

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

June 6, 2012

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Death From Above I

6 Jun 2012

Red Arena,

Chicago, IL (seats 17,500)

Investing in DRW's future

The show cuts to the parking lot area where we see several body guards making their way through the area. As we get a closer look, we can see a man in behind them, but as usual his face cannot be made out, but we recognize him as the man calling himself "The Investor". They come to the main doors of the arena and make their way inside. The same guard that gave the investor issues previously is once again by the arena doors. The two men shove him aside and the three continue down a long hallway. The Investor stops, and looks back, just shy of revealing his identity. Man: I told you I'd be back. Now you're fucked! He turns back and follows the men until they come to a door marked "The

Boss, Tim

Ross". They knock at the door and a response is almost immediate. Ross: What you want? Can't you peeps see a nigga is busy? Man: Kinda hard to see through a door, . Open the fuck up, you know who it is. There isnt another reply, just the door cracking open and the men walking in. The view changes and shows the office from a door view, where once again all we can make out is the back of the man. We now see that he is carrying a briefcase. Tim Ross goes to stand to greet him, but the man holds up his hand. Man: Let's skip the formalities and get right down to business. And you dont need to speak, get it? I will do ALL the talking. Now, I'm sure you know what having me invest in your company can do for your ratings and overall personal gain and well being. That is why I made sure to bring you a more than generous offer. The only possible downfall for you is the fact that I want control in your company. Not complete control cuz I am not ready to commmit fully to this federation yet, but if I don't like something, it stops. If it doesn't stop I pull the plug, capche? Tim Ross goes to speak, but only manages to get a murmur of a word out. Man: I told you I AM doing the talking. Just nod your head . Tim Ross reluctantly nods his head, not being known to be a man to back down. Man: Good, now take a look at what is in here. The two bodyguards part and the man throws the case onto the desk of Tim Ross. Ross keeps glaring at the man for a moment before he slowly opens the case. As he does, he jaw drops at the content inside the case. He looks to the man then does a double take on the case to make sure he seen it properly. Man: I don't need your answer right this moment, take some time to let it sink in and really weigh the odds. I'll be in touch. The two bodyguards start making their way out first so the man can continue to conceal his identity. The show cuts back to ringside for the opening match. Fracture vs.

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H-Town Hustlas vs. The Untouchables

Wolf: Welcome everyone to Death Row Wrestling's first Internet pay Per View! I'm Waylong Wolf.

Ace: And I'm Tommy Ace.

Wolf: It's now time to see a great exhibition from our very competitive tag team division as we waste no time getting into the show! Ring Announcer: This match is a special three way tag team match. During the course of this contest any competitor will be able to tag any other member of any team. Wrestlers will be eliminated by pinfall or submission and both members of the team will need to be eliminated, this match will continue until only one man stands.

"2 of Amerikas Most Wanted" by Tupac & Snoop Dogg starts to play. Ring Announcer:

Coming to the ring from Houston, Texas. They are Rodd Macc and Gutta Boy

- The H-Town Hustlas! The H-Town Hustla's make they're way through the curtain and out onto the stage.

Ring Announcer: The next team, from

Albuquerque, New Mexico and at a combined weight of

382lbs, they are Rupture and Schism - The Fracture!

"New Disease" by Spineshank starts to play. Schism and Rupture burst through the curtain and sprint into the ring Ring Announcer: And finally. at a combined weight of 510lbs. They are Jeff Andrews and Ronnie Long - The Untouchables!

"More Human Than Human" rips through the

PA system. Jeff Andrews immediately storms through the curtains with his fists raised overhead, Ronnie Long follows him and stands atop the stage, raising his arms in the crucifix pose.

The two men head to the ring and each hit one turnbuckle, Andrews again raising his fists and Long throwing up the crucifix.

Wolf: I'm not sure what to expect here. Ace: Expect some carnage. All six men are in the ring, standing in their respective corners. Wolf: It'll be a member of Fracture and a member of The Untouchables to start things off. Ace: This match will mean everything to these three teams, each desperate to stake some sort of claim over this division.

Rupture and Jeff Andrews circle each other in the ring, Rupture drops down for a quick single leg but Jeff Andrews moves out of the way.

Wolf: Remember this is a three way elimination tag, which will continue until only one man is left standing in the ring.

Andrews shoots behind Rupture and locks on a reverse waist lock, Rupture breaks Jeff

Andrews's grip and counters the hold, before lifting him into the air and slamming him down to the canvas.

Ace: A little bit of amateur wrestling from Rupture, who now slides over and locks in a front face lock. Jeff Andrews tries to counter it into a hammerlock but Rupture rolls with it and transitions into a reverse waist lock on the ground. Wolf: Some lovely mat work at the moment, but I can see this breaking down any minute.

Rupture hits Jeff Andrews with a knee to the face and Jeff Andrews backs towards the ropes and puts his foot on the ropes. Ace: Rope break!

The referee allows them to get to their feet before Jeff Andrews kicks Rupture in the mid section and sends him across the ring with an Irish whip, Andrews with a swift back elbow and he tags in his partner.

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Wolf: Probably not the start Jeff Andrews wanted, but let's see what Ronnie Long has to offer. Ronnie Long storms into the ring, knocking

Rupture down with a lariat, Rupture springs to his feet and is sent to the ropes, Ronnie Long goes for a back bodydrop but Rupture leap frogs over him. Ace: Great athleticism from Rupture. Ronnie Long turns round and Rupture sweeps his legs with his hand and drops down for a cover. ONE Ronnie Long quickly kicks out sending Rupture rolling away. Wolf: Far to early... Ronnie Long goes for a leg sweep but Rupture jumps in the air avoiding contact. Ronnie Long then elbows Rupture in the midsection and snapmares him onto his back. Ace: Great action here. Ronnie Long sprints to the ropes and jumps in the air for an elbow drop. Wolf: He missed! Ronnie Long gets to his feet holding his elbow before Rupture sends him flying with an armdrag. Ronnie Long gets up not really knowing where he is and Gutta Boy slaps him across the back. Ace: Gutta Boy just tagged himself in. Wolf: I'm really looking forward to seeing these H-Town Hustlas in action. Ace: They're a different breed from every other athlete in DRW in my opinion. Gutta Boy throws a big roundhouse kick but Rupture blocks it and spins him the other way before lifting him up for a fireman's carry. Wolf: What's he going to do here. Gutta Boy hits Rupture with a big elbow forcing him to be dropped and landing on his feet. Gutta Boy then hits the ropes, he goes for a flying cross body block but Rupture catches him and turns it into a bodyslam. Ace: That didn't pay off. Wolf: Rupture tags in his partner Schism. Schism leaps over the top rope, he kicks Gutta Boy who fires a stiff kick in return. Ace: That'll sting his calf. Gutta Boy whips Schism to the neutral corner, he runs in but Schism kicks him in the face. Wolf: Boot to the face! Ace: He just tasted the dog shit on his boot. Schism sprints out of the corner, bounces off the ropes as Gutta Boy walks into the middle of the ring and eats a dropkick. Wolf: It doesn't get much quicker than this. Schism then whips Gutta Boy back into the neutral corner and charges him, but now Gutta Boy gets a boot up. Ace: He should have seen that coming. Gutta Boy now sprints out of the corner, bounces off the ropes but Schism jumps into the air and pulls out a dropkick. Wolf: Great elevation. Schism gets a pick cocky and starts to celebrate before Jeff Andrews tags himself in. Ace: He needs to keep his mind on the game. Wolf: Remember, anyone can tag anyone in. Jeff Andrews pulls up Gutta Boy and hits a forearm smash that sends him leaning up against the ropes. Wolf: Shots like that can dislocate your jaw. Jeff Andrews tags in Ronnie Long, they push Gutta Boy up against the ropes and send him in the air with a big double hiptoss. Ace:

Seven minutes in and that's the first big of teamwork we've seen in this match. The moment Gutta Boy lands, Rodd Macc storms into the

ring, shoulder tackling Ronnie Long through the ropes to the outside. Wolf: Macc has seen enough! Rodd Mac then starts unloading on Jeff Andrews in the Fracture's corner. Ace: The referee needs to gain some control here. Schism and Rupture then enter the ring, the pull off Macc and send him to a corner. Wolf: Now The Fracture are involved. Ace: It was getting a little to close for comfort for them. Rupture storms in and hits a vertical splash in the corner, the second he moves out the way Schism dives in with a big flying leg lariat. Ronnie Long climbs onto the apron, he pulls back on the middle rope and shoulders Rupture in the stomach. Wolf:

Everyone's involved now. All the wrestlers pair off, Ronnie Long and Rupture,

Schism and Rodd Macc, Jeff Andrews and Gutta Boy and start brawling.

Ace: Six wrestlers, three teams and a useless referee! Gutta Boy sends Jeff Andrews out of the ring and slides out of the ring to the ringside area. Rodd Macc doesn't take long until he is in control with Schism receiving some shots in the corner as Ronnie Long and Rupture are also at the ringside area exchanging big

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right hands. Wolf: Schism is on the wrong end of a beating here. Ace: Rodd Macc is 6'5 and 282lbs, and dominating! The ring starts to clear out, with Macc and Schism left in the ring. Wolf: Three great tag teams in action here. Rodd Macc sends Schism across the ring into the opposite turnbuckle, he walks out holding his lower back, Macc then hoists him in the air for a Gorilla press slam... Ace: Schism is only 184lbs, he could press that one handed if he wanted to. Macc drops him down onto his back. Wolf: That's a long way down! Macc hooks a leg. Ace: ONE TWO Wolf: He kicks out! Rodd Macc lifts Schism up onto his shoulder and walks him around the ring. Ace: Rupture is desperate to tag in and save his partner. Wolf: I think the key to winning this game is to not loose a partner, is going to be very hard to win with one member eliminated. Rodd Macc runs towards the neutral corner, he lifts up Schism... Ace: Snake Eyes? Wolf: No... Schism manages to slide off the shoulder and land on his feet. Ace: I don't think he knows where he is. Macc turns round and swings a big right hand but Schism manages to duck it, he hits the ropes and ducks another clothesline before hitting the ropes on the far side. Wolf: Schism needs to make a tag. He dives into the air for a big cross body block but Rodd Macc catches him, throws him up onto his shoulder and tosses him face first into the top turnbuckle. Ace: Snake eyes! Rodd Macc looks smug as he pulls Schism away from the corner, but before he can turn around Jeff Andrews tags him on the back. Wolf: Bling tag. Andrews steps into the ring quickly drops down and covers Schism. Ace: ONE TWO Wolf: He kicks out. Ace: So close, how is he still going? Jeff Andrews sits up Schism and locks him in a reverse chin lock. Wolf: Schism is in a world of hurt at the moment. Ace: I'm not sure just how long he will be able to last now. Wolf: His tag team partner Rupture is going crazy on the apron, he's desperate to get in there. Schism starts to get to his feet, he throws an elbow into the mid section of Jeff Andrews, doubling him over and one more forcing him to break the chin lock. Ace: He's feeding off his tag team partner now! Schism springs forward into the ropes, he bounces off them but Andrews steps to the side and executes a superkick. Wolf: Right on the money! Ace: Another cover. Wolf: ONE TWO Ace: He Kicks out, he kicks out! Jeff Andrews reaches out and rags in Ronnie Long. Wolf: It's good to see The Untouchables working together. Andrews holds up Schism and Long connects with quick sort hand sending him to the canvas. Ace: This really isn't looking good now. Long pulls up Schism and sends him to the ropes, he cradles him into the air, turns and drops him down for a Blue Thunder Bomb. Wolf: ONE TWO He kicks out! Ace: That was close. Long pulls up Schism and puts him in The Untouchables corner. Wolf: That corner is not where Schism wants to be. Long with an Irish whip, he yanks the arm of Schism as he gets to the middle of the ring and throws him back into the original corner. Long runs at him but Schism throws up an elbow. Ace: That halted him in his tracks. Schism throws a martial arts kick to the back of the leg of Long who replies by swinging a big right hand. Schism ducks it and jumps up for a vertical dropkick. Wolf: Long drilled in the face. Schism starts to crawl towards his corner as Long gets to his feet. Ace: He's just inches away from tagging in Rupture. Long grabs the left leg of Schism as he is a whisper away from making the tag. Schism rolls onto his back, he pulls Long in and kicks him off sending him flying across the ring. Wolf: He tags Rupture. His team mate quickly enters the ring and runs towards Long, taking him off his feet with a flying leg lariat. Long is back to his feet quickly and taken off his feet with a back elbow. Ace:

Long has no idea where he is. Long stumbles towards the corner of he H-Town Hustlas and Gutta Boy tags himself in. He enters the ring, Rupture swings a clothesline but Gutta Boy ducks it, he goes in for a single leg take down. Wolf: He's going for the single crab. Rupture hits him with a forearm and sends him to the ropes before knocking him down with a jumping leg lariat. Ace: The Fracture could be about to get the first pinfall here. Rupture grabs Gutta Boy from behind and lifts him up into a wheelbarrow, but Gutta Boy grabs him in a side headlock and counters it into a bulldog, he rolls him over. Wolf:

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Cover...ONE TWO Schism springboards from the apron, into the ring and breaks the pin attempt. Ace: The Fracture are desperate to stay together as a team in this match. As the referee tries to get Schism out of the ring, Rupture grabs the head of Gutta Boy and hooks his leg, rolling backwards. Wolf: Small package.... With the referee still trying to get Schism out of the ring. Rodd Macc enters the ring and shifts the weight of the package so that Rupture's shoulders are now pinned to the canvas. Ace: No... Ref! The referee turns round and quickly drops down and counts. Wolf: ONE TWO Ace: Kick out! Wolf: Rodd Macc can't believe that didn't work. Gutta Boy sends Rupture to the ropes, but he reverses it and Gutta Boy bounces off, as he connects with the ropes tags himself in. Unable to stop his momentum Gutta Boy still comes off the ropes and takes Rupture down with a flying back elbow. Ace: Long is going to be able to take advantage of this now. Ronnie Long bends over Rupture and grabs him for a DDT but Rupture grabs the wrist and escapes as if he's doing a wristlock. Long throws a big clothes and Rupture ends up behind Ronnie Long. Wolf: Lung Blower. Ace: ONE TWO Jeff Andrews dives into the ring and breaks up the cover. Wolf: Saved by his partner. Rodd Macc enters the ring, he goes for a running boot on Andrews, but he ducks and he takes out Rupture. Ronnie Long throws an arm over for a loose cover. Ace: ONE ... TWO Schism grabs the foot of Long and pulls him off Rupture. Wolf: Nobody wants to loose their partner here. Rupture gets to his feet as Long is pulling himself up on the ropes, he jumps up and again nails the Lung Blower. Ace: ONE TWO ... Jeff Andrews tries to enter the ring but Schism dropkicks him off the apron. Wolf: THREE!! Ring Announcer: Ronnie Long has been eliminated! Ace: This is going to be really hard for Andrews to pick up the win for The Untouchables now. Wolf: It took 21 minutes but we have our first elimination! The Fracture start to celebrate but Rodd Macc enters the ring, he knocks Schism out of the ring but is then cut off by Rupture. Ace: It's to early to celebrate. Wolf: They need to keep their eyes on their opponents. Rodd Macc sends Rupture to the ropes, he kicks him in the mid section and hooks one arm. Ace: This could be it. He sweeps his leg as he slams him backwards. Wolf: That's Laying the Macc down! Ace: ONE TWO THREE! Ring Announcer: Rupture has been eliminated. Wolf: Now Fracture only has one member. Ace: The advantage has to be with The H-Town Hustlas. Jeff Andrews slides into the ring and ducks a clothesline from Macc, he doubles him over with a knee to the gut and grabs his head. Wolf: Andrews is firing kick after kick to the head of Rodd Macc. Ace: It's brutal, he's not stopping. It looks like he's going to slow down but then he starts kicking even faster. Wolf: He's going to knock him out cold in a minute. Andrews lifts Macc up and pushes him back into the corner. Ace: I think Rodd Macc has been busted wide open. Wolf: Yes it definitely looks like blood is trickling down his face. Andrews sits Macc up onto the top rope and chops him with an over hand chop. Ace: It looks like he's taking him up top for a suplex. Wolf: Andrews is now climbing up onto the middle rope. Andrews hooks the head of Rodd Macc and lifts him for a superplex, but Macc holds onto the top ope. Ace: He's not going anywhere! Andrews headbutts the open wound on the head of Rodd Macc and he lets go of the top rope and stands him up. Wolf: Vicious stuff from Jeff Andrews. Gutta Boy runs down the apron and grabs the leg of his tag team partner. Ace: That's the advantage of having both members of your team still in the match. Schism enters the ring, he runs towards the corner and jumps onto the ropes at the side of where Jeff Andrews is trying to superplex Rodd Macc. Wolf: Arabian powerbomb! Andrews flies backwards towards the canvas and Macc stays sat on the top rope with Gutta Boy holing his leg. Ace: We're seconds away from seeing both members of The Untouchables eliminated! Rodd Macc stands up on the middle rope. Wolf: We're not used to seeing the big man up there. Macc jumps into the air for a big splash but Andrews rolls out of the way. Ace: No water in the pool! Macc rolls around holding his chest as Schism dives across the ring and hooks a leg. Wolf: ONE TWO He kicks out! Ace: How on earth do The H-Town Hustlas still have both men in this!

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Jeff Andrews gets up holding his head, Gutta Boy is now in the ring and firing kicks at him left right and centre.

Wolf:

Gutta Boy sends Andrews to the corner, Andrews hits the turnbuckles hard.

Wolf: Big dropkick from Gutta Boy in the corner. Andrews slumps down to the canvas holding his face as a bloody Rodd Macc gets to his feet. Ace: He's still struggling for breath. Macc pulls up Andrews and both he and Gutta Boy send him into the ropes. Wolf: Off he comes and down he goes to a double shoulder tackle.

Ace: If they keep working a team, this match is there's. Meanwhile Schism has climbed to the top rope and is standing in the far corner of the ring. Ace: Look over there! Both members of The H-Town Hustlas turn round at the same time as Schism dives into the air with a double cross bodyblock. Wolf: The didn't see that coming did they? Ace: ONE TWO Wolf: They both kick out at the same time sending Schism to the outside of the ring. A bloody Rodd Macc turns round and takes a spinning heel kick from Jeff Andrews in the face.

Ace: Macc is sent out of the ring with the force of that. Jeff Andrews hooks Gutta Boy for a suplex. Wolf: It looks like he's going to try for the Legacy-Plex. Gutta Boy counters and lands on his feet, he hooks Andrews in a reverse waistlock and pushes him to the ropes. Ace: Roll up.... ONE TWO Kick out! Wolf: That was about as close as it gets. Ace: Gutta Boy used the force of the ropes for that move. Wolf: Gutta Boy with a right hand to Andrews that sends him up against the ropes. Andrews is sent across the ring with an Irish whip, he comes back off them and Gutta Boy charges at him, diving towards him in the air. Ace: Clothesline? No Wolf: Andrews misses the clothesline and Gutta Boy ends up flying through the ropes to the ringside floor. Schism dives into the ring and gets armdragged. Ace: Not the most impressive way to enter the ring. Rodd Macc follows him in and gets arm dragged as well. Wolf: Jeff Andrews of The Untouchables putting on a great show here. Schism goes for a kick but Andrews catches it, he spins him around and Rodd Macc catches the foot. Ace: Inziguri! Rodd Macc stays on his feet and stumbles a few steps towards Jeff Andrews who grabs his arm and twists it over his head. Wolf: Andrews takes Macc down. Andrews traps the free arm and pulls back on the Cobra Clutch with Macc laying on his front. Ace: He calls this the Charm City Crossface. Wolf: He's trying to get to the ropes but he's really struggling here. Ace: He's nodding his head, he's telling the referee he's had enough. Ring Announcer: Rodd Macc has been eliminated.

Andrews releases the hold and as he stands up and catches a dropkick to the face! Schism from the top rope with a drop kick! Gutta Boy slides into the ring from behind his two remaining opponents. Schism pins Andrews after hitting the dropkick as Gutta Boy tries to get to his feet after getting back in the ring

Wolf: One
...
TWO
....
.....

Ace: THREE!
Announcer: Jeff Andrews Has Been Eliminated!

Wolf: It's down to Schism and Gutta Boy!

Gutta Boy begins kicking Schism before he can even get to his feet after the pin. He DDT'S Schism and rolls him up!

ONE....
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TWO....

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TWO
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ONE....
.....
TWO....

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....

Ace: KICKOUT BY Schism!

Gutta Boy appears frustrated and argues with the referee about the count. As Schism gets to his feet Gutta Boy slings him into the corner turnbuckle! As he hits the turnbuckle against his back he falls to a sitting position in the corner dazed. Gutta Boy gets the crowd into the match by playing to them. He finally turns to face his still sitting opponent and runs at him for the BroncoBuster! Schism who was playing possum, jumps to his feet and meets Gutta Boy with a Spinning Wheel Kick!!!! Gutta Boy hits the mat with a violent thud. Schism falls across Gutta Boy pulling up his right leg for a pin!!

ONE.....

.....

TWO.....

.....

THREE!!!!!!!!!!!!

Announcer:

Winner by way of Pinfall, Schism of the tag team

FRACTURE!!!

Ace: Unbelievable Match!

Gutta Boy, I thought had this won!

Wolf: Amazing win for Fracture here at Death From Above! Great Tag Team Matchup Showing by all three teams here!

Allow Myself to Introduce...

"My Old Self" by Wide Mouth Mason hits the Red Arena

s PA system as none other than Death Row

s newly-hired staffer appears on the big screen, in his hay-day, romping around the ring in one of his classic Dream Title matches. The sold-out stadium raises to its feet to greet the one and only Dooze with the standing ovation he grew so used to back in his prime. The aged vet takes a hesitant step out from guerilla position. His smile stretches from ear to ear as he scans sea of cheering fans still on their feet. And then it starts. Slowly, and barely audible at first, as only the old followers scattered amongst the crowd begins at first... then it catches like wildfire as Doozer struts down to the ring in an all black suit with a Superman logo tie.

DOO-ZER

DOO-ZER

DOO-ZER

The chants subside as Death Row Wrestling

s newest staffer avoids his typical apron climb and casually takes the steps up to ringside. The Dooze walks across the ring and leans over the ropes to grab a microphone being handed to him by Waylon Wolf. Doozer returns to the middle of the ring, rotating a full 360 degrees in order to take in all of the energy and excitement around him. As he raises the mic to his mouth, a white sign in all black text catches his eye. Doozer: [after a light chuckle] Well I missed you, too. Big pop from the crowd. Doozers ear-to-ear grin somehow finds a way to stretch even wider. Doozer: Damn, it feels good to be back. Even with Boss Ross breathin down my neck tryin

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to tell me how I ain
t worth a shit of what I used to be... and how I can
t throw my weight around like I used to. The cheers died down and transform into light boos at the mention of
Death Row
s owner attempting to belittle the returned ring vet. Doozer:
However, The Dooze will NOT be
abused! HUGE POP at Doozer
s famous, albeit adjusted, catchphrase. Interrupting the cheers, "I am the COOL" by Jay Hawkins blasts
through the speakers. The already bustling arena loses it completely at the sight of Cancer Jiles running from
the top of the ramp down to the ring. Mister COOL transitions from running into a smooth dive under the
bottom rope. He pops up to his feet in an instant, standing in front of his old tag partner and fellow eGG
Bandit - The Dooze. Cancer snags Doozer
s mic. Mr. COOL: Doozy,
Doozy, Doozy... The COOL One circles around his old partner like shark. Constantly
smiling, all the while. Mr. COOL: How
d you do it, man? Already pullin
fasties over Big Boss Ross
head? Special guest ref for a gauntlet featuring THE COOL?!? I gotta give it to you, old man. Well done. Still
circling. Mr. COOL: Guess I should order the celebratory dozen of golden eggs ahead of schedule. This one
s in the carton. See what I did there, Doozy? Don
t worry if your age-worn mind couldn
t keep up. Just like that, the mic vanishes from COOL
s right hand. Courtesy of Doozer
s left. Doozer:

Actu-

"It
s a Fight" by
Three 6 Mafia hits the sound system. Within seconds, Death Row
s owner can be seen standing atop the entrance ramp
- arms crossed. Greeted with a mixed reaction, he surveys the crowd with a hint of distaste then relaxes his
stands, and brings his right hand (with mic) up to his mouth. Tim Ross:
I
d watch your mouth, Jiles. Wouldn
t want your
bee-eff-eff fired on his first real day at the job, would you?
Eyes widened, Doozer attempts to interject quickly.
Doozer:
No, Tim. It
s
nothi- Tim Ross: [interrupting] You, shut up. Actually. Your cute little introduction is over. I want to see you in
my office, asap. We have some... details... about the gauntlet we need to discuss.

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"It
s a Fight" starts back up as Tim Ross retreats backstage, leaving both
Doozer and Cancer in the ring looking quite dismayed. Mr. COOL throws his hand toward The Dooze in
attempt to snatch the mic back and continue the in-ring collaboration promo. Just before he can grasp at it,
Doozer loosens his grip and lets it fall to the mat. The Dooze then looks directly at
Jiles, who seems befuddled by his friend
s action, and shakes his head in a most defeated fashion. The shaking head ultimately falls in front of his
chest, and Doozer begins to trudge toward the ropes near the ring
s short stairway. Cancer grabs his friend
s left shoulder in an effort to halt, but Doozer immediately breaks the grip by snapping his shoulder back
instantly. CCJ throws both arms out to his sides in disbelief and bewilderment over The Dooze
s actions. Totally silent is the crowd watching on as "My Old Self" hits the Red Arena
s PA system.

Maynard Crane vs Tarrasque:

Caged Hell Match

"Ladies and Gentlemen" by Saliva begins as Tarrasque runs out and roars with his arms outstretched. His
chin and chest are covered in blood, a legacy of eating raw meat just moments ago.

Announcer:

From Akira, China... he is...

TARRASQUE!

"The Brain"

Allen Anderson joins him, hobbling on a wooden cane with a golden sphere on top. Tarrasque and Anderson
walk to the ring with Tarrasque in the lead, grinning at the violence to come.

Wolf:

The newcomer who will be locked in a cell with the monster who has brought nothing but destruction to
Death Row, Maynard Crane.

Before walking up the
stairs, Tarrasque looks up at the dangling cell.

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 before walking to the center of the ring. As Maynard Crane and Tarrasque stand
toe to toe as the cell hits the ground.

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Wolf: Both men tall, however, Tarrasque does have about a fifty pound advantage over Maynard Crane.

Ace: Yea, but Crane has a case of the crazies from what he's shown over the recent months.

Wolf: I believe every match he has had so far has lead up to this point right here, a steel enclosure with another monster.

Ace: There defiantly is hell standing inside of that cell right now Waylon, a fury that will be unleashed between two men that are powered off of a force to be reckoned with.

The bell sounds and Maynard grins.

Wolf: There

s the sound of the bell, it

s time for our Caged Hell match!

Maynard clinches his gigantic hands and sends a right into the side of Tarrasque who barely moves.

Tarrasque returns the favor and is met with the same outcome.

Wolf: Both men exchanging rights and lefts.

Ace: Being equally powered is going to make this extremely interesting.

Tarrasque hits a devastating right, and Maynard returns the favor again. However, this time he follows through by grabbing the shoulders of Tarrasque and putting his knee up. Tarrasque grabs the incoming knee, and lifts backward, sending Maynard Crane up, over, and crashing into the mat.

Wolf: Tarrasque using Maynard

s momentum to lift him up and send him down.

Ace:

The new guy setting the bar.

Tarrasque rolls over. As Maynard begins to get up, Tarrasque lunges forward.

Wolf: Tarrasque catches Maynard Crane, lifts

SPIIINNNEEE BUUUSSTTTERRR!

The crowd pops.

Ace: I have to say, this guy is impressive.

Up until this point, Maynard Crane had only dominated every match he has had.

Tarrasque stands up and looks down at

Crane, admiring his work, before grabbing him by the head and pulling Crane to his feet.

Wolf: Crane with a blow to the mid-section of Tarrasque, now another, trying to get back in this.

A knee to the gut of Maynard by Tarrasque stops the potential comeback

Wolf:

Tarrasque grabs the left arm of Maynard Crane, Irish whip into the ropes. Maynard on the comeback as Tarrasque rushes and

leaps, huge shoulder block!

Ace: Watch out Death Row, there is a new monster to worry about!

Tarrasque rises to his feet again.

Wolf: Stomping away at Maynard Crane. This is nothing like we are used to when Crane is in the ring.

Ace: I kind of like it, and I

m sure everyone in the back he has terrorized is enjoying this too!

Maynard is lifted yet again to his feet by Tarrasque.

Wolf: Big chop to the chest of Crane. Tarrasque going for the whip again, NO! Maynard reverses. Tarrasque

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into the ropes, on the return no
big boot by Crane!

The crowd pops at the two big men giving them a show.

Wolf:

Maynard

s opponent begins getting to his feet. As he rises, Maynard goes to boot his
head, but Tarrasque moves!

Tarrasque swings at Crane, who ducks down, bends in, and lifts Tarrasque up on his shoulders before
standing up straight.

Wolf: SAMOEN DROP!

Ace: Maynard needs to get back in this if he expects to win.

Maynard quickly covers Tarrasque but is kicked out before the referee can even get one.

Wolf: Maynard Crane trying to end the match finds himself needing more offense.

Maynard gets to his feet, pulling Tarrasque up with him.

Wolf: Crane pushed back.

Maynard stumbles back and into the ropes, but able to stop himself.

Wolf: Tarrasque runs!

Crane bends down, catches Tarrasque, and lifts him over the top rope. Tarrasque flies to the floor, his head
hitting the cell, causing him to ricochet back.

Wolf: THAT WILL DO IT!

Ace: Not too shabby.

Maynard turns and exits the ring over the top rope, hopping to the floor.

Wolf: I think we are about to see the Maynard Crane we are used to seeing.

Ace: This may not end well for Tarrasque.

Maynard reaches down, pulling Tarrasque halfway up.

Wolf: Crane now pushing Tarrasque

s head into that cell, grinding his face across the chain link.

Tarrasque lets out a yell of agony as Maynard places a knee into his back to apply more pressure.

Ace: One of the most dangerous structures in wrestling.

Maynard lets go and steps back a few feet as Tarrasque lays propped on the cell side.

Wolf:

Crane runs

BOOT TO TARRASQUE

S HEAD, DRIVING IT INTO THE CELL

MORE!

Ace: Damn that was nasty!

Maynard steps back, allowing Tarrasque to slump over to the floor.

Wolf: Crane now grabbing Tarrasque and helping him to his feet.

Ace: Yea, helping.

Maynard walks Tarrasque over and rolls him into the ring, pulling himself up afterwards and entering over the
top rope.

Wolf:

Maynard picking Tarrasque up to his feet and whips Tarrasque into the ropes.

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On the return, Tarrasque attempts a clothesline, but Crane ducks.

Wolf: Tarrasque trying to come back, but misses.

Both men quickly turn around.

Wolf: Kick to the midsection of Maynard Crane. Tarrasque follows up with an elbow to the temple followed by a big chop to the chest.

Ace: He didn't miss that time!

Wolf: Maynard allowed too much time to pass, allowing Tarrasque to regroup.

Tarrasque grabs Maynard, going for what seems to be a belly to belly suplex.

Wolf: No! Reversal by Maynard Crane with the suplex.

Ace: Both men strong and agile, it's amazing.

As Tarrasque hits the mat, Maynard Crane gets to his feet and begins to viciously stomp his opponent.

Wolf:

Crane showing a bit of that mean streak he is known for.

Tarrasque is able to roll slightly out of the way and begins to get up. On the way up, Tarrasque pushes Maynard Crane back. He grabs his arm and pulls him.

Wolf: Short arm clothesline. That looked as if it knocked Crane silly.

Ace: Simple, yet effective.

Tarrasque picks a leg of Maynard Crane up, stretches it the thrust it down.

Wolf: Tarrasque now trying to hyper extend the knee of Maynard Crane.

He stomps his opponent's knee a few times before lifting both of his legs up and stepping in.

Wolf: It appears that Tarrasque is going for a figure four leg lock.

Ace: I think move sets are out the window, and these men just want to punish each other.

As he places the lock on and leans back on the mat to apply pressure, Maynard Crane yells in pain.

Wolf: Maynard Crane now trying to get his bearings.

Maynard Crane struggles a little before overpowering Tarrasque enough to reverse the hold.

Wolf: Inverted figure four by Maynard Crane! Crane now showing he can actually wrestle some, and not just destroy everything in his way with brute power.

Ace: It

is hard to do that when you

are a big guy but your opponent is even bigger. He has to resort to alternative measures.

A few moments later, both men break free and push themselves to their feet.

Wolf: Each opponent showing signs of discomfort as they get to their feet.

Ace: Wouldn't

you?

Crane takes charge, slapping Tarrasque's chest with authority.

Wolf:

Big chop by Maynard Crane that leaves Tarrasque's chest glowing. An Irish whip sends him hard into the corner. Maynard Crane follows up with a huge splash.

As Maynard Crane moves away, Tarrasque stumbles forward.

Wolf: Crane grabs the back of Tarrasque's head, directing him to the corner.

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Ace: Maynard Crane is back folks!

Maynard sends Tarrasque into the turnbuckle, back first. As he stands, propped up on the ropes, Crane delivers several calculated, hard shots to the side of the head.

Wolf: Maynard Crane follows those closed fist with a side knee to Tarrasque's mid-section. He has slowed the pace down, allowing himself to not only control the match, but deliver more damage to Tarrasque in the long run.

Ace: He needs to finish him off and continue being the man to beat.

Maynard pulls his hand back, delivering a calculated chop to Tarrasque's chest followed by a knee to his legs, immediately into a forearm to head.

Wolf: Maynard Crane punishing Tarrasque for his early control.

Ace: Wasn

t introducing him to the cell punishment enough?

As Maynard backs away from the corner, Tarrasque takes a wobbly step forward. Crane slides in behind him, and wraps on a sleeper type hold.

Wolf:

Sleeper hold by Maynard Crane. With that hold securely locked in, Crane moves Tarrasque to the middle of the ring.

As it looks like the referee is about to declare the match over via

knockout, Crane grips the hold one more time then leaps up, coming down with his stomach hitting the mat as Tarrasque's back hits.

Wolf: What a move. Maynard Crane not ready to end it yet, he just hasn't dished out enough punishment.

Ace: Stupid! He almost had it!

Crane gets to his feet. Slow and methodically, he makes his way around Tarrasque, giving a stomp every few steps. Maynard stops, bends over and slaps Tarrasque.

Wolf: Maynard Crane adds insult to injury, slapping Tarrasque.

He smirks and steps back.

Wolf: Crane lifts the leg of Tarrasque, turning him over.

He then grips Tarrasque's leg with both hands and drives his knee hard into the mat. Tarrasque grabs his knee and rolls around.

Wolf: Crane leaps, bringing a big knee down across the chest of Tarrasque.

Ace: Got to hand it to him, no matter the size of his opponent, Crane is a tough one.

As he gets up, he pulls Tarrasque to his feet with him.

Wolf: Crane grabs the arm of Tarrasque, yet another Irish whip into the ropes. Tarrasque on the return. Maynard Crane catches Tarrasque on the rebound with a knee to the mid-section. He then runs past Tarrasque, comes off the ropes and hits a running knee strike to the temple of Tarrasque.

Wolf: Tarrasque is down!

Ace: He needs to pin him!

Maynard stretches his large hand out and looks down at Tarrasque.

Wolf: It

s almost over!

Maynard grabs ahold of Tarrasque

s face and begins squeezing, lifting him to his feet at the same time.

Wolf: Can Tarrasque hold on?!

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Tarrasque stays calm, and uses his free legs to get his balance and then kick Maynard, causing him to let go.

Ace: Whoa!

Tarrasque steps to the side, grabs Maynard by the back of the head, and with power sends him toward the ropes and over the top.

Wolf: Maynard meets the floor now!

Maynard crawls over to the cell and reaches up, grasping the links and using them to pull himself up.

Inside the ring, Tarrasque looks like a mad man.

Wolf: Crane to his feet

Tarrasque runs

HE LEAPS! SUCICIDE DIVE FROM THE BIG MAN!

Ace: Holy fuck!

Tarrasque flies through the air, catching Maynard and plowing him into the unforgiving cell.

Wolf: The cell had to have moved an inch!

Fans: Holy shit! Holy shit!

Wolf: The fans are going crazy!

Both men roll around on the floor, with Tarrasque finally getting to his feet first. After a couple stomps, he pulls Maynard up, walking him over, and rolling him back into the ring.

Wolf: This entire match has been back and forward.

Ace: Insanity!

As Tarrasque enters the ring, he walks over to Crane and looks down.

Wolf: Tarrasque to a knee, now covering Maynard.

Ace: No way he has this.

The referee begins his count.

Wolf: One

The last count seems slow, but it hits the mat.

A moment afterwards, Maynard throws his arm up.

Wolf: THREE!

The bell begins to sound and Tarrasque

s music hits.

Wolf: Well, ah.. Tarrasque victorious over Maynard Crane!

Ace: he has ended the monster

s streak of destruction!

As Tarrasque has his arm held by the referee, Maynard looks around, as if surprised by the three count.

Wolf: Maynard was almost able to kick out, but just milliseconds too slow.

Crane rolls over as the cell raises, and pushes himself to his feet. The camera cuts away from him as he begins yelling at the referee from the side of the ring and we go backstage.

House of Pain Introduction

A taped promo begins. Classical music is playing in the background. Derek Mobley and Warrick Hill are shown seated at a table, playing chess. Derek has a pair of thick rimmed glasses on and a fake mustache. Warrick is puffing on a pipe, wearing a loose tie. Warrick is staring, intently, at the board, trying to make the best move possible. He finally reaches out and moves his pawn one step forward, officially completing the

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very first move of the game.

Derek Mobley: Nice.

Warrick Hill:

I thought so.

The words

Entertaining, Thrilling

flash on the screen as Derek and Warrick continue to play chess. An updated look at the board shows the game is half over. Derek captures one of Warrick

s knights.

Warrick

Hill: Dude, you took my horse!

Derek Mobley: He was in my way.

Warrick Hill: That was my favorite piece

he could move forward AND sideways.

Derek Mobley: Sorry, bro.

Derek turns his head to the side, taking a drink of water.

While his eyes are off the board, Warrick snatches one of Derek

s knights and places it on his side of the

board, replacing his old knight. The question

Can DRW contain this much excitement?

is posed.

Derek Mobley: Where

s my other knight?

Warrick Hill: How the hell should I know?

Derek Mobley: Because we

re the only two people in the room.

Derek continues to examine the board.

Derek Mobley: Wait a minute, why is my knight on YOUR side of the board?

Warrick Hill: That

s my horse, idiot.

Derek Mobley: Dude, it

s white.

Warrick Hill: So?

Derek Mobley: Your pieces are black.

Warrick Hill: You

re such a fucking racist, you know that? I don

t look at things as black and white...and I don

t wear white pillow casings as masks either.

Derek Mobley: What does that even mean? Are you insinuating I

m affiliated with the KKK?

Warrick Hill: If the hood fits

Derek Mobley: Shut up and just give me my knight back.

Warrick Hill: If you can prove that

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

s your horse, then I

ll give it back to you.

Derek Mobley: Are you serious?

Warrick Hill: As a pregnancy test.

Derek Mobley: The pieces are color coordinated

I assumed you noticed that from the start.

Warrick looks down at the pieces, realizing that they are color coordinated. He then picks up Derek's knight and hurls it against a wall. It shatters.

Derek Mobley: Dude!! This set cost like fifty bucks!

Warrick Hill: Big deal, chess is for fags anyway.

Derek flips over the board and reaches over to punch Warrick. The screen fades to black. The name House of Pain

appears on the screen. It fades out and we cut back to the live feed.

Tippy Top Dog

Binge and Purge

comes in through the arena, the sound of the guitars producing an undeniable groan from the crowd. The guitars continue, joined by the drums, but still Dark does not emerge. The beat chugs slowly along. Dark is a long time in coming out, the music alone signaling the arrival of Death Row's first champion. It

s almost annoying. The masses on the internet almost think to open a new window for a quick little exploration into the kinky world of internet porn, when finally, painstakingly, Dark emerges from behind the curtain, walking slow to the beat of the drums.

Wolf:

Well not exactly the bang we hoped to open with, Dark apparently taking his time tonight.

He appears smoking a

cigarette, as the voice of Neil Fallon comes over the PA

Perhaps it

s just the way the light falls

he exhales the smoke

but everything looks like a target to me. . .

Ace: We also must mention, for those of you with crappy resolutions due to a slow connection, that Dark looks particularly dirty tonight.

Wolf: Whatever happened to a clean champion anyway? Ace: Clean? Forget clean. Whatever happened to a sober one?

Dark begins his saunter down to the ring, enjoying his cigarette. He gets a few steps down the ramp and El Toro appears from behind the curtain, his arms raising the Death Row Championship as high as he can. Ace: Look at the little fella. Dark

s got him a walkin

pedestal!

The two walk down the ramp, to the chorus of boos. Dark stops before entering the ring, allowing a fan in the first row to jaw at him. In response Dark blows a cloud of smoke in his face and laughs. Laughing, he climbs the steps to the ring and enters, unceremoniously.

He asks for a mic as El Toro climbs a turnbuckle, raising the belt.

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Wolf: Unscheduled here, we apologize here with you fans, we re supposed to be minutes into the tag team elimination match, but apparently the champion has something to say. Bear with us here.

Dark: Chicago.

The crowd pops at mere mention of their city.

Dark: Yeah give yourselves a round of applause. The City That Works!

You can hear Dark

s clapping, amplified by the microphone as the crowd pops.

Dark: BULLSHIT!

The crowd instantly boos.

Dark: Congratulations Chicago, home of the highest unemployment rate! Yes, lovely Chicago! Home of truth and justice! Why aint former Governor George Ryan still rotting in prison for his vital role in a truck license scam? Yes! Lovely Chicago, you ve done yourselves proud!

The crowd boos as Dark laughs, turning to El Toro with whom he shares his laughter.

Dark: Hey fat boy, if you

ve got a problem we can settle it in the fuckin ring.

Dark turns his attention to one particularly rowdy fan in the crowd.

Dark: Hey, hey, dipshit. After the show, if you

re looking for your Mommy to drive you home, she

ll be the one in the back spread eagle and covered in cum!

Wolfe: We apologize ladies and gentlemen

I think it is necessary that we mention that the views of Mr. Dark in no way reflect the views of the company as a whole.

Ace: That

s right Death Row loves it

s fans! As long as they

ve got money!

Wolfe: That

s absolutely not true

Ace: Dark may have been in his fair share of fights, but I don

t like his chances. He

s inciting a riot! Listen to these fans!

Dark: Hey Chicago. When I get a Chicago dog I smother it in ketchup you anal motherfuckers!

Ace: That

s not right Wolfe. People in Chicago hate it when you put ketchup on a hot dog. It

s ungodly!

A chorus of boos shower over Dark, and he smiles, bathing in it.

Dark: Hey Chicago. You hear of the new Cubs soup? Two sips and you choke!

Ace: Now that

s actually pretty funny!

Wolfe: The hell it is! The Cubs are a sore you just don

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t pick at!

Dark: If you swine would shut your fat mouths for a second, and give the champion the respect he DESERVES, you just might learn something.

I got to tell you, I

ve been in some real scummy

places, places with sticky floored bathrooms, but none of them compare to the grim and the grit of Red Arena, here in Chicago, Illinois! HOW

s Best Arena? Fuck HOW! Best was right in leaving this dump.

Dark (cont): The fact of the matter is I am the Death Row Champion. You all foolishly thought I couldn't do it

that the old man didn't

have it left. But alas, just like always, you were wrong. I have found it important to grace you all with my presence tonight

though you clearly don't

deserve it

because Death Row has acquired some new talent

some new inmates if you will. Well to those of you who have just got here: hello, my name is

Dark, I

m tippy top dog now.

He points to the title Toro is holding.

Dark: That is mine. You see? It makes quite the fancy ashtray.

Wolfe: An ashtray, what? No respect for the title! No respect!

Dark: I

m the head of the roost. Tim Ross just don't

know it yet. Why those bodyguards of his are so amateurish they can't

seem to keep in contact with their bail bondsman, and as such are constantly in and out of jail. Maynard is too crazy and too interested in affirming his manhood by slaughtering others to care about running the ship.

cVc can't

control his own wang, let alone an entire federation. . . Cancer has been spread too thin, wrestling for all you idiots, and

Doozer, Mr.

Superman, has grown himself a beer belly. There is no one left but me.

Dark (cont): Hello, nice to meet you. I am the King.

The crowd boos. Dark continues jawing with the kid in the front row but his mic isn't

up to his mouth, his voice lost in the sound of the booing crowd.

Dark: And in case you

ve forgotten, or in case you don't

believe me, open your eyes. Open your eyes and watch tonight. Tonight Cort is going to step into the ring with me, in a vain attempt to take my title. The name has changed, but the man is the same, and he couldn't

beat me the first time. He won't

be beating me this time either. The title is mine, and

I certainly didn't

swat away young talent just to lose it to a little punk like you Cort. You see ladies and gentlemen, Cort is a

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punk rocker. He bangs around the drum. But Death Row isn

t American Idol. We aren

t raising any musicians here. We raise dead beats. We nurture hatred and destruction.

Dark

(cont): He is a vandal. He just may do this shitty arena a favor and give it a much needed face lift. He may firebomb the place after tonight, it being the place of yet another moment of shame, the place of yet another loss.

For you see, Cort is terribly afraid of success. Anytime he has looked it in the face, he has inexplicably and quite stupidly done something to get himself locked up. He can't handle it. He can

t handle being a champion anymore than he can handle being a man. It is a time to grow up Mister. . .

Dark stops as

fills the arena. The crowd pops as the music can mean only one thing: Cort Vang.

Wolf: Hold on a minute folks, it seems as if the One Man Misdemeanor isn

t going to take anymore of Dark

s shit.

Ace: We may just have a match before a match!

With all eyes glued on Dark, El Toro and the

entrance-way, no one expects Cort Vang to leap over a barricade through the crowd and slide under the bottom rope with his own microphone. Gone is the long black braid he previously sported and swung about at his Lethal Injection IV entrance. Eyes widened. Stalkerish heavy breaths. Raising the mic to his lips, there seems to be a small hint of support from Chicago. Cort Vang: I got some shit to say, and I want to put it out there right here--right now. A size-up stare from Cort toward the champion.

Wolf: Cort sizing up the champion! He doesn

t look scared one bit.

Ace:

Dark is a dangerous man, Cort must be feeling confident tonight. Cort

Vang: You're an effing joke. You say jokes, you got played by Spectre in the biggest effin' joke I ever witnessed a few weeks back and you run with this sawed-off pecker who speaks gibberish and throws up every effin' second. Cort eyes El Toro, mouthing something. Not sure what, the mic is away. He lifts it up, looking at Dark and specifically catching a glimpse of the championship he covets in El Toro's hands. Cort Vang: You're right, this ain't

American Idol. This ain't a lot of mother effing things. This ain't a bar. This ain't a circus for midgets. This ain't mother effing Tulsa, Oklahoma either where Tombs was in our shit. This is

Chicago, another city on a long list of places that a bitch like you isn't wanted in! Cort lowers the mic, and nods at a few fans who agree with him. He calms down somewhat, but everything from his mouth is sharp and spoke with ill-intent. Cort Vang: You talk about manhood-- I think everybody in this bitch knows that I AM a man. Forget that P-Yoot bullshit. You think a name makes a man?! I said it every damn week it seems. Everybody in The Row is a broken, fall-down bitch.

Yeah, I said it. And looking at your

ass, I can't find a bigger example of a more broken-down mother fucker unless I snapshot a picture of your face after TONIGHT! Cort hears more pops from the crowd, perhaps the most support he's ever garnered! Perhaps it is the fact he didn't censor himself as the Death Row crowd popped harder for 'Mother Fucker'

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than anything he has said tonight. He swipes his mouth with his backhand, eyeing Dark for more. Ace: Listen to these fans Wolf!

Wolf: Yes, yes

I have ears Ace.

The crowd rumbles as the two men stare at one another, Cort looking intently into Dark's eyes. Cort starts jabbering at

Dark, the words unheard without the mic, and Dark listens, looking at him without much concern. When Cort is done Dark reaches into his pocket and pulls out a cigarette, lighting it nonchalantly.

Wolf: With Dark, anytime is a good time to smoke.

He takes a drag and exhales it out of the corner of his mouth, studying the burning of the cigarette, acting like he doesn't

even notice Cort standing in front of him. He studies the cigarette and suddenly throws it in Cort's face but Cort ducks and the cigarette flies over his head.

Ace: Dark with the cheat shot.

Wolf: But Cort saw it coming!

Dark runs at Cort for a clothesline but Cort ducks this as well. Dark bounces off the ropes, returning Cort leapfrogs him. When Dark reaches the other side of the ring he slides under the ropes, leaving Cort in the center of the ring with his fists up, ready to fight. Dark shakes his finger at him laughing, as he slowly stumbles around the outside of the ring.

He and Toro slowly shuffled up the ramp, Cort staring them down from the ring the whole time.

Wolf: It

s Death from Above ladies and Gentlemen!

Ace:

Dark, Cort

Vang, in the scaffold match in tonight's main event!

Wolf: Things heating up here tonight, and we've only just begun Ace.

Ace: You bet your ass we're just getting started!

Wolf: I can

wait to see what happens Ace, who's taking the plunge tonight?

Ace: I don't

know, but if I were watching at home I know I'd tell my friends to get off the facebook and join the Row!

Wolf:

You and I both, Ace. You and I both.

Cancer Jiles vs. Skidd Row
vs. Goliath vs.

FJ Tombs vs. Chance Von Crank

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vs. Dylan Daniels

Wolf: Doozer in the ring for a match for the first time since arriving here at Death Row, today donning a referee shirt to be responsible for one of the most chaotic matches thus far.

Ace: You mean he's in the match to make sure that Cancer Jiles wins.

Wolf: Although the two are former tag team partners, holding championships together, I know Doozer on a personal level and he is nothing more than strictly professional.

Ace: We'll see about that.

Wolf: Tim Ross has stated that the participants in this gauntlet will enter at random. Every person in this match tonight is standing by, unknowing of when they will hear their music.

Ace: Depending on the order, this could become very interesting, very quick.

Wolf: A lot of good talent is about to be displayed, but who can outlast the rest?!

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

The crowd goes insane.

Announcer:

Hailing from Athens, Texas at

275 pounds, standing 6 feet and 5 inches, FJ Tombs! The crowd pops again. 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: FJ Tombs is number one in!

Ace: I feel bad for this guy. Just two weeks ago he fought the toughest match of his career, sustaining injuries that required stitches, and now this? There is no way he will make it to the end.

Wolf:

I don't know Tommy, FJ Tombs has a resilience

I've never seen before!

Let the bodies hit the floor Let the bodies hit the floor Let the bodies hit the floor Let the bodies hit the...
FLOOOOOOORRRRR!!

As Drowning Pool hits the speakers, Goliath steps out and raises his arms to the sky, yelling with the roar of the song before walking without emotion toward the ring.

Wolf: He has to face Goliath! The man who almost ended Rykor's career!

Announcer:

From Las Vegas, Nevada. Standing at

6'3 and weighing in at 263lbs... he is... GOOOLLLIIIAAAATTTTHHHHH!!!!

Ace: If FJ Tombs thought Dark was a tough opponent, wait until this guy gets in the ring.

As Goliath enters the ring and his music fades, FJ walks to the center, meeting him.

Wolf: FJ Tombs standing toe to toe with Goliath.

Ace: I tell you, his match with Dark changed him. FJ is a new, maybe more dangerous man.

As the bell sounds the two men lock up.

Wolf: Tombs quickly takes the lead as he whips Goliath into the ropes.

Ace: he needs to finish Goliath off quick as not to go into the next match worn out.

As Goliath returns he meets the elbow of a spinning FJ Tombs, sending him to the mat.

Wolf: Goliath sent right down by Tombs.

The fans pop as FJ leaps up, bringing a leg down as he drops it onto Goliath's chest.

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Wolf: Quick leg drop by FJ Tombs.

Tombs gets to his feet, lifting Goliath up with him. Goliath stops halfway, and picks FJ up.

Wolf: Inverted Atomic Drop by Goliath!

Ace: Fast paced already!

Tombs bounces up and back to the mat.

Wolf: Goliath lifts Tombs back to his feet.

Ace: Goliath is pure strength, can Tombs even overpower him?

FJ pushes Goliath back before throwing a big right at him that connects.

Wolf:

They both are now exchanging rights and lefts. Tombs sends Goliath into the ropes. On his return, FJ Tombs connects with a knee to the gut.

Goliath flips over

FJ's knee, landing face up on the mat.

Wolf: Quick knee drop by Tombs.

As Tombs gets to his feet, he pulls

Goliath up with him. Halfway up, Goliath sends a fist into the midsection of FJ Tombs.

Wolf: Hard chop now by Goliath, followed by a second. Irish whip into the corner.

Ace:

Being the first two men into this match is not good.

Goliath follows through by running towards Tombs with his knee making contact. As Goliath moves out of the way, Tombs falls foreword to the mat.

Wolf: Big, vicious stomps by Goliath.

Goliath grabs FJ Tombs and yanks him up.

Wolf:

Another whip by Goliath, Tombs on the return.

Goliath comes with a knee to

FJ's stomach, followed by a DDT which seemed a bit quick, but did its job.

Wolf: DDT by Goliath!

Ace: Cover him!

Tombs holds his head, showing that he may have hit it a bit harder than intended on the mat as Goliath holds the inner part of his arm.

Wolf: Goliath may have caught his arm the wrong way on that landing there.

Ace: Really not good if you injure yourself in the first match of the gauntlet.

Goliath rolls over and gets to his feet. He moves his arm around and continues on, pushing through whatever pain there may be and stomping FJ Tombs.

Wolf:

Goliath lifts Tombs to his feet. Double hand scoop, Goliath runs and jumps. Power slam!

Ace: What a beast!

The fans pop as Goliath gets up and yells out to them. He eats up the spotlight as the fans begin to back him even more.

Wolf:

With the fans surprisingly behind him, Goliath pulls Tombs to his feet.

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

Ace: This is HOW country, these people are crazy.

Wolf: Tombs whipped into the ropes.

As FJ returns Goliath goes for the STP, but FJ pushes his arms forward with all his might, causing Goliath to lose balance. Goliath spins around, and Tombs comes under with a school boy rolled into a pin.

Wolf: Out of nowhere!

Doozer drops and counts, hitting the three.

Ace: Wow! FJ Tombs somehow did it, he beat Goliath!

As Goliath rolls out of the ring, disappointed,

Wild Boy

by MGK hits the sound system. From the back begins Chance Von Crank.

Ace: FJ Tombs has a run for his money now.

Wolf: The man many have said will walk away the winner tonight!

Ace: FJ Tombs looks nervous.

Wolf: He might should.

Chance walks up the steps and alongside the apron. He grabs the top rope and holds on as he thrust his hips before rolling through the middle rope into the ring.

Wolf: Crank giving a show before his music fades out.

Ace: He is a show off, but can he back it with a big win tonight?

As the bell sounds, the two men lock up.

Wolf: This match should be very interesting.

Crank throws a knee into the gut of Tombs to break the lock up, then quickly jabs his eyes with two fingers.

Wolf: Doozer already warning Crank less than a minute into the match.

Ace: What? He was just helping FJ out. He thought there was something in his eyes.

Wolf: Sure.

Tombs holds his eyes and turns, not knowing which direction is which. Crank leans forward, and grabs around his head, pulling FJ Tombs hard back and down to the mat using his eye sockets. Doozer warns him again, as Chance raises his hands as if saying he didn't do anything.

Wolf: Crank going by his own rules tonight as he faces FJ Tombs for a shot at the number one contendership.

Ace:

That shouldn

t even be illegal.

Chance begins pulling Tombs to his feet. Halfway up, FJ pushes Chance back, stands up straight and begins punching him with rights and lefts.

Wolf: Tombs fighting back.

FJ grabs Chance's arm and whips him across the ring.

Wolf:

Crank off the ropes and on the return. Tombs runs and leaps, Lou Thez press!

Ace: No!

As Chance hits the mat, FJ pounds away at the Trailer Park Prodigy.

Wolf: Chance tries to block the punches, but is having no luck. I don't think FJ Tombs liked Chance's early match tactics.

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

Doozer gets FJ to dismount Crank.

Wolf: FJ warned and gets up.

Crank pushes up, then comes foreword behind FJ, hitting him with a low blow.

Wolf: FJ Tombs is in pain from that dastardly low blow!

Ace: What was wrong with that Waylon?

Chance gets to his feet then grabs the back of Tombs's head.

Wolf: Crank guides FJ Tombs to the turnbuckle and introduces his head to the top.

Chance slams FJ's head into the turnbuckle twice, and then turns him around.

Wolf:

Holding onto the top rope for leverage, Chance Von Crank puts several boots to the mid-section of FJ Tombs.

Chance grabs FJ and assists him to the top turnbuckle, sitting him on it. Crank then climbs it himself.

Wolf: Two big punches to the head of FJ Tombs.

Ace: Go cVc! Go!

Chance gives the fans some thrust action.

Wolf: That man sure loves to move his pelvis.

Chance goes to deliver a superplex.

Wolf: Denied by Tombs!

FJ blocks the maneuver, and is able to lift Chance up. He leaps forward, throwing Crank out horizontally as they hit the mat.

Wolf: What a reversal!

Ace: No no no!

As both men roll on the mat in pain, Doozer begins to count.

Wolf: Who will make it to their feet first?

Ace: What if neither does? How would that affect the gauntlet?

Wolf: I guess the next two men would come out?

Chance begins to get up first, followed by Tombs.

Wolf: Crank runs at Tombs.

FJ sees him, and jumps.

Wolf: DDT!! DDT!!

Ace: NOOOOOOO!!!!

FJ Tombs floats over and hooks the leg as Doozer counts.

Wolf: FJ TOMBS DEFEATS CHANCE VON CRANK!

Ace: He cheated!

by Beastie Boys begins to play and the fans go absolutely bonkers.

Wolf:

No time to rest FJ as the hometown favorite, Skidd Row is in the building!

Chicago

s own Skidd Row runs as fast as possible down, sliding into the ring. cVc barely able to roll out of the ring as the bell sounds.

Ace: FJ may be tired, but he does have a considerable size advantage over Skidd.

Wolf: That may play a huge factor. Can the Chi-town kid beat FJ?

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

Row runs at FJ Tombs who catches him with a knee to the gut. He rolls behind Skidd, wraps his arms around his waist and leans back.

Wolf: Belly to back suplex FJ Tombs. Skidd Row needs to keep it fast paced and work off of Tombs already being tired.

Tombs roughly pulls Row to his feet.

Wolf: Multiple knife edge chops cause Skidd Row's chest to glow.

Ace:

For a guy who has already had two matches, FJ is going strong. Have to hand it to him.

FJ grabs

Skidd's arm, twisting it around then yanking as he stomps down. Skidd lets out a yelp of pain as he grabs his shoulder. Tombs runs past him, bouncing off the ropes as he returns he leaps behind Row.

Wolf: Bull dog by Tombs!

The fans begin booing FJ as they back their hometown guy. He turns Skidd over and covers him as Doozer drops to count.

Wolf: Two count and kick out by Skidd Row. He just barely got his shoulder up there.

Ace: FJ looks confused that the fans are booing him. Get over it! Everyone loves a hometown hero.

FJ gets to his feet.

Wolf: Yes, but being so much smaller, the hero here may not have a chance.

Tombs turns Row over on his stomach, and lifts his left leg up, before driving his knee into the mat. Skidd grabs his knee and rolls over in pain, allowing FJ to leap up and come down hard with a knee drop across his chest.

Wolf: Total control by Tombs who continues his vicious assault on Skidd Row.

FJ Tombs bends down, slapping Skidd Row. He then places his hands around Skidd's throat, and lifts him up to his feet. He grabs his arm and whips him towards the corner post, running behind him. Skidd grabs the top rope, stopping himself, and uses it to lift himself up. FJ Tombs slams into the corner post as Skidd Row lands on his feet behind him. He drops to the mat, cupping under Tombs's legs, rolling him up.

Wolf: School boy attempt! The same move FJ just beat cVc with! Doozer counts. Tombs is able to kick out easily at two. Skidd Row just threw Tombs off a bit with that quick thinking.

Row rolls back and up his feet. FJ Tombs stares at him in a kneeling position and keeps his eyes on his opponent as he stands.

Wolf: FJ Tombs now a bit cautious, and for good reason. it could have been over early for him. I bet he is now rethinking not ending the match right away when he had full control.

Tombs walks over, still cautious, and mouths to Row, a few things that we cannot hear.

Wolf: Lock up in the middle of the ring.

FJ forces Skidd back into the ropes, he uses them for momentum as he whips Row across the ring.

Wolf:

Skidd Row on the return, Tombs ducks down. Leap frog by Row. To the ropes and off.

FJ drops to the

mat, and Row hops over him. He takes a few steps, stops and turns as Tombs gets to his feet. Skidd jumps with an effective dropkick.

Wolf: Standing drop kick that connects, sending Tombs to the mat.

Skidd runs, jumps to the second rope while grabbing the top. He bounces down and uses the ropes to leap up, landing his body across FJ's. The fans give him a pop.

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

Wolf: Skidd Row using his agility and the ropes to gain some much needed momentum in this match.

Row gets to his feet, quickly, pulling both of FJ's legs up. He steps in between and wrap's his legs around before attempting to turn Tombs over.

Wolf: Row going for a sharpshooter.

Ace: Nice.

Skidd looks uncomfortable with the move as he just can't quite get Tombs over. FJ struggles, finally breaking his legs free, and kicking Skidd backwards.

Wolf: Skidd Row stumbles back as FJ Tombs gets to a three point stance. He waits... and pounces forward, running through Row with a clothesline. Row just is at a full disadvantage in this match up folks.

The fans boo Tombs who waves them off, stomping

Row some more.

At 190 to Tombs's 275 pounds, Skidd Row just

can't seem to overcome the brute force of FJ Tombs's attacks, and it is very apparent here as he can do nothing but cover his head as Rile stomps away at him still.

Tombs covers Row, but Skidd throws his foot over the bottom rope, denying FJ a pin. The fans pop.

Wolf: FJ Tombs even more upset now, as he gets to his feet, pulling Skidd Row up with him. Hard chops to the chest of Skidd, followed by a swift kick to his lower legs.

Skidd barely stops himself from crumbling after the kick.

Wolf: FJ Tombs with a big right, followed by anot.. no, Skidd Row is able to block the fist. He returns fire with his own shot.

Ace: He might be able to get control!

The fans begin to get behind their guy as he hits a few more hard fist. He runs back, and comes off the ropes. FJ bends down.

Wolf: Row over Tombs, sunset flip!

Doozer drops and counts.

Wolf: One.. two.. Thr... NO! Kick out by Tombs!

Ace: Close one for Row!

The fan groans in unison as FJ Tombs escapes another surprise pin by Skidd Row.

Wolf:

The crowd explodes as he flips Tombs over into a pin and Doozer drops for the count. As he hits two, FJ is able to kick out to the fans discontent.

Ace:

Close call, Skidd Row almost had Tombs there.

Both men begin to get up. Halfway

up, FJ Tombs grabs both of Skidd Row's legs and yanks up, putting his back down hard to the mat. He holds Skidd's legs up and leans back.

Wolf: Slingshot!

Row is shot into the turnbuckle. As he hits, his body falls limp over the ropes, standing upright in the corner. Tombs walks over and sends several fist into the back of Row.

Wolf: Hard kidney shots by FJ Tombs.

Skidd lets out a yelp of pain as he grabs his back. FJ turns him around, grabs the top rope and begins to stomp away at Skidd, until his collapse in the corner. He continues to hold the top rope for leverage as he stomps.

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

Wolf: Doozer making Tombs pull back. the fans are livid folks.

Ace: This is Row-ville

The fans begin to throw trash into the ring as FJ pulls a barely awake Skidd Row to his feet.

Wolf: Tombs scoops Row up, turns and runs. He jumps, and big slams to the mat followed by a pin. Tombs hooks Skidd's leg for good measure.

The boos get even louder as Doozer drops for the count.

Wolf: I can

t believe how well Doozer has been officiating this entire match.

Ace: Well, wait for Cancer Jiles to enter. Doozer will show his true colors then.

Skidd Row kicks out and the fans pop again.

Wolf: Wow! He kicked out!

Ace: FJ cannot believe it, and neither can

I really.

FJ uses the ropes to pull himself up. He puts his hands on his hips and just looks at Skidd who tries to get up himself. As FJ walks toward him, Skidd quickly shoots between his legs. FJ

turns, and Skidd lunges up, grabbing FJ

s head and dropping to his knees, cracking FJ Tombs

jaw on his head. The fans pop.

Wolf: Desperation move that pays off!

Skidd gets up quickly as FJ turns around holding his jaw. Skidd jumps forward, grabbing FJ s neck and falling back.

Wolf: Inverted DDT!

Ace: Out of nowhere!

Skidd Row covers Tombs and Doozer drops to count.

Wolf: SKIDD ROW BEATS FJ TOMBS!!!

Ace: Close one, but the little guy did it!

Dylan Daniels jumps the barrier from the fans and slides into the ring.

Wolf: Dylan Daniels is here and coming out of the fans!

Ace: Speaking of coming out, someone get that fag FJ Tombs out of the ring.

Tombs rolls out, upset that he lost as Skidd gets up and the bell sounds.

Wolf: Daniels rushes Skidd, drop toe hold!

As soon as Daniels hits the mat, Skidd slides on top of

him, locking in a cross face chickenwing.

Wolf: I haven

t seen that move in a long time!

Ace: Vintage!

Daniels begins tapping out and the fans laugh at him.

Wolf: Skidd Row makes Dylan Daniels tap out, and quick!

Ace: I do believe that is the fastest win in Death Row history at twenty-two seconds.

Wolf: Do you know what this means?

Ace: That Dylan Daniels is a pussy?

Wolf: No, that Cancer Jiles is up next in the last match of the gauntlet!

Ace: Prepare to get screwed Skidd.

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

"I am the COOL" by Jay Hawkins hits and Mr. COOL himself steps out from the back. He smiles as he points to the ring then takes off running.

Wolf: Cancer slides into the ring. Skidd Row looks ready.

Cancer goes over and reaches to shake Doozer's hand, whom turns away and calls for the bell.

Wolf: Doozer doing his job and getting the final match started!

Ace: it

s all an act; he

ll screw Skidd Row over.

Skidd rushes Cancer, who catches him with an arm drag into an arm bar.

Wolf: Nice technical move by Cancer Jiles as he applies pressure.

Skidd is able to reach the bottom rope with his foot. Doozer tells Cancer to break the hold.

Wolf: Wow.

Cancer gets up quickly, getting into Doozer

s face. Doozer can be seen mouthing that it was the right thing to do.

Wolf: Doozer not playing favorites it seems!

Skidd gets up behind Cancer, bounces off the ropes and uses them to give him momentum. Cancer turns as Skidd jumps with an arm out.

Wolf: Jiles steps to the side and brings Skidd down into an arm bar again!

Ace: I think he

d rather yell at Doozer some more.

Cancer applies pressure. He then just lets go and gets to his feet.

Ace: What is this dummy doing?

Wolf: I don

t know.

Cancer walks up to Doozer and begins trying to question his friendship. Doozer points out he is a referee and must do his job. Cancer stomps his feet like a kid before turning around.

Wolf:

Cancer turns, Skidd had gotten up and is waiting. He comes forward, leaping.

Skidd Row grabs ahold of Cancer

s neck and tries to fall back, but Jiles pushes him down hard.

Wolf: Row back to the mat!

Cancer turns again yelling at Doozer now.

Ace: He needs to focus on what

s going on.

Doozer raises his hands and steps back.

Wolf: I think it

s commendable myself.

Jiles grows irritate and turns back to Skidd Row who is getting to his feet.

Wolf: Row to his feet now

Cancer doesn

t play, he shoots forward.. **TERMINAL CANCER!**

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

The fans boo as Cancer looks at Doozer and ask if he
s going to count right. Doozer mouths back to pin Skidd or he won
t count at all.

Ace: Here is comes.

Cancer covers Skidd and yells at Doozer who drops down and begins to count, at normal speed.

Wolf: Kick out at two! Kick out at two!

Cancer hits the mat and jumps up yelling at Doozer now. He motions it was a slow count.

Wolf: No Cancer, the count was right but if you don
t focus on the match you are going to lose!

Cancer turns around again as Skidd is getting up slowly. When he does reach his feet, Cancer jumps
forward again.

Wolf: ANOTHER TERMINAL CANCER!

Ace: Slow count, or regular, two Terminal Cancer
s and Skidd is out!

Cancer pins Skidd Row and Doozer drops. He begins to count, at normal speed. Hitting the three.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles wins it, but wasted the entire match questioning his friendship with Doozer.

Ace:

I have to say, I was wrong. Wow.

Cancer gets to his feet and stares at Doozer.

Wolf: Cancer Jiles is the number one contender!

Doozer goes to raise his hand and Cancer just puts his palms up, shakes his head at his friend and walks
away.

Wolf: Tension between the two longtime friends as Doozer did his job and did it well.

Ace: It was the same outcome; I don
t know why he is so pissy.

As Cancer leaves the ring, irritated, with no celebration, Doozer checks on Skidd Row.

Miss Me I See?

In the backstage area of the Red Arena in Chicago, a man in a black balaclava and HOW hat, sits in a metal
fold out chair near an exit. Most of his face is covered up, a little around his eyes is seen, but the man was
smart enough to wear what looks to be black paint to hide it. All that is truly his is the brown eyes and soft
beige lips, can be seen. The Mystery Man: Ross, you need to slow everything down.

Being locked up has made you paranoid in a new degree. I've signed no deals yet, I am a free agent. A few
others have noticed

that, and my phone has been very busy. Private jets, limos, and hotel suites that would make Obama
jealous. I've had more titties shook in my face in the past month than I can masturbate too! But I am back
now, and no matter how many whores they can toss my way, my hatred for some of the talent on your roster
keeps bringing me back to Death Row! This is a notice to each and every man, I'm not coming... I AM HERE!
The man kicks out his legs and throws one on top of the other. He places his hands behind his head in the
manner that he is simply relaxed!

Dark vs. Cort Vang

We return ringside where the camera pans to show the ring. Inside, tables have been opened and stacked in
the middle below the scaffold.

Wolf: It

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

s time for our main event for the Death Row Championship. Both men will climb that scaffolding and the only way to win is to throw their opponent from the top, sending them crashing down through those tables and to the ring.

Ace: If they

re lucky they will hit the tables to break the fall. There is always that chance of missing and using something, say, their neck to break the fall.

Wolf: You

re very right Tommy; this is a dangerous situation here.

The camera pans to show a scissor lift that has been parked near the steps.

Wolf: The scaffold has been above the ring all night, but until now, I don

t think it has really set in what we are about to witness. These two men will literally only have about sixteen inches of space. One wrong move and they could fall.

Ace: I guess Tim Ross couldn

t afford to go all out on the scaffold set up. Maybe he should consider taking some of the money being offered to him.

Wolf: It

s more about the danger aspect than the money. With this match, there will be danger.

Ace:

Yea there will. When they were setting up, I swear the wood they used was rotten and cracked.

by All begins to play.

Announcer:

From St. Helens, Oregon. Weighing in at

219 pounds. Cort

VANNNNNNGGGG!!!

Ace: Thank God this guy was forced to change his name.

Cort Vang steps out from behind the curtain and the fans immediately begin to boo. He stops at the top of the entrance and looks up above the ring. You can see nervousness in his eyes.

Wolf: I honestly think that Tim Ross put Cort in this match because he knew that he was afraid of heights.

Ace: No better way to mess with someone than book them in something they absolutely hate.

Cort slowly walks down the ramp, in no rush to get to his destination.

Ace: If he doesn

t hurry, we won

t have time for this match to even happen!

Wolf: Why don

t you get up there and tell me if you are comfortable with it.

Ace: I don

t have to, I commentate, and I

m supposed to be down here.

Wolf: Then you have no room to talk.

Cort Vang steps up onto the scissor lift. The Death Row official closes the chain behind him while the stage hand who is set to operate it, assures that Cort is in before beginning to raise it. Vang grabs ahold of the sides and begins freaking out. He yells to stop raising the lift, but is ignored.

Wolf: Cort you are 3 feet off the ground, calm down.

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

Vang shakes the lift, continuing to yell. The stage hand stops lifting, causing the lift to shake, and freaking Cort out more. He yells at Vang to quit being a pussy before turning around and raising the lift more.

Announcer: His opponent, the current

Death Row Champion. From Bakersfield, California

he is the

one, and only

DAAAARRRRRRKKKKK!!!

Binge and Purge

by Clutch hits the sound system. Dark steps out from the back. In his left hand the Death Row Championship, in his right a beer. He raises the championship title high and then toast it with the beer before throwing his head back and pouring it in his mouth. The crowd, who usually boos him, is behind Dark tonight signaling it with a huge pop.

Ace: Oh great! He

s going to be drunk AND on a scaffold. This is going to go real well.

Wolf: I think the big thing here is how the fans hate Cort Vang so much they are cheering for the champion.

Ace: No, this man is an alcoholic, putting himself and Vang in danger by coming intoxicated.

Wolf:

Yea, THAT

S what makes this match dangerous. Beer. Not the scaffold high above the ring, or the tables inside of it.

The scissor lift stops at the top and the stage hand tells Cort to get out. Vang protest as there is a foot and a half gap from the lift to the scaffold edge.

Wolf: Cort Vang refusing to get out of the scissor lift as it isn't close enough to the scaffold.

Ace: Close enough? It's a step off!

Wolf: Once again, you get up there Tommy and let's see how you feel.

Dark stands under the scissor lift and looks up at Vang holding on for dear life. He then begins to push the lift, causing it to wobble.

Up above, Vang starts freaking out even more than before.

Wolf: The mind games begin as Dark seems to be getting some sick pleasure out of playing on Cort Vang's fear.

Dark walks over and looks at the tables stacked in the ring, then back up at Vang, waiting patiently. He sits up on the apron and crosses his arms.

Wolf: Vang must exit the scissor lift before Dark can even get to the top, this may be a long night.

The stage hand pushes Vang to the side and unhooks the chain, pointing for him to get out. Cort holds on to the lift refusing to let go. The hand puts a foot out, stepping on the scaffold, and then crosses over. He crosses back to the lift to show Cort how easy it is. Cort holds on to the side as he inches toward the corner of the lift. His knees shake. After a moment he puts his foot out, but pulls it back in. The fans boo loudly.

Wolf: Come on Cort.

Cort puts his foot out again, stepping on the scaffold. He slides his other closer and begins to step off. The stage hand gives him a nudge, pushing him from the lift. Vang falls forward, landing face first on the scaffold

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

and holding on for dear life. The crowd pops for the stage hand that puts an arm up in victory. Vang scoots as quickly as possible forward as the lift begins to lower.

Ace: There we go. Let
s get this show on the road!

After a few moments the lift is down. Dark hops off the apron and climbs onto the lift, not even securing the chain as he tells the stage hand to get it going.

Wolf: Dark descending to the top in this extra-large lift taking him almost 30 feet in the air over the ring. Dark holds onto the lift with one hand, swinging a foot out to mock Cort
s fear, showing he has no problem with the height aspect.

On top of the scaffold, Vang has crawled across the top and using the rigging on the other side to pull himself to his feet.

Wolf:
If Cort doesn
t let go over the side of that rigging, I have a feeling Dark will help him.

Ace:
He
s in the only place where he can hold on as between each side there is nothing to stop either man from going over the edge.

As the lift gets to the top, Dark peers across at Cort Vang and
smiles, stepping across to the scaffold, holding onto the rigging just to make sure he has his footing.

Wolf: The lift is lowering, we are about to see who will walk away as Death Row Champion!

Ace: if either man can walk afterwards!

The bell sounds and the crowd goes crazy.

Wolf: There certainly will be Death from Above!

Dark confidently walks toward the middle as Cort stands, holding onto the side.

Wolf: The champion ready to get the show on the road, but Vang seems to not want to move from the security of being able to hold onto the side of the rigging.

Ace: Screw this. Cort, just forfeit and go home safe!

Dark points to the middle of the scaffold and yells for Cort to bring his ass there.

Wolf: the champion being assertive.

Ace: That
s the locker room leader and Cort is standing up to him!

Wolf: No, he isn
t standing up to him. He is showing his fear. Dark is like a mean dog, you can
t show that you
re scared or it will end up worse.

Dark yells at Cort who refusing to move, obviously pissing the champion off.

Wolf: Uh oh.

Dark starts heading toward Cort who steps back into the corner of the rigging, tightening his grip.

Wolf: Dark refusing to wait.

Ace: He has some more beer to drink in the back.

The champion reaches the other side. Cort
s hands lose color as his grip grows tighter.

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

Wolf: Dark meeting the side of Cort Vang

s head with that big, rock hard fist of his. Another and another!

Cort tries to hand on but is met with a serious of blows from the closed hand of Dark. He is forced to let go.

Wolf: Dark holding nothing back as he slams his fist into Cort

s head still.

Vang falls back, hitting the side of the rigging and trips, sliding into a sitting position. Dark grabs both sides of the rigging, holding it, as he begins stomping away at Cort Vang.

Ace: Dark is showing no mercy.

Wolf: I can guarantee he won

t either! This man has no emotions and is just plain mean.

Cort tries to cover his face as Dark continues to bring his boot down. Finally he stops, immediately bending down, grabbing Cort by the head and pulling him up.

Wolf: Dark slams Cort Vang

s head into the top of that metal rigging.

Dark then turns around and throws Cort out toward the unsecured portion of the scaffold. Vang falls to the boards, grabbing on as tight as he can.

As Dark walks toward him, Cort pushes up and begins crawling away.

Wolf: Vang trying to escape, but there is nowhere to go!

Dark bends down, grabbing Cort

s feet and yanking him back. Cort

s face falls forward, planting his nose into the boards. Dark turns him over, back down, stomping Cort in the mid-section.

Wolf: The champion in full control as he lifts the legs of Cort Vang.

Vang struggles and is able to pulls his legs from dark

s grip. Dark comes forward, but Cort thrust his legs up, kicking the champion as he reaches. Dark stumbles back.

Wolf: Offense from Cort Vang!

Dark catches his footing and continues toward Cort, who thrust up again, once again catching Dark who stumbles back again.

Wolf: Cort needs to get to his feet to have a chance.

Ace: I don

t know Waylon; he seems to be doing very well from a laying position.

Cort sits up, and comes forward to his hands and knees.

Dark starts toward him again, Cort is able to stand

up, obviously making sure he is balanced.

Wolf:

Dark comes forward with a knee, Vang able to step backwards. Conventional wrestling is out the door in this type of match. Cort Vang must somehow beat Dark at brawling and send him flying down if he expects to win!

Ace: That

s tough, as Dark is one of the roughest men in the sport today.

Dark lunges forward, but Vang is able to side step and get behind him, almost losing his footing. His eyes get large. Dark has a look of surprise on his face.

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

Wolf: Cort Vang now moving as if he has forgotten how high up he is.

Ace: I haven

t makes me sick to watch.

Wolf: Cort Vang with a swift kick to the back of Dark

s knee followed by another.

Dark does down to one knee.

Wolf: Vang takes advantage, another swift kick this time to the back of Dark

s head.

Dark falls sideways, hanging half way off of the scaffold.

Ace:

Holy shit, Cort Vang might win

this!

Wolf: Vang with a couple of stomps now drops a knee to Dark!

Dark reaches up, jabbing a thumb to his opponent

s eye.

Wolf: Dirty tactics from the veteran champion.

Vang holds his eye and stumbles back. His right foot slips off of the scaffold and he falls, but is able to push his upper body forward and grab it.

Ace: Cort almost ended up falling like Humpty Dumpty.

Dark is able to slide back onto the scaffold and begins to push himself up as Cort gets to his feet.

Wolf: Dark turns. Cort runs, and JUMPS! DROP KICK!!!!!!

Ace: Insane!

As Cort makes contact Dark flies backward. Vang hits the boards but is able to stay in the middle. Dark falls back, once again hanging halfway off the side. This time holding his arms out to the edge of the other side so not to fall.

Wolf: Very high risk move there by Cort Vang.

Ace:

High stupidity.

Vang rolls over and pushes himself up. As Dark is able to pull himself back onto the scaffold fully, Cort leaps forward with an axe handle to his back.

Wolf: Cort Vang now desperately trying to throw Dark off his game by straight punching him in the head.

Ace: Vang is a very technical wrestler, but in this situation it

s all about survival by any means necessary.

Cort pushes himself up, pulling Dark by his head as he does.

Wolf: Both men to their feet. Cort Vang goes for another kick, but Dark grabs his leg.

Dark shakes his finger

and smiles before coming forward with a very stiff short arm clothesline.

Wolf: Cort Vang down for the count after that.

Vang holds his neck while Dark steps over him. Dark makes a motion that he is about to throw Cort down and the fans go crazy.

Wolf: This is about to end!

Ace:

Thank God, I can

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

t wait

anymore!

The arena seems to shake as a extremely loud roaring noise is heard throughout.

Wolf: What is that?

Ace: My God it

s the end of the world! Everybody run!

Wolf: Sit the hell down you idiot.

Dark looks around.

Wolf: Not even the champion knows what is going on.

The loud roar happens again and the scaffold shakes. Dark stumbles around, almost falling. Cort has rolled over and his hugging the ground.

Wolf:

Folks, I have no idea what is go

GOD!

The crowd is out of their seat as the roar gets even louder and from the back, the entrance curtains rip down. The entire sets burst away and from the back a large monster truck drives.

Wolf: A MONSTER TRUCK!

The truck, which is purple and green in color, as the name

The Spectre

on the side.

Wolf: Look inside of the cab! It

s The Spectre!

Ace: What is this jack ass doing?! He has to pay for that stage!

The Spectre revs the engine more. On the scaffold Dark

s eyes are in amazement. Cort begins to frantically crawl toward the rigging on the side of the scaffold.

Wolf: This cannot end well at all!

Ace: Fuck this noise. I

m out!

Wolf: Where are you going?! Ace?! Ace?!

Tommy Ace jumps over the barrier and disappears into the crowd. Suddenly with a thunderous roar, the truck moves forward and down the ramp way.

Wolf: This isn

t good at all.

The Spectre slows down as he bumps into the ring. The scaffold shakes. Inside the ring, the tables fall.

Wolf: This sadistic nutjob is trying to kill these men!

The Spectre can be seen laughing through the windshield. Dark drops down and follows suit of Cort trying to crawl toward the side. The Spectre backs the truck up.

Wolf: Not again!

This time he puts more power into it as he rams the side of the ring. The ropes break away and the ring post fall. The Scaffold begins to tilt. The fans start screaming and jumping out of their seats.

Wolf: You can

t do this! You

re going to seriously injure a mass of people!

Death From Above: Death From Above: I

Cort rolls off the side, able to grab the rigging and hold on, dangling from above. Dark barely is able to hold onto the scaffold himself.

Wolf: This can't be happening!

The Spectre revs the engine again and pushes forward. The scaffolding breaks loose and begins to fall. Both men try desperately to hold on but can't. Cort is the first to go, flying down. He lands violently across the barrier. Dark is swung outward, flying down to now empty chairs where fans once were.

Wolf: My lord!!!

The scaffold continues to come down, but is stopped the way down by its roof support.

Wolf: these men may be seriously hurt!

The Spectre swings the driver side door open and steps out on the side step of the truck looking on as the frenzy of fans is running for their lives. The camera zooms in on the carnage as Cort Vang is hyperventilating holding his ribs.

Wolf: Cort Vang may have broken ribs or even a punctured lung! Someone needs to help these guys right now!

We move over to see Dark, unconscious and bloody from the metal chairs that stopped his fall. He can be seen spitting blood as we move back to see a grinning face of The Spectre. From the back, dozens of people run down and past the truck to the two men. Officials, medical staff, and even talent rush to the aid of both Dark and Cort Vang as The Spectre stands proud.

Wolf: I have never seen anything like this!

Tim Ross and Tha Krew burst from the back, rushing the monster truck.

As they arrive, Ross and Tha Krew begin yelling and cursing at the Spectre who pays them no attention, just watching the destruction he has created.

Wolf: I am unsure of the condition of the two match participants. I have been told that Dark is the official victor of the match as Cort Vang hit the ground first, but at what cost comes with this victory?

Lives have changed tonight, I know that much, and all thanks to that wack job Spectre! What kind of grudge does he have out for Dark? What limits is he willing to go?!

The camera zooms in on both Cort Vang first then Dark, both of whom seems to be moving as they are assisted.

We go back to The Spectre who is still being yelled at by Ross and Tha Krew.

Wolf: We are out of time. Make sure to check DeathRowWrestling.com for updates as we get them. My lord, pray for these two men.

The Spectre begins sadistically laughing as we fade out.

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Death From Above: Death From Above: I

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