wolf: Just call the match Tommy.

Harold jolts forward toward Skidd.

Wolf: Skidd Row side steps.

Halloway puts his arm out, grabbing the top rope to stop himself. As he turns around he is just in time to see Skidd running toward him, arm stretched out.

Wolf: Harold Halloway sent over the top rope with that clothesline.

Halloway hits the side of the apron before falling to the floor.

Ace: Skidd Row needs to use this to his advantage. Take the size out of the equation.

Skidd Row looks down at Harold, then behind him. He runs back and uses the ropes to gain momentum.

Wolf: SKIDD ROW OVER THE TOP ROPE! HE FLIES!

Skidd flips over in air and lands a leg drop catching Halloway right in the chest.

Wolf: SKidd Row with an amazing leg drop from out of the ring and over the top rope!

Ace: Yea, but did you see how he landed?

Skidd Row holds his head from how it hit the floor. Harold Halloway seems to gasp for air, as if he can't breath.

Wolf: High risk maneuver, paid off, but Skidd Row paying the price.

The official is checking on both guys, but Skidd soon puts his hand up as if to say he is OK.

Wolf: Skidd Row not out of this yet.

Ace: I like this guy. The name not so much, but this guy right here, yea I like him.

Wolf: Are you drunk?

Ace: Maybe a little, but what's it to you? Yea I said it. Wanna fight about it?

Wolf: You're stupid Tommy.

Skidd uses the apron to pull himself to his feet. He rubs his head and shakes it off before pushing past the official and stomping Harold Halloway in the chest.

Wolf: Skidd Row has a lot of built up aggression from his loss at Death from Above.

Ace: I thought Ross sent a memo out to pretend like that event never happened.

Wolf: We may have had a few glitches, but you have to admit that Death from Above was interesting.

Ace: Eh.

Skidd Row lifts Harold Halloway halfway up before coming forward with a knee to the side of his face. Halloway hits the floor.

Wolf: Skidd Row defiantly making it known that although he is small in size, he can dish out the punishment.

Skidd holds the top of the barrier and uses it to lift himself up, and bring as knee down into the face of Harold Halloway.

Wolf: Skidd Row back to his feet.

He looks into the camera and yells that he should be the number one contender.

Wolf: Skidd Row lifting Harold Halloway up, directs him toward the ring.

Skidd slams Halloway face first into the metal corner post. Halloway grabs his face and stumbles back turning around. As he removes his hands, he reveals blood trickling down his forehead.

Wolf: Skidd Row with an elbow to the busted open face of Harold Halloway.

Ace: This guy is defiantly not impressing me, not good for a debut.

Skidd rolls Halloway into the ring, then slides in himself.

Wolf: Skidd Row still in full control. You know that Tim Ross must be sitting in the back, very impressed by Row.

Ace: This guy is just awesome.

Halloway slowly uses the ropes to pull himself up as Skidd Row waits patiently behind him.

Wolf: Skidd Row waiting patiently.

Harold turns around and Skidd Row locks his arm across Harold's chest and under his arm. He throws his free arm out, leans slightly back and leaps up, flipping Halloway over and to the mat, covering him after the standing moonsault side slam hits perfectly. The fans pop like crazy.

Wolf: DOWN ON SKIDD ROW!

The referee slides in and begins counting.

Wolf: that was beautiful!

The fans count along with the referee as he hits three and the bell sounds.

Wolf: Skidd Row pulls off an amazing win!

Ace: Skidd Row might have just stolen the show with his performance there, and the hearts of Americans everywhere!

Wolf: Wow, really Tommy? Lay off the drink.

The Call

We go backstage where Tim Ross is in his office, prepping for his big announcement tonight. The phone rings.

Tim Ross: This is Ross, who there?

Caller: Do you need a dictionary tossed at your fucking head? When you answer your phone you should at least sound somewhat professional being a business owner.

Tim Ross: Nigga, Imma reach trthrough this phone and choke yo ass.

Caller: What we have here is failure to communicate, some men you just cannot reach, so we get what we have here. Which I guess, is the way you want it. Well, you won't get it today, no matter if you like it or not!

Tim Ross: I don't know who da fuck you think you are nigga, but I'm mutha fuckin' Tim "The Boss" Ross and I run shit around here! Bring yo ass to my office and talk shit!

Caller: Really now Timmy? You spent time in some prison being Bubba's bitch and suddenly you're hardcore? Suddenly, you have balls the size of grapefruit and want to swing them freely huh? Listen here Ross, I wanted to do you a favor.

Tim Ross: Look nigga, if you got somethin' to say,say it. Otherwise get off the line. I got shit to deal with tonight.

Caller: I wanted to make a courtesy call. It is merely just a policy sorts, to let you and your wrestlers know that their time is up. Next Lethal Injection, I will not just be in the building, but I will be leaving a major mark on this company!

Tim Ross: Is that so? Well talk is cheap mutha fucka. Don't call me nigga and talk shit, walk the talk nigga.

Caller: Just make sure that mark is not my foot print on your fucking face, BITCH!

Silence.

Ross: Did this nigga just hang up on me? Did this nigga hurr, just hand up on me? Mutha fucka!

He slams the phone down and sits there. He doesn't seem to stay mad for long as a smile slowly comes across his face as he realizes what is about to happen next show.

Tim Ross: Wes, Leon.. Make sure dat nigga has access next show, shits about to get real here in Death Row.

Impromptu Talent Evaluation: Harold Halloway

Backstage.

What appear to be three medical assistants huddled around the recently beaten and bruised Harold Halloway have their work cut out for them. They are busy checking vitals, making notes, and overall assessing the wrestler's physical health after taking such abuse at the hands of Skidd Row. Halloway, barely able to keep himself sitting upright, groans (and periodically screams) in pain as the medics poke and prod away at his person. However, they continue with their work, not knowing if the source of the outbursts are induced pain or Harold's turrets.

Out of nowhere, Death Row's Head of Talent Management, Doozer comes charging around a corner with both hands covering his... private area. Looks like a classic example of too much caffeine - too few bathroom breaks.

The sight of Harold Halloway's dire condition, however, stops The Dooze in his tracks. He looks at Halloway, then reaches into an inside pocket of his suit and pulls out a piece of paper. He scans what appears to be his Talent Evaluation sheet, then looks back at Harold.

Doozer: Oh, wow. It's even worse than it looked from the match coverage. You alright, Halloway?

Harold groans.

Doozer: Rude. I mean... you may be beaten bloody, but it's not like you have a mental disorder or anything. Surely you can answer a higher-up, like myself, when asked a question.

Another groan. Doozer grimaces, then pulls a pen out from another pocket and writes some notes down on his sheet. Obviously, The Dooze missed the boat on the whole Harold suffers from turrets thing.

Doozer: Wrong move, Halloway. I remember when I was young and dumb, like you. Thinking that no else mattered but me. Making up excuses for my lack of abilities, if you will. That's not the way to live life, my man. Maybe we can work more closely together here in the next few months and I can help get you on the right track. How's that sound?

An unfortunately timed outburst.

Harold Halloway: ASSCLOWN!

The Dooze frowns, then nods his head as if taking the outburst as a form of constructive criticism. He scribbles a couple more notes on his talent sheet, then looks back up at Harold.

Doozer: Actually...

Trump face.

Doozer: YEW'RE FIO-YAHD!

Halloway instinctively attempts to stand in protest, but is pushed back down into his seat by the medics in front of him. He groans in pain and relents back into his seat.

Harold Halloway: FUCK!

Odds are - that wasn't the turrets.

I'm home.

Wolf: Up next of course we have FJ Tombs vs. the monster Tarrasque.

Ace: I was watching em bring in the raw meat trucks. Rumor has it Tarrasque eats a whole cow raw before his matches. HIGH IN PROTEIN. Maybe Tombs should just try and appease the beast with some of the best cuts from his father's butcher shop!

Wolf: Tombs is a tested warrior here in The Row, having been in the tournament for the Death Row Title, which Dark of course now holds, and also having been in the gauntlet match, Ace.

Ace: Where he put on a good showing of course, but in the end it was down to just Skidd Row and Cancer Jiles, and two Terminal Cancer's later, Cancer is the new number one contender.

Wolf: You can bet Tombs is determined for a win tonight after the loss.

Ace: If you disagree he'd probably tell you to kiss his--

"Kiss My County Ass" fills the Oil Palace as several people jump up to their feet. A large section of people in the bleachers cheer even louder as FJ Tombs makes his way from the back. In addition to his ring gear, he is sporting a blue, UT Tyler Patriot's shirt and carrying a large Texas flag. He makes his way all the way to the ring where he secures the flag in the corner of the ring. Then he drops back down to the floor and walks up the entrance before stopping.

Tombs: What is this?

Tombs points to a sign being held up by a man with short brown hair, a thin beard, and a bright sunburn across his face and arms.

Wolf: Look at that sign!

Ace: Even in his home town someone agrees with my call from last week.

Tombs: [To the man holding the sign] may I?

Tombs hold the sign up for everyone to read it. In pink letters, it read "Forget Death Row, FJ Tombs wants to be CORNHOLED!" Tombs smiles before handing the sign back to man. He shakes his head before making his way back to the ring. He hops onto the apron and threw the ropes. The time keeper hands him a microphone. Tombs waits a second looking around at the crowd.

Tombs: East Texas, you have no idea how happy I am to be home!

The crowd cheers!

Tombs: Now some of you know me but for those that don't, I am FJ Tombs. Now you may be wondering why I have never grab a mic before. I have always heard you have two ears and one mouth. So you need to listen twice as much as you speak. So I have been quit and listening. Though there is no place like home to break the silence. I came to Death Row Wrestling to be the best that I can be. When you are setting out to see who is the toughest man in the room you are sure to get knocked down but you have to get back up. I'm back on my feet and more than ready for Tarrasque.

Tombs stops for a moment.

Tombs: So Tarrasque I hope you have spent the last two week practicing how to fall down because I'm going to show you how we fight, deep in the heart of.....[A large amount of the crowd joins in.].....TEXAS!!!!

The crowd cheers as Tombs toss the microphone back to the time keeper. He walls to a close corner and begins stretches as he waits for Tarrasque.

FJ Tombs vs Tarrasque

Ladies and Gentlemen by Salvia begins to play in The Oil Palace, the crowd suddenly growing morose. . .

Wolf: And here comes the monster. . .

Ace: Hide your children everybody!

Tarrasque runs out from behind the curtain, roaring, his arms outstretched his strenoclidomastoids like dock ropes coming up out of his massive chest, his hands two big, weighted sledgehammers. A massive figure, a genetic beast,

he fills the entire entrance, dwarfing its size. His chin drips fresh blood.

Wolf: What--what is that Ace! It's--it's

Ace: It's blood!

Wolf: That can't be sanitary. . .

Ace: I think Anderson needs to take that thing to the vet, it's definitely got worms.

The blood drips down Tarrasque's chin, his teeth specked with bits of half-masticated raw beef. From behind him appears 'The Brain' Allen Anderson in an expensive three piece suit. He hobbles after Tarrasque on a fine wooden cane with a globe for a handle. It is in his humble opinion that he holds the whole world in his hand, and with a man/beast/monster/thing/abomination like Tarrasque on your side, there are few willing to challenge that assertion. Make way, piss ants.

Wolf: Allen of course just may be the only person keeping Tarrasque from killing us all. He is Tarrasque's conscience, for he has none. He is Tarrasque's off switch, and without him there is no telling what horror this monster could unleash upon the world.

Ace: Good bless Allen Anderson! The chain for this beast's dastardly neck! It is in my opinion that perhaps Tim Ross has made a mistake hiring this monster. I know if he lays a finger on me I'll sue.

Wolf: If he lays a finger on you, you won't be alive long enough to sue.

Allen Anderson and Tarrasque walk to the ring, Tarrasque smiling at Tombs with images of violence floating through his head. Tarrasque climbs in the ring, Allen Anderson entering soon after.

Announcer: Ladies and Gentlemen, introducing first, hailing from Athens, Texas [pop], weighing in at two-hundred and seventy-five pounds, standing six feet, five inches. . . He is. . . F. . . J. . . Toooooombs!

The crowd pops as FJ Tombs raises his arms for everyone in the crowd to see. The crowd quiets down and Tombs resumes his calisthenics.

Announcer: His opponent. . . From Akira, China, weighing in at two-hundred and eighty-five pounds, standing six feet, seven inches, accompanied to the ring by 'The Brain' Allen Anderson, he is the monster. . . the product of the Warhammer Corporation. . . he is. . . Tarrrrraasssque!

Wolf: Massive weight disparity here. Tarrasque with the advantage in all the important categories Ace.

Ace: Yes, but Tarrasque isn't exactly what we call smart. Tombs is gonna have to use his brains and his speed here tonight, if he has any hopes of surviving.

The bell rings...

Wolf: There's not much to choose from in size between these two.

Ace: Physically similar, but their mentalities couldn't be more different.

Tarrasque storms across the ring at FJ Tombs, who sidesteps and Tarrasque hits the corner.

Wolf: No feeling out process, its action straight from the bell.

FJ Tombs starts to unload on Tarrasque with rights and lefts, he slows down before sending a knee into the gut of Tarrasque and attempting to send him across the ring into the opposite corner.

Ace: He puts the breaks on.

Tarrasque doesn't leave the corner though, he holds onto the ropes and uses his strength to pull FJ Tombs towards him and into the corner.

Wolf: What strength!

Tarrasque throws a big right hand but FJ Tombs moves out of the way and once again starts throwing rights and lefts, this time to the body of Tarrasque.

Ace: Early on and it looks like FJ Tombs is just a tad quicker than his opponent.

Tarrasque manages to get his hands up to protect himself, he then pushes FJ away sending him across the ring.

Wolf: Another impressive display of strength!

Tarrasque comes out of the corner as FJ Tombs is getting to his feet, he sends him off into the ropes with an Irish whip and swings for a big clothesline but FJ Tombs ducks it and comes off the ropes.

Ace: Big shoulder tackle....

Wolf: And Tarrasque hits the canvas for the first time in this contest.

As Tarrasque gets to his feet FJ Tombs kicks him in the shoulder forcing him to stand up straight. Tombs then pokes Tarrasque in the eye and locks on a sleeper.

Ace: It might be a bit early to go for a submission.

Wolf: I think Tombs just wants to buy a little time.

Tarrasque pushes Tombs back into the corner and breaks the hold before he staggers into the middle of the ring.

Ace: It didnt take much for the Beast to get out of that one.

Tarrasque turns and charges towards FJ Tombs, but at the last minute he manages to get his boot up and kick Tarrasque square in the jaw. FJ Tombs then runs out of the corner and hits the ropes on the far side of the ring, he bounces off them and takes Tarrasque down with a big running boot.

Wolf: Twice he takes one in the face.

Ace: FJ Tombs with a cover...

ONE

.....

Wolf: He gets a shoulder up.

FJ Tombs pulls Tarrasque to his feet quickly, throwing an arm around his neck and hooking him for a suplex.

Ace: Two very big men doing battle in the ring now.

FJ Tombs tries to lift Tarrasque into the air, but he dead weights him. He tries once more but Tarrasque sends a knee into his gut and Tombs drops to the canvas.

Wolf: That knocked the wind right out of him.

Tarrasque starts to ruthlessly stomp away to the body of Tombs who curls up trying to protect himself.

Ace: You can only imagine what size boot Tarrasque is.

FJ Tombs starts to pull himself up using the ropes. Tarrasque sends him across the ring with an Irish whip, he comes off the ropes and Tarrasque grabs him around the throat as if he's going for a chokeslam. FJ Tombs then starts replying with elbows to the back of the head.

Wolf: It might be to early for a move like that.

Tombs breaks free but almost as soon as he does he gets kicked in the stomach and bent over. Tarrasque lifts him up

onto his shoulder and hooks his legs and grabs him around the chin.

Ace: Or maybe not.

Tarrasque drops down into a seated position.

Wolf: Cripples Peak!

Tarrasque rolls Tombs over and goes for a cover.

Ace: ONE

...

TWO

....

KICK OUT!

Without missing a second, the moment Tombs kicks out, Tarrasque rolls him onto his front and tries to hook him for a camel clutch.

Wolf: It looks like he could be going for that devastating submission move - The Paralyzing Factor.

As soon as Tarrasque gets his hands around Tombs' chin, he manages to wriggle backwards and through his legs. Tarrasque turns round and Tombs lands a big right hand that sends him staggering backwards.

Ace: What a bomb.

Wolf: But he's still standing.

Tombs throws another big right hand.

Ace: Straight between the eyes.

Tarrasque staggers back to the ropes.

Wolf: He's looking uneasy on his legs now.

FJ Tombs sends Tarrasque across the ring with a whip, as he bounces off the opposite cables, Tombs goes for a big hiptoss. Tarrasque hooks his arm and resists the maneuver.

Ace: He blocks it!

Tarrasque swings for a big clothesline but Tombs ducks that and kicks Tarrasque in the mid section before sending him to the ropes with another Irish whip.

Wolf: Tombs' trying to get some momentum here.

Ace: Eight minutes in and I don't think we've seen the best of him yet.

FJ Tombs swings for a big clothesline but Tarrasque hooks the arm and brings him in close before bridging backwards dropping Tombs on his head.

Wolf: Big T-Bone Suplex.

Ace: Cover....

Wolf: ONE

...

TWO

.....

KICK OUT!

Ace: Just when you thought Tombs was going to get back into this match.

Tombs holds his head as Tarrasque surveys the damage he just inflicted on him.

Wolf: That move sets him up perfectly for that modified camel clutch, neck hold - The Paralyzing Factor he likes to utilize.

Tarrasque lays Tombs out before delivering a big stomp to the neck.

Ace: He's going to focus all his attentions on that area now.

Tarrasque pulls FJ Tombs to his feet and locks him in a front facelock, he takes his arm and turns him over before they both drop down to the canvas.

Wolf: Carefully executed spinning neckbreaker.

Ace: And another cover...ONE

.....

TWO

....

KICK OUT!

Wolf: FJ Tombs in real danger now.

Tarrasque pulls up Tombs and casually headbutts him as he gets to his feet. He then throws Tombs up onto his shoulder in a powerslam position.

Ace: Just look how casually he did that.

Tarrasque moves across the ring before building some speed up, but Tombs manages to slide off behind Tarrasque.

Wolf: He escaped.

Tarrasque turns round and throws a big right hand but Tombs ducks it and hits the ropes behind him. He comes off and hits a big shoulder tackle sending Tarrasque to the canvas.

Ace: Some big men colliding there.

Tarrasque gets up to his feet and FJ Tombs lifts him into the air, holding him across his body.

Wolf: I didn't think he'd be able to lift him after all he's been through here tonight.

Tombs bridges back throwing Tarrasque over him.

Ace: Big fall away slam.

Tarrasque staggers to his feet, Tombs carefully waits for him between he hits the ropes, he runs past Tarrasque and hits the ropes once more before diving at him with a vicious clothesline.

Wolf: Clothesline from hell!

Ace: He nearly took his head off

Tombs hooks the leg of Tarrasque.

ONE

....

TWO

.....

KICK OUT!

Wolf: The first real chance FJ Tombs has had so far tonight.

Ace: He needs to stay on him now.

Tombs hooks Tarrasque around the waist and tries lifting him up into a side slam position.

Wolf: He could be going for his trademark move The Stampede.

Tarrasque throws an elbow into the face of Tombs and he breaks free. Tarrasque then tries to lock on a full nelson but Tombs sends an elbow into his face.

Ace: No man able to get the better of the other at the moment.

Tombs grabs Tarrasque's hand and places it behind his own head, he then pulls back and punches him straight into the centre of the chest.

Wolf: He calls that Deep in the Heart!

Ace: What a punch!

ONE

....

TWO

.....

THREE!

The bell begins to sound.

Wolf: FJ TOMBS WINS FJ TOMBS WINS!

The crowd goes insane for their hometown hero.

Ace: Did I just see someone win with a heart punch?! Vintage!

FJ Tombs rolls out of the ring, walking over to the fans and begins slapping their hands. He stops at what looks to be some family members and hugs them. The entire Oil Palace is going bonkers for Tombs as he continues to celebrate.

Checking in.

Cut to Huntsville.

Dead.

Silence.

So quiet in fact, it could almost be confused for dead air.

Through the bars of a cell we find Cancer Jiles. He's sitting on a cot with his back leaning against the unforgiving wall that the flimsy bedding butts up to. Showing no signs of emotion, his head nods back and forth in unison to whatever song blasts over his Ipod.

It's I AM THE COOL.

It's the only song he listens to.

Ominous Voice Over: Tonight, LIVE on Lethal Injection... two men enter. One man leaves. It's the King of COOL, versus the Trailer Park Prodigy!

Crowd pop for blood and broken bones. They are watching the satellite feed of Cancer chilling in a cell up on the Jumbotron, and hear the ghostly V.O. via the PA system.

It's called becoming acquainted.

Resting on the bridge of Count COOL's nose are platinum-jet-blackened T-Shades which I'll have you know go an extra long way inside the claustrophobic confines of Huntsville Penitentiary.

Take that bloodshot eyes.

As for the rest of his person, King COOL has on military grade cargo shorts and some wicked pair of appropois shit kickers. No silk shirt with the collar popped though, rather, just the word COOL permanently inked in Old English lettering across his abdomen.

Ominous Voice Over: Hot off the tails of a controversial victory at Death From Above, can this man, Lord Cancer of COOL, The Mongoloid Heart Eater, the NUMBER ONE CONTENDER FOR THE DEATH ROW CHAMPIONSHIP, bring home the bacon one more time when he takes on CHANCE VON CRANK? WE'RE GONNA FIND OUT, BECAUSE LADIES AND GENTLEMAN it's tonight's MAIN EVENT!!!!!!!!!!!!

Another crowd pop before the feed cuts to a 24/7 logo.

Lethal Investment

"It's a fight" by Three 6 Mafia begins to play as red and blue lights flash. From behind the curtain steps out the owner of Death Row Wrestling, Tim Ross, along with Tha Krew, his personal enforcers of Death Row Wrestling. Dressing informal in baggy jeans and a jersey type shirt, Ross makes his way towards the ring with a microphone in hand while Tha Krew make sure that fans don't get close to "Da Boss."

Wolf: Tim Ross has promised to address the future of Death Row Wrestling and who, if anyone, will be an investor in the company!

Ace: Not only that, he has promised to set the record straight about the number one contendership!

The fans go nuts. The music fades and the lights go back normal. Tim raises the microphone to his mouth to speak.

Ross: Imma make this quick, and Imma get straight to the point.

The fans pop.

Ross: There seems to be some people who think somehow, some way, my head of talent relations allowed Cancer Jiles to win oat Death from Above.

The fans boo.

Ross: Really nigga? Really? Did you mutha fuckas not see Doozer do his job as referee perfectly? Dis nigga could have cheated. I expected him to cheat. But did he? Naw nigga, he did his mutha fuckin' job right.

The fans pop.

Ross: But, Imma fair mutha fucka. I like to think outside tha mutha fuckin' box. Lethal Injection six, in the main mutha fuckin' event... Cancer Jiles versus mutha fuckin' Skidd Row versus mutha fuckin' Dark for the Death Row Championship!

The Oil Palace explodes.

Ross: By the way, I like my major matches to be bloody, so it's gonna be a mutha fuckin' barbed wire ropes match.

Ace: Holy shit!

Wolf: That is brutal.

The crowd continues to go nuts.

Unknown: Look here Ross... No one wants to hear about your damn poorly booked matches. They want you to announce your partnership with me.

Wolf: What's this?

The camera zooms up to see a man walk through the curtains. He wears an expensive suit, and walks tall as he makes his way to the ring.

Wolf: That... That.. THAT'S GREG "G-MAN" MANIX!

Ace: Who?

Wolf: Who? He ran Supreme Championship Wrestling back in the 1990's to early 2000's under the DREAM banner. He is one of the most successful men to ever be apart of the sport and now owns 100% stake in one of the largest consulting companies in the world!

The fans begin to chant "G-Man! G-Man!" Manix walks up the steps and enters the ring. He puts his hand out to shake Ross', who doesn't return the favor.

Manix: Fine, you don't have to shake my hand, but you damn sure need my money if you want to keep this little half-way house running.

Tim rubs his chin and looks into the eyes of the G-Man.

Ross: Yea, it's true. Money's starting to run a little low, and we could use some new money in here to help get things on track.

Manix smiles and puts his hand out again.

Manix: I've been telling you for weeks Tim, take the money. What's a little creative control my way?

He smirks evilly.

Manix: Here, let me show you something.

He pulls his hand back and reaches into his pocket pulling out a check book as Ross watches on.

Manix: This is just the beginning Tim.

He writes on the check and tears it out of his book handing it over to Tim Ross. His eyes grow big.

Manix: That's more than enough to go to the next level.

Ross smiles and nods.

Ross: Sho is.

Manix smiles and extends his hand. Ross looks out to the crowd.

Ace: Tim Ross signing his soul away to the devil in front of our eyes.

Tim reaches out and grasp Greg's hand. He pulls him close, and with his other hand raises the microphone.

Ross: Except Lee Best offered me a television deal, twice this amount, without giving ANY creative control away.

The fans pop like fucking fireworks on the Fourth of July.

Manix: Hu..

Before he can finish, Tim Ross kicks Manix in the gut as Tha Krew rush into the ring and begin to stomp him.

Ross: You think you can come into my back yard mutha fucka and insult me? Money or not, in this mutha fucka we keep it real! We keep it hood nigga!

Tim rips the check up and drops it before beginning to stomp Greg Manix as well.

Wolf: My God, we have just witnessed Death Row aligning forces with Lee Best. Who really is more evil? Manix or Best? Dark days are upon us!

Ace: All I care about is we are going to be on TV Waylon! Best Studios Network!

Tim Ross' music hits as he and Tha Krew exit the ring, leaving Greg Manix lying.

Cancer Jiles vs. Chance Von Crank

The scene goes static for a moment, and then opens up on the local state penitentiary in Huntsville, Texas. A sign identifies the place as such, as if the guard towers and barb wired topped fences aren't clue enough. The penitentiary boasts a dense population of inmates that are kept well in check due in part to the construction of the penitentiary, but more importantly to the callousness of its guards.

Wolf: Well its time ladies and gentlemen, the moment we have all been waiting for. The wrestling world has been talking about it since it was announced, the match picked by you the fans. A prison cell match with The Trailer Park Prodigy, Chance Von Crank and number one contender for the Death Row title, Cancer Jiles. . .

Ace: Yeah I hear Chance is extra pissed off tonight. It being Father's Day just three days ago, he's been hounded by baby mamas and suspected children ever since. Personally I think they're just after his money. They probably aren't even his; we all know cVc is The Prince of The Pullout!

Wolf: Cancer meanwhile spent his Father's Day with himself. No one else was cool enough to celebrate with.

The camera zooms in on the penitentiary, the large building becoming out of focus, and cuts to inside the penitentiary, the picture getting snowy for a moment.

Wolf: Bear with us here folks, we are LIVE remember. I'm not one for the technology, but even I know a setup like this can have its hiccups. Regardless, I think we may be making history tonight, Ace. Has anyone done anything like this?

Ace: I don't know if I've ever heard of a prison cell match, live from an actual prison before. . .And I've seen some real doozies. . . A match on a back of a moving hay bale truck for instance, that was shot live too--but never this.

Wolf: I think I know what you're talking about Ace. . . I think I've seen that match before. . . How did it do anyway?

Ace: Terribly. One of the worst matches in wrestling history. . .

The camera shows a long empty corridor—what the prisoners lovingly refer to as 'The Walk,' one side being a thick concrete wall, the other being the mass of prison cells lined next to one another, and rising up. The penitentiary is several floors, and the cells go up, rising all the way to the ceiling. Along the cells are the catwalks, which at the moment are heavily populated with guards armed with shotguns. Although this system utilizes the most space (more prisoners per square inch = more profit), it can be quite dangerous: many a time a guard has taken the plunge, or a prisoner has taken his chance at escape by flinging himself to his death. . . a few fellas even hanged themselves from the catwalks. . .

Wolf: I would like to take this moment to personally thank Warden Jackson for allowing us to hold this event for you tonight folks. It is his love for gambling and adoration for watching caged men engaged in deadly battle that makes this

all possible. We thank you, Warden Jackson.

Ace: Don't forget the great state of Texas, Wolf. We have it to thank too.

The prisoners are rowdy, taking the opportunity to show the world they are horrid criminals by shouting, banging on the bars, and exposing shivs made from various random objects. The guards stand firm, not at all looking nervous, feeling strength in their unusual numbers and the spread action of their shotgun rounds. If a riot ensued they would be ready.

Ace: What do you think is going through the minds of our competitors tonight? Being in a match is one thing, but this isn't going to be your typical match. In fact, not a match at all. A brawl. A real prison fight in a real prison cell.

Wolf: I think the only thing going through their minds right now is survival. With all those criminals around the mood in that place must be menacing. The likes of you and me would be caught in the depths of asshole clenching fear in a place like that. . . A thousand criminals around cheering for blood. How's that for intensity?

Ace: My God this is going to make for great television!

The prisoners come to a roar as a guard appears in one of the doors at the far end of the corridor. The metal door opens, and though the music is not playing in the prison, it comes on over the webcast; "I Am The Cool" plays as Cancer Jiles appears, surrounded by guards. The prisoners add their own music, the pounding of a thousand random metal objects against the bars.

Wolf: Look at that protection!

Ace: I wouldn't go out there without a gun. But that's just me. . .

The guards lead Cancer down the hallway, Cancer neither looking left nor right. The prisoners continue to bang away, the guards looking tough in their moment in the sun. They are all armed with shot guns, which they brandish in an attempt to show further strength.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles may be The Cool One, but even he looks intimidated tonight.

Ace: Prison is supposed to be intimidating, Wolf.

They lead him down the hallway, to an empty cell, its door swung open, guards standing at the door. The cell is standard size, just small enough to be uncomfortable for two people. Mounted to the wall was a metal toilet bowl, stained by a combination of frequent use and infrequent cleaning. Cancer takes one look in the cell and makes a face.

Wolf: My God the stench of that place! Ross sure found the dirtiest prison for tonight's main event.

Ace: At least its pest free.

Wolf: Only because not even the pests wish to live in such filth!

Cancer cracks his neck as he waits. A few moments later we can hear Chance Von Crank.

cVc: The Razzle Dazzle is here! Never fear, when I'm done, Big Bubba can have Cancer Jiles' rear!

Chance Von Crank steps to the cell, standing just outside of it looking at Cancer inside.

Wolf: The most unique match in wrestling history.

Ace: I'm just glad we don't have to be there as well.

cVc looks at the referee standing beside him and the guards.

cVc: So, is there a bell or something?

The inmate in the cell next to them sticks his hands out, a cup in one, and a pen in the other. He hits the cup with the pin several times.

cVc: Works for me.

The referee and guards shrug.

Wolf: Here we go!

Crank smirks and looks around. From inside the cell, Cancer reaches out, grabbing him and yanking Chance in.

Wolf: Mr. Cool wasting no time!

As Chance Von Crank is pulled in, the guard slams the cell door behind him.

Wolf: Knee to the stomach of Chance Von Crank. I expect Cancer Jiles to be more aggressive tonight than we have seen in the past.

Ace: He has to be.

Cancer grabs the back of cVc's mullet and slams his face hard into the stone wall. As Chance grabs his nose, he turns around to get a right to the side of the head.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles holding nothing back. He doesn't have much room to work with, but making the best of it!

Cancer grabs the throat of Crank with both hands and pushes him back with all of his might, slamming the spine of cVc into the metal railing of the bunk bed. Crank lets out a yelp of pain before being tossed violently into the cell doors. The inmates go insane at the violence.

Wolf: Chance Von Crank was too cocky for his own good, and now he will pay the price!

Ace: What? A carton of cigarettes and a blow job?

Cancer Jiles begins punching cVc hard in the stomach. With each hit, his spine is jolted by the cell doors.

Wolf: A right, a left, another right. Now Jiles follows up with a forearm smash to the face. He wants to win, he HAS to win!

Ace: I like this Cancer Jiles! Where has he been?!

Cancer grabs the back of Chance's head again and walks him over to the toilet.

cVc: No.. No.. NO!

Wolf: Trying to fight it, but he can't!

Cancer slams Chance's head down into the toilet, lifts, and slams it again against the rim before ducking his head inside of the bowl, following up by flushing it.

Wolf: THAT IS ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTING!

Ace: He's going to be pulling turd bits out of his hair for weeks!

As Cancer holds Chance's head in the toilet, he flushes again. Crank waves his arms like crazy, trying to get out.

Wolf: I can't watch this. I think I'm going to be sick to my stomach.

Cancer pulls Chance up and turns him around. Crank's cheeks are puffed up.

Wolf: What's this?

Cancer tilts his head sideways looking at cVc, who leans back and spits the contents of his mouth into Cancer's face.

Wolf: Nope. I'm done. I can't do this.

Ace: Was that yellow?!

Cancer screams as he holds his eyes.

Jiles: IT FUCKING BURNS!

cVc grabs Cancer's head and headbutts him.

Ace: Ah.. his mullet is drenched with God knows what, and now that's on Cancer's face.

Wolf: I can...

Waylon can be heard vomiting.

Ace: Waylon? Ah, come on man! My new shoes!

cVc pushes Cancer back, holds his hand up high and then comes down with a thunderous slap across the COOL one's chest.

Ace: That was gnarly.

cVc grabs Cancer's head and takes him toward the cell door, introducing his skull to the bars.

cVc: Open the fucking doors... OPEN THEM!

The guard signals for the cell to be opened. As it does, Chance throws Cancer out, causing him to stumble forward and fall to the ground.

Ace: You done yet Waylon? Shit's getting real now! It's spilled out of the cell! Why would they open the doors?!

Crank comes forward, pulls his leg back, and kicks Cancer Jiles directly in the nuts with the mighty force of the sex Gods. Jiles screams like a baby as he grabs himself.

cVc: Sorry guys, Cancer is an entrance only guy tonight!

He bends down to grab Cancer's head, but is met with a finger to the eye. As Chance grabs his eyes, Cancer turns over and begins crawling away.

Ace: Where are you going?

Suddenly, a home made shank is slide from another cell toward Cancer who takes a moment to realize what it is, before putting it in his hand.

Ace: This can't be good for Crank. Waylon, you seeing this?

Wolf continues to vomit.

Ace: Pussy.

Chance gathers himself, steps forward and grabs Cancer by the legs, pulling him across the floor. He turns Cancer around to see the shank in his hand. Chance jumps back about three feet.

cVc: What the fuck?!

Cancer uses the nearby bars to pull himself up.

Jiles: Puerto Rican rules you sissy mother fucker.

Cancer swings at Chance with the shank. cVc leans back.

cVc: Come the fuck on!

He swings again.

Wolf: This isn't fair.

Ace: Welcome back to the match. What's not fair? It's prison style baby!

Cancer lunges forward with the shank. cVc sidesteps, allowing Cancer's arm to go into the original cell they came out of, through the bars.

Wolf: Punch to the back of the head by Chance Von Crank!

An inmate yells at cVc, getting his attention. He is thrown a shank of his own, however, cVc misses it. The shank falls down at an angle and slides right into his leg.

cVc: FUUUCCCKKKK!!!!

He turns around in time for Cancer to come forward with his shank, stabbing it deep into Chance's other leg and letting go.

cVc: MOTHER FUCKER!!!!!!!!!!!!1

Cancer steps back a second and takes in what he just did, semi shocked at himself. Chance Von Crank throws his arms out. He looks down at one leg.

cVc: AHHHHHHH!!!

He then looks at the other.

cVc: AHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Then back to the first leg.

cVc: AHHHHH!!! FUUUUCKKKKK!!!! YOU FUCKING STABBED ME!

Jiles: Yea bitch, prison style!

Cancer leans forward, grabbing both shanks and pulling with all his might. They slide out roughly, sending Cancer back with force and into the cell with his back. Blood squirts from cVc's legs as he screams. The inmates go crazy

Wolf: The insanity!

Cancer stands up and looks around. Only one shank is left in his hand. He looks around for the other. Chance gathers his bearings long enough to look at Cancer and turn pale.

Jiles: What motherfucker?

Cancer looks around, as he turns, we can see the other shank is stuck in the back of his shoulder. He feels back there and discovers it.

Jiles: HOLY FUCKING SHIT! AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! FUCKKKK!!! GET IT OUT!!! GET IT OUT!!! GET IT OUT!!!!

cVc walks very uncomfortably toward Cancer.

cVc: Don't move, I got you.

Chance grabs the shank.

cVc: This is going to hurt.

Jiles: Just get it the fuck out man!

Wolf: A momentary truce?

Ace: Man, they are getting shanked. I'd call this shit quits!

Chance begins to pull on the shank, as it slowly slides out, Cancer yells. Suddenly, cVc shoves with all of his might, digging the shank in deeper.

Jiles: YOU FUCKING COCK SUCKER!

Ace: Niiiiice!!! Double crossed by cVc!

Chance lets go and begins laughing.

cVc: Puerto Rican Rules, remember fucker?

Chance limps on both legs away from Cancer who is trying to reach the shank himself. He signals for a guard to come help. A couple agonizing minutes later the shank is slide out of his shoulder, and Cancer drops down to his knees.

Wolf: This just needs to be stopped.

Ace: Why? This is entertainment right here!

Cancer falls down to his hands and knees.

Ace: Uh oh. Not the place you want to be on your hands and knees.

cVc stumbles forward in pain, and grabs Cancer's hips.

cVc: Prison style bitch..

Wolf: He isn't...

Ace: Is he going to... RAPE CANCER JILES?!

cVc begins to pull his tights down, but is too slow as Cancer falls to the floor, rolls over and uses what little strength he has to throw both legs up and into cVc's stomach. Chance goes flying backwards.

Wolf: Just in the nick of time!

cVc, with his tights halfway down, rest against cell bars. Suddenly his eyes get extremely wide.

cVc: WHAT THE FUCK MAN!

He leaps forward and turns around, immediately pulling his tights up. He points toward the cell.

cVc: That better have been a fucking finger!

Cancer begins to crawl toward Crank who turns around to see him.

cVc: No sir.

He reaches down and with his index finger, slams it into the hole in the back of Cancer's back.

Jiles: FUUUUUUCCCCCKKKK!!!!

cVc pushes deeper, abely able to stand himself on his wounded legs. Suddenly Cancer begins to violently tap out on the floor.

Jiles: Fuck this shit! Fuck this shit! I'm fucking done!

Wolf: Cancer Jiles quits.

Ace: Wouldn't you?

Wolf: Yea, twenty minutes ago!

The referee pulls Chance Von Crank back and away from Cancer. He is in obvious pain in his legs.

Wolf: Yea Chance, you win, now leave that man alone.

The referee raises Chance's arm in victory.

cVc: I DID IT! I DID IT! I CURED CANCER!

The inmates all bang on the bars and yell. Suddenly toilet paper begins to fly out of the cells.

Wolf: What are they doing?

Ace: This doesn't look good.

Wolf: Is that toilet paper... on fire?

A flaming roll of toilet paper flies out, followed by another. The alarms begin to sound. The inmates begin to scream something about a riot.

Wolf: Get those guys out of there!

cVc looks at the guard, then at the referee and jumps into the cell they began in.

cVc: I'm staying in here!

Cancer crawls toward the doors.

Jiles: You fucking win, let me in!

Chance opens the cell doors and with the referee's help pulls Cancer in. The referee shuts the cell door behind them and the guards yell for them to lock it up.

Wolf: At least our guys are safe!

Ace: Unless they burn the place down.

Wolf: I didn't think of that.

Ace: I don't think they did either.

Alarms continue to sound and riot guards run into the cell block as we cut back to the arena. We pan across the fans watching the fight on the screen provided for the main event.

Wolf: Well folks, that'll do it for Lethal Injection five! I'm Waylon Wolf, this is Tommy Ace, and we'll see you on the next edition!

Ace: Peace the fuck out! Let's get drunk Waylon.

We fade to black.

Snuff Film

The stream continues once it has gone black, so you continue to watch.

Static.

As the static fades muffled screams fill a dark and wet hallway. A flickering light alludes us to it coming to the end of its life. Steps can be heard. Louder and louder they grow as the muffled screams become more frequent, more heart wrenching.

The camera view is close to the ground, pointed at the ceiling, but only temporary as it begins to lift up. The camera man turns and walks down the hallway. As he descends, we can make out a chair down toward the end. In this chair sits a man, crouched over and tied down.

We get closer, that man is Maynard Crane.

He is gagged; signs of tears down his cheeks as he yelps with more muffled screams toward the man holding the camera. Blood runs down the side of his face as we also see what seem to be stab wounds in his right shoulder.

Beside Maynard, on a table next to him, the camera pans over and zooms in on Paco, inside of a cage. Maynard's pet rat screeches. A few moments later the man holding the camera sits it on the table beside Paco. Our view now is of Maynard from the left side.

Foot steps.

The camera man walks around and into view, his body anyway. A High Octane Wrestling shirt covers his chest. Maynard tries to move forward and scream, but can't do anything.

Man: Yeu screamingk is beingk most inefficient. No von is comingk to save yeu. Yeu are only vasting breath, which is vastingk movement...AND ZHE EMBOSSEK VASTES NO MOVEMENT!!!

High Octane Wrestling Hall of Famer Ulf "Embosser" Stroeheimmer fires his trusty #970000-colored AR-15 assault rifle into the air, then bends down, putting his face just inches from Maynard who begins to tear up. He knows who this man is, and what he is capable of. Of what he does for a living.

Embosser stands back up and turns around, his hands behind his back. He stands straight up and stares away from Maynard.

Embosser: Crane, yeu upset a man vit zhe most powerful connectingks. Is beingk too bad...yeu had zhe potential, und vit zhe proper focus und trainingk, could have been zhe most adequate wrestler in zhe Row of Wrestlingk Death.

Maynard pleads through the gag.

Embosser: Is beingk most unfortunate yeu vil not be vitness to zhe unification of zhe Wrestlingk Row Death und zhe Wrestle Octane High. Vil be most efficient.

Embosser chuckles.

Embosser: How is yeu masked man sayingk it? Ah, yes, it is time.

Embosser swings around, lifting his AR-15 as he does and aiming it off camera.

One shot.

The blood of Paco splashes through the cage and onto Maynard's face. He screams again. Embosser slowly moves the pistol to the center of Maynard's forehead.

Embosser: Good night Crane. Have a most pleasant Embossmment.

He pulls the trigger.

Static.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite