

[Three o'clock in the morning, web surfing, bored outta one's mind... and then the wonderful gift that keeps on giving, YouTube, works it's magic and a very unique wrestling promotion's most recent upload begins playing. !it's not what one would expect... There isn't a person breaking their neck jumping off buildings or laying on top of things, or a really cute kid lying out its ass, or even a dog spinning in circle's to the sounds of a blender... Instead, the screen is filled with the following disclaimer:

WARNING* *WARNING* *WARNING

The following program is going to contain crude language and extreme violence. Fucking deal with it, you fucking douche nozzle. If it's not your cup of tea, go watch something fucking else!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

[Well, shit... with that type of disclaimer, you're certainly sold on whatever's coming up next. The nice warning graphic Word-art's itself off the screen, leaving just blackness, as a voice screams out "WWWHHHHAAAATTTTT AAAAAAAA RRRRRRRUUUSSSHHHH!!!!" and then the music begin, as the black screen dissolves, revealing the madman behind the madness, the "Suburban Abomination.... Ryan FUCKING Delaney! But he's not having fun... he's being crucified and left hanging on the ring ropes! Black Sabbath's "Into the Void" really picks up, as this haunting still image fades....]

ROCKET ENGINES BURNING FUEL SO FAST
UP INTO THE NIGHT SKY THEY BLAST
THROUGH THE UNIVERSE THE ENGINES WHINE
COULD IT BE THE END OF MAN AND TIME
BACK ON EARTH THE FLAME OF LIFE BURNS LOW
EVERYWHERE IS MISERY AND WOE
POLLUTION KILLS THE AIR, THE LAND AND SEA
MAN PREPARES TO MEET HIS DESTINY

[Footage just flies by. First up is Marime's double back hand spring launch into a handspring double kick onto Nagashima, which lead to Marime winning the first ever DERP match. After that very quickly comes Latimer punching the chair into O'Reily's face, instantly breaking his hand... as the shot morphs into the next show where Latimer has his cast wrapped in barbwire and is going to town on O'Reily!]

ROCKET ENGINES BURNING FUEL SO FAST
UP INTO THE NIGHT SKY SO VAST
BURNING METAL THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE

EARTH REMAINS IN WORRY, HATE AND FEAR

WITH THE HATEFUL BATTLES RAGING ON
ROCKETS FLYING TO THE GLOWING SUN
THROUGH THE EMPIRES OF ETERNAL VOID
FREEDOM FROM THE FINAL SUICIDE

[The clips continue to roll by, as now one gets to witness Tyrone Heat's "Trash Compactor" on Joshua Black INTO that trash can in slow motion, followed by Player One hopping on the back of "Nuts" Baloney.... only to be driven backwards into a table for his efforts! The love for tables isn't over yet, as the next clips starts with Kian Konga lowering the shoulder, flipping Twinkletoes up and out of the ring through the flaming table!]

FREEDOM FIGHTERS SENT OUT TO THE SUN
ESCAPE FROM BRAINWASHED MINDS AND POLLUTION.
LEAVE THE EARTH TO ALL ITS SIN AND HATE
FIND ANOTHER WORLD WHERE FREEDOM WAITS

[Now on the screen is the Singapore cane armed midgets chasing the Perfectly Perfect Alliance from the ring, even dragging a few of them by their ears, as next Joshua Black barely makes the ten count in the fatal four way, proceeded by a shot of El Polla Loco first eating fried chicken, and then diving twenty feet off the top of the bleachers onto PPD (who was 69'ing each other) through a table!]

PAST THE STARS IN FIELDS OF ANCIENT VOID
THROUGH THE SHIELDS OF DARKNESS WHERE THEY FIND
LOVE UPON A LAND A WORLD UNKNOWN
WHERE THE SONS OF FREEDOM MAKE THEIR HOME
LEAVE THE EARTH TO SATAN AND HIS SLAVES
LEAVE THEM TO THEIR FUTURE IN THE GRAVE
MAKE A HOME WHERE LOVE IS THERE TO STAY
PEACE AND HAPPINESS IN EVERY DAY

[And as the song finally dies down, moving into the instrumental ending, a few still shots come across the screen. First, Bullzeye holding his DERP 24/7 Championship right after the battle royal, his head on a swivel, waiting for someone to come out of the woodwork! Next up is a shot of the referee giving Twinkletoes Twilliger the DERP Steel City championship, and then, it ends with a still shot of what you would called a "DERP Family Photo" It took place at one of the bar-b-que's outside the DERP Arena before the show, and includes all members of the roster, all students of DART~! and a numerous bunch of DERPaholics! As the song finally fades to absolute quiet, the following logos appear on the screen:

DERP Proudly Presents...

BLOODSPORT

EPISODE V – WILD IN

[The logo's remain on the screen long enough just to be read, before the Word-art themselves right off the screen... leaving the PAUL WACKS BARKER standing side by side with the madman behind tall things DERP... RYAN FUCKIN' DELANEY!!! The two are standing in front of the traditional black and gold DERP banner, carefully taped to the wall at the top of the entrance way, behind the actual 'booth' where DERP's commentary team resides. Paul stands, blue jean shorts, Pirates jersey and green tweed jacket which goes well with Delaney's all black attire. The fans are just going insane, not letting either man get a word in edge wise!]

RD: WEEEEELLLL COME TO THE FREAAK SHOOOOW!!!! It is ME... the one and only RYAN FUCKIN' DELANEY and here's my broadcast partna'...

PB: OH YES, It is _IIII_!!! The one and only... "I have busted more NUTS than a peanut factory... I'm like milk, I do a body good!"... _PAUL_ ... "The man who's wit is more tongue in cheek than a lesbian ORGY.... Your Girlfriend Has Me On Her Speed Dial Because She Likes the Way I Star 69 Her" ... _BARKER_!!

RD: From that intro, Paul, I'd say you are EXCITED for tonight's festivities !

PB: DAMN RIGHT YO!!! We gots ourselves some TAG TEAM WARFARE!!! There's the TUBES, LUNCHBOXES and CHAINS match between ONO and ANGEL!!!

RD: That is going to be on helluva slugfest! I just hope they can behave themselves and actually make it to the ring in one piece! The 24/7 title is gonna be the death of those two!

PB: HA!!! The world can only hope, right!?!? But what's really got me excited is the DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT!!! A "homerun derby baseball bat deathmatch?!?!?" I can't wait to see two of DERP's best swinging for the fences, human skulls for the baseball!!!

RD: Tell ya what, Paul... I'm excited for JOSIE SAITO fighting KASEY HOULIHAN!!! Talk about two different wrestling styles! That is just going to be one INTERESTING match!!! And then of course the triple threat match for the DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPIONSHIP!!! With all the controversy over the last couple months, Spade _NEEDS_ a clean victory to restore credibility to that golden strap!!!

PB: How the FUCK is he supposed to do THAT with being in a triple threat match!?!? The champ doesn't even have to get pinned to lose his belt!

RD: _EXACTLY_!!!!

PB: Okey... You're making my brain hurt worse than submission wrestling!!! Can we gets on with the VIOLENCE already Delano???

RD: Why certainly, Paulie! And what better way to start things off than with our first ever _NUT UP OR SHUT UP!_ debut deathmatch!!!! Which one of these cats will earn themselves a DERP contract!?!? LET US FIND AHT!!!

PRFFFFFFFFTTT!!!! WEIRD STATIC TRANSITION NOISE/VIDEO!!!!!!

[A graphic swirls its way onto the screen....]



[The graphic only remains long enough to barely read everything that's on it. It Word-art's itself right back off the screen, leaving the scene filled with black and yellow themed wrestling ring, complete with a bright yellow canvas to match the turnbuckle pads! Scurrying around the ring, the referee and the DERP ring attendants remove the few streamers thrown into the ring. Axel and "Raunchy" Reeves waste no time, meeting in the center of the ring, jaws just flapping back and forth!]

PB: So, let me get this straight! Instead of you making the decision to hire folks... Now you're gunna just let some prospects duke it out, and whoever wins gets the contract?

RD: Pretty much.

PB: I like it, mango. I like it. Talk about putting on the _PRESSURE_! Do you really think Axel Reed's still got what it takes???

RD: I'd say some argue whether he ever had it to begin! And THERE'S the bell! We are UNDER way here in DERP's first ever "NUT UP OR SHUT UP!" DEATHMATCH!!!

PB: With THIRTY-SEVEN points on the line!!! That's one helluva point haul for the first night on the job!

[Reed is the first to reach out his hand, and Reeves stares at it, hands on his hips, unsure of whether he really wants to shake it or not. Noting the hesitation, the fans let Ray have it and perhaps that's the tipping point, as "Mr. Raunchy" accepts....]

RD: And there's the collar and elbow tie up! A very traditional start to this match, including a great showing of respect by these competitors!

PB: YAWN!!! I wanna see some BLOOD already!

RD: All in due time, my friend, all in due time!

[The power struggle between the aging vet and the green rookie continues, but not for long as Axel's dips a shoulder and gains the upper hand, torquing Reeves' head with a side headlock! Undeterred, Reeves quickly shoves Axel right off his back and into the ropes! Axel comes charging back as Ray leaps into the air...]

PB: GAWD DAAAMN!!! HUUUGE FUCKIN' SPINEBUSTA'!!! Now THAT'S how you start off a match!!!

RD: That could also be how you win a match! Axel not wastin' a moments notice, hooking the leg!

...ONE

PB: AND HE BARELY GETS A ONE COUNT!!! Too early for that bullshit! No way he's winning it that fast!

RD: You never know unless you try! I've seen people lose world titles in thirteen seconds!

[Trying to keep the pace quick and the pressure on, without haste Reed pulls Reeves up to his feet and whips him hard into the corner! Ray lands with a THUD, as Axel comes charging behind, following right in with a biiiiiiiiig body splash!!! The crowds loving it, as both Axel steadies himself in the center of the ring, measuring Ray up....]

RD: Reeves stumblin; outta the corner! That man's lookin' like he's on dream street already!

PB: GRATE GOOYL MOOGLY!!! PENEDULUM FUCKIN' BACK BREAKER!!! That right there shoulda' snapped him right back to reality!!!

RD: Again Axel goes for the cover! I hate to say it, but the man better pace himself, or he's gunna run outta gas QUICK here!

...ONE...

....TWO...

RD: BARELY A TWO COUNT!!! Reeves keeps himself alive!!!

[Shaking his head, Axel again keeps the pedal to the floor, quickly pulling Ray up to his feet... but Reeves goes downstairs, with a nasty uppercut to the family jewels! The crowd lets loose a mighty collective groan, as Ray senses his chance....]

PB: FUCKIN' LUUUUUUNG BLOWER!!! First he goes dahnstairs, and then he this a lung blower!!! Talk about one helluva momentum fuckin' swing!!!

RD: But Ray isn't going for the win – he's getting the hell outta dodge!!! Reeves to the outside as Axel's flat on his back in the middle of the ring!

PB: I dunno if you can blame the man! He took an ass whooping since the bell rang! He needed a breather and he GOT himself one!

[The crowd isn't very pleased, and as Ray stalks the outside ring area, sucking in deep breath after deep breath, they make sure they understand exactly how they feel about the "Raunchy" one! As Axel slowly gets to his feet inside the ring, Ray starts a war of words with the cowboy hat DERP super fan, before getting himself a steel chair... right from under one of the front row fans!!!]

PB: HA!!! Mean as that may be, it's fuckin' FUNNNNNNY!!! Ray just stole that man's fuckin' seat!

RD: And by George, the man's looks unbelievably thrilled by such a gesture!!! Ray just shakes his head, as Axel rolls his way outta the ring....

***** CCCCCLLLAAAAANNNNNGGGG!!!! ******

PB: I DUN THINK HE SAW REEVES GET THAT CHAIR!!! Ray just fuckin' WALLLLOPS him!!!

RD: But the wrestling vet doesn't go down – he's still on two legs... albeit fuckin' Jell-o legs at this point I bet!

PB: I think Reeves got a solution to that...

***** CCCCCLLLAAAAANNNNNGGGG!!!! ******

PB: TIIIIIMMMMBBBBEEEEERRRR!!!! Reed topples to the arena floor like a ton of fuckin' bricks!!!

RD: And Reeves quickly dives on top! Could he win himself a DERP contract right here, right meow?!?!

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! REEEEEED KICKS OUT!!!! He just beat the count!!!

PB: WOW!!! That just proves the man's can't have any marbles left upstairs, or else he'd be TKO'd right about meow!

[Making sure to give the referee as dirty of a look as possible, Reeves moves on, peeling Reed up off the arena floor, and quickly deciding to whip him into the nearest guardrail! Axel lands with some authority, pushing the railing back a few feet as Reeves takes off running....]

PB: RAAZZZLE FUCKIN' DAAZZZLEE!!! FLYING LEG LARIAT!!! Reed again just crumples to the arena floor!

RD: Reeves just showing no care in the world! He's just stomping a fuckin' mud hole in Axel!

PB: I think there may be a method to his madness! "The Raunchy One" is up to something!!

RD: Indeed he is!!! I wonder what he gunna brings aht from underneath that ring!

[With Axel slowly stirring near the guardrail, slowly and groggily pulling himself up to his feet, Reeves is busy digging underneath the ring... and receives a very warm reception as he pulls out his find – a TABLE!!!]

RD: They may not like the fucker, but they sure do like seeing him bust out some WOOOOD!!!

PB: Who _ISN'T_ happen when there's WOOD involved with your wrestling!?!?

[With a devilish gleam in his eyes, Reeves slides the table into the ring, and then turns around... only to be caught chest first with a nasty knife edge chop! Ray is stunned, as Axel winds up once more.... And again delivers a thunderous chop!]

RD: I think his instincts are kicking in here, Paul! Axel trying to fight back here!

PB: He's not fighting back... he's _WINNING_!! Ray can try all he wants, but those chops are just wicked!!! Reeves chest is fuckin' _BRIGHT ASS_ red now!!!

[Chop after chop after chop as Reeves just stunned, and clutching at his chest, as Axel bends at the knees.... And delivers a standing dropkick right Ray's jaw!!! The fresh DART~! graduate flies backwards, crashing with some impact on the arena floor as the DERP faithful loudly show their approval, as Axel throws a hand in the air!]

RD: Little acknowledgement for the love there by Axel, but he's keeping his eyes on the prize! He's got Ray in his grip and rolls him right back into the ring!

PB: BAH!!! You can tell Reed knows that arena floor is no place for the likes of him!

RD: Both men back in the ring now, as Axel pulls Ray up to his feet...

PB: AND DROPS HIM RIGHT THE FUCK BACK DAHN!!! Standing fuckin' neckbreaker from Reed!!!

RD: Again, he hooks the leg!!! Worst case, Axel's gunna make Ray work his fuckin' ass off to win this thing!

...ONE...

...TWO....

RD: WWWOOOOOOWWW!!!! LAST FUCKIN' SECOND AND HE GOT A FOOT ON THE ROPES!!! Talk about fuckin' _LUCK_!!!

PB: Hard to argue there! It looked like Axel had the man dead to fuckin' rights! I can't believe he even managed to fling that foot out there like that!

RD: I dun think ANYONE can believe it from the way this crowd reacted!!

[Taking a moment to take in a deep breath, Reed gets up to his feet a bit slower now, trying to figure out what it's going to take to put away this rookie. Shaking his head, Axel goes to grab Ray and pull him up to his feet.... Only to receive an eye gouge for his efforts!]

PB: Dirty and cheap, sure, but that shits EFFECTIVE!!! Reeves stopping the momentum with that eye gouge!

RD: And he's continuing to just lay it on with those fore arm shots! I dunno where this sudden burst is coming from, but Ray is turning the tide of this match in his favor!

[Battling his way back up to his feet, Reeves keeps laying on the forearm shots, stunning Reed... before he takes off full speed at the ropes...]

[OH FUCK THAT WAS AWESOME POP!]

PB: HOW MUCH FRIED CHICKEN CAN YOU FUCKIN' EAT!?!?!? ACID TRIP!!! ACID TRIP!!! ACCCIIIIDD FUCKIN' TRIP!!!

RD: Just a beautiful springboard corkscrew plancha there!!! And Reeves somehow sticks the landing!!! He's got a leg hooked.... AND THE TIGHTS PULLED!!!

...ONE...

...TWO....

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' SMOKE!?!?! HOW THE FUCK WAS THAT NOT THREE!?!?

RD: I dunno, Paul, I dunno! That was fuckin' _CLOSE_!!! I'd say that had to a TWO and seven eights count!!!

PB: Tell ya what! Reeves just looks fuckin' _PISSED_ right meow! I'm not sure he thinks your damn referee school changed a damn thing!

[Reeves has had enough! He sets up the table in the center of the ring, and quick pulls Reed up, laying into him with upper cut after upper cut! With him dazed and confused, Ray lays him across the table and heads right to the top rope, calling for... ACID RAIN!!!]

PB: This is it!!!! Say good bye to your fuckin' comeback, Reed!!!

RD: High risk doesn't always equal high reward! But getting to the top rope that quickly certainly diminishes the chances of failure!!!

*** CCCCCRRRRRRUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNCCCCCHHHHH!!!! ***

[OHHHMMYYYGAAAWWDDDD TABLE BREAKAGE POP!]

PB : REED FUCKIN' MOOOOVED!!!! REEVES EATS NOTHING BUT FUCKIN' WOOD!!!!

RD: Axel is one lucky sonuvabitch! He just moved in the nick of fuckin' time!!! Reeves paid for that high risk attempt, but I can't blame the rook! There's a DERP contract on the line here – you dun leave anything in the ring with something like that on the line!

[With Ray curled up in pain near the ropes, Reed is quickly to delivers a few big stomps to the back of his cranium, forcing him towards the corner. Axel quickly hops thru the middle rope and lands on the arena floor, grabbing Reeves by the ankle, pulling him towards the corner...]

RD: FFFFIIIIIGGURE FOUR FUCKIN' LEG LOCK!!! AND HE'S GOT IT WRAPPED AROUND THAT POLE!!!

PB: I think Reeves' got two options – either save his leg, or kiss his career good bye!!! I dun think there's any escapin' this!!!

RD: Much as I hate to agree with you, Paulie, I'd say you callin' this one correct! I dun see Reeves movin' an INCH! Reed's fuckin' DETERMINED to win this right here, right meow!

[Reed jerks and twists, doing all he can to add on even more pressure! The referee is right there, asking Reeves again and again if that is it... if he gives up! Ray shows no signs of giving in just yet, continuing to wave the referee off!]

PB: I think the stubborn prick is really gunna kiss his career good bye! Some people just NEVER come back from a serious knee injury!

RD: Sometimes you DO gotta be smart enough to realize when it stime to pack it in and come back and fight another day!

[AND THE CROWD GOES WWWIIIIHLLLDDDD!!!!]

PB: THAT'S IT!!! THAT'S FUCKIN' IT!!! The light bulb musta' finally went off! Reeves tosses in the towel!

RD: I can't blame the kid! He made a valiant effort, but today was juss NOT his day! There will always be another NUT UP OR SHUT UP opportunity!

[With Reed in the ring, with a joyous DERP crowd cheering him on...]

PB: THE KIIITCHEN IS FUCKIN' CLOOOOSSSEEEEDD!!!! ONO IS LAID THE FUCK
AAAHHTT!!!

RD: With how hard Angel whacked him with that belt, I can't believe it don't got a fuckin'
DENT in it! And look at that fuckin' bastard! He's got a foot on ONO's chest and he's
demandin' the ref makes the count!

PB: BAAAAAH!!! I fuckin' hate that man right meow... but that's GENIUS!!! Angel's leadin'
this points shindizzle right meow – now he's gunna lead by even MORE!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

...THREE!!!

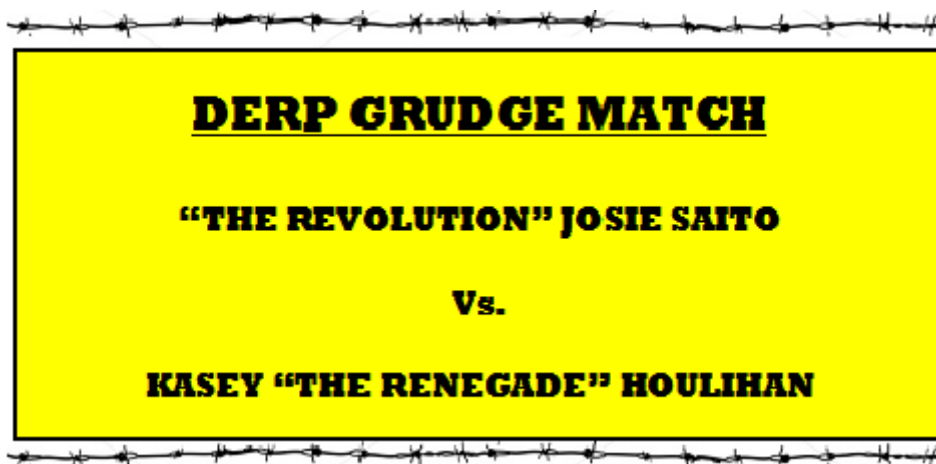
RD: THAT IT'S!!! ITS OFFICAL!!! Make that another TWELVE points for Angel, and a minus THREE for ONO! Now I gotta wonder if the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" will be makin' it to the match in one piece!

PB: Depends on whether he finds "Syko" again before bell time!!!

[With the title slung around his shoulder, and his bags in his hand, Angel struts off, whistling Dixie and pleased as can be. ONO slowly stirs, rolling over to his side, and watching Angel's exit. The camera zooms in, watching a bitterly angry ONO scream "ANGEL MARTINEZ IS A FUCKIN' DEAD MAN!"]

PRFFFFFFFFTTT!!!! WEIRD STATIC TRANSITION NOISE/VIDEO!!!!

[A graphic swirls its way onto the screen....]



[The graphic only remains long enough to barely read everything that's on it. It Word-art's itself right back off the screen, leaving the scene filled with "the Revolution" and "the Renegade" staring at each other across the ring, as the referee scrambles to remove all the streamers.]

PB: TWO WORDS for ya – CAAAAATTT FIGHT!!!!

RD: I dunno if this one will qualify as a cat fight! We might see some chair swinging or some technical brilliance... but I doubt these two are gunna resort to high pitched squealing and tons of hair pulling to settle their differences!

PB: BAH!!! Stop splittin' hairs mango and just accept that we gots ourselves a CAAAAAT FIGHT on our hands here tonight!

[The referee calls for the bell, but the girls barely seem to notice, their eyes deadlocked in one mighty stare down. They slowly inch towards each other, raising their arms into a fighting stance, slapping each other's hands out of way, neither one able to get herself a good grip!]

RD: The frustration showing on Josie's face! She goes right, right, left left... AND KASEY DOGES EM ALL!!!

PB: AND NOW SHE'S DOIN THE FUCKIN' MACERENA!!! WHAT IN THE FUCKIN' HELL!?!?

RD: They do call her "the Renegade" for a reason... but I dun think Saito's a fan of Kasey dance moves at ALLLLL!

[Totally into it, Kasey even manages to get some of the DERP faithful to join in... but "the Revolution" ends the fun with leg kicks, so stiff on impact one wonders how many cinder blocks Josie could kick through!]

RD: That's gunna leave some fuckin' SERIOUS bruises! And just like that... Josie gots Kasey hobblin'!

PB: DEEEAAAAD LEEGG!!! Saito giving Houlihan a dead leg! CLAAASIC strategy there!

[Kasey doesn't look pleased one bit, as he hobbles her way to the corner, grabbing at her thighs, rubbing them for as long as she can... before shooting in at Josie! But "the Revolution" was ready for it! Josie avoids the takedown as well as manages to get control of Kasey's head, just flailing her with a furry of fits!]

RD: From technical brilliance to fuckin' slugfest in three point five seconds! I FUCKIN LOVE IT!!!

PB: LOOK AT THESE BITCHES JUSS THROWIN DAHN!!! They're swingin' with more power than the Pittsburgh Pirates have in twenty years!!!

[Back and forth, toe to toe, the two female warriors go, just swinging for the fences! With the size and power advantage, Kasey seems to be gaining the advantage in this battle... but Josie switches gears, and rocks “the Renegade” with a throat crushing European uppercut!]

RD: Kasey caught off guard with that one! She take a few steps backwards, quickly regainin’ her balance...

PB: RAAAZZZLLEE FUCKIN’ DAZZLEEE!!! SSSSTAAANDING FUCKIN’ DROP KICK!!!! How does a girl Kasey’s height pull sumptin like that off!?!?

[The crowd goes wild with such an incredible display of athletic ability! As Kasey gets back up to her feet as quickly as possible, Josie falls backwards into the ropes... landing just right so she traps her arms in the ropes! Kasey rises to her feet to see Josie trapped like a rat!]

PB: OHHHH THIS IS GUNNA BE GOOOOOOOD!!! There is NO WHERE for Josie to go!

RD: The ref tries to get her free, but Kasey gives him little time... placing on her big boots right across Saito’s throat!!!

PB: WOOOOOW!!!! Look at that ruthlessness comin’ outta someone that seems so sweet and innocent!

RD: I dunno if Kasey ever been called sweet and innocent before!

[Instantly starting his count towards five, the ref hits four and Kasey immediately lets go, instantly holding her hands up in the air, acting innocent as can be as she backs away from the still trapped Josie!]

PB: HA!!! Did you see how excited that referee got there!?! He actually got to enforce some RULES!!!! That shit musta made his fuckin’ day!

RD: I think his day is about to get a lot sweeter then... HOOOOULIHAN CHARGES WITH A CLOTHESLINE!!! SAITO UP AND OVVVVEERRR THE TOP ROPE!!!!

PB: GAWWWD DAAAMN WHAT POWER!!!! Saito ended up her feet, but I dun think that was the result of pure luck more than anything else!!!

[With the crowd already very amped with this high impact woman’s wrestling, Kasey stands right at the ring ropes, eyes never leaving the dazed “Revolution” leaning against the guardrail. Soon as Josie pushes off and goes to stand up...]

PB: HOW MUCH FUCKIN’ FRIED CHICKEN CAN YOU EAT!?!?! SSSLINGSHOT FUCKIN’ PALAAAAANCCHAAAAA!!!!

RD: KASEY TAKES SAITO DOWN WITH FOORRRCEEE!!!

CROWD: **D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!**
D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!
D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!
D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!
D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

RD: But this match isn't under DERP Rules!!! This is a TRADITIONAL wrestling match! Kasey can't win this on the floor!

PB: Quite frankly, my man, I dun think she gives a damn!

[The crowd stands on their feet and let loose a ruckus roar of approval as both girls lay on the concrete, slowly getting themselves back up to a vertical base! Pushing themselves up to their knees... Kasey doesn't waste a moment, and takes a swing, catching Josie right across the jaw!]

RD: AND JOSIE RESPONDS IN KIND!!!

PB: YESSS!!!! WE GOTTS OURSELVES ANOTHA' SLUG FEST ON OUR HANDS!!! Look at them girls GOOOOO!!!!

[The DERP-a-holics are just eating the action up! With every punch Kasey lands, they scream "YAAAAAY!" With every one Josie lands, they cry out "NOOOOO!" This "YAY/NOO!" back and forth continues as the girls slowly work their way back up standing!]

PB: I think everyone in this arena is enjoyin' this to the max... EXCEPT FOR THE REF!!! He looks like he's about to blow a gasket aht dere!

RD: He's in charge of getting this action BAAACK into the ring, and neither lady is listening to a word coming out of his mouth!

PB: He ain't gunna count them both aht and ruin our fun is he!?!?

RD: If the man reaches twenty, he's got every RIGHT too!

[As Kasey makes it the whole way back up to her feet, Josie reaches out... and clamps a clawed hand right on "the Renegade's" beer gut! The crowd instantly writhes and seethes with hatred, as Kasey wiggles and squirms in pain!]

PB: GRATE GOOGLY MOOOOGLY!!! ABDOMINABLE FUCKIN' CLAW!!! Josie literally trying to rip Kasey's guts aht!

RD: But her grip doesn't last long! "The Renegade" gets herself free... ONLY TO BE ON THE RECEIVING END FROM AN ATOMIC DROP!!!

PB: A STEEL STEP ASSISTED ATOMIC FUCKIN' DROP AT THAT!!!

[Flopping around on the arena floor like a dead fish, Kasey clutches at her lower back, her face telling the whole story. "The Revolution" looks on, as the referee continues his count... only delaying long enough to lay into Josie to get back into the ring!]

RD: Josie rolls into the ring to breathe—NOO!!! She stays in the ring, and starts jaw jackin' with the crowd!

PB: I may not like her, but hard to argue there! Breakin' the count doesn't help you win! FORCING Kasey to get back in the ring by herself MAY get you that victory!

RD DAAAMN PAULIE!!! I dun think I've ever seen you so involved in a match without tables and barbwire!

[Getting closer and closer to that twenty count, the referee shows no signs of stopping, as Kasey slowly pulls herself together on the outside. Gingerly reaching one knee, "the Renegade" pushes forth and gets herself back standing, much to the ovation of the crowd! Josie looks not the happiest camper in the world, and quickly greets Kasey on the apron! The referee FINALLY shows some signs of joy, as he's done counting for the moment!]

RD: "Revolution" swings first, but "the Renegade" evades the attack... and catches Josie with a quick shoulder to the gut... AND FUCKIN' VAULTS OVER SAITO FOR A SUNSET FLIP!!!

PB: NOOOOPPPEEE!!! Saito fuckin' rolls thru, leavin' Kasey like a sittin' duck...

*** SMMMMMMAAAAAACCCKKK!!! ***

PB: SLAP ME FUCKIN' SILLY BILLLLY!!! FOOT MEETS FUCKIN' TEMPLE!!!

RD: Kasey flops over as Josie dives on for a pin attempt!

...ONE...

...TWO...

PB: NOOOPPPEE!!! HOOOULIHAN GETS A SHOULDER UP!!!

RD: You should actually excited this match didn't END right there!!!!

PB: CAAAAAAAAAAAAAT FIGHT MANGO!!! I can put my ultraviolence bloodlust on pause for a fucking cat fight!

[Josie rises to her feet, not pleased on bit Kasey managed to throw that shoulder up. First giving "the Renegade" a few stomps for good measure, she grips her up by the left leg and drags Kasey out into the center of the ring... turning her over and locking in a half-crab!!!!]

RD: Josie fuckin' Saito has got that half crab cinched up fuckin' tight and look at her rear back!!! I dun think legs are supposed to bend that way!

PB: THEY'RE NOT!!! Josie's gunna snap Kasey leg if she keeps that hold on for much longer!

[Kasey pulls at her hair, and yells out, screaming in pain, arms stretched out in front of her as far as she can... but she still not even CLOOSE to making it to the ropes! Putting as much leverage as she can on her elbows, Houlihan begins to force her way towards the rope...]

PB: All that fightin' for freedom... and all Kasey got was a fuckin' rabbit punch to the fuckin' DOOOOOMMEEEE!!! I'd say her escape plans are on hold for the moment!

RD: Dun be countin' yer chickens before dere hatched, Paulie! Kasey may be smartin' a bit, but she's still trying to roll her way outta this one!

[Changing up the game plan to save her leg, Kasey puts her massive female frame to good work, rocking and rolling back and forth, doing all she can to free herself from the tendon stretching half crab! "The Revolution" fights it for a second, but then lets Kasey rolls through...]

RD: HEEEEEL HOOK!!! MOTHER FUCKIN' HEEEL HOOOK!!! Kasey thought she was free, but Saito keeps layin' on the PAAAIN!

PB: Josie's just fuckin' with Kasey meow! She knows Kasey can't out rassle her and she's usin' it to her advantage!

[Kasey SCREAMS, but won't tap. Josie works the ankle lock, using her own free heel to jab into Kasey's outer thighs that she tenderized early in the match. Bruises from them stiff kicks, Kasey really starts looking ready to tap...]

PB: SHE'S GUNNA DO IT!!! "The Renegade's" givin' in! I can see it written all over her face!

RD: I think these fans must see it too, Paul, for they are rising to the occasion and trying to WIIIIIIIIII Kasey back into this one!!!

CROWD:	LET'S GO KASEY!	FUCK YOU JOSIE!
	LET'S GO KASEY!	FUCK YOU JOSIE!
	LET'S GO KASEY!	FUCK YOU JOSIE!
	LET'S GO KASEY!	FUCK YOU JOSIE!
	LET'S GO KASEY!	FUCK YOU JOSIE!

PB: AND IT'S WORKIN'!!! I dunno if that's cause Josie's about to throw a temper tantrum, or Kasey's hulkin' up!

RD: Whatever it is, all that quit is GONE! Kasey feelin' the mojo, I tell ya!

[Kasey tries prying Josie's legs off her, tries pulling her leg free, everything just tightens the hold. She's pulling at her own hair in frustration! But the fans keep on cheering, and she keeps stretching out, pulling with all her might....]

[ROOOOOAR GOES THE CROWD!!!]

RD: RROOPPEE BREAK!!! KASEY DOES IT!!! Right before that ankle fuckin' snapped, she gets herself to the ropes!!!

PB: AAAARRRGHH!!! Half of me wants this to END already... but half of me wants to see MOOOOREEE!!!

[Still in a heap and tangled in the ropes, Kasey extremely vulnerable as Josie quickly regains her footing and charges at Houlihan... delivering a running soccer kick right to that wounded leg! The ref immediately gets in Josie's face, backing her up across the ring, giving Kasey some space to get back to her feet!]

RD: Again the referee showin' no hesitation to get in there and MAINTAIN order!!!

PB: Wouldn't you if it was like... the ONLY time you actually got to do your job?!?!?

[With much fanfare, Kasey pulls herself up to her feet, slowly putting pressure on that wounded wheel. The ref ceases his tirade at Josie, allowing Saito to escape the corner and get right back in Kasey face....]

PB: PPPPPIIIIMMMPPPPP SLLAAP!!! And you can see a fuckin' handprint on Josie's face already!!!

RD: I dunno if that was the wisest thing for Kasey to do! Josie somehow looks even angrier meow!

[Seething with rage, Josie marches right back at Kasey, but "the Renegade" is ready for her, catching her with a big boot right to the gut... followed by a snap DDT!!! Josie is just PLANTED as Kasey slowly pushes herself back to a standing base... only to drop a leaping elbow right to "the Revolution's" sternum!]

RD: Quite a flurry of offense there by Kasey and she's got that leg hooked! She may have just won this fuckin' match!

...ONE...

...TWO...

PB: NOOOOOO!!! THE CAT FIGHT CONTINUES!!! SAITO KICKS OUT!!!!

RD: And with some AUTHORITY too! There's a lotta spunk to that broad!

[Rolling away, Kasey kneels near the ropes, taking a moment to collect herself as Josie lays flat on the mat, chest rising and falling in rapid succession. Rising to her feet, "the Renegade" calls out to the DERP attendants at ringside, and demands... a CHAIR!?!?!]

PB: YEEESSSS!!!! SHE'S GOT A STEEL FUCKIN' CHAIR!!!

RD: Look at the referee!! He's gunna shit himself!!! Fuck law and order, Kasey says! I'm bringin' in some STEEEEL!!!

[Soon as the chair gets into Kasey's hands, the referee immediately voices his protest but Kasey assures him he's got nothing to worry about! Begging for him to just trust her, Houlihan moves a few feet away from the sprawled out Josie, standing inbetween Saito and the ropes... and sets the chair up!]

PB: I dun think the referee understands, but I have a feeling I know what's comin'!!!

RD: So do I, Paulie! So do I!!!!

[With the fans screaming, Kasey takes off to the opposite set of the ropes, charges back... leaping over "the Revolution" then onto the chair, and then to the top rope...]

PB: JUUUUMMMMMPPPPIIIIINNNNNN' THE MOTHERFUCKIN' MOOOOOOON!!!!
TRIPLE JUMP FUCKIN' MOONSAULT!!! AND SHE JUST FUCKIN' NAILED IT!!!

RD: With all that impact, Kasey even manages to stick the fuckin' landing! This HAS to be it... BUT THE REF'S GETTIUN THE CHAIUR OUTTA THE RING!!! He needs to be makin' the fuckin' COUNT!!!

PB: See what happens when you get a hard on for the rules!?!?

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: SSHHHOOOOULLLLDER UP!!!!

[No one can believe it, not even Kasey! She looks desperately at the ref, a look of desperation written all over her face. With a deep breath, “the Renegade” rises up to her feet, yelling and screaming at Josie to get up to her feet FASTER! Josie slowly stirs, but not fast enough!]

RD: Kasey decides not wait anymore... She’s gunna make Saito rise to her feet!

PB: Make her, yes she is.... FFFFIIIISSSHHHH HOOOOOOKKK!!!!

RD: Even worse Paul..... DOOOOUUBBLLLEEEE FISHHOOOOK!!!!

[With both of Josie’s cheeks on the verge of being ripped apart, “the Revolution” is easily convinced to rise to her feet. Smiling ear to ear and with full approval of the adoring public, Houlihan drags Josie into the center of the ring....]

PB: OOOHHHMMMYYYYGAWDD!!!!!! DAAATS A FUCKIN’ YINZER GRIN ALL RIGHT!!! FISH HOOK LUNNGBLOWER!!!!

RD: FUCKIN’ DEVASTING INNOVATION THERE!!! But is that gunna be enough!?!?!

CROWD:	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!
	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!
	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!
	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!
	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!
	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!	HOO-LA-HAN!

PB: If Josie can’t fuckin’ BREATH... I dun think she’s gunna be able to WIN this thang!

RD: True story, brah!

[Upon impact, Josie flies backwards into the corner, landing hard against the turnbuckles. Quickly scrambling back to her feet, Kasey is absolutely totally pleased with herself, as is the DERP fanatics! They are quite straight forward with desires!]

RD: Listen to this CROWD, Paul! And we are in fuckin' WISCONSIN!!! This is a long way from home!

PB: We gots a followin' -- go figure!

CROWD: **FINISH HER! FINISH HER! FINISH HER! FINISH HER!**
FINISH HER! FINISH HER! FINISH HER! FINISH HER!
FINISH HER! FINISH HER! FINISH HER! FINISH HER!
FINISH HER! FINISH HER! FINISH HER! FINISH HER!
FINISH HER! FINISH HER! FINISH HER! FINISH HER!

RD: Kasey nodding, agreeing with this crowd! It is TIME to put Josie away she says!

PB: GOOOOOD!!! IF this goes on much longer AND someone doesn't end up topless soon, I'ma bust out the fuckin' ultraviolence damnit!

[Seeing Kasey approaching, Josie spasms to life and stumbles out of the corner... using her technical knowledge to the best of her advantage, going low and taking out Houlihan's bad wheel! With blistering speed, as Kasey smacks the mat hard chest first, Josie gets Houlihan's legs tied up with a Indian death lock.... AND THEN BENDS BACKWARDS FOR AN STF COMBINATION!!!!]

PB: SOMEONE CALL ARNOLD SLICK FROM TURTLE FUCKIN' CREEEEEEKKK!!! THAT'S THE FUCKIN' JAAAY LOCK!!! There is NO escapin' for Kasey! This bitch is OVER!!!

RD: You can tell she doesn't wanna.... BUT SHE TAAAPPSSS AAAAHHTTT!!!! ITS OVER!!! ITS FUCKIN' OVER!!!! JOSIE WINS!!!! JOISE FUCKIN' WINS!!!

[Soon as Kasey gives into the pain and calls it quits, the referee demands Josie break the hold immediately. Forcing the referee to actually start counting, Josie doesn't let go until she has

too! Upon her freedom, “the Renegade” curls up into a ball, grabbing at her legs, as Josie rolls under the bottom rope, to the outside, standing tall on her feet!]

RD: Next BLOODSPORT that fighter right dere gets her REMATCH for the DERP YouTube Championship! With the tenacity she showed tonight, I dunno WHO would wanan step into the ring and try derail the “Revolution” right meow!

[The fans continue to dish out a verbal onslaught directed right in Josie’s direction, the whole way up until “the Revolution” disappears behind the curtain... and then turns into a resounding round of applause as back in the squared circle, Kasey Houlihan has risen up to her feet under her own power, although seriously gimped!]

RD: Kasey mighta’ not won her match tonight, but these fans still LOOOOOVE her! Listen to the ovation she’s getting as she rises to her feet!

PB: Any bitch that can take a beatin’ like that and STILL walk away from the ring under her own power is A-OK in my book!!!

[Kasey waves and smiles at her adoring fans... as two of them even jump the guardrail! Two young Italian females hop the barricade and slide right into the ring! DERP Security goes to stop them, but Kasey waves it off, not minding her fans enthusiasm one bit...]

[EAR DRUM EXPLOSION OF HATE!!!]

PB: FRIENDS NOT FUCKIN’ FOES!!! Who the fuck ARE those cunts!?!? They’re just stompin’ the HELLLLL outta Kasey!

RD: I KNOW THOSE BITCHES!!! That’s... LA FORZA!!! JUUUUSSSS signed earlier today!!!! What the _FUCK_!?!?!

PB: DERP Security hits the ring! They can barely PULLLLL them boards of Kasey! That’s some SERIOUS fuckin’ aggression!!!

RD: MAN! Talk about a BAAAAD way to make a first impression! LA FORZA now being hauled to the back, as the Damage Control EMTs are checkin’ on Kasey! That was just a DISGRACE to what was an awesome ATHLETIC completion!

PB: BAH!!! Quit cryin’ over split milk! Let’s end this ‘wrestling’ garbage... AND ONWARD WITH THE ULTRAVIOLENCE!!!

PRFFFFFFTTT!!! WEIRD STATIC TRANSITION NOISE/VIDEO!!!!!!

[Annnnd we find Ryan FUCKIN' Delaney standing dead center of the DERP ring, with the fans going wild, chanting "DEE-LANE-EEE!" at the top of their lungs. Smiling from ear to ear, and just downright touched, Delaney holds a mic in his hand, giving little bows and hand waves to all the crazy DERP-a-holics, politely as possible asking them to quiet down...]

RD: Thank you, thank you! As much I appreciate all the love, it's not ME yins guys need to give a standing ovation to! I'm just the guy seein' red ink over this whole project... It's those MEN in the back that deserve your applause and gratitude! SO LET'S HEAAAAR IT FOR THEM!!!

[Instantly the crowd comes to life, hooting and hollering, whistling and clapping, just making all sorts of noise so loud the boys in the back are SURE to hear the roar!]

RD: ALLLLL RIGHHHT... Now in an effort to save time and get MY old arse outta this fuckin' ring as quick as possible so we can continue on with the WRESTLING....

[CHEEEERS for more wrestling, and less talking!!!]

RD: ...I do need to take a moment of yins time to deliver not one... but TWWWOOOO major updates regarding DERP's first Eye-Pay-Per-View event... TRICK OR TREAT TWOOOOO!!!!

[WHOOOOOO!!!! goes the crowd, excited for DERP's iPPV event!]

RD: FIIIRSSSTT..... Over the past few months, we here at the DERPness have been quite VOCAL about our fuckin' big aspirations of an EXPANSION of sorts, whether it be with a stellar tag team division or an amazing womans division, we needed SOMETHING.... Well, we found that SUMPTIN!!!

[YAAAAAY for finding something!!!!]

RD: SOOOOOO.... For our first announcement, at TRICK OR TREAT TWOO... I decree as the MADMAN behind allll these MADNESS.... There will be a "EXTREME Championship Scramble" where ANY and ALLLLL female wrestlers are invited to compete! No time limit, last bitch standing takes home the prize.... DERP's newly minted QUEEN OF CLUBS championship!!!

[The ladies in the audience (and there's a surprising amount of them) go just absolutely WIIIIILLDDDD!!! This is just HUUUGE news – DERP really did achieve its dream of expansion! And you got to wonder how well the ladies will fair in such an ultraviolet environment! Delaney just smiles and nods in the center of the ring, stroking his mighty beard waiting for the fan fare to the die down.]

RD: And as if that WAAAAAAAASN'T enough to salivate over.... ONTO ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBA' TWO!

[There's MOOORE good news!?!?! This crowd can't believe themselves!]

RD: As you already all know, the TOP SEVEN in the HARDCORE N@ POINTS SERIES will make into the final round of qualifying... I am here to announce a bit more of the DETAILS surrounding the fate of those SEVEN!

[YAHHHHOOOOOOO for more details to make us pay the twenty bucks for Trick or Treat II!]

RD: Whoever is in the LEAD going into TRICK OR TREAT will be granted an immediate PASS to the final ROUND! The leader then will await his opponents, which be decided with ONE six man match... but this isn't just ANY six man match!

[Brief pause for suspense purposes...]

RD: You see, folks... Whoever ELSE wants that final spot is going to have to survive... THE CHAOS CHAMBER!!!

[They don't even know what the "CHAOS CHAMBER" is, but they're going NUTS anyhow!]

RD: Sounds AWESOME right!?! Well, just listen to the particulars! This "CHAOS CHAMBER" is a big ass steel cage structure with encloses the entire ringside area. It's made with the old school fat ass steel bars.... Making the cage great for climbing!

[WOOOOT WOOOOOOT!!! for cage climbing!!!]

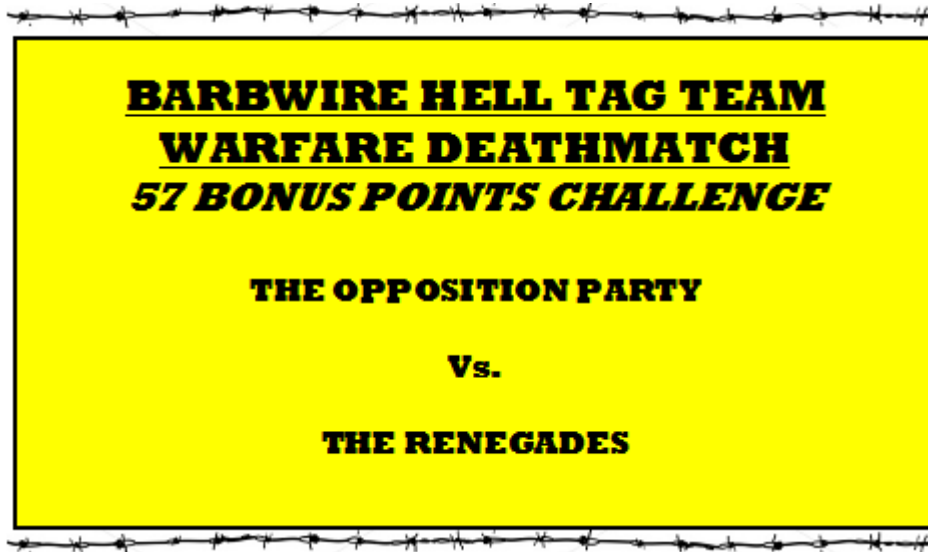
RD: ...which is very important because this cage structure is really a giant DOME!!! The only way to win is... to climb out the hole in the center!!! Once a competitor escapes the cage and has both feet hit the floor, match is OVER!!!

CROWD:	FUCKIN' LOVE IT!	CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP
	FUCKIN' LOVE IT!	CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP
	FUCKIN' LOVE IT!	CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP
	FUCKIN' LOVE IT!	CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP

RD: I had a feelin' yins would!!!! But that's enough gibgab from me! I'ma get outta this black and gold ring, take my place back behind the announcer's table, and we can get to what yins came here for – the BEST of the BEST of the BEST!!! STAY DERP YINS GUYS!!!!

PRFFFFFFTTT!!!! WEIRD STATIC TRANSITION NOISE/VIDEO!!!!!!

[A graphic swirls its way onto the screen....]



[The graphic only remains long enough to barely read everything that's on it. It Word-art's itself right back off the screen, leaving the scene filled with the ring littered with streamers of various colors, as the referee and DERP ring attendants scramble to get the ring free of debris. The Renegades stand in their corner, a bit of confusion spread over their face.]

PB: I may be wrong here, Delaney, but I'd have to say the Renegades are a bit shocked at this 'BARBWIRE HELL' add-on!

RD: You know what they say Paul.. Card is ALWAYS subject to change! Well, guess what... IT CHANGED!!!

PB: And changed for the BETTER!!! I love when good ole barbwire is added to the mix!

[The fans are buzzing with joy, as the camera cuts to Angus and Axel at ringside, both with barbwire steel chairs in hand. In the ring, the twin brothers talk amongst themselves, visibly not pleased about this turn of events. Sharing a nod, the Opposition Party gives into the ring!]

RD: Just like that, and we are OFF!!! The Houlihan's not wasting anytime, they're taking it straight to the Opposition Party!

PB: I dun think you can blame them! They just wanna disarm those crazy fucks!

[Despite the heavy onslaught. Axel and Angus don't relent and fight right back! Axel jabs JD right in the gut with a that steel chair, as Angus using that bat to block a forearm shot from Devin! The tied starts to turn as Axel quickly lifts the chair up...]

***** CCCCLLLLLLLLAAAAAANNNNNGGG!!! *****

PB: Just like that, and JD is sprawled out on the mat!!!

RD: Wisely he rolls his way to the floor! Angus has Devin up and up against the ropes...

[COLLECTIVE 'OOOOHHH'!!!!]

PB: CCCAAA ACTUS FUCKIN' CLOTHESLINE!!!! DEVIN GOES UP AND OVER!!!

RD: And somehow Angus lands on that apron, rolling back underneath the bottom ropes!!! Say what you wanna say, the Opposition Party have brought their 'A' game tonight!

[With the Opposition Party standing tall inside the ring, JD and Devin make their way towards either, shaking the cobwebs loose and trying to figure out how exactly they're going to pull this one off! The two men make their way over to the dumpster to arm themselves....]

RD: THE NUMBERS FUCKIN' GAME WINS AGAIN!!! Those damn punks from Angus' entourage taking the brothers out!!!

PB: Hey, it's _ALLLLLL_ legal in this type of match! Love it or hate it, the Opposition party just findin' ways to skirt the rules!!!

RD: Looks like they're gunna find some ways to bend that chair over a Houlihan's head! Both Axel and Angus roll themselves out of the ring as those fuckin' lackies wonder away!

[Somehow, when Axel arrives JD is slowly rising to his feet, and becomes easy pickings for Axel, as the "Master of Pain" rolls him back into the ring! Devin isn't as lucky, as Angus peels him off the arena floor....]

***** CLLLLLLLLAAAAAANNNNNGGGG!!!! *****

PB: HE JUST BEAT HIM LIKE A RENTED FUCKIN' MULLEEEEE!!! That chair had to give Devin's permanent skull trauma! What a fuckin' _SHOT_!!!

RD: It may be enough! Angus goes for the cover... but I dunno if that's much of a cover! He just places a solitary boot across Devin' chest!

...ONE...

...TWO....

RD: YYYEEEEESSSS!!!! THE RENEGADES KEEP THEMSELVES ALIVE!!!

PB: But for how _LONG_!?!? If they even wanna live to see tomorrow, they better start getting some offense in _QUICK_!!! Right now, they're juss getting' steamrolled!

[Smiling evilly from ear to ear, Angus begins barking right back at the front row fanatics, taking his time and really savoring this moment While that's happening on the outside, Axel gets himself that barbwire steel chair and whips JD into the ropes.... Still with that chair in hand....

PB: PPPPPOOWEEERSSLAMMMM!!! And right onto that fuckin' _CHAAAIR_!!! You need to not ask any questions about how bad that hurt! Just look at JD's face!!!

RD: Just look at the blood starting to flow already! Pretty soon its gunna look like JD's wearing himself a red shirt!

PB: That's if this match continues much longer, Axel's going for the victory right the fuck meow!!!

RD: Holy shit, Paul, you're right!!! He's got that trapezes pinch locked on _TIGHT_!!! That maybe a one helluva a simple hold, but it's virtually rendered JD paralyzed right now!!!

[With Axel digging in tight, really making JD squirm, "Angry" Andrus pulls Devin up to his feet finally, only to whip him into the nearest guardrail with some serious authority! Quickly grabbing himself what's left of that chair, Angus takes off chair, chair raised up in the air...]

PB: HE MISSED!!!! HE FUCKIN' MISSED!!! Devin gets himself outta fuckin' dodge at the last second, and Angus takes a cut _WHIFF_ right there!

RD: I think he came closer to taking off that fan's face in the front row than he ever did making contact with Devin! And now Devin's on the attack...

PB: BELLY TO FUCKIN' BELLY SUUUUUPLEX!!! Devin just fuckin' _PLLLAANTS_ him and this crowd couldn't be happier!!!

RD: Their happiness may be short lived if JD doesn't find a way to escape! That may juss be a wear down hold, but it could fuckin' win it for the Opposition Party!!! JD not lookin' too hot at all!!!

PB: Dun worry, Delaney, the "Dangerous One" is on it!!!

[With the fans full support behind him taking Devin almost by surprise, he quickly finds the motivation he needs to get back up to his feet... and gets himself armed with a barbwire wrapped Singapore cane! The fans just go bonkers, as Devin slides himself into the ring...]

RD: Axel seems him coming and wisely breaks the hold himself!!!

****** CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAACCCCKKKK!!!! ****

PB: Not like it did him any good!!! Devin RIGHT between the eyes with that cane shot!

RD: But it's not enough to take Axel off his feet! The "Master of Pain" stumbles along the ropes, as Devin winds up...

***** CCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAACCCCKKKK!!! ****

PB: GOOD GAWD DAMN!!! Another stiff fuckin' cane shot!!! Axel's starting to BLEED!!!

RD: But he still won't go dahn! He damn near FALLS OVER backwards into that ring corner!

PB: Can the third time be the charm!?!? With this one finally slay the beast?!?

[GIANT WALL OF JEERS AND BOO'S!!!]

RD: TALK ABOUT A FUCKIN' EYE GOUGE!!! Axel got Devin griped up with both hands and he's just BURYING those thumbs deep into his eye sockets!

PB: CHEESE AND FUCKIN RICE!!!! He's gunna rip Devin's fuckin' eye balls out!!!

[The crowd continues to audibly show their hatred of a such tactic, but it's effectiveness is hard to argue! Doing all he can to free his head from such pain, Devin immediately drops the cane and starts pulling at Axel's mighty grip!]

RD: Axel is just DOMINATING out there tonight... and doing it all with his BARE hands!!!

PB: JD is STILL not up to his feet from that trapezius pinch... but Angus is up and moving...
AND HE'S ARMED!!!

[Causing the crowd to boo a little louder, Angus rolls himself into the ring, carrying himself a barbwire cookie sheet!! With a smile. Axel sees his partner rise to his feet, and shoves Devin backwards releasing the hold...]

***** CCCCCLLLLLLLLLAAAAAANNNGGGGG!!! *****

PB: DROPPED LIKE IT WAS FUCKIN' HOT!!!! DEVIN CRUMPLES TO THE MAT!!!

RD: Angus goes for the pin... but again he just place a boot across Devin's chest! That's NOT gunna win him jack fuckin' shit!

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: SHOOOULDER UP!!! Devin keeps his team alive, and hope for a victory along with it!

PB: Devin mighta' beat the count, but he's not doin' nothing to help out his brother right now! Axel gots JD all tied up with a fuckin' INDIAN BURN!!!

RD: School yard bully tactics right there! These fans sure as hell done like it one bit!

[With Devin sprawled out, chest rising and falling, Axel laughs mercilessly as he torques and torques at JD's arm, just laying on the pressure! Angus lets out a whistle, as Axel turns and faces his partner, quickly letting JD's free of the Indian born....

***** CCCCLLLLLLLLAAAAANNGGG!!! *****

PB: BBBUUUUUULLLLLLLLZZZEEEEYYYYEEEE!!!! ANGUS TAKES JD'S FUCKIN' HEADD OFF~!!! He just used that steel chair as a fuckin; lawn dart!!!

RD: The IMPACT that chair landed with was staggering! It carries JD up and out of the ring, crashing to the arena floor!

[The Opposition Party takes a moment to reflect and survey the scene as Devin slowly stirs and JD rests motionless on the arena floor. Seeing Devin nearly getting back to his knees, Axel pounces with quickness and agility that would make any feline jealous, locking on a rear waist lock! Having successfully mounted Devin, Axel changes up gears... and digs his feared SPEAR HAND right into the side of Devin's head!]

PB: WOWZA!!!! Just fuckin' WOWZA!!! The brutality by this Opposition Party is gawd damn impressive! They haven't stop since that damn bell rang!

RD: And again, they got a Houlihan stuck inbetween a rock and a hard place! I dunno how much more of this extreme physical abuse Devin will be able to handle!

PB: What's that "Angry" fuck up to!?! He's got himself back on the arena floor!!

[With Devin possibly only seconds away from giving up and ending this match, Angus gets himself to the arena floor where JD Houlihan is slowly stirring. Seeing JD getting back to his knees, Angus decides to stomp him right in his tracks... with a couple of boots right to the back of JD's head!!!]

RD: Just like that, JD is sent right back to the arena floor! He needs to find a way to get back into the ring and save his brother, or this is gunna be over QUICK!!! Axel is just DIIIIIGGGING away of Devin's face!

PB: If Devin needs JD to save his ass, he is flat out SCREWED cause I dun think JD's doing much of anythin' right meow but creatin' a pool of blood!

[Having dealt with JD, Andrus continues on with his mission, making his way right to the weapons stash. Digging thru the dumpster, Angus first pulls out a barbwire crutch, quickly whipping it into the ring, but not halting his search until he pulls out... a barbwire fuckin' stop sign!!!]

PB: YESSS!!! STOLEN PROPERTY AND ULTRAVIOLENT RASSLIN'!!! I dunno if it gets much better than this in life!!!

RD: Angus seems pretty pleased with his find, as do these DERP fans!

[Still clutching Devin, with those hands just burrowed into his cranium, Axel begins to communicate with Angus, who slides back in the ring, that stop sign in hand. Angus hands off the stop sign, and moves towards the ropes, as Axel lifts it high into the air...]

PB: DOOOOON'T STOOOOPP BELIEEVING!!!! WHAT A SHOT FROM HARDAKER!!! I dun think the Renegades got much fight left in them!!!

RD: I dun like admitting that you're right, Paulie, but I'd have to say it doesn't look like the Houlihan's losing streak is gunna end tonight!

[MAAASSSIVE EXPLOSION OF JOOOYY!!!!!!!!!!!!]

PB: PAAAARTY FUCKIN' CRASHER!!!! JD RUINS EVERYTHING!!! Angus lands BALLS FIRST on that top rope!

RD: Like a flash, JD's in the ring and has Angus hooked... BRAINBUSTER FUCKIN' SUPLEX!!!

PB: This may be a game changer, but JD better watch aht for the "MASTER OF PAIN!!!"

[Not pleased at all with JD's intrusion upon his plans, Axel doesn't wait for JD to turn around before he takes off charging! But the quick thinking Houlihan manages to duck just in time, Hardaker's clothesline attempt just missing the mark! Both men quickly turn around....]

PB: SPPPIINNNING FUCKIN' HEEEL KICK!!! AND HEE CAUGHT ALLLLLLL OF THAT ONE!!!

RD: I'd say so! Axel thrown the whole way outta the ring! And while it may be only a fleeting moment... for now... there IS a Houlihan standing tall inside a DERP ring!!!

[JD doesn't celebrate long, taking a moment to check on his brother and help him back to a standing base. With Devin back on his feet, JD again turns to focus on Angus who is also back on his feet! JD ducks a wild right, and spins Andrus around.... GERMAN SUPLEX!!! JD holds on... ANOTHER ONE!!!]

RD: "The Yinzmeister" still has Angus locked up...

PB: Devin slides that stop sign into the center of the ring... AND JD HAS PERFECT FUCKIN' AIM!!!! Look at those barbs BURIED in that flesh!!! I LOVE IT!!

[Angus arches his back, but doesn't move very far as Devin makes his way to the top rope with incredible speed! Wasting no time, he pauses only for a second to balance himself...]

PB: HE JUST LOST HIS FUCKIN' LIQOOOUURRRR LICENSE!!! FLYIN' FUCKIN' LEG DROP!!!

RD: And both brothers dive on for the pin!!! This is IT!!!

...ONE...

...TWO....

RD: HARDKER RIPS THE REF OUTTA THE RING!!

PB: Axel better watch how close he gets to those fans! They might just decide to take matters into their own hands!

[Tossing the referee around like a ragdoll, the hatred of the DERP-a-holics reaches a new level... even though a smattering of fans are cheering at the top of their lungs seeing the ref knocked cold! Devin doesn't look pleased at all, as he takes off full speed at the ropes...]

PB: PPPPEEEEEAAAAAKK-AAA—BOOOOO FUCKIN' HOT DAAAWWWG!!!!
SUPERMAN FUCKIN' PALANCHA!!! AND BOTH MEN ARE NOW SPRAWLWED OUT
ON THE ARENA FLOOR!

RD: In the ring, JD seizing the momentum, turning Angus over for a cloverleaf it looks like...
NO!!! ANGUS KICKS HIM AWAY!!!

[Caught off balance, JD tumbles head first into the turnbuckles! Instantly rendered very dazed and confused, JD stumbles backwards out of the corner, as Angus uses that barbwire crutch to get himself back to his feet, and then pulls it back like a ball bat...]

*** CCCCCRRRRRUUUUNNNNNCCCCCHHHH!!!! ***

PB: AND HE'S OOOOOUTTAAAA HERE!!! JD just knocked into the next fuckin' century with that swing right there!

RD: Angus goes for the pin.... But stops when he sees Devin getting up to his feet on the outside!

[RESPECT POP FOR DARE DEVIL AWESOMNESS!!!]

PB: SUUUUUIIIIIICCCIDE FUCKIN' DIVE!!!! DEVIN BACK BENT THAT GUARDRAIL ON IMPACT!!! He's gotta be fuckin' DONE for meow!, for sure!

RD: While he may be as cooked as Murdoff's books, I dun think the Opposition Party are looking to end things right meow!

[The "Master of Pain" is the first one up to his feet, as JD crawls his way towards a ring corner, desperate for some oxygen to reenter his bloodstream. The cowboy hat super fan begins to lay into Axel with one giant tirade, but Axel pays no attention.... Grabbing himself something from under the ring...]

PB: HOLY PIECE OF FUCKIN' WOOD BATEMAN!!! Hardaker's got himself a BARBWIRE TABLE!!!! I FUCKIN' LOVE IT!!!

RD: These fans are divided meow! How can you HATE a guy that's sliding a BARBWIRE FUCKIN' TABLE into the ring!?!?!?

[The crowd buzzes with mixed emotions, but overall excitement with the Opposition Party's brainstorming phase! "Angry" Angus is slowly making his way back to his feet, as Devin lays, kicking his legs, clutching his back. Seeing JD sprawled in the corner, Hardaker again goes hunting under the ring.... AND PULLS OUT ALL SORTS OF GOODIES!!!]

RD: What's that madman finding himself there... I see.... A PAIR OF FUCKIN' HANDCUFS!!!

PB: And look at Axel make a bee line right for JD!!! He grabs the Houlihan by the wrist... AND CUFFS HIM RIGHT TO THE FUCKIN' ROPES!!!!

RD: JD looks so outta it I dun even know if he noticed... but these fans sure did and THEY ain't happy about it one bit!

PB: Well, they're about to put their hate on HOLD cause I just saw what ELSE the "Master of Pain" pulled out from underneath the ring... TALKIN' LIGHTER FLUID AND A AIM 'N' FLAME!!! We gunna have ourselves some ROASTED HOULIHAN tonight if they get their way!!!!

RD: I dunno if there's ANYONE to stop them! JD's fuckin' hand cuffed in the corner, and I dun see Devin getting' up ANYTIME soon!

PB: ...least without any help that is! Angus goes the other Houlihan twin and flops him into the ring!

[With the grill lighter and the lighter fluid in his mits, Axel rolls under the bottom rope and into the squared circle. He quickly sits down his flammable material and grabs a hold of the barbwire table, setting it up with ease in the far corner away from JD, who's slowly waking up.... And not looking pleased at all with his current predicament!]

RD: From the look on JD's face, I think he juss found out he's been HANDCUFFED to the ring ropes!

PB: Too little, too fuckin' late! The Houlihans are about to get BURRRNEED!!!! THE LOSIN' STREAK WILL CONTINUE!!!

[As Axel first sets up the table, and then begins to douse it in lighter fluid, Angus drags a groggy and very foggy Devin to the corner closet to the table by his ear! The crowd is at a fever pitch right now, but still very divided over cheering for the good guys.... Or cheering for the TABLE!!!]

RD: This doesn't look good at all!!! Not at ALLLLLLLLLL!!!

PB: ...if your names HOULIHAN!!! For the rest of us, this is goin' to be AAAAWWWWESOME!!!

[Angus gets himself situated on to the top rope, dragging Devin up with him, getting the Houlihan standing on the middle rope. The "Master of Pain" gives a shout, as he holds that lighter into the air...]

***** FFFFFFFFWWWWWWOOOOSSSSSHHHH!!! *****

PB: YESSSSS!!!! WE HAVE IGGG-FUCKIN-NITTIION!!!! ALLL SYSTEMS ARE GO!!!

[Soon as the table is lit, Axel quickly backs in the corner... as Angus lifts Devin high up into the air, with little assistance... and then stands on Axel's shoulders for added height....]

***** CCCCCCCCCRRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUNNNCCCCCHHHHH!!!! *****

PB: OOOOOOHHHHHMMMMMMYYYYYYYGGGGAAAAAAWWWWWDDDDD!!!

RD: THAT 'S IT!!! THEY FUCKIN' KILLED HIM!!! JD IS GOIN' NUTS!!! I THINK HES GUNNA TEAR HIS DAMN ARM OFF!!!

PB: INSANITY!!! THAT WAS PURE FUCKIN' INSANITY!!! ANGUS JUST DROPPED HIM DAMN NEAR FIFTEEN FUCKIN' FEET THRU THAT FLAMIN' BABRWIRE TABLE!!!

RD: AXEL PUTS A BOOT ON DEVIN'S CHEST!!! THANK GOD!!! THIS IS ONE IS FUCKIN' OVER!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

PB: ANGUS IS GNAWIN' ON JD'S FOREHEAD MEOW!!! WHY!?!?!

...THREE!!!!

[LET THE TRASH RAIN DOWN!!!]

RD: IT'S OVER!!! IT'S FUCKIN OVER!!! And the Opposition Party did not just WIN... they DESTROYED the Renegades!!! JD is missin' a chunk outta his FOREHEAD!!! Devin is missing REALITY as he has to be completely fuckin' out cold!

PB: I think the local ER is gunna be filled with HOULIHANS tonight! These brothers look like they're gunna be joinin' their sister at the hospital, all right!

[The Opposition Party basically have to be forced to exit the ringside area, as they continue to jaw right back and forth with the fans in the audience. JD hangs, slumped in the corner, gushing from the forehead as the Damage Control brings out a pair of bolt cutters. But the main focus of

attention continues to be Devin who is still dead center in the ring, albeit not in a giant pile of barbwire broken table pieces...]