

[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. Then, with a scratchy throat growl to lead things off, a voice screams out "WWWWHHHHHHHAAAAATTTTT AAAAAAAA RRRRRRUUSSSHHHHHH!!!" 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

BACK

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, preceded 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 1 - IT BEGINS

BACK

[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 "TACKS" 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, 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!]

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! 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!

[After what seems to be forever, Delaney and Barker manage to control the 1,000+ in attendance, getting to finally quiet down a tad. Delaney goes to address the crowd, but Barker immediately cuts him off!]

PB: WWWEEEELLLLCCOOOOMMEEE TO THE MAAADDNNESSSSSSSSSS!!!! It is time to take the show on the road, as we embark on the HARDCORE N@ NATIONAL TOUR – A TRAVELIN' CIRCUS OF DEATHMATHCERY!!!!

[The fans lets loose an impressive explosion of cheers!]

PB: So here we are _NIGHT ONE_... _EPISODE ONE_ of... _BLLLOOODDSSSPORTT!!!! Standing to my left here is not only my commentary paw'ner for the evenin'... but he's the crazy genius behind all this wonderfulness... Come on, yins all know who the fuck he is... Let's hear it for... _RYAN FUCKIN' DELANEY_!!!!

[Barker pauses, and makes sure to finger point in Delaney's direction. Delaney just shakes his head, as the crowd lets loose in a frenzy.]

DEE-LANE-EEE! DEE-LANE-EEE! DEE-LANE-EEE!

DEE-LANE-EEE! DEE-LANE-EEE! DEE-LANE-EEE!

DEE-LANE-EEE! DEE-LANE-EEE! DEE-LANE-EEE!

DEE-LANE-EEE! DEE-LANE-EEE! DEE-LANE-EEE!

BACK

[Obviously very grateful, but as Delaney takes a bow, he directs the ground back down to an acceptable noise volume, as Barker continues to work his shtick.]

PB: And as for myself... I am.... PAUL....“when they ask me for pearl necklaces, I show them the family jewels!!!! I’ve made so many women so wet, I could fill Olympic-size swimming pools and I’ve got so much carnal knowledge, I could open my own chain of schools”.... BARKER!!!!!!!”

[SSSSLLLLAAAAAMMM!!! Paul immediately slams his mic and begins to do classic muscle man poses, much to the delight of the DERP faithful! Delaney just shakes his head, and immediately takes control of his ship before it sails itself too far off course!]

RD: Aight folks, first I wanna think yins, the fans, SOOOOOO MUCH!!! From getting to the box office and purchasing tickets... to for logging on and clicking “PLAY!” on our personal YouTub Channel... DERP only lives and thrives because of yins, the FANS!!!!!!

[The crowd roars, loving anytime someone pats them on the back.]

RD: I dun live in a world of absolutes but I cannot fathom a reason WHY tonight’s inaugural episode of BLOOODSPOORRTTT would somehow fail to entertain any rasslin’ fan out there!!!! On today’s broadcast, there will be a STAIRWAY TO HELL deathmatch for the DERP Deathmatch championship! We have a GAUNTLET MATCH featuring half a dozen men or so all trying to kill and maim each other for the DERP YouTube Championship!!! PLUS there’s JOSIE SAITO battling ANGEL MARTINEZ and the big bad motherfucker BIG MIKE FOYER fights ONO HEZONFAIA in a BARBWIRE BOARDS DEATHMATCH!!!

PB: Stop it already! You’re getting me all wet!!!

RD<trying hard to bust up laugh>: But first, to start it off... it’s TORNADO TAG TEAM FUCKIN’ WARFARE TIME!!!!

[Delaney freezes, nailing a perfect Buddy Christ-esque pose...]

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

[The ring area is empty aside from Rosalynn Anderson standing in the one corner. The fans have died down, a bit but quickly rise up to their feet as "Know Your Enemy" by Rage Against the Machine bursts forth from the PA system! Some cheer, some just stare, but either way, out from the curtains from Devin Houlihan! Devin begins his approach to the ring, taking time to slap some fan's hands on the way. Devin rolls underneath the bottom ropes and makes sure to climb the turnbuckles; arms raised high in the air, smiles blasted across his face. as the song winds down.]

RD: Devin Houlihan another DART~! Alumni! His last stint with his twin brother JD in the great PVW didn’t go so hot, but he’s looking good as ever in my book!

BACK

PB: ‘Dose Renegades in PVW just never had their head on straight! The learning curve was STEEEEEP for them! Doesn’t surprise me one bit they floundered!!!

[The crunchy guitar riffs of the Murder City Devils' "Cradle to the Grave" fills the DERP warehouse, joined in by the howls of what sounds like a wolf. Lumbering into the arena, Rob Sharpe glowers at the crowd surrounding the ring, indifferent to their cheers and jeers. He's dressed for battle, plain black pants with the signature blade silkscreen going from the hip to an inch or so above his knee on both legs, boots, and pads, and, of course, that unassuming look on his face.]

RD: Here comes Devin’s partner for the night, newly signed _ROB SHARPE_!!! Perfect timing too doctors have deemed Wilkes _UNFIT_ to compete!

PB: Fuckin’ bullshit concussion hysteria!!! That crap cost Hines Ward his catch streak!

[He slowly saunters his way to the ring, casually snapping glances at random spectators. Some reach out their open hands for him to tap, other extend thumbs-downs and other, less pleasant gestures, but he pays them no mind. Sharpe climbs onto the ring apron, and grabs the top rope with his right hand, while quickly snapping his left up in a fist into the sky, taking his time to scan his audience before stepping between the ropes, casually running a hand along his shorn hair, and going to his corner, sporting a sharky, self-satisfied grin. He kicks the bottom ropes on each side of the turnbuckle, and tests the top ones, before reclining into the corner, waiting for the bell.]

PB: Have those two even said “hello” to each other yet!?!?

RD: Dun look like it Paul!!! Neither one seem very pleased!

PB: Well luckily they dun gotta operate like a normal tag team... it _IS_ tornado tag rules!!!

[As Devin breaks the ice and extends the olive branch "In Motion" by Trent Reznor & Atticus Ross begins it audio assault over the PA system. The Japanese tag team of IDE-NAMA eagerly step forth through the curtain.... Swinging giant chains in each hands! The crowd instantly goes wild!!!!]

RD: They won their spot in DERP wielding those chains... and now they’re gunna kick off the tour with them!!!

PB: I LOVE IT!!! GO GET ‘EM!!!!!!

[In the ring, both Devin and Rob’s eye widen, as TAKASHI IDEURA and YOSUKE NAMASHITA make their way down the ring, never breaking eye contact with their opponents. With the chains wrapped around one fist and the other flying around, the Ideura and Namashita roll under the bottom ropes and occupy their corner of the ring, just daring Devin and Rob to try something. As the song AND the crowd begin to die down, Rosalynn steps between the four men and begins her work day.]

RA: Ladies and gentlemen, criminals and degenerate... this match is scheduled for _ONE_ fall and has no time limit! It will be fought under TORNADO TAG RULES and falls will count _ANYWHERE_! Introducing _FIRST_ standing to my right... hailing from Pittsburgh, PA, at staunch two hundred and fifty pounds..... DEVVVIN HOULIHAN!!!!

BACK

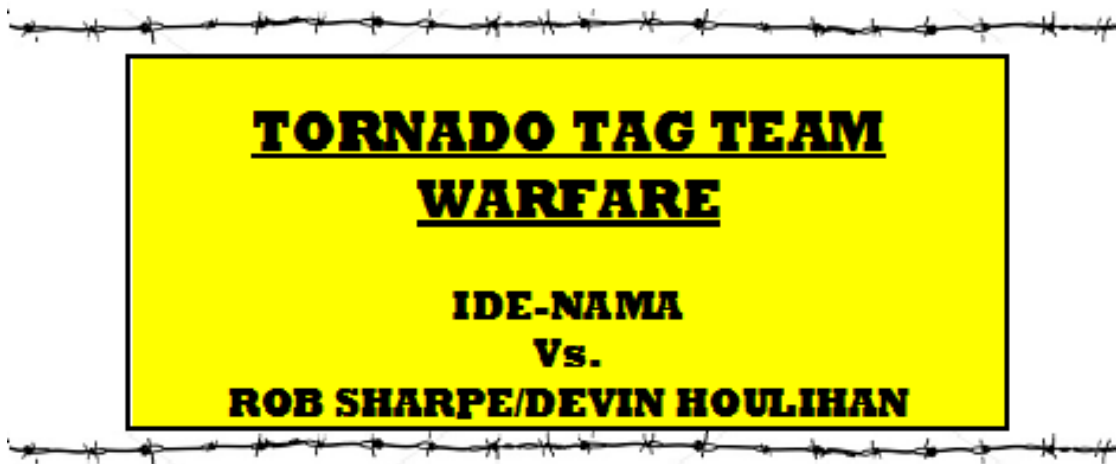
[The crowd shows some love for their hometown hero, but overall, Devin's jackassery makes all that hometown favoritism null and void.]

RA: And his tag team partner... just signed to a DERP contract earlier this week... He's from the city of Brotherly Love and is weighing in tonight at two-hundred fifty-five pounds, he is "The Murder City Devil" ROB... SHARPE!

[The love is not much better at all for Sharpe, and the ring vet takes objection, instantly slinging mud and back forth with the DERP faithful! Devin joins right on in, not missing a beat!]

RA: Their opponents standing across the ring... They just won their spot on the roster as the BIG ASS eXXXtreme BASH!!! From the other side of the globe, with a combined weight of four hundred and twenty five.... IDE-NAMA!!!!!!!!!!!!

[The crowd gives the Japanese warriors a rounding ovation, as the duo hold the mighty chain high in the air! Roselyn quickly exits the ring, as the men get their final stretches in and game planing in. 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 four brutes inside the ring, as the bell goes "DING, DING, DING" and the match begins!]

PB: WHAM BAM THANK YOU MAAM!!! Ide-Nama wasting no time, just charging like bulls at Devin and Rob!

RD: And those chains coming into play right away! Devin quickly chased from the ring, as Namashita whips Rob into the ropes!

[Ideura and Namashita quickly stretch out the chain and catch the charging Sharpe right across the throat with it, sending him right to the mat! Takashi drops his end, and bounces off the ropes! Namashita wraps the chain around Rob's throat as Ideura comes charging back... RUNNING LEG LARIAT!!!]

BACK

PB: Who pissed on their rice cakes this mornin'!?!?! Ide-Nama coming out of the gate with nutting but mass destruction on their mind!

RD: Sharpe's welcoming to the DERPness not going as well as he planned I bet! Namashita just choking the life out of him!

[Namashita and Ideura work together now, slinging their arms over Rob's head... and lifting him up for a double team suplex! Sharpe lands to the mat with a thunderous umph, as the crowd cheers the quick pace! The Japanese duo quickly jump to their feet!]

[HOMETAHN BOY DONE GOOD POP!]

PB: GRATE GOOGLY MOOGLY!!! FLYING FUCKIN' CROSS BUDDY!!!

RD: AIR HOULIHAN TAKES BOTH MEN DAHN!!! This crowd just LOVED that from their hometown hero!

[Devin immediately rolls off and kips up to his feet. Namashita is the first one up and immediately charges at Houlihan, who catches him with a standing drop kick right to the chin! Yosuke flies back into the mat and flops towards the corner! Takashi gets to his feet and charges at Devin, going for a clothesline! Devin ducks!]

PB: BUT MR. ROB FUCKIN' SHARPES RIGHT THERE!!! SNAAAAP SCOOP SLAM!!!!

RD: Sharpe just PLANTS Ideura as ROB AND DEVIN have taken control of this match!

PB: Look like that chain didn't help things out the way Ide-Nama wanted it too... 'specially now as it's in the hand of 'the Brash One'!!!!

[Devin has the chain wrapped around his fist but makes sure there's a good few foot still hanging.. making it a perfect whip! As Sharpe lays into Namashita in the corner with boots after boots, just stomping a mud hole in the Japanese native, Devin begins swinging the iron!]

PB: DAAAAAMNN! THAT'S GOTTTAAAA HURT!!!

RD: _GIANT_ welts are just forming instantly across Ideura's back! He's rolling around in pain!

[The fans are eating it up so much so in fact that the cowboy superfan in the front row even starts screaming for Devin to take another swing! Devin shakes his head and has no problem obliging, as the fans start counting along!]

PB: But Devin's showing no signs of stopping!!! And these fans are just eggin' him on!!!!

RD: Sharpe's got Namashita balled up in the corner too! He's pulling up to his feet though!

[Devin wraps the chain around Ideura's neck and begins choking the life outta him! Rob backs up a few steps towards the center of the ring, leaving Namashita on dream street against the turn buckles. He charges in, leaping high into the air and.....]

BACK

[CROWD ROARS WITH DELIGHT!!!!]

PB: SNOOTCHE BOOOOTCHIES!!!! YOSUKE MOVES!!! SHARPE EATS NUTTIN BUT TURNBUCKLE!!!

RD: And now Namashita's on the offense..... _EEEXXXXPLODER FUCKING SUPELX_!!!!

PB: SHARPES WAS JUST DROPPED ON HIS FUCKIN' HEAD!!!! He spasms his way outta the ring to the arena floor!!!

[Devin sees this and immediately springs into action. He drops the now seemingly lifeless Takashi and charges Yosuke, who's just turning around as he catches him with a spear from hell!!!!]

PB: HOW MUCH FRIED CHICKEN CAN YOU EAT?!?! NAMASHITA JUST CUT IN HALF!!!

RD: And Devin's not taking the foot of the gas pedal! He backs up across the ring...

PB: BASEBALL FUCKIN' SLIDE!!!! YOSUKE SEND SPRAWLING TO THE ARENA FLOOR!!!

RD: Just listen to these fans! They are more than thrilled with their hometown kid doin' good tonight!

HOO-LAA-HAN! HOO-LAA-HAN! HOO-LAA-HAN!

HOO-LAA-HAN! HOO-LAA-HAN! HOO-LAA-HAN!

HOO-LAA-HAN! HOO-LAA-HAN! HOO-LAA-HAN!

HOO-LAA-HAN! HOO-LAA-HAN! HOO-LAA-HAN!

HOO-LAA-HAN! HOO-LAA-HAN! HOO-LAA-HAN!

[Pleased with himself and with the fans showing their love, Devin turns away and refocuses himself on Takashi. Takashi is stirring, having gotten himself to the ropes and is busy trying to pull himself upright, as Devin moves in. But Ideura fights back, ramming his shoulder into Houlihan's torso!]

RD: Takashi fightin' back here! He's not gunna go dahn without a fight!

PB: Hells nah! The Japanese got too much pride for that!

RD: Devin tryin' to fight back with those clubs but Takashi's gaining the advantage!

[Shoulder thrust after shoulder thrust works its charm, as Ideura gets himself some distance and space. Rising up to his feet, Takashi leaps into action with a standing head scissors..... and flings Devin right out of the ring through the ropes!]

[OUCH THAT HAD TO FUCKIN' HURT WE LOVE VIOLENCE POP!]

BACK

PB: SCRATCH MY BACK WITH A HACKSAW!!!! DEVIN HEAD FIRST INTO THE CEMENT FLOOR!!!

RD: THREE outta four men on the arena floor! Takashi Ideura the ONLY man standing!!!

PB: Rob and Yosuke are stirring!! You could almost say Sharpe's standin' he's that close to upright!!!

[The crowd becomes electric as Takashi wastes no time and climbs his way up the nearest turnbuckles and perches himself on top. Rob finally does reach his feet, as Namashita kips up to his, sensing immediate danger. The two collide with a flurry of chops as Takashi takes aim on Houlihan...]

[INSANE DAREDEVIL BEHAVIOR GETS MAD LOVE!]

PB: SOMEONE BUY DEVIN A DRINK AND HIS TWIN ONE TOOOO!!!! SENTON FUCKIN' BOMB!!!!!!!!!!

RD: AND HE REMAINS PLANTED!!! THAT COUNTS AS A PIN ATTEMPT!!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

[THE CROWD GOES WILD!!!!]

RD: SHOULDER THE FUCK UP!!! DEVIN KEEPS HIS TEAM ALIVE!!!!

[Takashi doesn't look pleased one bit. Meanwhile, on the other side of the ring, Yosuke has got himself the advantage, backing Sharpe up a few steps. Sensing momentum swinging, Namashita grips Rob up and whips him across the arena floor. Rob slams into the guardrail with some authority!]

PB: DAAAAAMN!!! He moved that guardrail 'bout four feet dere!!!

RD: Namashita's certainly got some power in those arms of his!

[Yosuke approaches the slumped Sharpe and delivers a nasty boot right to the gut of Sharpe, having to knock the wind out of the ring vet. Not missing a beat, Namashita quickly leans in and picks Rob off the guardrail with a fireman's carry. He turns, facing the crowd..... and then switches things up!!!!]

[THAT'S WAS JUST IMPRESSIVE AND PAINFUL POP!]

PB: OINKIN' FROM THE BOINKIN'!!!!!! SHITTTT OUT FUCKKKIN' POWERBOMB!!!!!!

RD: Ya could wonder if Sharpe's wondering about deciding to launch a comeback attempt!

PB: It's not a comeback.... IT'S A RETURN!!!!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

[MANY SIMULTANEOUS GROANS!!!]

RD: HE GETS HIS SHOULDER UP!!!! Both Rob and Devin showin' their resilience here!

PB: But they gotta start showin' some OFFENSE again if they gunna win this thing!

[Having recovered from the pain he caused himself thanks to the senton, Takashi gets to his feet and peels Devin off the arena floor. He rolls Houlihan into the ring under the bottom rope and quickly rolls in himself. On the other side of the ring, Namashita peels Sharpe off the ring floor and rolls him into the ring!]

RD: Ideura seekin' revenge as first thing he does inside that ring is grab that chain!!!!

PB: It's HIS turn to do some whipping!!! I LOVE IT!!! Now Devin's got a striped back!!!

[As Devin writhes in pain near the one corner, Yokosuka calls out to Takashi as he pulls Rob up to his feet. Ide-Nama communicate further, as the both whip Rob right into the ropes! Charging back, Sharpe manages to duck the double clothesline and flings himself back into the ropes! Ide-Nama tries again...]

PB: DONNA NEEDS A FUCKIN' DOUGHNOT!!! FLYING DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!!!!
SHARPE TAKES EM BOWF DAHN!!!!

RD: This match is just back and forth! Neither team is able to grab command and STAY in command!

[Sharpe instantly rolls and gets up to his feet, ready for another onslaught. Ide-Nama is slow to rise, but Ideura gets to his feet first. Rob instantly pounces, catches him right a bastardly mafia kick that stops him right in his tracks. Crumpling to the mat, Takashi becomes the least of Rob's worries, as he turns and faces the now standing Namashita.]

PB: LIKE AN AIRPLANE!!!! Sharpe flung across the ring with that high release belly to belly fuckin suplex!!!!

RD: Without those ropes he'd da ended up on the arena floor!!!

[Namashita gets back up to his feet, but is caught by the charging Houlihan with a swinging neckbreaker! All four men lay on the mat, taking a few seconds to collect themselves and catch a breath! Houlihan is the first up to his feet, as Namashita slowly follows! Ideura and Sharpe quickly follow! Ideura pairs off with Devin Houlihan whilst Namashita pairs off with Rob Sharpe, and they both take their opponents into opposite corners. Ideura aims a knife-edge chop at Houlihan...]

RD: That slap just echoing around the Golden Dome!

PB: Namashita doesn't look pleased though!?!?

[Namashita yells out to Ideura in their native tongue, "Muzukashī hitto! And then Namashita then hits Sharpe with a much, MUCH louder knife-edge chop!]

BACK

PB: Now that one was fuckin' LOOOOUDDDD!!! Shit, even Ideura to winced in sympathy!

[With a head nod, Ide-Nama send Devin and Rob flying at each other! They collide mid ring and stagger around very dazed and confused. Namashita quickly moves in, scooping Sharpe with a fireman's carry takedown and then quickly follows up with a knee drop to the temple! Ideura with go behind locks Devin up with a reverse double underhook of sorts, before lifting up and over for a Australian suplex!!! Namashita drops down on Sharpe for the pin as well!!– staying on the knee for a second, shouting at the ref to make the count.]

RD: Double pin attempt here! I like Ide-Nama's determination!

PB: They sure are impressive, even by my high standards!!!

RD: Wait, you have standards???

...ONE...

...TWO...

[HOW FUCK DID THEY DO THAT OUTBURST!]

RD: DEVIN KICKS OUT!!!! SHARPE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!!! THEY KEEP THSMELVES ALIVE!!!

PB: Look, Ide-Nama doesn't even care! They're SMIRKING at each other!!!

[Namashita lays boot after boot into Devin, again chasing him from the ring. As he does this, Ideura steps out onto the apron. Yosuke turns around and pulls a groggy Sharpe up to his feet. Ideura flings himself over the top rope...]

PB: SPRINGBOARD FUCKIN' FORE—NOO!!!! SHARPE CATCHES HIM WITH A PUNCH TO THE GUT!!!

RD: And then quickly sends him to the mat with a rocker dropper!!!

[Sharpe quickly scrambles up to his feet, and is meant with a charging Yosuke, who damn near cuts him in half with a flying spear! Rob hits the mat hard, as Namashita rises back to his feet to a loud round of cheers from the DERP faithful! He checks on Ideura... and doing so spots Devin Houlihan sliding into the ring with a steel chair!]

***** TTTTHHHHHUUUUUDDDD!!!! *****

PB: RIGHT ACROSS THE FOREHEAD!!! NAMASHITA KNOCKED OUT!!!

***** TTTTHHHHHUUUUUDDDD!!!! *****

BACK

RD: AND THERES ONE FOR IDEURA!!!! HOULIHAN JUST CLEANIN' HAUS!!!

[Even with being the hometown hero, there is plenty of boo's ringing out as Devin drops the chair to the mat, and pulls Yosuke up to his fee, straddling the chair with a standing head scissors. Devin then scoops Yosuke up, and spins around a bit....

PB: SLAP ME FUCKIN' SILLY BILLY!!! SPINNIN' CRADLE FUCKIN' PILE DRIVER!!!!

RD: He mighta' just snapped that man's neck!!! He folds Namashita's arms over his chest and hooks the leg!

...ONE...

...TWO...

[NO GROANS, JUST CHEERS THIS TIME!!!!]

RD: SHOULDER FUCKIN' UP!!!

PB: ALMOST! All fuckin' most there!!!

RD: Sharpe back to his feet! Ideura stumbles up to his!

[Sharpe is a bit groggy, as Ideura springs into action ... LITERALLY as he handsprings his way across the ring and delivers a nasty enzuguri to the back of Sharpe's head! Rob stumbles back into the corner, as Ideura lands on his feet and quickly turns his attention to Devin, who's armed himself again with that chair!]

RD: Takashi ducks, Devin turns around!!! SCISSOR FUCKIN' KICK!!!

PB: GOOD GAWD ALLMIGHTEEE!!! DEVINS JAW WENT SIDEWAYS!!!! He falls thru the ring ropes and tumbles to the arena floor!

RD: This has just been back and forth, back and forth! What an INCREDIBLE start to an INCREDIBLE evening I must say!

[Takashi checks on his partner Yosuke, helping him up to his feet. Sharpe is still sprawled in the corner, eyes rolling around in the back of his head. Devin is laid on the arena floor, clutching at his head. The Japanese warriors communicate amongst themselves, deciding Namashita's responsible for Sharpe, as Ideura is in charge of Houlihan on the outside.]

BACK

RD: Namashita charges into the corner... RUNNING BIG BOOT RIGHT TO SHARPE'S JAW!!!

PB: Ideura's got himself standing on the ring apron!?! Looks like he's lining sumptin up!!!

[Takashi takes off running down the apron, as Devin remains motionless on the floor...]

PB: HE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO CRY OR WIND HIS WATCH!!! SHOOTIN STAR
FUCKIN' PRESS FROM THE RING APRON!!!

RD: And inside the ring, Yosuke got Sharpe up in a fireman's carry... AND DROPS HIM DOWN
WITH A NASTY CUTTER!!!

*[The crowd just explodes with delight, as Takashi staggers to his feet, stumbling back onto the guard
rail for support. In the ring, Yosuke flops Rob over and hooks the leg, going for the pin!]*

RD: This could be it!!!

PB: Could be, might be, let's wait and see!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

[COLLECTIVE SIGH OF RELIEF!!!!!!]

RD: KICKOUT!!! SHARPE BEATS THE COUNT!!!

PB: These fans are in AWE!!! They thought that was IT!

[Calling out to the referee, Takashi pulls Devin up to a sitting position...only to kick his head sideways with a Feint kick! And then as the referee enters the vicinity, he delivers a standing moonsault, sticking the landing and holding the leg!]

RD: Ideura trying to win it on the outside!!! This might just do it!

PB: If not, Namashita's working on his own game plan! He's got that chair set up in the middle of the ring!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

[WHY WON'T HE JUST DIE ALREADY GROANS!!]

RD: DEVIN JUST BEATS THE COUNT!!!

PB: These fans aren't convinced!!! The ref's getting mad shit from those at ringside!!!

[Takashi shrugs but doesn't lose focus. Instead he gives Devin a quick stomp before diving inside the ring, where Yosuke pulls Sharpe up to his feet, and locks on a rear waistlock! Checking his distance, Namashita heaves...]

PB: GOIN' DAAAHHHNNTAAAHNNNN!!!! MULE KICK BY SHARPE!!! These fans are PISSSSSEEDD!!!

RD: But the kick to the junk's effective! Namashita lets go of the hold, as Takashi charges at the newly freed Sharpe!

[Ideura doesn't give Sharpe a chance to blink it seems, as he rushes right into battle, leaping into the air with a leg lariat! BUT SHARPE DUCKS!!! Somehow Takashi lands on his feet and is able to put on the breaks! Sharpe spins him around, lifts him straight up in the air and brings him down across his knee with a Manhattan drop!]

PB: WOOOWZAAAA! SHARPE TAKIN' CONTROL HERE!!! He's just crushin' everyone's gonads!!

RD: Namashita back to his feet, using those ropes! Quickly Rob scoops Takashi up...

***** TTTTTTHHHHHHHUUUUUDDDDDD!!!! *****

PB: OOOOOHHHHMMMMYYYGAAAAWWDDDD!!!!!!!

RD: A THROWING NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX!!! THAT CHAIR IS JUST FUCKIN' CRUMPLED!!!!!!!

[Takashi isn't moving a limb one bit, as a tangled mess of steel chair resides underneath him. Sharpe quickly gets back to his feet, with the fans loudly announcing their dissatisfaction. Yosuke wastes no time, charging off the ring ropes right at Sharpe, barely giving the ring vet time to stand up!]

RD: Quick like a cat, Sharpe uses Namashita's momentum for his own gain there, whipping him HARD into the corner!!!

BACK

PB: HE LIVES!!! Devin Houlihan is standing on the outside... and is busy sliding a table into the ring!!!!!!

[Sharpe takes off at Namashita in the corner, connecting with a running left-handed corner lariat! Yosuke is damn near knocked up and over the top rope! Rob looks over his shoulder, as Devin quickly gets the table set up in the center of the ring. He yells out to Sharpe, who promptly lifts Yosuke onto his shoulder and walks towards the table....]

***** CCCCCCRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUNNNNNCCCCCHHHHH!!! *****

PB: HE BEAT HIM LIKE FUCKIN' RENTED MULE!!! COCONUT FUCKIN' CRUNCH THROUGH THAT TABLE!!!

HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE!

HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE!

HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE!

HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE!

HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE!

RD: He calls that the CITYWIDE SPECIALL!!! Sharpe hooks the leg, as Devin delivers a leg drop to Takashi!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO....

[MAD RESPECT FROM THE DERP-A-HOLICS!!!]

RD: SOMEHOW... SOMEWAY... HE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!!!!!

PB: THESE FANS CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!! Neither can Rob or Devin – they look fuckin' irate!!

[Devin shoots the referee daggers, before peeling Takashi off the ring mat and to his feet. Grabbing the Japanese warrior by his neck, Devin takes off for the corner, running up the turn buckles...]

PB: TAKASHI BOUT TO GET HIS BRAIN SCRAMBLE--- NOOOO!!!!

BACK

RD: IDEURA GRABS THE ROPE AND HOLDS ON! DEVIN GOES FLYIN' TO THE MAT
EMPTY HANDED!!!

[The crowd explodes with a flurry of excitement as Sharpe charges at Takashi... only for Takashi to take flight and kick Sharpe's teeth down his throat with a diving side kick!!! The roar of the crowd is deafening as Ideura gathers himself and scrambles to cover the fallen Devin Houlihan!]

RD: And just like that Ide-Nama might have picked up the dubbya!

PB: These fans sure as fuck think so!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

[GROANS OF DISCONTENT, AS THEY WON'T JUST DIE!!!]

RD: SHOULDER FUCKIN' UP AT THE LAST GOD DAMN MINUTE!!!!

PB: That shocked expression on Takashi's face says it _ALLLLL_!!!

[As Takashi gets himself up standing, his partner Yosuke gets upon his two feet as well. With more communication, the two Japanese warriors hover near Sharpe, leading to Namashita throwing Ideura as high into the air as he can muster.... Who crash lands onto Sharpe with a senton bomb!!!]

[MASSIVE DISPLAY OF APPROVAL BY THE CROWD!!!]

PB: CALL ARNOLD SLICK FROM FUCKIN' TURTLE CREEK!!! MACH FUCKIN' FIVVVVEEE!!!!

RD: Both Takashi and Namashita dive onto Sharpe for the pin!!!

PB: DDDDOOOOOOGGGGG PPPPIIIIIILLLEEEEEEE!!!!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

[AUDIBLE FRUSTRATION WITH THE ACT OF SAVING!!!]

PB: FUCKIN' BULLLLLLSHHIIT!!!!!! DEVIN BREAKS IT UP!!!

RD: It woulda been over too!!! No way Sharpe was kicking out of that!!!

BACK

[All four men are sprawled on the ring mat, but not for long as Ide-Nama quickly rise to their feet, looking more than a bit irate with Devin's interference. Houlihan quickly gets up to his feet but only makes it to his knees Yosuke catches him with a Damare kick right upside the head!!]

RD: And just like that Devin's back on dream street!!!

PB: He may just be taking up permanent residence there once this is all said and done!

[With Namashita's assistance, the team of Ide-Nama peel Devin off the mat and forcibly place him on the top rope. Yosuke turns his attention back towards Sharpe, who's slowly rolled his way over to the ropes and is pulling himself back upright. Ideura climbs right up the ropes, staring Devin right in the face!]

RD: Ide-Nama making sure to pull out all the stops here tonight!!! Ideura is about to go into OVVVVERDRIVE!!!!

PB: Devin's trying to fight back, but I dun think he can get much behind those rights and lefts!

[Yosuke helps Rob back up to his feet and pushes back into the corner with knife edge chops! On the top rope, battling it out, Devin and Takashi are trading rights and lefts! Neither man can seem to get the advantage!]

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

PB: LADIES AND GENTLMEN, THE KITCHEN IS FUCKIN' CLOSED !!!! HOULIHAN WITH A BRAINBUSTER TO THE ARENA FLOOR!!!!!!

RD: THESE FANS GOT IT RIGHT!!! THEY ARE FUCKIN' DEAD!!! FUCKIN' DEAD!!!! Their skulls just gotta be split the fuck open!!!!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

...TWO...

[APPLAUSE OUTTA SHEER RESPECT!!!]

RD: ...THREE!!!!!!!

PB: ITS OVEEERRR!!! The wily home tahn hero and the crafty ring vet are VICTORIOUS!!!!

RD: Takashi and Yosuke can't be too hard on themselves! They put up on helluva fight tonight and could have easily walked away the winner!

PB: But they are NOT!!! Devin and Rob starting off their DERP campaigns on the RIGHT fooot!!!

[DERP's hybrid team of security patrol and EMT medical assistance quickly surround Takashi and Devin at ringside, pulling them from the scraps of broken table. Yosuke quickly joins his partner at ringside, making sure he's okay as the doctor's look over him. Devin slides him up the guard rail and slowly staggers his way towards the back... much like Sharpe did minutes before.]

BACK

ONO: EXXXXTTEEEEEEMMMMEEEE!!!!

[With that warrior yell, ONO seizes the moment and charges at the Stamper. Foodstamp reacts quickly, turning a dime and taking off down the hallway, knocking everything he can around so it slows his aggressors progression. Synn quickly gives up, out of breath and wheezing bad. Tipping the flask to cure his ills, his hoarsely screams final words of encouragement to no avail, as ONO quickly hits a intersection of hallways... and the 'Homeless Hardcore Hero' is no where in sight. ONO scratches his head, unsure of what exactly to think. With a shrug, ONO turns back towards the sounds of wheezing as the camera continues to roll, doing a pan shot of the two hallways, possibly conducting their own Foodstamp hunt. There's no sign of life, as the camera finally fades... but then, at the shot finally disappears, one of them ceiling tiles moves...

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

[Not at ringside because that's not where they're set up, but at the top of the entrance way, Delaney and Barker fight very hard to keep a straight face with what they've just witnessed. Barker's resistance is futile but Delaney keeps it together.... Somewhat!!!]

RD: That is just a TASTE of the insanity that twenty four seven golden strap brings to the table!!!

PB: I thought it was bad enough you let the Stamper kick start it all... but MAN!!! Watching him and ONO slug it aht?!?! That's better than watching the special Olympics on acid!!!

RD: If you say so, Paulie... but what I do know is up next we have "THE REVOLUTION" JOSIE SAITO going toe to toe with "SYKO" ANGEL MARTINEZ!!!

PB: I dun mind inta'gender rasslin', really don't. Bitches wanna get beat, bitches get BEAT!

[And on that note, the camera's quick to do its work as Delaney holds his head in his hand, shaking it back and forth....]

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

[Back to the inside of the good ole squared circle! The fans chatter is at a dull hush, as Roselyn Anderson stands in the center of the ring, DERP microphone in her hands, awaiting some wrestlers for her to introduce. Only a few seconds tick by before a chorus of violins playing rapidly! Starting off high and fast and slowing, the notes getting lower as it builds to one.. last... moment....]

PB: Argh... my fuckin' ears are fuckin' bleeding!!!

BACK

[The fans in the seats get up on their feet as they hear the heavy piano opening to Miri Ben-Ari's 'We Gonna Win', the reaction heavy for this living legend....Styles P speaking through the introduction of the song. Cue the pyro! Flashing light bursts into view blinding the audience! Showers of golden sparks rise up into the air, covering the entrance in grand fashion. As the fireworks blaze in smoke, golden color, and glory, angel 'Syko' Martinez steps through it all as the violins announce his arrival, raising his arms up in triumph to a huge crowd pop.]

RD: Martinez trying to find himself again! No better place than the DERPness for some spiritual revelations!

PB: Ass kickings can do that for ya... and “Syko” got his kicked _TWICE_ at the Bash!!!

[Angel makes his way to the ring slowly, after working both sides of the stage and pounding his chest, seemingly talking to the fans and drawing some anger from a few of them on the way down the aisle... He laughs and slaps hands with some of his fans, wearing his trademark airbrushed painter' overalls and pointing to his fellow Latinos in the crowd. Allowing the fans to cheer him, Syko crosses the ring to touch knuckles with his fans on the other side of the aisle. Heading down the carpet as his music blares over the PA System, Syko reaches the ring and raises his arms to the crowd

PB: Is he in the _RING_ yet????!?!?!?!?!?

[Syko gets to the ring, hopping up onto the apron effortlessly.... Mouthing off to some of his ringside detractors, pointing them out before leaning back against the ropes, laughing to himself, turning to ready himself. Angel times his signature springboard backflip ring entrance for the end of the verse and his landing to be about the same time, triggering fire-style pyro in the corners, the smoke and heat blazing once again nearly to blind the fans. the audience has to turn their heads as the smoke clears seeing Syko kneeling in the center of the ring, running his mouth before pointing to the heavens above. Syko gives respect to the past and rises to let everyone know who the future of this business is, with Steve Stone announcing his arrival as the outro runs it's course, the violins winding down....]

RD: Quite an entrance there by Martinez!

PB: Bah, I bet all that flash and flare is him overcompensating for sumptin!

[Just as the crowd falls somewhat quiet "Gang Bang" by Madonna starts over the PA system! Josie Saito steps onto the entrance way and sneers out at the crowd, the fans jeering. She wears a white, cropped, tank top and denim, cut-off, Daisy Duke shorts with fishnet stockings. She completes the look with black, combat boots, her long, black hair falling straight down her back, bangs above her eyes, and her hands taped. In her right hand is a gleaming, katana blade.]

RD: This crowd doesn't seem to quite know what to think of Saito!

PB: Intergenderness is a hard pill to swallow! But I love it when BITCHES GET BEAT!!!

[The young woman stalks to ringside, the blade held high and a stern look on her face. Throughout, her cold gaze remains on the ring, ignoring the fans. As she enters the ring, Josie mounts the empty second turnbuckle, eying the crowd in contempt, before hopping down and tossing her blade aside. She leans against the ring post, waiting for the match to start. Roselyn Anderson, the official DERP ring announcer, steps forward towards the center of the ring.]

BACK

RA: This next bout is scheduled for ONE FALL with a THIRTY MINUTE time limit! All falls **MUST** occur inside the ring! Standing to my left, hailing from Newark, New Jersey... Standing six foot two and weighing in at one hundred two kilos, he is the owner and trainer of the Martinez Wrestling Academy... a manager of champions... and a valued customer at waffle house...

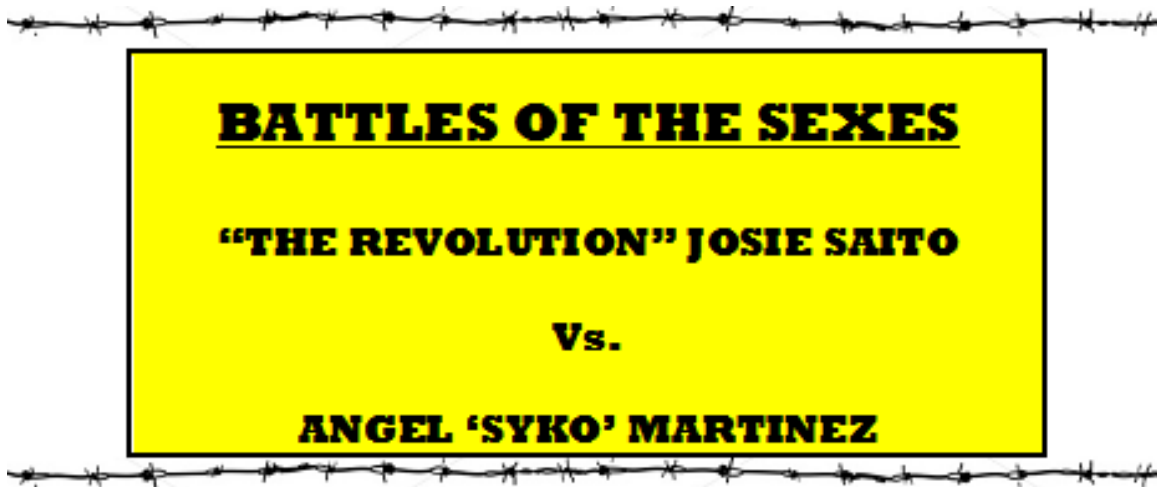
....ANGEL.....SSSSSSSSSSSSYYYYYYYYYKO..... MARTIIIIINEZ!!!!!!!!!!

[Divided the crowd remains with their opinion of Martinez. Roselyn waits only a few seconds before continuing]

RA: His opponent standing to the right of me... Hailing from Tokyo , Japan... Standing at five foot ten inches and weighing a hundred sixty some odd pounds....

.....JJJJJOOOOOOSSSSSSIIIEEEEE SSSSAAAIITTTTOOOO!!!

[The crowd remains very much split on Saito as well it seems, except for the females in the audience who simply go apeshit. Roselyn quickly exits the ring, as Josie and Angel get their final stretches and in. 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 competitors in the ring circling each other. "DING, DING, DING" and the match begins!]

PB: Jeez... Look Angel, out there posturing like a lil douche...

RD: Saito doesn't even seem to notice, giving Martinez a head-now bow!

BACK

[Finally ready to start off, Josie and Angel approach each other in the ring. They go for a collar-and-elbow tie-up but Angel changes his mind, deciding to a little rope-a-dope action. Josie looks less than enthused and goes with a swift leg kick right to Martinez's right thigh!]

RD: Angel fires right back with a kick of his own! "The Revolution" doesn't miss a beat, firing right back!

PB: And that one causes "Syko's" leg to kick aht! Josie in the driver's seat!

[Flashing a devilish grin, Angel punches Josie right in the tit with a right hook! Instantly, the crowd giggles with male perverted delight, as Josie appeals to the referee. He shrugs, unsure of where titty punching falls in the DERP handbook. Josie looks almost beside herself... as Martinez winds up and catches her with a jab to the other tit!]

PB: HAHA! I'm not a big fan of Angel but can't deny the amusement factor in TITTY PUNCHING!!!

RD: I can already see the hate mail piling up....

[Josie faces is flushed with anger, as Angel returns to his rope-a-dope routine. Saito raises her dukes and gets ready to defend herself, as Angel steps in.... and she lays him out with a roundhouse kick right to the jaw!]

PB: HOLY SNAAAAIKEYS BATEMAN!!! Angel just LEVELED!!!

RD: "The Revolution" dives onto Angel, and hooks the leg!

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: KICK OUT!!! Martinez not gunna go dahn that easy!

PB: I dun think Josie minds one bit! Looks like she's lookin' forward to causin' Martinez some more pain!

[Rolling to her feet, Saito quickly greets the rising Martinez, locking on a brutal abdominal claw! Angel instantly welches in pain and quickly thrashes his way to the ropes. The referee barely makes it til two before Josie releases the hold, both competitors scrambling quickly to their feet!]

RD: Martinez quick to escape his way out of that submission hold!

PB: Bet Angel wished Saito woulda' grabbed a little lower!

[Angel stands up and goes to the corner, busy adjusting his tights. Josie doesn't give him any separation and instantly tries to turn Angel around. Martinez instantly backhands her. Saito stumbles back a few steps, but charges right back into battle, nailing "Syko" with a punishing running kick, sending Martinez back into the corner HARD!]

RD: Whole fuckin' ring shook on impact there! I think all Angel is managing to do is piss Saito off!

PB: He may want to change up strategies, as it dun look like its working aht very well for him!

[With "Syko" in the corner, Josie stays on the attack, choosing to climb up to the middle rope, seemingly mounting Angel. She pause, and looks to the crowd, encouraging them to count along, as she lays into Angel with a serious of fists!]

CROWD: ichi, ni, san, shi, go!!!

BACK

[The crowd's joy quickly ends as Martinez pulls a role reversal, instantly lifting Saito off the turnbuckles and spinning around, slamming her back against the buckles with some force. He then screams out in Spanish, with the crowd just boo'ing!]

MARTINEZ: Uno douse trauce quatra cinco---

RD: SAITO ENDS IT RIGHT THERE!!! Nasty fuckin' chop right to Angel's throat!

PB: Boot the gut,... FUCKIN' DOUBLE ARM DD FUCKIN' T!!! MARTINEZ JUST FUCKIN' PLANTED!!!

[With the crowd roaring, "the Revolution" gets back to her feet, pauses and takes one look at the turnbuckles, before she runs right up them....]

PB: HOW MUCH FRIED CHICKEN CAN YOU FUCKIN' EAT?!?! MOONSAULT DOUBEL FUCKIN' FOOT STOMP!!!

RD: RIGHT TO THE FAMILY JEWELS!!!! I THINK ANGELS GUNNA BE PISSIN' BLOOD FOR A WEEK!!!

[With every man in the building wincing in pain, Saito quickly drops a knee right to the brow of Angel's forehead, and goes for another pin attempt!]

PB: Angel may be in shock from that immense trauma to his manhood!

RD: That may be what Saito's countin' on here!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

RD: ...SHOULDER UP!!!!

PB: Just barely!!! Martinez damn near didn't throw that shoulder up in time!!!

[While the fans verbally abuse the referee, Saito pays no attention, choosing to immediately pull Martinez up to his feet. Angel is a bit groggy and rather foggy as "the Revolution" backs him into the corner with more brutal knife edge chops! Saito pauses for a moment, taking her time to really wind up....

PB: SLAP ME FUCKIN' SILLY BILLY!!! EXPLODER FUCKIN' SUPLEX OUTTA NO WHERE!!!!

BACK

RD: SAITO JUST DUMEPD ON HER HEAD OUTSIDE THE RING!!! MARTINEZ JUST CATCHES HER LEFT HOOK AND THERE SHE WENT!!!!

PB: I dun think that's all he got's on the menu for tonight!

[As Josie slowly tries to get to her feet on the outside, Martinez backs up across the ring, taking his time and doing some calculations before charging into the corner right near Saito with all the speed he can muster, leaping into the air....

PB: LOOOKOUT LORRETTA!!! MARTINEZ WITH A FUCKIN' TRIPLE JUMP SUPERMAN FUCKIN' PALANCHA!!!!

RD: SAITO JUST FLATTENED INTO THE CONCRET FLOOR!! MARTINEZ DIDN'T LAND ALL THAT EASY EITHER!! AND THESE FANS ARE JUST GOIN' NUTS!!!

DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP!

DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP!

DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP!

DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP!

DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP!

DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP! DEUUURRRRRRPPPPPP!

[Angel is the first one to his feet, though he's a bit slow, still shaking out the cobwebs and stretching out the back. Saito is still sprawled out, virtually motionless except for kicking her feet a few times. Martinez takes a few steps over and quickly pulls up to her feet, only to scoop her right up!]

RD: AND HE DUMPS HER UPSIDE ONTO THE TURNBUCKLE!!

PB: SHIZNITTLE!!! He's making her legs are tied up in the ropes for a modfieid tree of fuckin' roe!!!

RD: Martinez certainly not holding back ONE BIT here tonight! I think he's being as vicious as we've ever seen him!

[With Saito hung out to dry, Angel place a boot across her throat, grabs both of her arms and just starts to pull back with all his weight transferring to the foot on her throat! The referee instantly gets in hi face, but there's not much he can do here!]

PB: Her eyeballs 'bout to pop aht her damn skull!!!

RD: Martinez FINALLY has to let go! Looks like he was unable to hold it any longer, but consider it damage fuckin' _DONE_! Saito in bad shape right now!

BACK

[Angel takes a few steps back, frames his target with his fingers, launches a knee lift that catches her in the temple. Saito's legs unravel; she drops cranium-first on the concrete. Martinez rolls into the ring to grandstand as well as demand the referee to start the count! On the floor outside, Saito slowly stirs!]

RD: Angel trying for the BIG SCORE here!!! He knows if Saito can't answer the ten count, that's a _TKO_ and _FIFTEEN POINTS_!

PB: HA! I doubt Angel has any clue 'bout any of that nonsense. He just wants to fuckin' show off!

[Holding her head, Josie slowly pulls herself to her feet using the ring skirt. Seeing this movement, Angel quickly swoops in, yammering right at Josie with all his might. In a flash, Saito reaches right out and grips Martinez up with a two finger fishhook!!!]

PB: FISHHOOK! FISH MOTHERFUCKIN' HOOK!!!! AND "SYKO" DRAGGED RIGHT OUT OF THE FUCKIN' RING!!!

RD: Saito just dumps him on the concrete floor, and hops her way onto the apron!

PB: SHE'S FUCKIN' SMILIN' LIKE A BUTCHER'S DOG!!!! HURRICANRANNA ON THE FLOOR!!!

RD: And Saito remains seated, going for a pin attempt of her own!

...ONE...

....TWO...

RD: KICKOUT!!! MARTINEZ AGAIN KEEPS HIMSELF ALIVE!!!

PB: GARSH DARNIT!! For being such a whiny bitch, Martinez sure can be one tough fuckin' bastard!

[Taking a moment to catch her breath, Josie rises to her feet and then peels Martinez up to his. Not thinking twice about it, Saito rolls Angel right into the ring, and follows right in after. Saito gives Angel a few quick stomps, before pulling "Syko" up to his feet... only to take him right back down with a snapmare take—NOOO!!!!!!]

PB: EDDIE FUCKIN' SPAGHETTI!!!! BELLY-TO-BACK FUCKIN' WESTERN BOOBPLEX!!!!!!

RD: MARTINEZ PULLS THAT OUTTA HIS ASS!!! These fans are about to fuckin' _RIOT_!!!

[The fans are livid, not happy one bit with Martinez's little boobplex there. Josie isn't very pleased either, as she quickly gets up to her feet. Martinez delivers a nasty right, but it doesn't faze Saito one bit as she just lays into Angel with a flurry of wild furious rights and lefts!]

BACK

RD: Martinez doin' all he can to just bob and weave, duckin' as many of those fists he can!

PB: But he ain't dodgin' em all!!!

[With Angel looking out on his feet, Josie fakes a left and goes for a midrange kick... but Angel catches her foot! Instantly Saito spins out for going for a follow up enzurguri, but Angel just barely gets himself out of the way.... and responds with a spinning heel kick, catching Saito right in the jaw! "The Revolution" instantly stumbles back into the ropes, as Angel moves in...!!]

PB: THE KITCHEN IS FUCKIN' CLOSED!!!! ACE FUCKIN' CRUSHER!!! Saito just knocked fuckin' COLD!!!

RD: Not quite yet, Paul!!! Looks like Martinez IS aware of the point values... and he's going for a submission here!!!

[Angel quickly rolls Josie over onto her stomach and delivers two quick boots to the back of her head, before moving near the bottom of her legs. He immediately starts delivering chops to the Saito's ribs, as he gets ahold of her arms... pulling her up into the air with a surfboard submission!]

PB: Now THAT'S a cool fuckin' submission hold!

RD: And a fuckin' painful one to boot! Martinez holds Saito high in the air, keeping his legs and arms as taunt as he possibly fuckin' can!

[Before his hold grows so weak he has to let go, Angel leans forward, putting Josie back down on the mat. But with her feet still locked, he now bends her back over with a nasty dragon sleeper hold!!!!]

RD: He calls this the OD!!! And I think that spells the end of it for Saito!!

PB: I dun think there's any other way – she's TRAPPED!!! She can't move a fuckin' inch!

RD: But give that girl, fuckin' credit, man... she's TRYING!!! She's doin all she can to rip at Martinez's arms!

[The referee maintains close distance, checking Saito's struggle. The fans are not pleased at all and despite not always seeing eye to eye with "the Revolution", they certainly don't want to see her choked out to the likes of Angel "Syko" Martinez! Sensing Josie may be drifting off into dream world, the referee raises her arm high into the air.... And it falls!!!]

RD: Her arm just LIMP now against the mat! I think she is OUT! The referee grabs her arm again, holds it high in the air...

PB: DAMNIT!!! It falls right back down!!! Reality may be setting in here, Martinez may have pulled this off!

[The fans sensing this could be it rile themselves up into a frenzy, chanting as loud as they possibly can.]

BACK

HERE WE GO, SAY-TOE, HERE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, SAY-TOE, HERE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, SAY-TOE, HERE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, SAY-TOE, HERE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, SAY-TOE, HERE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, SAY-TOE, HERE GO! CLAP, CLAP

RD: Referee sure taking his time here, trying to make sure Saito's really done for!

PB: He should be more concerned about serious damage! I dun wanna see Saito tap out, but man... I _DO_ wanna see her wrestle again!

[Seeing no signs of life still, the ref moves in and raises Saito's arm high in the air. He holds it, as the crowd cotnineus to go nuts....

PB: BAAAAAHHHH!!!! ITS OVER!!!!

RD: Martinez' has choked her aht! He lets go of the hold immedialty and you can just SEE Saito gasping for air!

PB: Ya know... That match wasn't relaly my cup of tea.. but I'd say I enjoyed myself, I did!

RD: You know what I enjoy Paul???

PB: What!?!?

RD: Seeing, Martinez help Saito sit up and offer her a handshake! That's fuckin' classy man! That's what DERP is allllll the _fuck_ about!

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

[In the corridors of the Golden Dome, the masked madman and official DERP interviewer turned current DERP 24/7 champion leans against the wall, title belt clutched in one hand, as he is taking a moment to collect himself and catch his breath.]

FS: I... dunno... if... I can.... Keep... doing... this.....

[As the Stamper continues to suck down the oxygen, voices can be heard, as well as footsteps. The noise quickly approaches the Stamper judging by the sounds of it. Instantly Food stands up as tall as he can and flattens himself as much as possible against the wall behind him. Doing all he can to breath as slow as possible, Food remains there for what seems forever.....

....as ROB SHARPE and "DANGEROUS" DEVIN HOULIHAN stroll on down the hallway. The wear and tear from their tornado tag match quite evident, but being the victors, they are more in a good mood. Food seems to become even more tense and stiff as they draw uncomfortably close... and continue strolling down the hallway.]

RS: Wait... Who.... No... WHAT was that?!?!

"D"DH: Who what now!?!?

[Sharpe shakes his head and stops dead in his tracks, turning around quickly. Stamper can't hold it any longer and just lets it out, diving head first into a coughing fit for the ages.]

"D"DH: Yea... SO?!?! That's just Foodstamp, the 'special interview' DERP has running around.....

RS: If he's just a god damn talking microphone stand, why's he got a championship belt clutched in his hands there?!?!

[Foodstamp finally decides that he's been busted, and slowly tries to slink his way down the hallway, doing all he can to not make his movements noticeable. Sharpe and Houlihan stand there, then begin approaching as the dots being to line up and connect....]

R & D: HE'S THE TWENTY-FOUR CHAMPION!!!!

FS: AWWWWWWWWWW SSSSSHHHHHHIIIIITTTTTTT!!!

[With his cover blown, Foodstamp ditches the sneak away quietly plan and turns back into an Olympic sprinter, taking off as fast as his toothpick legs can take him. Rob and Devin aren't phased one bit and take off right after Food, albeit much slower and at a stalker pace. Food turns his head over his shoulder, daring to look back...

***** SSSMMMMMAAAAAACCKKKKKK!!! *****

BACK

[The wall instantly becomes the Stamper's worst enemy, as he doesn't notice the approaching 'T' intersection and tries to go straight when there is no straight! Instantly knocked backwards and with few less brain cells, Food lands right in the waiting arms of Rob Sharpe, who lifts Foodstamp up and sends him crashing back down with a belly to back suplex! Devin quickly finds himself a chair, arming himself as he nears the fallen Foodstamp. Sharpe decides to pull Foodstamp right back up, keeping him trapped with an arm wringer...]

***** CCCCLLLLLLLAAAAANNNNNGGGGG!!!! *****

[DOWN GOES FOOD!!! Or... he would of if he Sharpe didn't' have a tight hold on him, heaving him onto his shoulder in a torture rack-esque postioning...before dropping him down onto the concrete floor with a modified Olympic slam... the SHARPE TURN as he calls it, the very same move that got him the win earlier in the evening! The appointed 24/7 division referee pops seemingly out of no where and starts the count as Devin looks over, chuckling...]

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

...THREE!!!!

[Rob instantly leaps to his feet in joy as Devine extends a celebratory fist bump. Sharpe quickly takes the championship strap off of the referee and the duo take off down the hallway, all laughter and smiles as Damage Control appears, beginning their med check on the Stamper...]

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

[The camera cuts to the ring, where ONO HEZONFAIA is busy inspecting the barbwire boards set up in all four corners. Synn is on the outside, barking various directions at the ring attendants. Roselyn Anderson stands near the one set of ropes as a deep, rough, dry voice bellows over the house PA system...]

#FORTUNE, FAME...

#MIRROR PAIN...

#GONE INSANE BUT THE MEMMMOOOORRRRYYYY REMAAAAIIIIINNS!!

BACK

PB: MAN!!! Excited as I am for this next match, watchin' the Stamper get destroyed like that's a bit of a tear jerker!

RD: Never knew you to be the sentimental type!

PB: I'm always emotional when it comes to losing a bet!!!

[The opening guitars of Metallica's "The Memory Remains" hits the speakers as the powerful, six foot-ten frame of Big Mike Foyer steps through the curtains. Decked out in a short-legged, red trimmed, black wrestling doublet with textured red tribal-style designs and an almost demonic looking bulldog on the belly; the letters BMF carved into it's meaty forehead, black wrist bands, braced knee pads, red laced, black wrestling boots, gold framed shades with dark brown lenses and a black cowboy hat with the sides folded up, the grizzly sized man lifts his fists up over his head and points to the ceiling. The one time monster of DCWL makes his way down the aisle, the crowd having a mixed reaction towards him.]

PB: Man... I forgot just how fuckin' BIG he is! Man's got his own gravitational pull I bet!

RD: He sure didn't sound about losing at the Bash! I have a feeling ONO's gonna be made an example out of!

[Arriving at ringside, BMF reaches up and grabs the middle rope. Lifting his right leg and placing the foot on the apron, he pulls himself onto the apron. Placing his hands on the top rope, he pushes down and throws one leg over it, followed by the other. Entering the ring, Big Mike makes his way to his corner, then places his foot in the second rope, grabs the top, and raises himself on the middle rope. Once there he slowly lifts his arms up, then curls them down while roaring "YEEEEAAAHHHH!!" at the crowd. He then eases down, removing his cowboy hat and shades, handing those items of apparel off to a ring attendant through the ropes. Once done, he leans back in his corner, briefly scratching at the side of his nose. Roselyn quickly strides into the center of the ring, and assumes her ring announcing duties.]

RA: This next bout is scheduled for ONE FALL with NO TIME LIMIT! It is a _BARBWIRE BOARD DEATHMATCH_ which means _FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE_!!!!

[Pauses, as the fans show their excitement over the barbwire boards scattered around ringside, including the four in each corner.]

RA: Standing on to my right... He hails from Hokkaido, Japan! Standing six foot tall and weighin' in at two hundred thirty five pounds, he is the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean"....

....OOOOONNNNNNOOOOOO HEZONFAIA!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Synn applauds vigorously as the fans also make their love very much known! Roselynn waits a few seconds, before continuing on.]

RA: His opponent, standing on my left... He stands six feet ten inches tall and is three hundred and fifty pounds of bad.... mother.... fucker! He is...

.....BBBBBBIIIIIGGGG MMMIIIIIIKKKKKEEE FOOOYYEERRRRRR!!!!

[Virtually as loud as they were for ONO, the fans cheer and applaud Foyer, not forgetting his valiant effort at the Bash! one bit. Roselyn quickly exits the ring, as Josie and Angel get their final stretches and in. 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 Foyer and ONO inside the ring, as the bell goes "DING, DING, DING" and the match begins!]

PB: I feel bad for the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean!" Foyer makes him look more like the "Japanese Fire Ant"!!!!

RD: But there's no way ONO is backing down from this one! Remember, Paul, it's not the size of the boat that really matters, it's how ya steer it! Ya can have a dinghy and row across the ocean! Ya could have yerself a yacht and crash it into the reef!!!

[Foyer stands in the middle of the ring, daring ONO for a classic strength contest. HEZONFAIA is very wary and cautious. His eyes dart back and forth, scanning the crowd for some sort of sign. Instantly, he begins yammering in Wapanese, gesturing frantically toward to one of the barbed wire boards propped up in the corner!]

PB: So much for not backin' dahn!!!! He's trying to convince Foyer to lay dahn!!!!

RD: Whatever ONO's sellin' ... Foyer's not buying one bit!!!

[ONO doesn't give up, continuing to point towards the boards. Big Mike is not interested one bit and again raises his arm up for a strength contest! ONO shrugs and slaps his forehead, before slowly raising his own arm into the air!]

PB: YESSSSSSS!!!! Now the fun will really begin, though I can't believe ONO's gunna try to beat Foyer in the strength contest departme--

RD: NOOOO!!! ONO DIVES TWEEN FOYERS LEGS!!!!!!

...TWO...

[YAAAAY!!! THE VIOLENCE ISN'T OVER YET POP!]

RD: SHOULDER UP!!!! Somehow... someway... ONO LIVES!!!!

PB: That's gull durn impressive! Forget the spinebuster, that's almost 350 pounds just sm ushin ya INTO that barbwire!

[Big Mike doesn't look deterred one bit, as he pushes himself up to his feet and then proceeds to peel ONO off the barbwire board. It's a tricky business, as the strands really don't wanna leave ONO's flesh, but they have no choice as Big Mike looks on a rear waistlock...]

PB: He wants to drop ONO right on his head... ON THAT BOARD!!!

RD: But the "Japanese Jumping Bean's" fightin' back! He keeps blockin'!!!

PB: SHIT!!! He's wiggled free!!!

[HOW THE FUCK DID HE DO THAT FACE POP!?!?]

PB: BACKFLIP KICK!!! BACKFLIP FUCKIN' KICK!!!! ONO catches Foyer right on the crown of the head!!

BACK

RD: And the Big Man's stunned! ONO clammers to his feet! Let's see if he can capitalize!

[Quickly ONO gives Foyer a hard palm thrust right to the chest, further stunning the big man! ONO then races to the turnbuckles and gets himself perched onto the middle rope... AND LEAPS WITH A FLYING FOREARM!!!!]

PB: DONNNA NEEDS A FUCKIN' DOUGHNUT!!!! BIG MIKE GOES DAHN..... RIGHT ONTO THAT BARBWIRE BOARD!!!!

RD: ONO finally gets him off his feet and in a big way! These fans just LOVE IT!!!

OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO!

OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO!

OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO!

OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO!

OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO! OWE-NOOO!

[ONO gets back up to his feet and moves close to Foyer, turning his back towards him... and then lands a perfect standing moonsault, making sure to even hook the leg for the pin attempt!]

RD: ONO tryin' to end it right here!

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: KICK OUT WITH SOME FUCKIN' AUTHORITY!!!!

PB: DAMN RIGHT!!!! ONO tossed like a ragdoll outta the fuckin' ring!

[Big Mike slowly stirs inside the ring, as ONO gingerly rises first to his knees and then to his feet. Foyer rolls over and uses the ropes to pull his massive frame upright. ONO quickly rolls right back under the bottom rope and gets right in Foyer's face.]

PB: I dunno if that's such a smart thing to do when you give up a foot in height and over hundred pounds in weight!

RD: Looks like ONO's a bit enraged here!!!!

*** SSSSSMMMMMMMAAAAAACCCCCCKKK!!!! **

BACK

PB: _BBBBBIIIIITCH SLAP FROM HELL_!!!!

[COLLECTIVE ‘OOOOOOHHH!!!’ FROM THE DERP FAITHFUL!]

RD: AND FOYER KNOCKS ONO OUT WITH ONE PUNCH!!!!!!!

[The crowd just ROOOOOARS with delight! A red hand print appears on the side of Foyer’s face, as ONO lays flat on his back, seeing stars. Shaking his head and looking very irate, Big Mike pulls ONO up to his feet, and goes behind, lifting ONO high into the air...]

PB: ATOMIC FUCKIN’ DROP!!!! ONO’s pitch just reached a new octave!

RD: Foyer ducks the shoulder... and drives ONO straight towards the corner where a barbwire board lays in wait!

PB: It’s like he’s tacklin’ a football sled... BUT ONO’S FIGHTIN’!!! HE TRIES TO STOP THE MOMENTUM!!!

RD: QUICK KNEES!!! Those knees stopping Foyer in his track!

[So close to the corner ONO damn near put his legs up on the boards, Foyer lets go off the hold, smarting a bit from the knees to the face. ONO begins to laugh as blood starts to trickle.... And Foyer responds with a big man shove...]

***** CCCRRRRRAAAAAASSSSSHHHH!!!! *****

PB: SHAVE MY FACE WITH A FUCKIN’ RUSTY RAZOR!!! ONO JUST SHOVED INTO THAT TABLE!!!

RD: ONO sprawled out in a pile of broken plywood and barbwire! Foyer drags him out into the center of the ring.... ELBOW DROP!!!! Now he hooks the leg!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

[YES!!!! ONO _LIVES_ FACE POP!!!]

PB: SHOULDER UP!!!!!! HE JUST BEAT THE COUNT!!!!

RD: Foyer is in disbelief! He thought that was _THREE_!

[Shocked but not stupid, Foyer doesn't miss a beat and instantly peels ONO off the mat. ONO quickly slaps Foyer's hand away and delivers another Watusi bitch slap!!!! The crowd cheers instantly for the balls ONO has..... And then hits another decibel level as Foyer just starts mauling ONO!]

BACK

RD: RIGHT, RIGHT LEFT! LEFT LEFT, RIGHT!!! Foyer just KNOCKIN' ONO around!!!

PB: ONO is just BUSTED wiiiiide open! FUCKIN' LOVIN' IT!!!

[Somehow ONO is on his feet... but he's certainly not there right now! As blood trickles from Foyer's nose, it's gushing from ONO's nose! Foyer starts the fierce open knuckled punches and whips ONO right into the ropes. Running on autopilot, ONO comes running right back up... as Foyer catches him with a military press, lifting the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" high into the air!]

PB: HOLEY FUCKIN' SHIT, BATEMAN! ONO turned into gym equipment!

RD: These fans are just lovin' it! Foyer moves near the barbwire board..... AND DROPS ONO RIGHT ON TOP OF IT!!!!

PB: Someone musta' told Foyer ONO's charity drive tonight focuses on the amount of _STICHES_ he needs! That barbwire just SHREDDIN' his skin!

[Wasting no time, Foyer kicks ONO over and again drops down for the three count.]

RD: This has gotta be it! Human bodies aren't made to take this much punishment!

...ONE...

...TWO...

[HE'S GOTTA BE SUPERHUMAN FACE POP!!!]

PB: YYYYYEEEEESSSSSSS!!!!

RD: AGAIN ONO JUST BEATS THE COUNT!!!

[If you thought Foyer was in disbelief before, he's CERTAINLY there now! He sits back on his tree trunks and shakes his head. ONO lays still, sucking wind. Foyer rises to his feet and begins to start directing traffic. He calls for the ring attendants to make a barbwire board bridge from the ring to the guardrail! The crowd instantly displays their approval for the public works project! Using the boards on the outside of the ring, the attendants quickly let Foyer achieve his dream!]

PB: I'ma huge ONO fan... but man... I can't WAIT to see what Foyer's got planned for that barbwire bridge!

RD: And he's not done! He's now got himself a couple steel chairs to work with inside that ring!

[Keeping his head in the game, Foyer makes sure to deliver a few stomps right to the back of ONO's head, making sure the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" sent right back down to the mat! With ONO taken care of, Foyer gets back to his steel chairs and unfolds them, setting them up a few feet apart in the center of the ring. They're just far enough apart for a barbwire board to be laid across... which Foyer wastes no time in doing!]

PB: We gots barbwire bridge ahtside the ring and a barbwire _TABLE_ inside the ring! FOYER'S A GENIUS!

RD: From the way these fans are showing their approval, I'd be hard pressed to disagree with that statement, Paul!

BACK

PB: Hehe... Bet ONO disagrees with our opinion!

RD: Sure he does! Foyer's been taken him to the CLEANERS!!!

[Slowly Foyer pulls ONO to his feet, making sure to club him a few times with those massive forearms. He positions ONO right in front of the barbwire board table, and leaves him there, out on his feet, wobbly as all hell. Foyer then backs up into the corner, with a big grin on his face, taking some time to stretch out his bionic foot!]

PB: Big Mike is getting ready to kick ONO's teeth down his throat!

RD: Sure looks that way! He better hurry, looks like ONO's coming to!

[Perhaps hearing Delaney's nugget of wisdom, Big Mike charges off towards ONO, lifts that leg high into the air.....]

***** CCCCCRRRRRRUUUUUNNNNNNCCCCCHHHHHH!!! *****

PB: HOW MUCH FRIED CHICKEN CAN YOU FUCKIN' EAT!?!?! ONO WITH THE DROP TOE HOLD!!! FOYER RIGHT INTO THAT BARBWIRE TABLE!!!

RD: I CANT' HEAR MYSELF FUCKIN' THINK THESE FANS ARE GOING WILD!!!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

PB: Just like that, the big man is DOWN and in PAIN!!!

RD: CAnd look at ONO!!! He's trying to capitalize with a HALF CRAB!?!?!?

[Both men are bleeding buckets it seems, ONO much worse for the wear than Foyer. But being slammed chest first into a barbwire board table is never fun... and then having someone WRENCH back

BACK

with a half crab!?! That's even LESS fun! But ONO's holdin' on for dear life, desperate for a chance to catch his second wind!]

PB: BAAAH!!! I know ONO needs a rest... but this is BORING!!!!

RD: Yet effective, Paul!!!! ONO's just digging that barbwire into Mike's flesh AND trying to damage Foyer's power source!

PB: Effective, smective... ITS BORING!!! Even WITH that barbwire board serving as their ring mat!

[Foyer tries to just kick himself free, forcing the hold by powering out with those massive tree trunks. But with ONO's position and sheer determination, Foyer's getting nowhere except digging the barbwire in deeper to his thighs. Foyer then changes gears... grabbing at the nearby strand of barbwire!]

RD: What is Big Mike up to!?!?! He's pulling that barbwire free off the boards!

PB: He's not... HE IS!!! HES TRYING TO HOOK ONO LIKE HES A STEER!!!

[The crowd roars, as ONO keeps wrenching back, trying to keep the pressure on but also keeping his head low, trying to avoid Foyer's barbwire lasso! But its to no avail!!!! Foyer catches ONO and just starts yanking! Instantly the holds broken on both accounts! ONO lets go of the half crab, and pulls the lasso free from Foyer's grip!]

RD: Here we are, right at the ten minute mark and BOTH men are down on their backs, sucking wind!

PB: This match is everything we expected it to be! Look at that BLOOOOOD!!! We are gunna have to sponsor our own blood drive if this is gunna keep up!

[Both men are slow to move. Foyer crawls his way to the ropes up, reaches up and pulls himself to his feet. ONO climbs the turnbuckles, using them for leverage to get to a standing position. The crowd lets loose a thunderous round of applause; showing mad respect for the violence Foyer and ONO are busy causing.]

RD: Dun forget folks, we still got that BARBWIRE BRIDGE at ringside!

PB: I DIDN'T FORGET!!! I'm stoked!!! I can't wait to see the unlucky bastard go thru that!!!

[The two men approach each other in the center of the ring and go for a traditional collar and elbow tie up. ONO's quick to switch it up, yanking on Foyer's arm as hard as he can with a hammerlock. But Foyer instantly begins elbowing away at ONO, forcing him to break the hold! Foyer quickly then grips ONO up and whips him into the ropes... But ONO leaps onto the middle rope!!!]

PB: SNORTIN' RAILS IN NORTH VERSAILLES!!!! SPRINGBOARD FUCKIN' ROUND HAUS KICK!!!

RD: But Foyer's only dahn to one knee! ONO gots more work to do!

PB: ONO back off the ropes... LOW OBIRTAL DROP KICK RIGHT TO FOYERS CHEST!!!

BACK

RD: TTTTTIIIIIIIMMMMMBBBEEERRRR!!!! DAHN GOES FOYER FINALLY!!!

PB: BUT ONO'S NOT GOING FOR THE PIN!?!?!

RD: Perhaps he believes he's gotta inflict further damage!

[Staggering a bit, ONO moves towards the barbwire board's table remains. First he picks up the one steel chair... and decides to just peg Foyer with it across the melon! Foyer flattens right back down, his effort to get to his knees neutralized. ONO then grabs the other steel chair... and does the same with that one!]

PB: ONO just slamming that steel off Foyer!

RD: The man's doing all he can to win this! He knows he's outsized! Gotta respect his heart!

[With the chairs now scattered close to Foyer, ONO grabs the biggest chunk of that barbwire board and lay it right across Foyer's melon! HEZONFAIA then charges into the ropes, and charges right back...]

PB: GRATE BALLS OF FIRE!!! BASEBALL SLIDE FUCKIN' DROP KICK!!!

RD: That piece of barbwire board just SMASHED into Foyer's skull!

PB: AND NOW ONO GOES FOR THE PIN!!!!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

[COLLECTIVE GROAN AS EVERYONE WANTS THE MONSTER TO BE SLAYED!!!]

RD: KICK OUT!!!!

PB: AAAAHHHHHHH!!!! SOOOOO CLOSE!!!! ONO thought he had him!!!

BACK

RD: So did most of the people in this arena!

[Staggering his way to his feet, ONO stands up with the crowd just screaming their heads off! HEZONFAIA barely notices it seems as he stumbles and bumbles his way towards the corner. With Foyer still lying flat on his back, that barbwire board seemingly glued to his face, ONO slowly makes his way to the top rope, and turns himself around!]

PB: HE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO CRY OR WIND HIS WATCH!!!! FLYING FUCKIN' LEG DROP!!!!!!!

HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE!

HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE!

HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE!

HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE!

HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE! HARD-FUCKIN'-CORE!

RD: That board is just SMASHED into smithereens!!! That barbwire's just implanted DEEPER into Foyer's skull! ONO MIGHT HAVE JUST SLAYED THE GIANT!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

[LOUD AUDIBLE DISPLAY OF DISAPPROVAL!!!!]

BACK

PB: HE JUST GOT THAT SHOULDER UP!!!!!!! HOLY FUCKIN' HELLL!!! HOW'D HE DO THAT!?!?!?

RD: These fans are just on their feet! They can't believe Foyer beat that count!!!

[ONO sits back on hjs haunches, sporting a crimson mask. Foyer's barely stirring, just bleeding all over. The referee bends down and checks on Foyer, making sure the big man is able to continue on! ONO slowly rises to his feet and points to the top rope!!!]

PB: The "Jumping Japanese Bean" is gunna get airborne all over again!!!

RD: I dun think he's got any other choice! Foyer's one tough nut to crack!

[Slowly, ONO wobbles his way over to the corner. The fans are getting behind ONO here, falling in love with the heart and determination he's displaying out there! Foyer slowly stirs in the middle of the ring, pullin the barbwire away from his flesh!]

PB: WOWZA!!! I think I see flesh hangin' on dem barbwire barbs!!!

RD: ONO's slowly getting his way to the top rope, as Foyer flops over onto his stomach!

[ONO again reaches the top rope, and turns himself around, facing Foyer who is slowly trying to rise to his knees. The fans are standing on their feet, anticipating something very painful to occur very shortly! ONO stands waiting, waiting for the perfect moment!]

PB: OPERATION POPULATION CONTROL IN EFFECT!!! FOYER DIVES ONTO THE ROPES!!!

RD: That was sheer desperation there!! Foyer just dove blindly at those ropes! But it was effective! ONO just DROPPED right onto that top turnbuckle!!!

[With ONO perched very vulnerably, Foyer pulls himself right off the ropes... and notices he's standing right in front of that barbwire board bridge he had built! His eyes go wide, as he then turns and sees ONO stuck in no man's land! The fans roar hoping they're thinking the same thing Foyer is!]

RD: Oh man!!! Foyer approaches ONO on that top rope!

PB: This is about to get EPICLY AWESOME up in here!!!

[With Foyer's size, he doesn't even have to ascend one of the turnbuckles. Using his right hand, Foyer leans ONO over, slips an arm around his back, and goes to heave him high into the air... but ONO's having none of it!!!!]

RD: Looks like Foyer wants to left ONO up for a vertical suplex, but ONO's doing all he can to remain planted on that top rope!

PB: I can't believe Foyer just can't rip him off that turnbuckle! He's trying will all his might!

RD: ONO's got that leg HOOKED, Paul! I dun think Foyer's gunna be able to move him anywhere!

BACK

[Foyer gives it another heave, but ONO's still holding on tight with his legs tucked in the ropes! Foyer doesn't seem a bit deterred, as he quickly turns around, placing ONO's neck right on his right shoulder....]

PB: SNNNNNOOOOOOTTCHIE FUCKIN' BOOOOTCHIES!!!! TOP ROPE FUCKIN' BULLDOG!!!

RD: ONO FACE JUST SLAMMED RIGHT INTO THAT MAT!!!

PB: Foyer flops HEZONFAI over! THIS IS IT!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

[EARTH SHATTERING OUTBURST OF GLEE!!!!]

RD: SHOULDER FUCKIN' UP!!!! JUSS IN THE NICK OF TIME!!!!

PB: I think only one convinced that was two is that damn referee!! Just WOW!!! That was SOOOOO close!!!

[Foyer rolls over until he gets to the ropes and begins to pull his massive frame upright. ONO isn't moving only then his chest slowly rising and falling. Once Big Mike hits his feet, he points right at that barbwire bridge, which elicits a very rousing response from the DERP faithful!]

PB: YYYEESSS! ITS FINALLY TIME!!! That bridge is about to be _DESTROYED_!!!!

RD: ONO looks defenseless! Foyer really may juss pull this one off!!!

[Foyer gives ONO a few stomps for good measure, before yanking ONO up to his feet. Groggy and very foggy, HEZONFAIA looks out on his feet, as Foyer doubles him over with a big boot right to the gut, and locks him in a standing headscissors! He quickly lifts him high into the air, pausing only briefly before...]

BACK

RD: ONO'S FIGHTIN' BACK!!! HE'S FURIOUSLY CLUBBING AWAY AT FOYER!!!

PB: DAMNIT!!! ONO PUSHES OVER FOR A HURRICAN-- NOOO!!!! FOYER DOESN'T LET HIM GOOO!!!

[“OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!!”]

RD: JUMPING FUCKIN' PILE DRIVER!!!! ONO'S JUST GOT SPIKED!!!!!!

PB: His neck is fuckin' broken!!!! Foyer just fuckin' crippled him!!!

RD: Foyer flops him over for the pin!!! This match better it before Foyer really DOES kill him!

...ONE...

...TWO....

[MAD RESPECT FOR THE TESTICULAR FORTITUDE ON DISPLAY!!!!]

RD: NOOOOOO!!!!!! ONO THROWS THAT SHOULDER UP ONCE MORE!!!!

PB: Stupid, stupid, STUPID man!!! He should just stay dahn --- there's only more PAIN coming his way now!!!

[Foyer slaps the mat out of frustration and takes a moment to wipe the blood/sweat mixture from his brow. He clambers his way up to his feet and again has his eyes set on that barbwire bridge! Big Mike wastes very little time and peels HEZONFAIA off the ring mat. Again Foyer lays into ONO with a nasty boot to the gut, and locks him into a head scissors!]

PB: I'm gettin' a sense of Deji-Vu here, mango!!! I hope Foyer actually can pull it off this time!

BACK

RD: Only time will tell, Paul!!!

[Foyer heaves ONO up air into the air, but again ONO seems to spring to life once off the ground and scrambles fighting back anyway he can! Foyer tries to shake off the attack, stumbling back a few feet, as HEZONFAIA catches him with a thumb right to the eye...]

PB: OOOOOHHHHHMMMMYYYYYGAAAAAWWWWWDDDDDD!!!!!!

RD: MODIFIED FUCKIN' FACEBUSTER!!! AND LADY LUCK PUTS A CHUNK OF BARBWIRE BOARD THERE FOR GOOD MEASURE!!!

JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN!

JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN

JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN

JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN

JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN! JUMP-EN-BEAN

PB: Foyer's plan FOILED again!!! DAMNNNN!!! If you thought he was bleedin' before, ya haven't seen anything yet!!! His entire face seems to ripped the fuck open!

RD: ONO gets himself some separation as he rolls to the outside!!! Both men showing toll one's body goes through in deathmatch insanity!!!

PB: Something's just gotta give!!! These two men can't keep this up much longer!!!

[ONO stands on his feet but barely, leaning heavily back against the ring apron. Foyer has collected himself somewhat in the ring, resting on one knee before pushing himself the rest of the way up. HEZONFAIA is still trying to clear the cobwebs out, as Foyer approaches from behind!]

RD: WHAT THE HELL!?!? Foyer's just lifting ONO straight up by his cranium!!!!

PB: Talk about IMPRESSIVE fuckin' strength!!!

[Kicking and squirming, ONO is trying his best to break Foyer's hold but has no luck at Foyer pulls the "Japanese Jumping Bean" the whole up to the apron! ONO just reaches back, grasping... clawing for anything! He gets a hold of Foyer...]

PB: MICHEAL, MICHEAL MOTO'CYCLE!!!! ONO JUST DROPS BIG MIKE ACROSS THAT TOP ROPE THROAT FIRST!!!

RD: Foyer flies backwards, toppling over and landing hard in the ring! ONO falls to the arena floor... and these fans are loving every second of it!!!

BACK

[Slowly Foyer sits up and pushes himself up to his feet. On the outside, ONO too struggles to get standing but does so, quickly pulling himself up onto the apron! Big Mike sees ONO's entering the ring, and springs into the action! The big man lumbers over and quickly steps behind HEZONOAIA!]

RD: FULL NELSON!!!! FULL FUCKIN' NELSON!! And he's leaning back, adding as much torque as he can!!!!

PB: After all the beautiful violence... this is how its gunna end!?!?! WITH ONO PASSING OUT!?!?!?! BAAAAAHHHH!!!!

[Foyer makes sure to give ONO a few shakes, really dialing up the pain as he slowly moves towards the center of those ring ropes...]

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

PB: ELVIS HAS JUST LEFT THE FUCKIN' BUILDING!!!!!!!!!! FULL NELSON FUCKIN' PANCAKE SLAAAAMMMMM!!!!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

RD: THE BRIDGE HAS BEEN BLOWN UP!!! ONO IS IN A NASTY PILE OF PLYWOOD AND BARBWIRE!!!!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

[The crowd is just LIVID with love! They cannot believe what they've just seen! The referee and DERP's Damage Control rush to the ringside area! They survey the seen, and quickly decide amongst themselves... to start the ten count!!!!]

RD: THAT'S NOT GOOD!!! I only gave 'em permission to start a ten count when they felt someone COULDN'T continue to compete!!! ONO may be seriously hurt!!!

BACK

PB: MAYBE?!?! _MAY_BE_FUCKIN' HURT?!?! FOYER KILLED HIM!!!!

...ONE...

...TWO....

RD: Still very little movement from ONO on the outside!

PB: Foyer's leaning in the corner, watching with great intent! I dun think he believes ONO's down for it!

...THREE...

BACK

...FOUR...

RD: ONO LIVES!!! Well, he's at least sitting up no and able to answer Damage Control's question!

PB: But doesn't mean he's gunna beat this count and continue on!

RD: For his own personal safety, he better not beat the ten count!

...FIVE...

...SIX...

BACK

...SEVEN...

RD: ONO's trying to stand!!! These fans are giving him as much support as they can possibly muster!

PB: It may just happen! ONO looks determined!!!

...EIGHT...

BACK

RD: AND HE ALLS BACK DOWN!!!!

PB: He's not out yet! HE CAN DO IT!!!

BACK

...NINE...

PB: HES ALMOST STANDING!!!! THAT COUTNS!!! FUCKIN” COUNTS!!!

RD: HES UP!!!! WAIT, IS HE?!?!?!?

BACK

[“OOOOOOHHHH!!!” goes the crowd as ONO falls back over!]

....TEN!!!!

RD: THAT’S IT!!! ONO DIDN’T MAKE IT!!! Foyer win this war!!! FOYER FUCKIN’ WINS!!!

PB: GAWD DAMN!!! Win or lose, BOTH these men deserve all the respect in the world and they’re certainly gonna have a wonderful time here in DERP! That was fucking AWESOME!

RD: That it certainly was!!!!

[The referee raises Foyer’s hand, but Big Mike has other things on his mind. He stops over the top rope and jumps to the arena floor where Damage Control is busy helping ONO to his feet. Fearful of an ambush, they’re hesitant to let Foyer thru but with a man of his size you don’t argue much.]

RD: What the hell is Foyer up to!?!?!

PB: He’s still hungry!!! He’s trying to get fed more!!!!

[As everyone anticipates the worse.... Foyer lifts ONO up with his, slings an arm over his shoulder and pretty much carries ONO to the back, with the crowd just going wild! Delaney and Barker are just stunned at the amazing display of sportsmanship...]

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

[The opening notes of 'You're the Best Around' by Joe Esposito begin to ring out over the PA system here in DERPland. Rosalynn looks at her notes and instantly looks a bit confused.]

BACK

RD: What the hell!?!? Dis ain't on the itinerary for tonight!!! Who the fuck's music is that?!?!?

PB: You're the FEARLESS LEADER! This is the type of shit you're supposed to know!!!

[At the top of the entrance way, a young twenty-some kid stands. The kid has curly dirty blonde hair which sits basically in the nicest perm you've ever seen, on top of that he has a long handlebar mustache which is patchy at best and makes him look a bit over the top. He is wearing a sleeveless t-shirt which reads "Witty Saying Here" across the front of it and a pair of black basketball shorts with silver trim on them that read 'Marvelous' across the back. He is otherwise wearing ring gear, knee pads and boots and in his hands he has a yellow lawn chair.]

RD: Who that fuck is that!?!?

PB: I dunno, YOU tell _US_! You're obviously the one that hired him!

RD: I call bullshit! I so woulda' remembered signing him!

PB: Just like you remembered to add Manning to the Bash! brackets the first time around, eh?

RD: Fuck you, Paul!

[The man reaches the ring and flings the yellow lawn chair into the ring as leaps up onto the ring apron and with even greater ease leaps up and over the top ropes onto his feet. Eventually, he is given a microphone and the music fades away.]

MAN: My name is Johnny Marvelous!

[There is little reaction to that.]

RD: Yeeaaaap, dun ring bell at all!

[Marvelous looks around and stares directly into the camera.]

MARVELOUS: And I know for a fact that there's not a single person in this crowd who knows a damn thing about me!

[He pauses and gives the crowd a smirk as he pushes some of his lovely curly hair away from his eyes.]

MARVELOUS: There's a reason for that, though. There's a really good reason for that... and that reason is simply, that I was lied to. I lied to by DERP's fearless leader, Ryan 'Fucking' Delaney.!

[With a single finger he points in Delaney's direction, as the crowd boo's, not enjoying anyone bashing their FEARLESS LEADER!]

MARVELOUS: You see people who-can't-afford-to-go-to-a-real-wrestling-show, when I signed my name across the dotted line on my DERP contract I was told things by Ryan 'Fucking' Delaney. The first, was to make sure that you never ever touch the man's stash in the back area and the second, was that I would be in tonight's rumble to crown the YouTube Champion.

BACK

[He shakes his head.]

MARVELOUS: And am I in that rumble? No. Am I even on the card? No. Was I able to speak with Delany about it in the back? No. Was I even allowed into the building? Well... yes, but that's obvious. The fact remains is that the reason why none of you poor bastards know who the fuck I am, is because of the lies your fearless leader told me when I signed my contract and did not promote my appearance tonight!

[He pauses and looks out at the crowd who are starting to not like this guy one bit, the front row diehards slinging insults right and left.]

MARVELOUS: So I am taking it upon myself to introduce myself to all of you... the little people and after tonight there will not be a single person out there who does not remember the Johnny Marvelous. People in the back, hit the music!!!!

[Marvelous unfolds the yellow lawn chair and plants his rear end into in the center of the ring, there is a pump of the bass and some really annoying dinging noise coming from over the PA system, and then just then the most awful thing possible happens. It's the voice of Justin Bieber.]

**# IF I WAS YOUR BOYFRIEND, I'D NEVER LET YOU GO #
I CAN TAKE YOU PLACES YOU AIN'T NEVER BEEN BEFORE #
BABY, TAKE A CHANCE OR YOU'LL NEVER EVER KNOW #
I GOT MONEY IN MY HANDS THAT I'D REALLY LIKE TO BLOW #**

[And as the crowd begins to rain down their hate on Johnny Marvelous and him playing this song, Marvelous can't help it but sit there with the biggest smirk on his face.]

**# I'D LIKE TO BE EVERYTHING YOU WANT #
HEY GIRL, LET ME TALK TO YOU #**

[The crowd begins to throw things into the ring.]

**# IF I WAS YOUR BOYFRIEND, NEVER LET YOU GO #
KEEP YOU ON MY ARM GIRL, YOU'D NEVER BE ALONE #
I CAN BE A GENTLEMAN, ANYTHING YOU WANT #
IF I WAS YOUR BOYFRIEND, I'D NEVER LET YOU GO, I'D NEVER LET YOU GO #**

[Marvelous just sits there with a grin on his face as he gets hit with various objects from this crowd, but still he does not get up instead he extends his right arm and extends his middle finger for everyone to see.]

TELL ME WHAT YOU LIKE YEAH TELL ME WHAT YOU DON'T

BACK

I COULD BE YOUR BUZZ LIGHTYEAR, FLY ACROSS THE GLOBE
I DON'T EVER WANNA FIGHT YEAH, YOU ALREADY KNOW
IMMA MAKE YOU SHINE BRIGHT LIKE YOU'RE LAYING IN THE SNOW

[Seriously, anyone who can work Buzz Lightyear into a song is more talented than the Grateful Dead, right?]

Burr!

[With that Ryan Delaney and his team of DERP security flood out of the entrance and into the ring where he makes the 'cut the music' motion with his hand which brings this music video to an end, Johnny Marvelous stands up and looks like he is ready to attack the security team but instead he just stands there laughing at them all. Delaney instantly gets on the mic!]

RD: Tell ya what you snot nosed snivelin' punk... I admit.. I have NO IDEA who the fuck you are. I dun remember even TALKING to you let alone offering you a spot on tonight's rumble... which by the way.. YOU COULD STILL FUCKIN' ENTER DIPSHIT!!!

[Brief cause, knock the anger back a tad.]

RD: BUT... despite all that... Coming out here, getting on the mic, pulling this little stunt... Much as it's annoying and shows juss how mucha DOUCHE NOZZLE you are... it ALSO shows determination and DESIRE to be apart of the DERPness...

JM: Stop with the stump speech old man! Get to the damn point already!

RD: The point is Johnny... If you wanna find a spot on MY roster, you'll have to EARN IT just like everyone else did! So, Johnny... NEXT BLOODSPORT... You'll get your shot! Dun worry! There will be DUELING SINGAPORE CANES involved...

[Crowd goes nuts for the match stip, Johnny doesn't seem much phased.]

RD: And your opponent will be none other than wrestling... "THE CELTRIC CRIPPLER" CALEB FUCKIN' FOLEY!!!!

[The crowd just goes NUTS as Marvelous now throws a hissy fit, knowing that's one hell of a first draw to earn your spot in DERP! Delaney is now the one wearing the giant smile as the fans continue to roar!]

RD: So now that you got your attention and your way... will you please leave my fuckin ring so we can get on with the SHOW!?!?

[The fans roar with that one, as Marvelous makes a move like he's gunna pounce... and then slowly exits the ring, making sure there's a flipped bird for everyone involved. Damage Control returns to their post, as Delaney tosses the mic to Rosalynn before returning to his position at the top of the entrance way. Roselyn Anderson stands with a DERP microphone in her hand, smiling brightly as she begins to announce the upcoming match!]

BACK

RA: The next match will be for the DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPIONSHIP!!!!

[The crowd instantly comes to live with that little nugget of information!]

RA: It is a _STAIRWAY TO HELL_ deathmatch, with NO TIME LIMIT and can only be won when one competitor gains possession of the championship belt, which will be suspended fifteen feet in the air!

[Slowly the DERP Deathmatch title lowers from the ring, but as someone might expect from the madmen behind the DERPness, it's not merely suspended on a metal hoop... it's in closed in a barbwire cage!!! The crowd's excitement is undeniable! Eyeballs are carefully scanning for exactly how the title's supposed to be retrieved!]

PB: I fuckin' love man.... A barbwire fucking _CAGE_!?!? How the fuck do they open that!?!?

RD: They don't.

PB: They don't!?!?

RD: Oh... and neither Everett nor Manning know about the basket!!!!

PB: Now I really love you!!! Your need to unnecessarily complicate shit is AAMMAAAZZZING!!!

[With that, the beat drops to "Monster" by Kanye West, Jay-Z, Nicki Minaj, and Rick Ross, cuing the entrance of Josh Manning, who steps through the curtains to a mixed pop. Manning is still bandaged up from his venture at the Big Ass Extreme Bash -- one on his forehead, and a set of bandages wound around his ribs. He's also wearing neon green thigh-length trunks with random blue geometric designs all over, black knee pads, and white wrestling boots with black trim. His wrists are taped up and, of course, that black elbow pad is on his right arm.]

RD: Everett better watch out for that damn loaded elbow!

PB: It is a very dangerous weapon, but with everything EELLSE used as weapons in the DERPness??? It's hard to really get all upset about it, really!

[Manning calmly walks down the aisle, sporting that shit-eating grin, yanking his arm from anybody that tries to touch him. He climbs onto the ring apron and raises an arm in the air before going through the ropes. Inside the ring, Manning warms up by bouncing off the ropes and pacing back and forth.]

RD: Heh, Manning spots that barbwire cage and he dun look very thrilled!

PB: I wouldn't be either! That's gunna be helluva puzzle to be figurin' aht standin' on a tall ass ladder!

[Reddish-orange lights flood the arena, as "Them Bones" burst over the PA system. Daniel Everett walks out, pointing at his title belt high above the ring and motioning to his waist. Everett pauses at the top of the ramp to look out around the arena as he grinds his knuckles in his palm. As he walks down the ramp, Everett pauses to hop from one foot to the other on the spot, fixing his eyes on Josh Manning in the ring. Everett reaches ringside, and slowly, purposefully makes his way up the ring steps and steps

BACK

between the ropes, removing his ring jacket once he steps into the ring, before slamming his palm hard into the mat and picks up his pace to cross the ring]

RD: Everett lookin' the most determined I've ever seen him!

PB: From the look on both their faces, I think certainly understand the gravity of the situation!

[Everett mounts the turnbuckles on the far side of the ring and stands on the middle rope, looking out across the crowd, standing in place for a moment before he climbs down and faces Manning and Omar. Rosalynn waits for the music to die off...]

RA: Introducing first, the challenger... Hailing from Sacramento, CA... Standing six foot two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred nineteen pounds... Accompanied to the ring by Omar...

.....JJJJJJJJOOOOOOSSSSHHHH MMMAAAAANNNNNIIINNGGGG!!!

[No questioning it... Manning receives nothing but boo's. Thunderous outpouring of boo's, but he doesn't even seem to notice, his eyes focused on Damage Control's work at ringside – pulling ladders out of everywhere, varying in all sorts of length, as well surrounding the ring on all sides with tables. Soon as the crowd dies done, Rosie snaps into action.]

RA: And his opponent... Hailing from Arlington, Virginia... standing six foot four inches tall and weighing in at two hundred forty-four pounds... He is the WINNER of the BIG ASS eXXXtreme BASH... and the current DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPION!!!

...”THE PUUUNNNISHMEEENNTTT”

...DDDDAAANNNNIEEEEEELLL EEEEEVVVVVEEERRETTTTT!!!!

[Everett throws his arms into the air as the crowd instantly explodes with screams of joy and appeasement. As Everett motions 'thank you' to the DERP faithful, Damage Control sets up the final ladder... dead center of the ring. Roselyn quickly exits the ring, as Manning and Everett approach each other, keeping the ladder between them as graphic swirls its way onto the screen...]



BACK

[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 tables, ladders and two crazy nutballs about to tear each other limb to limb once the bell rings.... And it does!]

PB: Not gunna take long for ladders to be introduced to this match when they give ya one right dere in the center of the ring!

RD: Both men instantly grab for the ladder, getting into a battle of strength!

[Neither man seems to be out powering the other, and then Manning drops down with a drop kick right to Everett's right leg! Everett immediately is knocked backward, losing his grip upon the steel ladder. Josh quickly regains his foot, and begins to use the ladder as a battering ram!]

*** CCCCCLLLLAAAAANNGGG!!! ***

PD: That's gotta smart!!!!

*** CCCCCLLLLAAAAANNGGG!!! ***

RD: Another one for Everett's troubles!!! He looks out on his feet, as falls into the turnbuckles!

PB: I'm surprised he's not split open from those ladder shots!!!

[Still holding the ladder, Manning moves closer to Daniel, turns his back to him, lifting the ladder high into the air... and bringing it crashing down right on Daniel's head! Upon impact, the crowd gives a slight roar as Everett stumbles forward and falls face first onto the mat!]

PB: Gee jolly whiz has Mannin' come firin' aht the gate! It's like he's possessed!!!

RD: The hunt for the golden strap does that to a man!

[Having not let go of the ladder yet, Manning doesn't bother to set it up in the center of the ring. Instead it lays it up against the turnbuckles, so it sits at an angle. He then goes and grabs Everett, yanking 'the Punishment' up to his feet and then quickly slinging up on his shoulder in a fireman's carry!]

RD: Josh can't get himself a good grip as Daniel's fighting for dear life... and WINS!!! Everett slips out the back door!!!

PB: BOOOOOOMMM! JUSS LIKE THAT MANNING'S DAHN!!!!!! Everett with the quick double leg takedahn!!!

BACK

[Once Manning hits the mat, Everett immediately starts to fire away with a series of forearm shots to the head and face. First it's an insane rapid pace and then slower as Manning looks very much on dream street. Daniel quickly dismounts and drags Manning up to his feet, and locks on a wrist lock.]

PB: FUCKIN' HARD RIGHT STRAIGHT TO THE JAW THERE!!!!

RD: I think I saw a tooth go flyin'!!! Now Everett's got Manning up in a fireman's carry!!!

***** CCCCCCLLLLAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG!!!! ****

PB: HE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO CRY OR WIND HIS WATCH!!! SAMOAN FUCKIN' DROP!!!! THAT LADDER'S BENT IN HALF!!!

RD: Manning may have broken ribs!!! He rolls off the ladder and outta the ring in complete agony! These fans are LOVING IT!!!

EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT!

EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT!

EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT!

EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT!

EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT! EV-ER-IT!

[Still shaking off those ladder shots to the cranium, Everett takes his time collecting himself inside the squared circle. Manning pulls himself up off the arena floor using the ring skirt for leverage. With tables and ladders being set up all outside the ring, there is no much room for maneuvering.]

PB: There already seems to be a lot less pep in Manning's step! I dunno if he can last in this type of environment!

RD: He may just be being cautious, as he's got his glare steadfast on Everett who dumps that worthless ladder to the outside!

[Manning gets himself up on the apron, as Everett spots him and takes off like a truck at the ring ropes. At the same time, Manning lowers himself and climbs thru the middle rope... but is meant half why by a charging Everett!!!]

***** CCCCCRRRRUUUUUNNNNNNCCCCHHHHHH!!!! ****

BACK

PB: GET IN THE FAST LANE GRANDMA, THIS BINGO GAMES ABOUT TO FUCKIN' ROLLLLLL!!!!!!!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

RD: EVERETT WITH A LEAPING FUCKIN' HIP CHECK!!! MANNING CRASHES THRU ONE OF THE TABLES AT RINGSIDE!!!

PB: Manning just can't catch a fuckin' break! Omar's sure gunna be earning his money tonight!

[Everett looks down at the carnage outside the ring, as Manning flops a few limbs around in the midst of the table's broken pieces. Seizing the opportunity, Everett quickly slides out of the ring, grabs himself a ladder and quickly slides it under the bottom rope, before sliding in himself.]

RD: Everett bringing a second ladder into the ring!!! This may just be over before we even really got started!!!!

PB: I sure as hell hope not! I want more carnage and bloodshed damnit!!!

[Everett picks the ladder up and takes his time setting it up underneath his championship belt suspended high above the ring. Daniel gives a final look at Manning, who's still sprawled on the outside, albeit now rolled over and slowly rising to his knees. Without wasting any more time, Daniel begins his ascension, the crowd roaring with anticipation!]

RD: Daniel the first one to start the climb! Manning must hear this crowd goin' apeshit, 'cause he seems to have a renewed sense of vigor about him!

PB: That better translate into hyper drive cause he's got alotta ground to cover and Everett's already at the top of the ladder!

[The crowd is making sure Daniel understands their love and support completely, cheering very loudly. Daniel reaches the top of the ladder without major complications and finds himself staring the barbwire cage right in the face. He begins to feel the cage out, trying to find its weakness!]

RD: Daniel looks stumped! He's still trying to figure out how exactly to retrieve his gold!

BACK

PB: Manning's standing at ringside!!! He spots Daniel high in the air – Everett better figure it out soon!!!

[Once he spots 'the Punishment' on top of the ladder, it's like someone lit a firecracker under Manning's ass! He quickly dives into the ring and scrambles as fast as he can to his feet. Everett sensing time's up instantly just starts pulling at the barbwire.....]

***** CCCCCCCCCRRRRRRRUUUUUUNNNNNNCCCCCHHHHHH!!!! *****

PB: OHMYGAWD!!! OOOHHHMMMYFFFUUUCCCKKINNGGGGAAWWDD!!!!

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: EVERETT KNOCKED OFF THE TOP OF LADDER FIFTEEN SOME ODD FEET TO THE ARENA FLOOR..... CRASSHING THRU ONE OF THOSE FUCKIN' TABLES!!!!

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!

PB: Only silver lining is the table broke his fall!!!!

RD: The TABLE broke his fall!?!?

PB: Had to feel better than just landing on straight concrete, man! Why else they surround the ring in tables?!?!?

[Manning collapses in the one corner grimacing in pain, back and ribs obviously still smarting from his trip through the wooden table. Everett lies in a heap outside the ring, Damage Control quick to make sure he's at least alive and breathing.]

RD: This match is barely at the FIVE MINUTE mark and already two tables have been turned into sawdust, a ladder's been bent in half, and both men are already suckin' wind!!!

PB: I know!!! Ain't it just GLORIOUS!?!?!?

BACK

[Sensing time is a wasting; Manning pulls himself up to his feet using the ring ropes and moves to the ladder, which after being tipped is leaning on the ring ropes. Everett finally shows signs of life on the outside, his arms reaching out, trying to pull himself to his feet. Manning has the ladder in his hands, and lifts it up to put it into position ---- NOOOOO!!!! HE CHUCKS IT LIKE A LAWN DART!!!]

***** CCCCCLLLLLLAAAAAANNNNNNGGGGG!!!! *****

PB: SCRATCH MY FACE WITH RUSTY FUCKIN' RAZOR!!!! MANNING SPOT ON WITH THAT CHUCKED LADDER!!!

RD: Everett spasms on impact and again is rendered motionless

[Beaming a smile ear to ear, with the DERP faithful making sure their obvious, Manning moves towards the one corner and climbs the turnbuckles the whole way to the top. He carefully perches himself there, and looks down at Everett, lying underneath the ladder and in the midst of broken table.]

RD: Manning goin' high risk here!!!

PB: And Everett's not moving!!! 'the Punishment' is about to get PUNISHED!!!!

[Making sure to get in one last verbal jab at the DERP cowboy hat super fan, Manning bends at the knees and leaps into the air...]

***** CCCCCCLLLLLLLLLAAAAAANNNNNNNNGGGGGGG!!!! *****

PB: GRATE OOOOGLY MOOOGLY!!! SOMERSAULT FUCKIN' PLANCHA!!!

RD: Everett just SMUUUSSHED tween the concrete floor and that ladder!!! There's gotta be in air left in his lungs!!!!

FUCK-ING AWE-SUM! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

FUCK-ING AWE-SUM! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

FUCK-ING AWE-SUM! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

FUCK-ING AWE-SUM! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

FUCK-ING AWE-SUM! CLAP CLAP CLAPCLAPCLAP

PB: GAWD DAAAMN that was cool!!!! But gotta say... sure looks like it took a lot out Manning as well!!!

BACK

RD: Someone without pain, there is no GAIN!!!!

[At least on impact the ladder bounces its way off of Everett and clangs to the arena floor. Manning is clutching at his back, but slowly rising to his feet while Daniel is still just sprawled out on the arena floor. As he pulls Everett up to his feet, Manning grabs himself a chunk of wood with his left hand, before locking Everett into an abdominal stretch!!!]

PB: He's just digging that fuckin' table _SPIKE_ right into Everett's exposed abdomen!!!

RD: Manning is just VICIOUS out there tonight! There's no winning this match by submission – he's just out to HURT Everett it seems!

[Once the table begins to draw blood, the crowd begins to boo even louder as Manning promptly drops the makeshift wooden spike, motions to the ground to sssssh... and then turns the abdominal stretch into a pump handle hold....]

[HOLY FLYING DONKEYS THAT HARD TO HURT POP!]

PB: DONNA NEEDS A FUCKIN' DOUGHNUT!!!! PUMPHANDLE SIT-AHT POWERBOMB!!!!!!

RD: He calls that the Sac-Town Bomb!!!! Doesn't matter what it's called, Everett's head just got SPIKED off that concrete floor!!!

PB: I dunno if he's gunna get a better opportunity! Everett's not gunna be a punching bag the entire match, you can count on THAT!

[Still sitting on the ground with Everett sprawled out in front of him, Josh basks in the jeers and verbal slurs that are being hurled his way. With all the slow, calm cocky nature he can muster, Manning rises to his feet and slowly strides his way through the DERP-a-holics, Damage Control frantic to keep the fans on the other side of the guardrail.]

RD: If Manning dun watch it, he's gunna have even more problems waiting for him in the parking lot later tonight! These fans look like they're ready to kill him!

PB: Surprised you aren't the one handing aht the pitchforks, with you being juss the BIGGGGEST Manning fan I know! HAHA!

RD: Hey, I may not like the fucker, but I know talent when I sees it... Boys got talent, he's juss gotta knock off the shit. Tis why he's in this match tonight – an act of GOOD FAITH so we can all move forward!

PB: RIGHT!!!! So... uhh.. Manning sure is takin' his time! These fans aren't getting any less rowdy too! He better hurry and gets inside dat ring!

RD: I understand the point of a victory lap... but shouldn't you attain _VICTORY_ first!?!?

BACK

[Incited by Manning strutting around the ring, with Omar trailing behind being the great mouthpiece he always is, the fans begin to take matters in their own hands so to speak. The drunken Pittsburgh grandma superfan seems to lead the charge with her high pitched shrills.]

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

RD: Gotta love these DERP-a-fuckin'-holics!!! Taking matters into your own hands like that??? I respect that shiznit!!!

PB: I dunno if their yellin' gunna pull Daniel off dream street, but it's sure got Manning a bit pissed off!

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

[Omar and Manning pause in their tracks, steam metaphorically slowly pouring out their ears until it's a full on boil. On the other side of the ring, Everett throws a weak hand into the air, giving everyone a thumbs up! The crowd stops mid-chant and just erupts with delight! But the 'Here We Go' superfan springs into action, and brings the granny's dream back from the brink!]

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

PB: Well, shit, least we know he's _ALIVE_, right!?! Now let's see him get the fuck up and go all MMA on that motherfucker!

RD: HERE, HERE!!!! I can toast to that!

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, EVV-RIT, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

BACK

[Omar and Josh looked angry before when the fans started their carrying on.... Now that it's WORKED and Everett's now at least moving one appendage, and the crowd has kicked it up a decibel level or two, it's surprising their eyes haven't bulged out. Quickly the two men huddle up probably having to scream at each other it's so loud in the Golden Dome.]

RD: These fans are RELENTLESS!!! Omar and Manning break the huddle! Wonder what dey was busy plannin???

PB: Looks like divide and conquer to me! Omar's sliding ladders and chairs into the ring as Manning takes off around the ring where Everett's at!

[Manning makes it way along the ringside area, which isn't all that easy with the tables and ladders taking up most of the space. 'The Punishment' has both hands gripped tightly on the guardrail and slowly musters the necessary strength to pull himself vertical and get to a standing base, causing the crowd to just ERUPT!]

RD: HE'S UP!!! EVERETT'S FUCKIN' STANDING!!!!

PB: Let's see how long he REMAINS standing before we get our panties all wet!

[Aided by the fans right next to him, Everett pushes himself off the guardrail and gets into a wobbly fighting stance as Manning nears. Josh, too, puts up his dukes as he draws closer... but then in a flash spins around, connecting with a whirlwind spinning heel ki—NOOOO!!!!!! EVERETT DUCKED!!!!]

[AND THE CROWD GOES WILLLLDDDD!!!!!!!!]

PB: CHEESE AND FUCKIN' RICE!!!! DANIEL JUST CLEANS HIS FUCKIN' CLOCK WITH THAT CLOTHESLINE!!!

RD: Manning's head hit that cement with a SICKENING thud! Everett just mighta' evened the playin' field a bit right dere!

PB: Least he gets a chance to collect himself! A second to catch your breath in this type of warfare is fuckin' crucial!

[Seeing his client down on the ground, Omar swarms in like a hawk, standing a few feet away from 'the Punishment', his lips moving constantly. Daniel instantly gets right in his face, as Damage Control and the DERP referees keep the two men separate! Everett makes sure to convey his message with various hand signals, the meaning obvious: Stay the fuck outta the match, or you're gunna fucking' die. Damage Control ushers Omar to the other side of the ring, much to the delight of the DERP faithful!]

PB: They shoulda juss send that punk to the back already! He's nuttin but a nuisance out here!

RD: He's allowed to be out dere like any other wrestler's manager... juss as long as he dun interfere, which technically much as you think it sucks... verbal insults dun count as interference!

BACK

PB: BAAAAH! When Omar is the deciding factor in this match and the DERP faithful revolt, I'll be dancing on your grave to a lil diddy called 'I TOLD YOU SO BITCH!'

[While Omar didn't put his hands on anyone, he certainly did his job but taking the focus away from Manning, allowing him to roll over to his knees and slowly rises up into a crouching position in the corner of the guardrail. Soon as Damage Control relocates Omar, Everett turns back around as Josh instantly pounces from his crouched position, charging at Daniel!!!]

PB: LIKE A FUCKIN' NINJA!!! Daniel with the side step and knee to the fuckin' midsection!!!

RD: He slaps on a front chancery, only to keep ramming those knees right into Manning's fuckin' gut! If those ribs were broken earlier, they're fuckin' shattered now!

[Daniel takes a moment to cinch up the front chancery a bit, careful to not let Manning slide his way out. Without missing a beat, he continues the onslaught with the knees, varying from hitting him straight in the snauze to the damaged ribs, making sure to teaching Manning a "Lesson in Toughness"!]

PB: Such a simple hold, and how somehow Everett makes it viciously violent! I LOVE IT!

RD: Looks as if Everett mighta BROKEN Manning's nose if I'm seein' what I think I'ma seein'!!!

[Perhaps feeling the warm liquid on his legs, Everett pauses in his patella assault and takes a few second to survey his surroundings, making sure to explore the various possibilities. Within seconds, Daniel starts to drag Manning along the ringside area to the closet table; the DERP faithful instantly agreeing verbally with Everett's thought process!]

RD: This looks like its gunna be very bad for Joshua's health!

PB: But _VVERRRRY_ good for DERP's entertainment value!!!

[Standing near the one end with his back towards the table, Everett quickly switches things up, moving from the front chancery into a double underhook in one swift move and without stopping, lifts Manning up into the air...]

*** CCCCCCRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNCCCCCHHHHHH!!! ***

PB: ROCK OUT WITH YER FUCKIN' COCK AHT!!! DANNY BOY WITH ADOUBLE UNDERHOOK FUCKIN' SUPLEX!!! THRU THE FUCKIN' TABLE!!!! I FUCKIN LOOOOOOVVVVVVEEEEEEE IIIIIITTTT!!!!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

BACK

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

RD: YOU'RE CERTAINLY NOT IN THE MINORITY, PAUL!!! THESE FANS ARE GOIN' INSANE!!!

PB: Despite his attitude issues, I bet these crazed fans respect the man's testicular fortitude!

RD: Or at least his inventive way of causing harm to those around him!!!!

[With Manning lying in a pile of broken table, Everett rolls himself over and pushes himself up off the ground, wobbling a bit when he stands up completely. With a head shake, Daniel stumbles and bumbles the few feet to his right hitting the ring without the greatest of ease, rolling himself under the bottom rope!]

RD: Manning looks to be OUT COLD at ringside and thanks to Omar's efforts... Everett's got a ladder waiting for himself inside the ring!

PB: Speakin' of Omar... look who's decided to hop up on the apron!

[As Everett reaches one of the ladders slid into the ring, Omar does all he can do as this moment in time and try to buy some recovery time for Manning. Soon as he hits the apron, the referee begins barking orders, which only draws more attention, especially that of Daniel Everett, who keeps ahold of the ladder and approaches Omar!]

PB: FUCKIN' COWARD!!! Soon as Danny boy got close, he jumps off the apron like his feet were on fire!

RD: Looks as if he's been given his FINAL warning! That must make you happy eh mango?

PB: FINAL warning??? What is this... fuckin' high school!?!? The man should be banned from ringside garsh fuckin' darnit!

[Undeterred and with the distraction taken care of, Everett can get back to the business of setting up the ladder in the center of the ring. As Daniel swiftly accomplishes this mission, a sprinting Omar reaches Josh Manning and virtually drags him up to his feet, pretty much tossing him inside the ring.]

PB: Heh, I dunno how effective Manning's gonna be laying there on the mat while Daniel's climbing towards the golden trinket!

RD: That fuckin' prick!!! Omar just stole a beer from a fan... now TOSSES it all over Manning!

PB: RUDE BUT FUCKIN' EFFECTIVE!!! Manning springs to life, gasping for air like a dead fuckin' fish!

BACK

[Soon as Manning comes to life, Omar screeches like a gir; “LAADDDEERRR!”, which somehow in the foggy and rather groggy state Manning is in.... he understands and turns, crawling towards that ladder!]

PB: DAMN YOU AND THAT FUCKIN’ BARBWIRE CAGE!!! Daniel’s up there and fuckin’ stuck in fuckin mud it seems trying to free that title!

RD: HAHA, FUCK _YYYOOOOOUU_! I’ve always felt anything they’ve _EVER_ suspended above the ring has been _WAAAY_ to easy to actually retrieve... thus in the way the DERPness works, _PROBLEM SOLVED BITCH_!

[Like last time, not seeing any easy way to free the belt from the cage, Daniel again sacrifices his hands and wrists in his attempted retrieval, as no matter how carefully he is, he still catches himself as he tries to tug his belt to freedom!]

PB: WHAT THE FUCK!?!?! They’re gunna need wire cutters to fuckin’ free that thing!

RD: Dun worry young Skylark... Free it, they will!

[As Daniel continues his struggle, Manning has reached the bottom of the ladder and slowly uses it to climb his way up to a standing position. His movements wobble the ladder, almost knocking Everett off balance to fall off but he rights himself. Sensing the closing of his opportunity, Everett quickly rips at the cage!]

PB: DAHN SHE GOES!!! BUT GOOD GAWD _DAMN_!!! Everett left hanging fifteen feet above the ring! That barbwire’s gotta be diggin’ into his fuckin’ hands!

RD: Plus he’s just easy pickens for Mannin’ now!

[Josh takes a moment to seize up the situation and moves so that he approaches the suspended Everett from behind. As Daniel keeps trying to tug away at the cage, Manning grips him by his legs and starts pulling forward with all his might, ripping Daniel’s hands free slowly and painfully!]

***** TTTTTHHHHHUUUUUUUDDDDD!!! *****

PB: GRATE OOGLY FUCKIN’ MOOGLY!! EVERETT JUST DROPPED ON HIS FUCKIN’ HEAD!!!

RD: Look at his fuckin’ hands! They’re just DRIPPIN’ BLOOD!!

[Everett lies in the center of the ring, flopping and flailing, but still very much trying to gather himself. Manning takes up residence against the one set of ropes, taking a moment to consult things over with Omar, before making sure to not waste the opportunity. The cowboy superfan starts tossing popcorn kernels until Manning flips him the bird and gets moving.]

RD: Manning now goes and gets himself that ladder.... And he’s not gunna try to climb it, he’s just gunna beat Everett with it!

BACK

PB: I LOVE IT!!! Fuck winning! More chaos!

***** CCCCLLLLLLLLLAAAAANNNNNNGGGG!!! *****

PB: Square in the fuckin' forehead!!! That'll certainly impede Daniel getting back to his feet!

RD: Josh isn't done yet! He drops that ladder on the mat and flops Everett's legs inbetween the ladder!

[With both his legs pinned between the ladder's legs and his head on dream street, Daniel is very vulnerable right now as Manning just starts stomping away at the steel ladder! Everett springs to life, instantly feeling his legs turn into a lake of fire!]

PB: GAWD DAMN!!! Joshy makin' sure Danny boy won't be ABLE to climb the ladder if he keeps this up!

RD: Love him or hate him, and I fuckin' hate him... Manning garsh darn brilliant inside 'dat ring!

[As his foot finally starts to go numb from the stomps, Manning changes up gears and charges into the ropes, tucking his body into a somersault roll and ending it all with a Senton bomb onto that ladder! The crowd lets loose a "OOOOOHHH!!!", almost feeling the pain themselves!]

RD: Manning sacrificin' his own body there!!! But he prolly dun mind considering he mighta' just snapped Everett's legs in two!

PB: Josh musta' got himself some Purina One today... aht dere tearin' it up like he's a fuckin' pit bull!!!

[Getting to the ropes, Manning rises to his feet and takes a moment to stretch out his back, making sure that Senton wasn't a mistake. With Everett rolling free of the ladder but not anywhere close to standing, Josh again gets that ladder inside his grip!]

PB: What the hell's he doing with that ladder?!?! He sure as hell can't climb it that way!!!

RD: Manning got sumptin cookin' as he leans that ladder opened up and upside dahn 'gainst the ropes!

[Pleased with the balancing act of the ladder, Josh turns and peels 'the Punishment' off the mat, Daniel barely able to put any weight on his legs it seems. Slinging his arm across the back, Manning maneuvers near the one side of the ladder and proceeds to get vertical with a suplex, pausing, holding Daniel upside down long as possible...]

PB: BUY DANNY BOY A DRINK AND HIS DOCTOR ONE TOO!!! MANNING JUST DROPS HIM ACROSS THAT OPENED LADDER!!!

RD: THOSE SUPPORT BARS DON'T' GIVE --- EVERETT'S GOTTA HAVE BROKEN FUCKIN' RIBS!!!

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[The fans aren't pleased one bit and they express their opinion very loudly and aggressively! Omar is the only one clapping, as Everett rolls into the corner, curled into a ball, eyes damn near bulging out of his head, body dying for oxygen. Smiling ear to ear, Manning flips the ladder over and gets it positioned underneath the golden barbed wire cage!]

RD: Seizing the moment, Josh makes his first ascension to golden heights!

PB: I dun think Danny boy's gonna be able to do much about this one! Bum legs, broken ribs, can't freakin' BREATHE... Who knows if he's even AWARE Manning's even on the ladder?!?!]

RD: He better get gawd damn aware real quick if he wants to hold onto his strap! Manning's at the apex, that cage staring him dead in the face!!!

PB: I think I can hear him cursing you from here! He looks utterly bewildered by how to free that championship belt from its barbed wire prison!

RD: I'm tellin' ya Paul, it's NOT that hard! It's really NOT!

PB: Well, I beg to differ considerin' Manning is resorted to just tuggin' away at that cage!

RD: Perhaps, young Skylarker, the mind is more powerful than the sword!!!

PB: You musta' smoked some good shit tonight, fuckin' goin' all Yodi and shit.....

[Wibbles wobble and they don't fall down... but ladders too! Especially with someone standing on top of them tugging away at something! Manning suddenly realizes this, as he damn near topples the ladder over!!!]

PB: WHOA! That was CLOSE!!! Manning damn near cost himself dere on dat un!

RD: Everett's risen to his feet in the corner now, but I think it's the ladder doin' Josh in!!! I dun think that scare was cause of Manning – that ladders fuckin' bucklin'!!!

[Right as that thought reaches Delaney's lips, Omar has the same revelation and instantly tries to warn Manning! But with the crowd... with the focus on that damn cage... Manning has no idea! He's hell bent on freeing that gold!]

PB: Everett doesn't even gotten do anything! He can just stand there and watch the train wreck!!!

RD: And that looks like it's exactly what he's gonna do!!!

[Moral victory time! Manning manages to free pretty much one half of the belt, it now hanging out of the cage, giving the cage a tail. Josh keeps tugging and tugging, and tugging....]

BACK

*** CCCCCCRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNCCCCCCHHHH!!!! ***

PB: SLAP ME SILLY BILLY!!!! MANNING TRIED TO SAVE HIMSELF AND PAID FOR IT!!!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

RD: MANNINGS GOTTA BE OUT FUCKIN' COLD!!! FIFTEEN FEET HE FUCKIN' FALLS THRU A TABLE ON THE AHTSIDE!!! THESE FANS ARE GOING NUTS!!!!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD! HE'S FUCKIN' DEAD!

[With the fans still electric from Manning's fall from grace, Everett slowly comes to life in the corner, feeling perhaps finally coming back to his legs as he drops down and rolls out of the ring, acquiring himself a ladder... a really BIG ladder!]

PB: GAWD DAMN!!! That's big piece of STEEL!

RD: That's at least a twenty footer!!! Everett's gunna be dangling in the rafters on that one!!!

[The crowd remains at a very pitch as Everett dumps the extra tall ladder into the ring, before slowly rolling his way under the bottom rope. On the other side of the ring, Omar is working with (perhaps, maybe, we'd at least like to think he is) Damage Control on getting Manning up to his feet.]

PB: HA! Look at Omar earn his paycheck tonight!

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RD: He better work his magic quickly, man, cause Everett's in that ring and starting to set that massive ladder up!

PB: From the look on Omar's face, he's certainly feeling the pressure!

[Daniel with minimal struggling other than balancing issues gets the massive ladder sit up right next to the suspended title, as the ladder top rungs actually exceed the golden barbwire cage's height. Checking to make sure it's sturdy, Daniel takes a moment to check on his opponent's whereabouts!]

RD: Impressive ring smarts there! But I dunno if he's got much to worry about, Manning is still very dazed and confusion!

PB: He's not gunna remain that way for long if Omar has any success! That man's frantically trying to rouse Manning from LaLa Land!

[Omar spots Everett's check in, as Daniel heads back towards the ladder and starts his ascension! Omar is torn but makes the quick decision to charge the ring! Everett gets to the bottom of the ladder and just puts his foot on the first rung as Omar hits the ring!]

PB: HERE IT IS, FOO'!!! Wanna leave Omar at ringside and HERE HE IS... RUINING your match!!!

RD: Not ruined til I say so!!! And I dunno bout you, but I dun think Omar thought this one aht! He doesn't know quite what to do as Everett steps off the ladder!!!

[Daniel doesn't hesitate one bit, as he walks slowly right at Omar, who backs himself up into the corner. Soon as his back touches the turnbuckle pads, Omar realizes his mistake but there not anything to do about it as Everett finds himself within arm's reach and place his mighty paw right around Omar's throat!]

PB: TALKING ABOUT CHOKING THE CHICKEN!!! Everett juss squeezin' the fuckin' life outta him!

RD: And still choking... he lifts him up, military press style!!!!

[MASSIVE THUNDEROUS EARTH SHATTERING EXPLOSION OF PURE ECSTASY!!!!]

PB: OMAR GOES ON A FLIGHT... RIGHT INTO THE MADNESS!!! EVERETT DUMPS HIM INTO THE FRONT ROW!!!

RD: I dun think I've ever seen those Damage Control boys sprint that fast! They must be convinced if they dun get there first, the DERP faithful will exact their own form of justice!!!

[With Omar being carefully escorted towards the back, Everett gets back to the bigger task at hand, ascending the ladder towards golden heights. With all the ruckus going on, Manning comes to a bit and slumps against the guardrail, gathering the energy to make an assault on the ring.]

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RD: If Manning gunna put an end to Daniel's climb, he better get his arse in gear!

PB: Danny boy did have to pick one helluva tall ladder! He's just about half way now, making sure to take his time! I wonder if he's even seeing straight!

RD: Wouldn't surprise me at all with all the abuse he's taken his brain ain't a bit scrambled!

[‘The Punishment’ keeps on climbing, rung by rung, as Manning pushes off the guardrail and stumbles his way over the broken hunks of table, hitting the ring chest first with a thud. Impacts hard enough it causes Daniel to pause, as he finally nears the final few rungs of the giant ladder, now actually perched higher than the golden barbwire cage puzzle he needs to solve.]

RD: Manning rolls into the ring... and gets to his feet...

PB: But he's just standing there, flapping at the jaw!?!? I dun understand!?!?

[Everett pauses, looking down at all the racket below him. From the reactions of everyone and judging from the hand gestures and mannerisms from Manning... he's _daring_ Everett to go ahead and retrieve his title!]

RD: I dun believe this! Manning must not think Everett can do it!

PB: Yee of little faith! You said there's solution, so there IS one! I dun get just letting Everett have a free shot like this! Just tip the fuckin' ladder over already!!!

[Manning folds his arms across his chest, and begins to impatiently tap his foot. Everett just shakes his head and gets back to the task at hand – figuring out how to free his DERP Deathmatch Championship from its barbwire lair. With Manning being more and more annoying and impatient, it's as if a light bulb suddenly goes off in Everett's head....]

[MY HEAD FUCKIN' HURTS THE CROWDS SO LOUD!!!]

PB: EVERETT UNHOOKS IT!?!?! EVERETT'S BEAR HUGGIN' THE FUCK OUTTA THAT BARBWIRE!!!!

RD: HAHA! I _KNEW_ one of them would figure it aht!! Manning looks BESIDE himself!!!

PB: He fuckin' should be! He _LET_ Everett take all the time and the world up there! Man will NEVER win when they let their egos run the show!

*** CCCCCCCCCRRRRRUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNCCCCHHHHH!!!! ***

RD: MANNING GETS HIS REVENGE!!! EVERETT, TITLE AND ALL, FIFTEEN FEET TO THE ARENA FLOR!!!!

BACK

[The camera cuts to the back in on of the Golden Dome's backstage hallways, where the "Jumping Japanese Bean" is slowly moving down the hallway, obviously walking on the balls of his feet, head on a complete swivel, eyes search and checking everywhere. WHAT WAS THAT?!?! ONO spins around, obviously knowing the almighty Foodstamp must be right behind him! But nay... it's nothing. ONO turns back around...]

"HEY, WHAT THE FUCK!?!?"

[...and bumps right into Rob Sharpe! Rob's was busy making sure he is still all loose and stretched out going into the last battle of the evening. But now he's right up in ONO's face, anger as all hell. ONO looks a bit perplexed, but not frightened. His eyes seem to be focused on something else...]

RS: What's your problem man!?!? Why don't you watch where you going, or you Asians walk how you drive!?!

[ONO pays no attention to the words coming out of Sharpe's mouth. He pushes right past him and stops right next to a folding steel chair, with sometuing a ltitle golden sprinkled on top.]

ONO: Is... this... the... twenty-foo' four title?

RS: Yea, it's MINE! I whooped the living shit outta some masked freak for it!

[Sharpe instantly stands his ground and claims his property, flinging the leather strap over his shoulder.]

RS: What's it to ya? You gunna make the best of thigns and try to RIP this from my hands!?!? REALLY?? YOU!?!?

[ONO's head tilts to one side, and then the other, as Sharpe shakes his head, and goes to say something.... But ONO cuts him off before the words can even get out of his mouth, spinning him right around...]

ONO: SPRING-LOADED FUCKPLEX!!!!!!!!!!

[And with that, ONO bends at the knees, lifting Sharpe high into the air with an leg hooked belly-to-back suplex... making sure to bridge for the complete effect! The 24/7appointed division referee leaps into action, his arm having to be tired of slapping concrete so hard all night!]

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...ONE...

...TWO....

....THREE!!!!!!!!!!

[The referee barely gets the title into ONO's hand before he takes off, leaving Sharpe just sprawled out, clutching at his head.]

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

[We open up backstage to reveal Big Mike Foyer stepping out of a shower stall in the backstage locker room, wrapping a towel around his waist as he does so. The big man grabs a second towel and starts rubbing at his scarred head with it. It was at that moment that a rather short individual, standing at roughly four feet and eleven inches tall, steps into view. BMF quirks his brow in puzzlement at this strange looking man. With short brown hair, stylishly disheveled with a trimmed stubble beard, the man sports a black business suit, no tie, white dress shirt with the top three buttons undone, a rather expensive looking gold watch on his wrist, and leaning on a short white cane. The short man fires off a charming smile and holds his hand up for Big Mike to shake.]

Short Man: Mr. Foyer, my name is Percival Graves: Independant Talent Consultant and Manager.

[Silently stunned, Big Mike reaches out with a massive hand that practically engulfs Percival's own and gives it a rather light shake. Then lets it go.]

BMF: What can I do for you, Little Man?

[Percival nods and leans forward with both hands on his cane.]

PG: Well, Big Man, first of all I would like to say that Dan Everett's assessment of your physical condition is woefully wrong. I do believe he is largely ignorant of divergent human physiology with regards to how barrel chested men develop. I'd say he'd be rather shocked if he ever saw you without a wrestling doublet or a shirt on. If you're fat then I'm a towering colossus.

[Big Mike arches his brow and smirks.]

BMF: I personally couldn't give a rat's ass about what Dan Everett's thinks. I gave him the nod for the win at the Bash and that's all he's gettin' out of me. Now I'm assumin' tha' small talk is to build up to something more important?

[Mr. Graves nods his head and taps his cane against the ceramic tiled floor.]

PG: Why yes indeed, Mr. Foyer. I've come to you with regards to signing a match - Yourself versus my client, The Mongoloid.

[Big Mike rolls his eyes and just walks right on by Percival. The diminutive manager turns with him.]

PG: Here me out, sir. It's a lucrative match and it would not only be in your best interests to face my client, but it would also do a great deal for your own reputation as well. Plus, Mr. Sandsbury has authorized me to grant you a rather substantial sum of money...

[The Camera follows as Percival steps into the main locker room just as Big Mike settles down next to

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his duffle bag.]

BMF: ...It ain't about the Money. It's about Respect. Money I can get pretty easy with my skill set outside the ring.

[Mike points a finger off in a random direction, leaning forward and looking Percival dead in his eyes.]

BMF: The problem I have is that he showed me absolutely NO respect. Why in the hell should I give him publicity and air-time that could be better used for somebody in this company, huh?! Fuck that. I left him unconscious in the middle of the ring. It's done and over.

[BMF drops his finger and tosses the towel that he was drying his upper body with, down. As BMF rises and starts to remove the towel around his waist, the camera pulls in closer on Percival. The little man looks down at his nails and starts to leisurely pick the nail of his forefinger with his thumbnail.]

PG: Is it, Mr. Foyer? The more you deny this man this fight, the more it comes off as if you're afraid of him.

[The camera then pulls back as we find BMF zipping up a pair of blue jeans. He stands towering over Percival, hands on his hips. Graves looks up at the large man, completely without fear. Oddly enough, Big Mike fires off a small smile at his visitor.]

BMF: Mike Sandsbury said the same thing and it didn't work then either, Percy. It just made me even more adamant about not taking the fight. For the last time, I'm not giving the guy a damn thing. Maybe if he signs a DERP contract and goes through a few hoops, I might consider it, but as it stands, Monkey Boy can kiss my ass. Now...

[Big Mike points towards the locker room door.]

BMF: ...Do you want to leave my locker room on your own two feet, or be punted out of here like an over-sized football?

[Percival rolls his eyes and starts fishing in his inner coat pocket.]

PG: Oh, threats, how droll. I'll take my leave of you, Mr. Foyer. Thank you for your time.

[Mike shoots him a rather large grin.]

BMF: My pleasure... now get the fuck out.

[Mr. Graves sadly shakes his head and heads straight for the door, pulling a smart phone from his coat pocket. A camera out in the hall takes over as Percival turns the knob and steps through the doorway. Hitting the appropriate numbers he brings the phone to his ear and the camera follows him as he walks down the hallway.]

PG: *[After a length of time spanning two rings.]* Mr. Mongo, I regret to inform you that Mr. Foyer has once again, turned down the requested match.

[Percival's jaw sets and he holds the phone away as loud, incoherent shouting is heard over his

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phone. Once it subsides a little, he brings the phone back.]

PG: Mongo... calm down. You will have your rematch. It just means that drastic measures are called for. I'll be on my private jet in one hour. I'll meet you at the Airport you're at... Where are we going?

[A rather sinister smile spreads across Percival's face.]

PG: We're going to Fort Worth, Texas to pay our respects to the Foyer family.

[With a beep he ends the phone call and continues down the hallway, a dark chuckle escaping his lips as the scene fades to black.]

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

[Back to the top of the entrance ramp, where Delaney and Barker are sitting behind their table, the bottle of Jack mostly gone by now!]

RD: Interesting developments there!!! Case you're a bit confused due to somehow making the worst decision in your life and NOT watching the BIG ASS eXXXtreme BASH.... the Mongoloid severely disrespected Foyer..

PB: And good 'ole Big Mike put the man in his rightful fuckin' _PLACE_!

RD: He sure DID, mango! Which is why it doesn't surprise me one bit the Mongo wants chance to redeem himself!

PB: He must be pretty desperate to have to go to those lengths to get his way!

RD: Hey, man, it's not all that hard! Like Foyer said, come sign a DERP contract and will make things happen! That's what we do in the DERPness – we make shit HAPPEN!!! But enough of us two yokels yip-yapping back and forth, let's get to the ring and onto tonight's last featured bout!!!

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

[Back in the ring, Roselyn Anderson stands in the middle of the ring, official DERP microphone in her hand. The crowd is at a soft hush, as her voice starts to fill the air.]

RA: The following bout will be the _LLLAAAST_ bout of the evening! It is a _GAUNTLET_ match for the DERP YouTube Championship!!!!

[The crowd roars with excitement!]

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RA: Each participant has drawn their entrance numbers at random, except for JEAN-PAUL CELINE who will start off as our first participant! Whoever drew number two will immediately join him, and then every minute a new participant will enter the fray! A participant will be eliminated when EITHER foot touches the ground after they have been tossed over the top rope. Once there are only TWO participants remaining, it will turn into a sudden death first pinfall or submission wins!

[Pause. Anyone would after that spiel!]

RA: So, without further ado... please welcome to the ring, hailing from Nice, France... standing at six foot two inches tall and weighing in at two hundred twenty one pounds.... "TRIPLE V PART DUEX"...

.....JJJJJJEEEEAAANN-PAUL CELLLLLIIIIINNNEEEEE!!!!

[The memorable riff of "Bullet with Butterfly Wings" by The Smashing Pumpkins starts to pump over the PA system. Red snakeskin gloves part the backstage curtains, throwing them aside to reveal the shit eating grin of "The Second Generation of Vile Vince Viper" Jean Pierre Celine. The audience dies. This is not the hardcore legend. This is no the icon of extreme. This guy is in his late twenties... not his early eighties... what a ripoff! 32theV2's smile fades at this lukewarm reaction. No sooner has the false advertising been confirmed, than a wall of trash is flung at the aisle. Celine thanks a few fans for trying to hand him plunder, but wishes they'd throw a little lower, less at his head. Silly Americans. Making his way down the aisle, Celine tries to slap a few reluctant hands, and even signs a few pieces of vintage real VVV merchandise. Oh, the fans try to fight him off - keep the french phenomenon away from their priceless collectables - but Celine is a REAL wrestler. None of this brawling shit for him, Celine knows his way around a wristlock and easily WRESTLES the action figures away. Scrawling initials across anything he can, before a bottle of beer catches him in the shoulder. FUCK. That hurt. Scowling at the miserable audience, JPC stomps up the ring. Roselyn quickly exits the ring, as Josie and Angel get their final stretches and in. 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 JPC inside the ring, as the bell goes "DING, DING, DING" and the match begins!]

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RD: Aight, JPC is the FIRST man in the ring because of his horrid actions at the Bash!

PB: I hear he threw a little tantrum at hearing bout your punishment!

RD: Yea... Sometimes even adults throw tantrums like little kids! All we can do is move on! I wonder who drew number TWO...

PB: I hope it's the "STREET SAMURAI!!!"

[The opening Chords of "Walk on Water" hit the house PA and the lights go dark.]

PB: NOOOOOO FUCKING WAY!?!?!?!

[Through the curtains emerges "The Street Samurai", Spade, decked out in full ring gear, a "Samurai Never Die" T-shirt, gradient blue wrap-around sunshades, and an ornately detailed, hand-tooled black leather duster. A big grin spreads across his face as he looks over the crowd who offer up a good sized pop. Spade throws his hands up and gives them a three finger salute.]

RD: MY GAWD!!! YOU'RE RIGHT!!!!

PB: YESSSSSS!!!! THESE FANS ARE JUST GOIN' NUTS!!!!

[As the opening lyrics sound out, he strolls down the ramp and quickly arrives at ringside. Making his way to the ring steps, Spade ascends them and slips between the top and second rope. Entering the ring Spade makes a mad dash for the furthest turnpost, hopping onto the second rope and propping a foot on the top turnbuckle pad. Spade scans the crowd, his head nodding to the beat as that dangerous, trademarked grin of his grows even bigger. He throws a three fingered salute in the air, then brings his hands together and cups them around his mouth. Tilting his head back, The Samurai lets loose with the battle cry...]

SPADE: AAAAAWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOoooooooooo...

[He brings that other foot up onto the top rope, squats down and backflips into the ring. He tucks and backrolls on impact, where he comes to a neat stop with his back against the opposing corner. JPC looks livid!]

RD: Jean-Paul doesn't know WHAT to do!

PB: LOOK! Spade's giving him a free shot! He's DARING him to hit him!

[Spade stands in the center of the ring, chin thrust forward, just begging JPC to take a swing. JPC stands in the corner, looking at Spade, trying to get the gumption to take the swing...]

PB: WHAT THE FUCK!?!?!

RD: JEAN PAUL JUST HOPS OVER THE TOP ROPE!!! HE FUCKIN' ELMINATD HIMSELF!!!!

PB: Look at that COWARD run!!! He just disappeared into that crowd!!!!

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[The fans themselves are half booing and half laughing so hard it hurts. Spade himself looks rather dejected and upset standing in the ring all by himself. Shaking his head to and fro, Spade shrugs and moves to the one corner to begin stretching. Before DERP-a-tron's countdown can reach zero, "Search and Destroy" by The Stooges pumps over the airwaves. The chorus of boos begins.]

RD: BILLY RAAAAY RIICCCEEE!!! He's drawn NUMBER THREE!!!

PB: Hope he doesn't piss himself and eliminate himself too!

[Rice bursts through the entrance curtain with a wild look in his eye. He head bangs to the music, shouting obscenities at the fans, flicking them off. He approaches Pirates fan in the front row who's mouthing off to him. Billy Ray gets in his face and screams AAARGRRHHHHHHH!!!" The fan stands stares BRR in the eyes... and Rice spits right in his face! The fan tries to jump over the barricade rail, but DERP's security team "Damage Control" is all over it! Laughing his ass off as he finishes his jaunt to the ring, Billy Ray throws to middle fingers high in the air and sprints the rest of the way! When he gets to the ring, he slides right underneath the bottom rope and quickly gets his dukes up as Spade moves right in!]

PB: JUMPING CALF KICK!!! RICE KNOCKED RIGHT BACK INTO THE ROPES!!!

RD: I feel bad for ANYONE in that ring right now! Spade doesn't' look happy ONE bit!

[Spade stays right on the attack and delivers a boot right to the gut, and hooks Rice's head... dropping him with a nasty DDT! Rice has no time to even stare at the stars as Spade immediately picks him up from the mat and whips him hard into the corner! Spade immediately charges in...]

PB: GRATE GOOGLY MOOGLY!!! JUMPIN' KNEE STRIKE!!!

RD: And now Spade's got Rice by the head.... RUNNING FUCKIN' BULLDOG!!!

PB: The man's just on a tear!!! Rice hasn't got a clue to the mess he's got himself in!

[With Rice down on the mat and clearly seeing stars, Spade lets another primal scream, as he peels Rice off the mat... and with one amazing display of strength, Spade hip tosses Rice right over the top rope judo style! Rice hits the floor with a nasty thud, as the crowd lets loose a thunderous roar of approval as Spade moves into the one corner, taking whatever time he can to rest up!]

PB: SCORIN' PILLS IN THE NORTH HILLS!!! That's Spade's SECOND elimination!!!

RD: He sure looks like he determined to make sure he's the DEPR YouTube Champion alright!

[As "The Street Samurai" takes a breather in the corner, the grand sounds of "O Fortuna" by Carl Orff fill the arena as Ric Beauty steps out from behind the curtain, steel chair in hand He surveys the crowd for a moment and soaks in their reaction, he then walks to the ring, smirking his way down the aisle.]

RD: THE TWENTY-FOUR HOUR MAN... RIC FUCKING BEAUTY!!!!

PB: I love the guy, I do! But I dunno how much longer he can survive inside the DERP ring! Old man's bones break very easy!!!

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[Ric Beauty eyes up Spade from the ringside area, who is busy acquiring a chair of his own. Spade gives the former VWF/VXW owner a little head nod, beckoning him into the ring. With the fans buzzing, Beauty rolls under the bottom rope and gets himself upright rather quickly, expecting an ambush. Spade however remains in his corner, smiling ear to ear. Both men raise their chairs high into the air, poised to strike.]

PB: YES! YES! YES! DUELING CHAIRS!!!! I LOVE IT!!!

RD: Who's gunna swing first!??!

*** CCCCLLLLLAAAAANNGGGGG!!! ***

RD: Steel on steel – that's gotta make the hands stang!

[Spade keeps smiling, as both men raise their chairs again.]

*** CCCCLLLLLAAAAANNGGGGG!!! ***

*** CCCCLLLLLAAAAANNGGGGG!!! ***

*** CCCCLLLLLAAAAANNGGGGG!!! ***

PB: It's like a sword fight... WITH CHAIRS!! I LOVE IT!!!

RD: Neither men able to gain the advantage here but the way they're wigglin' those fingers, you can tell they hurtin'!

*** CCCCLLLLLAAAAANNGGGGG!!! ***

PB: BEAUTY WINS THE DUEL!!! SPADES CHAIR KNOCKED OUTTA HIS HANDS!!!

*** TTTTTTTTTTHHHHHHHUUUUUUUNNNNKKKK!!! ***

RD: AND WITH THE BACKHAND SPADE SENT FLYING INTO THE CORNER!!! Beauty just WICKED with that chair!

PB: He's old enough to have had time to perfect it!

[Sensing momentum shifting, Beauty charges in at Spade in the corner with a crushing body splash! It looks like the air is forced right out of Spade's body, as Beauty begins laying into Spade with knife edge chop after knife edge chop, the crowd giving a loud "WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!" after each one!]

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RD: Spade's just instantly fire engine red! Beauty's just laying into him!

PB: For being an old man, Beauty's got lots of piss and vinegar left in him, that's for sure!

[After six or seven hard chops, Beauty stops... only to wind up for a nasty right to Spade's jaw! NO!!!! Spade ducks the hard right, and begins to lay into "the 24 Hour Man" with rising knee shots right to Beauty's midsection, one right after another!]

PB: Shit! Perhaps there isn't much piss and vinegar left! Spade turnin' the tide!!!

RD: Nasty elbow to the back of the head! Now Spade's got him hooked with a side headlock!

PB: ONLY USERS DO DRUGS!!!! TORNADO FUCKIN' DDT FROM THE MIDDLE ROPE!!!

RD: Beauty just PLANTED in that corner! I think he mighta' even caught the edge of that chair!!!

[With the crowd roaring with delight, Spade springs back to his feet. He pulls Beauty up to his feet, and begins the process of trying to lift Beauty up and over the top rope! Soon as Spade gets Beauty off his feet, the '24 Hour Man's' instincts kick in and he becomes stiff as a board, as well as wrapping his arm around the top rope!]

RD: Ricky might got a big ole bump on his noggin, but that's not stoppin' his ring smarts from bein' on display!

PB: At this point, I bet it's a moral victory for Beauty to be a HARD AHT!

[With Beauty in the air, but wrapped around the ropes, Spade resorts to just straight overhand clubs and knee lifts trying to break Beauty's hold by sheer strength. But what most people are focused on is the DERP-a-tron's countdown, as it reaches ZERO! Instantly, the arena lights turn into giant strobe lights as sirens sound and the ringing instrumental opening of "Still" by the Ghetto Boys comes over the PA system!]

RD: THE TRASHMAN!!!! IT'S TYRONE FUCKIN' HEAT!!!

PB: YYYEESSSSSSSSSS!!!! Spade and Beauty bout to get FUCKED UP!!!

[From the back lumbers a thick shadow in a ring robe, fists wrapped in tape and encased in MMA-style padded gloves. Heat, a young powerful black man, his robe a deep, glittering red vinyl, he looks to camera, intensity oozing from every pore as he raises his hands in mock victory!]

RD: Spade STILL can't Beauty out! But that might be for the better, as his attention turns to the approaching Tyrone Heat!

PB: Lots of talent gunna be in that ring now! This is gunna be FUN!

[He beats his chest with one hand, extends his fists to the air once more, flexes powerfully and reaches back behind the curtains, grabbing himself a metal trashcan and a Singapore cane! Upon seeing these toys, the fans begin to cheer even louder! He begins his powerful march to the ring, pointing to random fans, and shouting "RESPECT!" between slapping random outstretched hands.]

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PB: YESSSSS!!! I LOVE HEAT'S IDEA OF DOUBLE FISTIN'!!!

RD: Spade wisely decides to arm himself with one of those steel chairs! Beauty's still slumped in the corner!

[Hitting the ringside area, he slaps hands with more random fans, shouting "POUND IT!" to one, and giving thumbs up after receiving a fist bump. Tyrone grins, exposing a mouthpiece that reads "Respect" across the teeth. Showing amazingly agility, Tyrone jumps and lands easily on the ring apron staring right at Spade. Pounding his chest again, Tyrone Heat raises his fists one more time. He tosses the trash can into the ring and then throws his weight over the top rope, back flipping into the ring, and landing right on his feet.]

RD: Spade charges in with that chair!!! SWING ANDA MISS!!!

PB: Heat's turn to swing with that cane!

*** TTTTTTWWWWWHHHHAAAAACCCCKKKK!!! ***

PB: GARSH DARNIT!!!

RD: Spade blocks it with the chair, and boot kicks Heat right in the gut!

*** TTTTHHHHHHHUUUUUNNNNKKKK!!! ***

PB: HOME RUN SWING!!! HEATS DAHN!!!

RD: Spade dented that chair in fuckin' HALF!!!

[Spade drops the chair to the mat, and looks up as he hears footsteps! Beauty leaps into action (literally) and catches Spade right in the chest with a drop kick! Spade again is flung back into the corner, head whipping back on impact! Beauty grabs himself that Singapore cane!]

RD: 'the 24 Hour Man' coming outta NO WHERE and gettin' himself right back into this match!

PB: With the way Beauty swings a chair, I can't wait to see what he does with a cane!

**** CCCCRRRRRRRAAAAACCCCKKKK!!! ****

PB: Right across the fuckin' shoulder!!!! I can see the welt formin' already!!!

**** CCCCRRRRRRRAAAAACCCCKKKK!!! ****

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**** CCCCCRRRRRRRRAAAAACCCCKKKK!!! ****

**** CCCCCRRRRRRRRAAAAACCCCKKKK!!! ****

RD: Beauty just goin' to tahn! Spade's forehead is busted open!

[Spade slumps in the corner, blood beginning to flow out of his head. Beauty tosses what's left of the cane out of the ring and lifts Spade off his feet, trying to dump 'the Street Samurai' to the arena floor! But Ric doesn't see 'the Trashman' getting to his feet behind him!]

PB: BUY BEAUTY A STIFF DRINK AND HIS DOG ONE TOO!!! UP AND OVER HE GOES!!!

RD: Tyrone just straight DUMPED him on his head! Beauty landed hard, I hope he's okey!

PB: Yea! At his old age, dem bones are brittle as all hell, who knows what he coulda' broke!!!

[Tyrone wastes no time to gloat on his elimination, choosing to stay on the attack and resume what Beauty was attempting! However, Spade has other ideas! Perhaps almost being eliminated snapped him out of it, but 'the Street Samurai' begins just laying into Heat with vicious martial art style chops, punches and kicks!]

RD: Spade's got himself out of the corner! He's just takin' it right to Tyrone!

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' SUPLEX, BATEMAN!!! Tyrone outta nowhere with a belly to belly suplex! He damn near threw Spade across the entire ring!

RD: I think all that martial arts jazz just angered "the Trashman!"

[Spade crawls over to the corner, and sits against the bottom turnbuckle, a dazed look on his face. Heat stays on the prowl, moving right in, clutching the top rope and beginning to just viciously stomp Spade over and over again! The crowd roars, but perhaps not because of Heat's mud hole creating behavior... but because the DERP-a-tron's countdahn hits ZERO once more!]

PB: So just hit me this match is WAAAAAY more of a 'rumble' than a gauntlet match!

RD: Shut up, Paul.

PB: Smoke a bit too much weed before releasing the lineup, huh mango??

RD: Shut the fuck up, Paul!

[Heat leaves Spade in the corner, and turns his eyes to the entrance way, as "Reborn From Isolation" by Bleeding Through starts playing. Bateman, with a black towel covering his head, walks out from the back. He doesn't waste time interacting with the fans just a brisk walk straight to the ring, followed by

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Fletcher. Bateman slides in under the bottom rope, and is immediately meant with the boots of Tyrone Heat!]

PB: Heat instantly greetin' the newest addition to the RUMBLE!!!

RD: Bateman seems helpless as Heat pulls up right up to his feet!

[‘the Trashman’ whips Bateman right into the ropes, only to take him crashing down to the mat with a punishing hip check! Heat quickly pulls Bateman right back to his feet...]

PB: SLAP ME SILLY BILLLLY!!! EEEXXXXXPLODER FUCKIN’ SUPLEX!!!! ON THAT FUCKIN’ CHAIR!!!

RD: Bateman’s BUSTED wide open!

[Tyrone goes to pull Bateman up to his feet, but he is caught by a quick moving “Street Samurai” who drops Heat with a snap DDT! With Heat planted right next to Bateman, Spade charges the ropes....]

PB: SPRINGBOARD FUCKIN’ MOONSAULT!!! AND HIT LANDS _BOTH_ MEN!!!

RD: A very effective move there by Spade! He’s again taken control of this match it seems!

[Spade quickly gets to his feet and pulls Bateman up to his as well! He gives him one helluva bell clap, sending Bateman staggering towards the ropes. Spade follows, taking Bateman up AND over the top rope! BUT BATEMAN CLINGS ON AND ROLLS BACK UNDERNEATH!!!]

PB: DAMN!!! Spade almost had himself another one there!

RD: Bateman mighta’ saved himself from elimination... but he can’t save himself from those punishing kicks!

PB: OH SHIT!! Heat’s got himself back standing upright! SPADE DUN SEE HIM!!!

[Spade is continuing to just stomp and stomp Bateman into the ring mat. He’s so focused he doesn’t notice Heat behind him until ‘the Trashman’ has Spade gripped up! With a heave, Heat lifts Spade up and dumps him on his head with belly to belly suplex!]

PB: WHAT IMPACT!!! I swear Spade bounced a few times on impact!

RD: Heat showing just exactly how dangerous he can be! Outta no where just dumpin’ Spade on his head!

[Slowly, Bateman rises to his feet as Tyrone approaches. Spotting him through a crimson mask, Bateman devliers a European uppercut and then another, effectively backing Heat up a few feet! Bateman continues the onslaught, spinning around and catching Heat with a roundho—NOOO!!! Heat catches his leg, and just tosses Bateman across the ring!]

PB: GRATE BAWLS OF FIRE!!!! Heat juss tossin’ everyone around like rag dolls!!!

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RD: And he's about to get another ragdoll! That DERP-a-Tron just hit _ZERO_!

[The crunchy guitar riffs of the Murder City Devils' "Cradle to the Grave" fills the DERP warehouse, joined in by the howls of what sounds like a wolf. Lumbering into the arena, Rob Sharpe glowers at the crowd surrounding the ring, indifferent to their cheers and jeers. He's dressed for battle, plain black pants with the signature blade silkscreen going from the hip to an inch or so above his knee on both legs, boots, and pads, and, of course, that unassuming look on his face. He quickly moves to the ring, joining the action without hesitation.]

RD: Only ONE more left to join the action! Sharpe quickly into the ring and instantly starts going toe to toe with Heat!

PB: New school verse old school!!!! Come on _HEAT_!!!

[The two men just keep swingy wildly! Sharp, the southpaw, seems to be gaining the advantage! Perhaps sensing this Heat grips Rob up and whips him hard into the ropes! Sharp comes running back, as Heat connects with a clothesli---NO!!! Sharp ducks it and keeps running! He bounces off the ropes again, and this time Heat catches him with a flying shoulder charge, sending both men falling to the mat!]

PB: WHAM BAM THANK YOU SAM!!! That musta' felt like hitting a brick wall!

[As Heat knocks Rob off his feet, Spade has gotten to his feet and grabbed Tyrone's trash can. He waits as Bateman makes his way to his feet... and sends him right to the corner with a can shot! Spade raises the can high again, only bring it crashing down upon Bateman's head once more! Droppin the can, Spade decides to make an attempt at eliminating Bateman!]

RD: We got Spade almost forcing Bateman up and over on one side of the ring! On the other, Heat's up to his feet as is Sharp!

PB: Heat just LAYIN' into Sharpe with those martial art kicks!!! FUCKIN' LOVE IT!!!

[Heat has Sharpe backed up against the ropes and starts to lift Rob up and over the top! Despite Heat's flurry of punches, he's not getting anywhere fast! On the other side of the ring, Spade is having the same trouble with Bateman, who is damn near hugging the top rope with all four limbs!]

RD: You can just tell how badly this men wanna win this match just be the amount of _FIGHT_ they're putting up to stay alive!

PB: True dat! I figured Bateman certainly be gone by now with the personal greeting he received from Tyrone!

[“the Street Samurai” gives Bateman one last kick, which still doesn't break his strangle hold on the top rope. He takes a moment and checks on the other participants in the match. His eyes widen as he spots Heat with Sharpe halfway up and over! Spade takes off like a bolt!]

PB: WHOOOOOAAAAAAA NNNNEEEEEELLLLLLLLLYYY!!!!!!

RD: HEAT JUST GOT DUMPED ON HIS HEAD!!!! SPADE WITH THE FUCKIN' ELIMINATION!!!

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PB: He damn near got BOTH of them, but somehow Sharpe was able to sneak under the bottom rope!

[Heat looks visibly angry, as Spade steps back into the corner, taking a moment to collect himself as Rob slowly uses the ropes to rise to his feet. Bateman is doing the same, although with his forehead split wide open, he looks worse for the wear. Spade wipes the blood from his brow as the DERP—a-tron hits _ZERO_ for the last time!]

RD: This is it! This is our last competitor!!! And dun forget, once the gaunt-

PB: ...rumble...

RD: ..._GAUNTLET_ reaches the last two men, it turns into a FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE affair, where only PINFALLS and SUBMISSIONS give you the victory!!!

[As all three men occupy opposite corners, exchanging questioning glances at they all take a moment to collect themselves as the final participants begins his entrance. The first twangy guitar notes of "Little Crazy" by Fight play over the speakers. A shadowy figure emerges from the smoke wearing black wrestling pants.]

RD: BUUUUUULLLLLLLLLZZZZEEEEYYEEEEEE!!!! He gets the lucky draw of LATEST ENTRANT!!!

PB: What the FUCK is that in his hands!?!?!?

[Bullzeye has red shoulder length hair is wet and is just there. Bullzeye takes a second to soak in his surroundings, as the crowd begins to boo extremely loudly before he raises his contraption high into the air—a weed whacker!!!]

PB: HE'S GOT HIMSELF A WEEDWHACKER!?!?!?!?

RD: All three men in the ring have wide eyes right now!!!

[WWWWWRRRRR!!!! WWWWWWRRRRRRR! WWWWWWWWWWWWWWWRRRRRRRRRRR!]

[Bullzeye revs the weedwhacker a few times as he charges down the aisle! All three men quickly abandon their corners, trying to quickly move outta harms way! Bullzeye charges up the steps and quickly ducks a corner, climbing through the ropes into the ring!]

PB: SHTICK HIM BULLZEYE!!! I wanna see some flesh torn to shreds already!!!

RD: Bullzeye standing there, just staring dahn all three men! No one wants to make the first move!!!

[WWWWWRRRRRRR! WWWWWWWWWWWWWWWRRRRRRRRRRR!]

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[Bullzeye revs the weed whacker once more before taking off, charging straight at Bateman! With Fletcher screaming at ringside, Bateman doesn't bother putting up a fight – he hops right over the top rope and seeks safety on the arena floor... but Bullzeye has different plans, leaping over the top rope diving right onto Bateman!]

PB: HE'S NUTS!!! HE'S CERTIFIED INSANE!!! AND I LOOOOVVVEEE IT!!!!

RD: Fletcher scrambling to get his buddy outta harms way! There they go, up and over the guardrail!

[WWWWWWRRRRRRR! WWWWWWWWWWWWWRRRRRRRRRRR!]

PB: HAHA!!!! BULLZEYE IS HOT PURSUIT WITH THAT WEED WHACKER!!!

[Meanwhile, back in the ring, the final two men standing are busy trading blow for blow, just smacking the living hell out of each other! The crowd just ROARS with approval as Rosalyn gets on the mic. Neither men miss a beat, and continue just slugging the shit out of each other!]

RA: _WITH_ the elimination of both BATEMAN and BULLZEYE.... We are _DOWN_ to our final _TWWWWOOOOOOO_ competitors!!! That means that now whoever scores first PINFALL or SUBMISSION will become the first ever DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION!!!!

[The crowd lets loose a thunderous approval on that announcement! Sharpe seems to have taken the advantage, and whips Spade into the ropes! "the Street Samurai" takes it in stride, leaping to the top rope, pausing only to push himself back off into the air...]

PB: HE JUST LOST HIS LIQUOR LICENSE!!!! SPRINGBOARD BACKFLIP FUCKIN' REVERSE DDT!!!!

RD: Sharpe just gets PLANTED but that took a lot out of Spade! He's still dahn too!

PB: Dun forget, mango, Spade was the _SECOND_ man in this match! When did Sharpe join the party?!?! He's got a lot left in the tank I bet chu!

RD: But Sharpe not only won that tag match to start off the night, he's won AND lost the 24/7 title already this evening!!! Spade flops dahn and hooks the leg!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

[ENTHUSIASTIC MAD RESPECT IT'S NOT OVER YET POP!]

RD: KICKOUT!!! Sharpe stays alive!

PB: Just BARELY!!! Spade almost fuckin' ended it right there!

BACK

[With the crowd roaring with delight, Spade pulls Rob up to his feet and whips him decisively into the corner. Spade surveys the ring and sees no real weapons left! There's a dented chair and a smashed trash can! He yells out "TABLE!" to the ring attendant, bringing quite a rise out of the DERP faithful!]

PB: I like where Spade's minds at!!! I so agree this match needs some WOOD!!!

RD: But Spade's not waiting around! He charges right at Rob in the corner!

["OOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!"]

PB: ARF!!!!!! PERMENENT BRAIN DAMAGE!!! SHARPE FUCKIN' M OVED!!!

RD: Spade head just DINGS off that ring post!!!! He just knocked himself out fuckin' COLD!!!

[With Spade laying limp on the middle turnbuckle, Rob staggers to where the ring attendant slid in the table and moves to set it up right square in the center of the ring. Sharpe then moves back towards 'the Street Samurai' who is starting to stir in the corner. Rob pulls him upright, and hoists him on his shoulders!]

RD: Sharpe with a fireman's carry here! He's positions himself right in front of that table!

*** TTTTTTWWWWWHHHHUUUUUNNNKKKK!!!! ***

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!

PB: FUCKIN' SHIT BALLS!!!! SAMON FUCKIN' DROP!!! THAT TABLE JUST SHATTERED!!!!!!

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: And Sharpe hooks the leg! He may have just won himself this championship bout!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

[THUNDEROUS ROARS OF DELIGHT!!!!]

RD: HE BEATS THE COUNT!!! SPADE THROWS A SHOULDER UP JUST IN TIME!!!

PB: I dunno how the fuck he managed that!!! Spade was just DUMPED into that table with such fuckin' FORCE!

RD: Doesn't look like Sharpe can believe it either! He sure ain't wearing a happy grin on his face!

[Kicking pieces of table out of the ring, Rob pulls 'the Street Samurai' up to his feet. Making sure he's standing over one big hunk of the table, Sharpe instantly grabs him Spade by the head and drops him right to the mat with a falling neckbreaker!]

PB: That had to fuckin' HURT!!! You can see Spade's blood on that piece of wood!

RD: Spade's been in that ring for damn near TWENTY minutes now! That's gotta take a toll!!

PB: Dun count him aht! One DDT, and BOOM! He's right back in this thang!

RD: Not if Sharpe can help it! Let's see if he's knocked enough ring rust off to pull off this stunning victory!

[With 'the Street Samurai' sprawled out on a giant piece of table near the one corner, Sharpe decides to climb up onto the middle turnbuckle and turn himself around. Getting his elbow primed up and ready to go, Rob leaps... and drills Spade right between the eyes!]

RD: Sharpe again with the cover!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

[HOLY SHIT THAT WAS FUCKIN' CLOSE POP!]

RD: SHOULDER FUCKIN' UP!!! AGAIN SPADE DOES IT IN JUST THE NICK OF TIME!!!

PB: Sharpe damn near looks beside himself now! He's gotta wonder what it's gonna take!

RD: I have a sinkin' feelin this match is about to take a SHARPE TURN!!!

[Grimacing a bit out of frustration, Sharpe gets to his feet and quickly pulls a dazed Spade up to his. Quickly, Rob again lifts 'the Street Samurai' up on his shoulder, but this time in more of a torture rack position! Sensing the slamming part to ensue, Spade jerks to life!]

BACK

[MASSIVE CHORUS OF CHEERS!]

PB: OUTTA FUCKIN NOWHERE!!!! SPADE PLANTS HIM WITH AN INVERTED DDT!!!!

RD: But the damage's been done! Both men are LAID aht! They are certainly pulling out all the stops! I dunno how either man is gunna be able to defend the title in two weeks in Buffalo!

PB: Sounds like the fans will be happy either way! It's certainly a divided Golden Dome tonight!

[Both men are slowly stirring inside the ring. Rob is blinking his eyes, rapidly, trying desperately to clear the cobwebs. Spade has got himself near the ropes and pulls himself up to his feet with their assistance. Rob is slowly rising to his feet, as Spade leans against the ropes, sizing up his opponent!]

PB: the "Street Samurai" just bidin' his time, waitin' for that perfect moment!

RD: Sharpe's almost up to his feet! Spade's all set and ready!

[AND THE CROWD GOES WILD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!]

PB: BUSTED FUCKIN' STRAIGHT!!!! Spade just SPLITS him in half with that fuckin' spear!!!

RD: And instead of going for the pin... he looks on a scorpion deathlock!!!

PB: NOOOOOO!!!! What a FUCKIN' bullshit way to end this war!

RD: It's not over yet! Sharpe has to actually submit first and he's still fighting strong!

[Rob reaches out his free hands, desperate for the ring ropes, which still even in the land of the madness that is DERP breaks the hold! But Rob is nowhere close to the ropes! He's trying desperately to crawl his way there, but Spade's holding steadfast, leaning back as far as he can go!]

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' SHIT BATEMAN! Looks as if Spade's just gunna snap him in two!!! The pain he's gotta be in!?!?!?

RD: I think his face says it all, Paul! He's trying all he can, but Spade's not letting the man get anywhere! Soon as he moves an inch, Spade moves him three!

PB: I dunno how much longer Sharpe can hold in there! I know he's used to the deathmatch life, but his career's gunna suffer he doesn't end this one way or another!

[Rob keeps trying to crawl his way to safety but Spade just keeps dragging him back! The crowd even gets in on the action...]

TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT!

TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT!

BACK

TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT!

TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT!

TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT!

RD: These fans just TAUNTIN' Rob now! They want him to submit!!!

PB: But he's bein' steadfast! There's no give there, he's gunna break the hold or die trying!

[Sharpe again gives it a big heave and tries to make his way to the ring. It's in vain, as Spade again doesn't let the vet get anywhere... but Lady Luck smiles upon Sharpe, as he does end up within arms each of a chunk of broken table!]

PB: That's sure ONE way to break a hold!!! Sharpe just swinging wildly over his head, whackin' the shit out of Spade!

RD: And that's all it takes!!! Sharpe's able to power his way out of the hold!!! But the damages been done! The vet rolls right out of the ring in OBVIOUS amounts of pain!

[The crowd gives Sharpe a standing ovation, as he struggles to get to his feet, having to brace himself against the steel guardrail. In the ring, 'the Street Samurai' leans against the ropes, staring daggers at Rob on the outside, taking a few moments to collect himself.]

RD: We're rapidly approaching the twenty five minute mark! I can't believe Spade is standing, let alone in CONTROL of this match it seems!

PB: Neither man can barely stand right now! I dun think either one is in control, foo!

[Spade flings himself off the ropes and towards Sharpe on the outside. He rolls underneath the bottom rope, and before his feet can hit the ground, Rob pounces! He instantly scoops Spade right up and drops him right over his knee with a vicious side slam beakbreaker!!!]

PB: GAWWWD DAMN!!! Sharpe trying to break the 'Samurai's' spine there!

RD: He certainly did some damage, as Spade is busy clutching at his back, his face worth a thousand synonyms of PAIN!

[With his own back still smarting, Rob pulls himself up to his feet using the ring apron. He moves in on Spade, and pulls him up to his feet, quickly whipping him right into the guardrail! Spade lands with serious impact, pushing the rail back a few feet!]

RD: Sharpe still showin' that tough streak! It's hard to tell that man's was involved in a _TAG MATCH_ earlier!

PB: Means he's about par with Spade, who's been out there _FOREVER_ it seems!

BACK

[Sizing Spade, up, Rob charges in, and delivers a big boo-NOOO!!!! SPADE CATCHES HIS LEG!!!!]

PB: GRATE OOGLE MOOOOGGLLY!!! SPADE JUST KICKED HIS FUCKIN' HEAD OFF!!

RD: That was one helluva' enziguri!!!! Sharpe crumples like a sack of potatoes!!!

PB: YES!!! SPADE DROPS DAHN FOR THE COVER!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: SHOULDER UP!!!!!! SHARPE JUST BEATS THE COUNT!!!

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' HELL!!!! I CALL BULLSHIT!!! That was _THREE_!!!

RD: Dun matter, Paul, your opinion ain't shit in this situation!!! But from the look on Spade's face, I'd say he agrees with you!!!

[Perhaps enraged or a genius, 'the Street Samurai' turns his attention to the guardrail nearby and relieves it of its duty of guarding people. Hoisting it into the air, Spade suplexes the guardrail right onto Rob!]

PB: That guardrail just clunked off Sharpe's cranium! That man's gotta be knocked out! I dun give a shit how tough he is!

RD: If he's not aht yet, Spade's fixing to make sure he is soon! He's flipped that guardrail on its side!

[With his feet carefully placed on top of the guardrail, Spade scoops Rob up, turns him around, and holds him with a reverse face lock, quickly throwing his right hand out in a three finger salute...]

PB: ELVIS HAS LEFT THE FUCKIN' BUILDING!!! DEADMAN'S HAND ON THE FUCKIN' GUARDAIL!!!

RD: AFTER ALMOST THIRTY MINUTES... SPADE MAY HAVE JUST WORN HIMSELF THE YOUTUBE CHAMPIONSHIP!!!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

PB: YYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSSSSS!!!!!! THAT'S THREE!!!!!! ITS OVER!!! ITS FUCKIN' OVER!!!!

RD: I THINK MY EAR DRUMS ARE GUNNA EXPLODE ITS SO FUCKIN' LOUD IN HERE!!

[Both men lay sprawled out on the guard rail, bleeding in various spots. Overall their bodies have been bruised and beaten beyond the point of reasonable. But still, when the Damage Control team arrives, they waste no time handing "The Street Samurai" his newly won DERP YouTube Championship! He grips it up with both hands, pulling it towards his chest. As the camera slowly starts to fade to black, with all the strength he can muster, Spade lets out a celebratory "AWWWOOOOOOOOOOOO!" for good measure! The camera hits black, as the follow words come onto the screen:

**THE
END!**

[Those words linger for a few seconds, but they soon fade, replaced by:

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