

[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 the words "EARLIER TODAY" float across the screen, as the darkness dissipates, leaving in its wake golden rays of sunshine coming thru the DERP delivery entrance doorway. Sitting near the door, right outside the range of the sun's evil rays is the "Homeless Hardcore Hero"... the one and only FOOD MOTHA 'FUCKIN' STAMP!!!! With his dirty ass stinky dreads pulled back in a ponytail of sorts, he actually looks rather presentable... besides the stained white "I LOVE KENNYWOOD" shirt and the ripped and faded jeans.... The camera rotates a bit, allowing the madman behind the madness, RYAN FUCKIN' DELANEY to appear in the frame.]

RD: Hey Stamper!!!!

[Delaney pauses, waiting for an apparently nonexistent response...]

RD: HEEEEYYYY STAAAMMPPEEEERRR!!!!

[Still nothing from good ole Stampy. He's just looking out the doorway into some unknown fictional reality. With a shrug, Delaney wastes no more time and decides to speed things up. He taps Foodstamp right on the shoulder...]

FS: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!!!!

[Foodstamp damn near topples over scrambling to his feet so fast, as he shrieks like a little girl. Delaney does all he can to not split his gut open from laughter. Food pauses in the worst self-defense pose EVER, and shakes his head, instantly embarrassed for himself....]

RD: Sorry mango, didn't meant to ya know... SCARE_ ya or anything... but I need you to do something for me.

BACK

[Food slowly walks over, barely looking up at Delaney, doing his best to express his discontent.]

RD: Dun worry, it's MORE than just being _bait_ for the 24/7 division talent, okay??? Tonight... I need you to _GUARD_ something for me! Something of _REAL_ value!!!

[Delaney gestures to the two carts to his left. On each cart looks to be some tables. Careful mental math with good eyesight would reach the conclusion off each cart holding half a dozen or so tables, so maybe fourteen, fifteen total between the two carts.]

RD: You see, Stamper... We juss got _MOVING_ on this tour. I dun got all the resources and money to be spending on these fuckers wasting' tables... _ESPECIALLY_ on a night like tonight where I need at least _FOUR_ for just _ONE_ bloody match!

[Shakes his head, probably muttering "how high was I when I booked this shit..." under his breath.]

RD: SOOOO... Foodstamp... My _TRUSTED_ and most _VALUED_ employee... I trust these in _YOUR_ hands, and I want you to _PERSONALLY_ make sure they arrive at ringside intact!

[Food looks at the tables as a fat kid would a McDonald's Supersize fry if the evil fucking health nutcases wouldn't have ruined such an amazingly epically awesome thing!]

RD: From that response I can tell I'm in trouble... _AWESOME_!!!

[Shaking his head and muttering, Delaney tromps off, leaving the almighty Foodstamp in care of his precious cargo. Foodstamp takes his time and slowly approaches the two carts, carefully registering all that he's responsible for. And then it's as if a light bulb somehow managed to light inside his deranged mind... The masked madmen scurries off camera for the briefest of seconds and rushes right back, standing inbetween the two carts of wood. With a devilish, triumphant laugh... Foodstamp starts dosing the dozen or so tables in gasoline!!!]

FS: Want to have a FLAMING TABLES ELIMINATION match eh!?!? I'LL MAKE THEM LIGHT!!! I'LL FUCKIN' MAKE SURE WE GET TO PLAY WITH _FFFFIIIIIRRRRRRREEEEEEE_!!!!!!!!!!

[Then, with a scratchy throat growl to lead things off, a voice screams out "WWWHHHHAAAATTTTT AAAAAAAA RRRRRRRUUUSSSHHHHHH!!!" 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

BACK

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

ROCKET ENGINES BURNING FUEL SO FAST
UP INTO THE NIGHT SKY SO VAST
BURNING METAL THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE
EARTH REMAINS IN WORRY, HATE AND FEAR

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

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

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

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

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

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

DERP Proudly Presents...
BLOODSPORT
EPISODE 2 – TRUCKIN’ UP TO BUFFALO

[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, behind the actual ‘booth’ where DERP’s commentary team resides. Paul stands, blue jean shorts, Pirates jersey and green tweed jacket which goes well with Delaney’s all black attire. The fans are just going insane, not letting either man get a word in edge wise!]

RD: WEEEEELLLL COME TO THE SECOND INSTALLEMTN OF ‘BLOODSPORT!’ You all better know who the fuck I am as I’m runnin this shiznittle yo! And to my right, your new found broadcastin’ love...

PB: OH YES!! It’s ME, its ME, its’ ME... _PAUL_ “this girl I know wanted to see the show, lives here in Buffalo, so I told her to bend over, and I’d show her where I’d stick it!! For forty-five minutes, she proceeded to tease and please and lick it, but when all was said and done, you know I made her buy a ticket” _BARKER_!!!!

[The crowd roars with approval, as Delaney shakes his head back and forth, big ass goofy grin plastered across his face.]

RD: Always a good for a colorful intro ain’t cha Paul???

PB: If it’s worth doin’, it’s worth doin’ _RIGHT_!!! Besides, one of us gotta show some pizazz. If I let you do all the talkin’, Americas suicide rate would triple!

RD: Tis why I signed you on, Mr. Barker! But enough of the cheap insults and friendly digs, let’s get on with the evening of AWESOMENESS we have in store for yins tonight! We got _BARBWIRE HELL SWIMMING POOL DEATHMATCH_ ... can’t forget the _CONCRETE AND PLASTERBOARD DEATHMATCH_ ... and the DERP YOUTUBE TITLE will of course be on the line, with “THE STREET SAMUARI” defending against DERP newcomer ROB SHARPE!!!

PB: I dunno what match I’m more pumped for!!! Are we really gunna be able to use this college’s swimming pool???

RD: Lawyers are workin’ on it Paul! Keepin’ my fingers crossed we get the eleventh hour victory! But now, let’s send this to the ring and kick off the night with the _FIFTY FINGERS FLAMING TABLE DEATHMATCH_!!!

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

[And now the feed is coming from the ring, where Roselyn Anderson, DERP's official ring announcer stands in the center of the ring, mic in hand ready to fulfill her job obligations. On the outside, Foodstamp stands as tall as the short man can in front of those gasoline soaked tables. He seems to even have some sort of... flamethrower (?!?!?) attached to him. The competitors have already made their entrances, and surround Rosey in a misshaped circle.]

RA: Introducing FIRST standing to my right... hailing from Pittsburgh, PA, at staunch two hundred and fifty pounds..... DEVVVIN HOULIHAN!!!!

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

RA: Hailing from Tokyo, Japan... Standing at five foot ten inches and weighing a hundred sixty some odd pounds....

.....JJJJJJOOOOOOSSSSSSIIIEEEEE SSSSAAAIITTTTOOOO!!!

[The crowd remains very much split on Saito as well it seems, except for the females in the audience who simply go apeshit!]

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

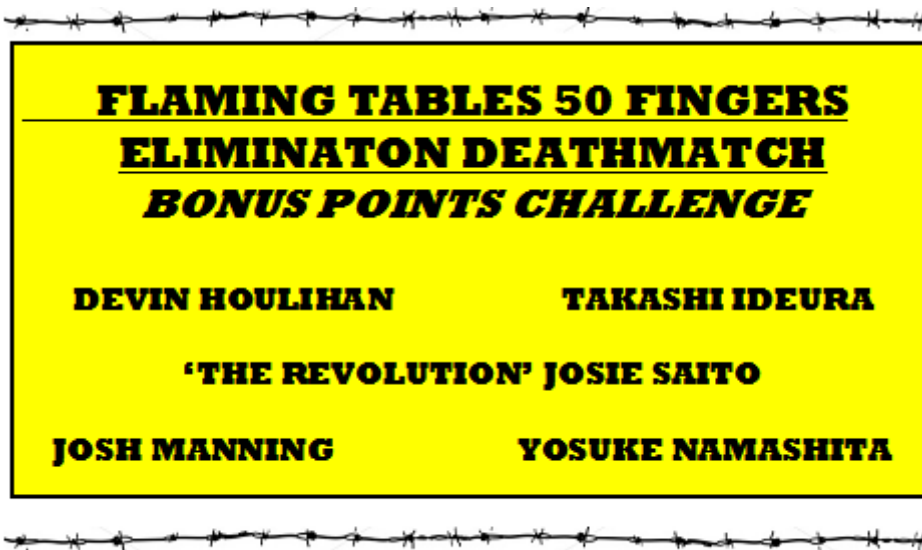
.....JJJJJJJJOOOOOOSSSSHHHH MMMAAAAANNNNNIINNNGGGG!!!

[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 his other four opponents... from outside the ring as he still has yet to enter the match.]

RA: And last but maybe... perhaps... hopefully right? From on the other side of the globe, with a combined weight of four hundred and twenty five....

...IIIDDDDDDEEEEE-NNNNAAAAAMMMMMMAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!

[The crowd gives the Japanese warriors a rounding ovation, as the duo hold their hands high in the air. Roselyn quickly exits the ring, as the men get their final stretches in and game planning 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, with Manning elsewhere.]

PB: Mannin' STILL not in the ring!

RD: Doesn't look like it matters, Paul, this shindig is fuckin' STARTIN'!!!!

[DING, DING, DING!!!]

[The four men in the ring remain in the corners, eyes darting back and forth, waiting to see who makes the first move. Of all people, It's Josh Manning!!!! He hops right up on the ring apron, behind Devin and Josie, lips flapping away as normal!]

RD: NOW he wants to be a part of the fun!!!

PB: From the look on dere faces, seems as if Devi n and Josie wish'd he juss stayed ahtside the ring!

[Devin and Josie exchange a quick look, as Josh ducks down to climb thru the ropes...]

***** FFFFFFFWWWWWOOOOOSSSSSHHHHH!!!! ****

***** CCCCCRRRRRRUUUUNNNNNCCCCHHHHHH!!!! ****

BACK

PB: HOW MUCH FRIED CHICKEN CAN YOU FUCKIN' EAT!?!?! THIRTY SECONDS IN AND WE HAVE CARNAGE ALREADY!!!

RD: Gotta give 'ole Stamper the assist on that one! He saw the potential for awesome and ACTED!!! Devin and Josie just clean Manning's clock with that double dropkick!!!

PB: I think I can smell burnt hair from HERE!!!

[As Damage Control helps make sure no serious burn damage occurs, Ide-Nama charges Devin and Josie!!! Ideura cleans Devin clock with a flying forearm, as Namashita downs Saito with a running dropkick!!! Devin quickly rolls to the outside, as Saito decides to bounce right back up!]

PB: That cat's got some CLAWS! Saito wailin' away on Yosuke!

RD: But he's just TAKIN' it!!! I'ma thinkin' he's wrestling with the idea of punching a girl!

PB: BAH!!! Fuck that traditionalist nonsense. If she can vote, she can take a beatin'!

[Dazed on his feet, Namashita looks ripe for the pickings, as Saito winds up and goes for the proverbial knockout punch... but Yosuke deflects, and uses Saito's momentum against her! He whips her hard into the corner! The crowd groans on impact! Ideura keeps his eyes on Devin, who's still stalling on the outside. Takashi had enough, he charges the ropes...]

***** FFFFFWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHHHHH!!! *****

***** CCCCRRRRRRRUUUUUUNNNNNNCCCHHHHHHHH!!! *****

PB: DONNA NEEDS A FUCKIN' DOUGHNUT AND SOME BURN CRÈME!!!! TALK ABOUT A PLAN BACKFIRING!!!!

RD: That Houlihan is one crafty bastard, playin' one half of Ide-Nama like a fiddle there!!! Ideura goes for the elbow suicida and ends up eating nothing but FLAMING FUCKIN' TABLE!!!

PB: Again, the almighty Stamper right there to light that bitch up! He's sure taking his job seriously tonight!

RD: Amazing what a lil self-confidence can do for someone!!!

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[With an angry yell, Yosuke charges Saito in the corner, crushing her with a running splash! He stays on the offensive, the angry just dripping off him. He takes a few steps back and moves in, going for a monkey flip...]

RD: Saito grabbin' those ropes for dear life!!! Namashita lands flat on his back!

PB: But that dun stop him one bit! Right back to his feet... RUNNING FUCKIN' DROPKICK!!!!

["The Revolution" damn near flips up and over the turnbuckles on impact, but manages to keep her feet! Yosuke takes a moment to locate "Dangerous" Devin Houlihan... and wise move, as Devin slides into the ring, steel chair in hand!]

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' SIXTH SENSE BATEMAN! Yosuke ruins the surprise by stomping all over Houlihan's hands!!!

RD: Namashita goin' to _TAHN_!!! Now _HE'S_ got the chair!!!

[Chair in hand, Yosuke pulls a groggy and rather foggy Devin Houlihan up to his feet...]

***** TTTTTTTHHHHHHHHHWWWWWWAAAAAAACCCCKKKKKK!!!! *****

PB: BUY THAT LITTLE BRAT A FUCKIN' DRINK AND HIS TWIN DOUCHEBAG BROTHER ONE TOO!!!! That chair is bent in fuckin' _HALF_!!!

RD: Devin just _BUSTED_ open on that one! He's lucky he caught himself on those ropes, or else he'd taken a nasty spill to the floor!!!

[EXPLOSION OF DISSAPROVAL!!!]

PB: GAAAAWWWD DDD DAMN!!! ROARIN' FUCKIN' ELBOW FROM SAITO!!!

RD: YOSUKE NEVER SAW HER!!! She hit him like a fuckin' freight train!!!

[Finally seeing her chance to shine, Saito doesn't bat an eye, quickly nudging the chair a bit closer to the still dazed and confused Houlihan before booting him right in the gut...]

PB: SLAP ME SILLY BILLY!!!! DOUBLE ARM FUCKIN' DDT ON THAT CHAIR!!!

RD: Devin just goes LIMP!!! I dun think anyone's behind the wheel, but Saito can't win it with a pinfall – she's gotta get some _WOOOOOOD_!!!

[Saito kips up to her feet and immediately takes in her surroundings, spotting the remaining half of Ide-Nama hunched over in the far corner. She instantly takes off full speed and leaps into the air...]

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PB: HOOOOOMMMEEEEERRRUUNNNN!!!! SHININ' FUCKIN' WIZARD IN THE CORNER!!!!

RD: In her playbook, that's listed as _LA DIABOLIQUE_!!! Call it whatever you wanna call it, that just put Yosuke on fuckin' dream street!

PB: Man, love her or hate her, ya can't deny that _RIGHT NOW_... she's top bitch in this deathmatch!!!

RD: Truer words have never been spoken, mango!

[With Devin still not moving and the blood pool growing steadily, Saito takes the initiative and calls out to the almighty two-time DERP 24/7 Champion... FOOOODSTAMPPP!!! The Stamper quickly slides a table into the ring, as well the necessary equipment!!!]

PB: Uh... ain't dere a lighter and gas attached to every ring post???

RD: Yuuuuup!

PB: So..... Uh... why the assist there from Food?

RD: What!?!? The "Homeless Hardcore Hero" can't try to get his dick wet!?!?!

[Giving a good stomp to Devin, Saito proceeds to set up the table near the center of the ring. Checking on Yosuke still draped in the corner, Saito proceeds to open up the can and get the table a good dousing! She quickly tosses the can back to the outside as the crowd becomes electricity, eagerly awaiting the human bar-b-que coming up!]

PB: But she doesn't light it up!?!?

RD: Yosuke's on the move! She didn't' get the chance!!!

[The two grapplers charge each other! Saito narrowly ducks the clothesline attempt, and as they each turn around, quickly strikes with a palm thrust to the chest! With Yosuke dazed, she turns on a dime, and catches him right across the jaw with a spinning heel kick!]

PB: GGRRRRRAATTEE GOOGLY MOOGLY!!!! What speed by Saito!! Wait... what's she lookin' for!?!?

RD: The _LIGHTER_!!! She musta' dropped it!!!!

[As Saito frantically scans the ring mat, she's quick to notice the "Dangerous One" supporting himself on that gasoline covered table, flicking the lighter in his hand! Josie quickly gets right in his face, but all Devin does is motion towards Yosuke!]

PB: BBAAAAAHHH!!! Saito sells aht to the devil's bitch!!! Yosuke is about to go up in _FLAMES_!!!

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***** FFFFFFFFWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSHHHHHH!!!! ****

PB: DIRTY DOUBLE FUCKIN' CROSSIN' DOUCHEBAG!!! Houlihan got Saito hooked!!!

RD: But she's not giving up yet!!! She's got her leg hooked around Devin's – she ain't' goin' nowhere!!!

***** CCCCCRRRRRUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNCCCCCHHHHHH!!!! ****

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: YES!!! YES!!! YYYYYEEEESSSSSS!!!! REVERSE FUCKIN' SUPLEX!!!!!!!

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: DEVIN GOES UP INSTANTLY!!! HE MUSTA' GOT SOME OF THAT GAS ON HIM!!!

PB: Karma is a fuckin' _BITCH_!!! HAHA!!! And just like that... we are dahn to the last _TWO_!!!

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RD: And we just barely reached the seven minute mark!!! What fuckin' chaos!!!

PB: Ya know!?!? I fuckin' LOVE IT!!!

[As Namashita supports himself against the ropes, "the Revolution" spins around and makes direct eye contact. Yosuke pushes himself off the ropes, as Saito rushes in...]

PB: GAWD DAMN!!! ROLLIN FUCKIN' KOPPO KICK!!!

RD: Yosuke aht on his FEET!!! He was just stopped dead in his tracks with that kick to the cranium!

[Josie shows no signs of letting up. Letting Yosuke wobble a few steps, Saito seizes the window of opportunity, and drops Namashita right on his head with a nasty exploder suplex!!! Quickly she rises to her feet, only to lay right back into Yosuke with knee drop after knee drops!]

RD: At this rate she's gunna smash her patella into smithereens!!!

PB: I dun think she gives a shiznit, yo!!!

[With the crowd on edge, Saito rises to her feet again... and drops a leg right across Yosuke's throat!!!]

RD: 'the Revolution' firmly in control here! Now all she's gotta do is get some WOOD!

PB: Some FLAMING wood at that!!!

[Saito has no hesitation in her plans, as quickly she gets herself a table much to the crowd's delight and sets up it near the one corner of the ring, but still relatively in the center in the ring. Turning quickly back to Namashita, 'the Revolution' assist the remaining half of Ide—Nama to his feet!]

PB: Saito's getting me all hot and bothered! She's looking to finish off Yosuke right here and now!

RD: HARD Irish whip to the corner by Josie! Yosuke lands with serious impact! I wonder what the young female warrior's got up her sleeve!

[Taking a moment to size up the situation, Josie takes off charging like a rocket at Yosuke. Quickly she leaps into the air and lands on his shoulders. Namashita flails but Josie maintains her position, as she takes a quick moment to look over her shoulder at the table she set up!]

***** FFFFFWWWOOOOOOSSSSHHHH!!!! *****

PB: AGAIN Foodstamp lighting things on fire! He's having a field day out dere!!!

RD: Josie's going for a Hurricanrana here it seems! Smart move by her to soften him up with hard rights and lefts first I say!

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[With the crowd counting along, the count reaches “TEN” before Saito braces herself...]

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!

PB: SHE’S FUCKIN’ DEAD!!! SHE’S FUCKIN’ DEAD GAWD DAMNIT!!! YOSUKE JUST PLANTED HER FROM THE TOP ROPE TO THE ARENA FUCKIN’ FLOOR!!!

RD: Damage Control INSTANTLY surrounds her! I dunno if she’s gunna be able to finish this match! Did you see how she fuckin’ landed?!?!

PB: That’ll take _YEARS_ off someone’s career! But that’s DEPR LIFE baby!!!

RD: Namashita rolls to the outside! From that look on his face, I’d say he thinks he mighta’ seriously hurt ‘the Revolution’!

[CROWD ROARS!!!]

PB: HOLY FUCKIN’ SHIT BATEMAN!!! SHE LIVES!!! Josie pushing Damage Control away – that girls got fuckin’ SPUNK!!!

RD: I can’t believe it! These fans can’t believe it! “THE REVOLUTION” STANDING TALL!!!

[With the crowd giving Josie a standing ovation, Namashita wastes no time and slides to the outside of the ring. Standing a bit wobbly on his two feet, Yosuke motions to the Stamper and the two men get themselves a table set up right there on the arena floor!]

PB: Yosuke getting ready to win this little shindig!!!

RD: I wouldn’t count Saito out yet – she’s still standing!

PB: BAH!!! She may be standing but I dun think she’s even got a clue what’s going on right now!!!

[With the table set up, Namashita staggers off towards Saito who is standing but leaning heavily upon the steel guardrail. The remaining half of Ide-Nama gives “the Revolution” a forearm shot before

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peeling her off the guardrail. He drags her back towards the table, and spins her around for a rear waistlock!]

***** FFFFFWWWOOOOOOSSSSHHHH!!!! *****

PB: YESSSSSSSSSS!!!! HERE IT COMES!!!! A FLAMING CUNT APPETIZER!!!!

RD: NOOOO!!!! SAITO BLOCKS IT!!!

[The crowd roars!!! Half excited to see Saito hanging on, but more excited because of how close someone is to being slammed thru a flaming table!!! Yosuke gives it another heave, but again gets nowhere as Saito blocks it again!]

PB: THAT CHEATIN' BITCH!!!! MULE FUCKIN' KICK!!! Saito breaks the hold!!!

RD: Namashita better watch it, or he's gunna put HIMSELF through that table!!!

PB: I think Josie's planning on giving him some assistance!!

[Very wobbly and very much showing the wear and tear of this hellacious opener, Saito steadies herself a few paces back, as Namashita seems to have frozen once his family jewels were smashed. Raising her arm, Josie takes off...]

***** CCCCRRRRRRRUUUUUUNNNNNCCCCCHHHHHH!!!!!! *****

PB: SCRATCH MY BACK WITH A FUCKIN' HACKSAW!!!! LA FUCKIN DIABOLIQUE!!!!

RD: THAT'S IT!!! MATCH OVER!!! SAITO WINS, SAITO WINS!!! SAITO FUCKIN' WINS!!!

SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE!

SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE!

SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE!

SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE!

SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE! SAY-TOE!

BACK

PB: Dere goes ONO!!! Devin may have just won himself gold!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: ...KICKOUT!!!!

PB: HAHA!!! ONO LIVES!!! DEVIN FAILS AGAIN!!!

RD: And boy he doesn't look pleased about it one bit!!!

[The frustration is just boiling over! Devin looks like a man possessed as he rises to his feet, damn near deciding to deck the 24/7 title referee but electing instead to give Synn a few stomps before pulling ONO up to his feet! But Devin took too long – ONO's fighting back!!!]

RD: RIGHT! LEFT!! RIGHT!!! ONO's got Devin rocked!!!

PB: YESSSSSS!!!! SUPERFUCK PLEX!!!! YESSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!

RD: And now ONO drops for the cover?!?!?!

PB: I LOVE IT!!! He actually PINS Devin here... HE GETS HIMSELF POINTS IN THE SERIES!!!

RD: I didn't know that little Jap was that smart!!!

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PB: I dun think ANYONE did!!!!

...ONE...

...TWO....

...THREE!!!!!!!

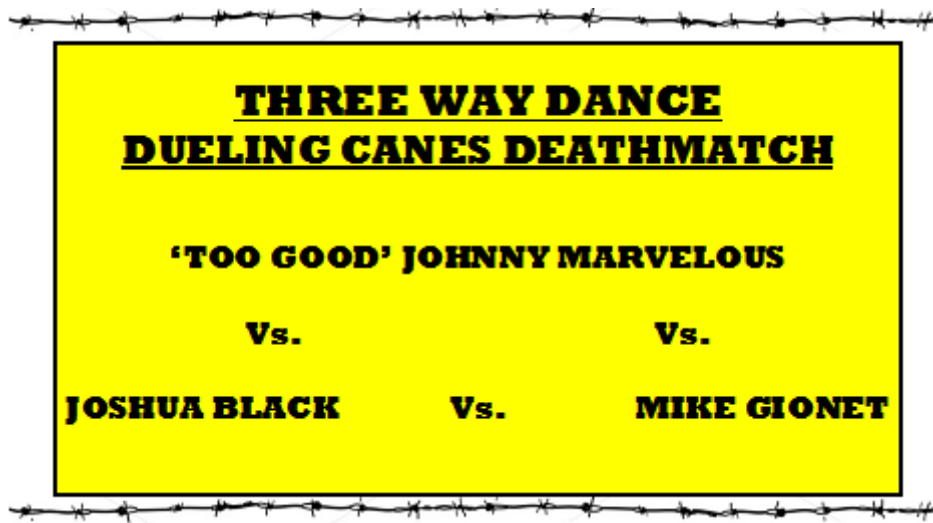
PB: That's it!!! _TWELVE_ points in the bank for ONO!!!

RD: INCONCEIVABLE!!!! But that's how the cookie crumbles yo!!!

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

[It's just a graphic, which 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 three warriors inside the ring,

***** TTTTTTTWWWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! *****

RD: Before the bell even rings, we got complete chaos!!!

***** TTTTTTTWWWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! *****

***** TTTTTTTWWWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! *****

***** TTTTTTTWWWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! *****

PB: CANE SHOTS FOR FUCKIN' _EVVVEERRRYONNEEE_!!!! Johnny fuckin' Marvelous juss goin' to _TAHN_!!!

RD: Gionet _BAILS_!!! I dunno if that rook knows what he's got himself into!!!

PB: Black's trying to hold his ground, but he's not lookin' so good!!!

BACK

*** TTTTTTTWWWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! ***

[And the cane's broken in half!!! Black stumbles backwards and falls right through the damn ropes to the outside floor with a nasty thud. The crowd just outright explodes with delight! They may not enjoy Johnny's attitude, but they love his violent behavior!]

PB: So how the HELL did you forget about this guy?!? He's an AWESOME!!!

RD: I dunno, Paul, but I can admit my fuck ups and move on! Johnny's got himself a chance of a life time and by the looks of it... he's not wastin' it one bit!!!

[Standing in the center of the ring, "Too Good" surveys all that lays before him. Black lays in a pile on the one side of the ring, but on the other Mike Gionet rests against the guard rail, eyes a bit wide. Johnny instantly puts the pedal to the floor!]

PB: SSSSCRRRAATCH MY BACK WITH A FUCKIN' HACKSAW!!!!

*** CCCCLLLLAAAAAANNNGGGG!!!! ***

RD: Johnny dives through the ropes, riskin' it all

PB: And got nothing but STEEL GUARDRAIL as a reward!!!! His skull's prolly split in two!

RD: Gionet springs into action, diving onto Marvelous for the pin!

PB: Least the rook's got some brains!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

*** TTTTWWWWHHHAAAAAACCCCKKKKK!!! ***

RD: BLACK BREAKS IT UP!!!

PB: And does so in STYLE!!! He just cleaned Gionet's clock with that cane!

[Johnny is still lying in a heap on the arena floor, as Gionet slowly stirs. He's assisted to his feet by Joshua Black, who quickly scoops Mike up and drops him right across his knee with a pendulum backbreaker! Gionet flops to the floor, immediately clutching at his back!]

RD: Black taking control here! Johnny is STILL knocked out it seems, and now the rookie seems to be in danger!

PB: Mikey's got the skills to make a splash and cause some serious hurt, but not lookin' like Black's gunna give him a chance to shine!

[Rising to his feet, Black jaws a bit with the cowboy hat superfan and ducks an empty beer can. Flipping the fans the bird, Joshua again assists Gionet to his feet, but this time is quick with a go behind... and drops Gionet right on his head with a high angle German suplex!]

RD: AND HE HOLDS ON, BRIDGING FOR THE WIN!!!

PB: That fuckin' douche nozzle may just win it here!

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: KICK OUT!!!!

[The fans ROAR with delight!!! They are very much thrilled to the gills that Gionet showed had smarts to keep himself alive! Gionet rolls against the ring, desperate for a breather a chance to get his head on straight. . Black is busy starrng daggers at the referee, and fails to notice “Too Good’ Johnny Marvelous behind!!!]

PB: Karma’s a _BITCH_!!! Black busy berating the referee?!?! Marvelous gunna make the man pay, juss you wait!!!

RD: Johnny quickly ascends to the top rope, and he better be fuckin’ careful! Looks like he’s operating with a serious lean right now!

[Marvelous sturdies himself on the top rope, as Black finally reaches the end of his rant and turns his attention back to the matters at hand. With Gionet looking like a beaten dog, Black turns around, trying to figure out where the hell Johnny went...]

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!

BACK

PB: RRRAAAZZZZLLLEEE FUCKIN' DDAAAZZZZZLEEEEE!!!! 450 FUCKIN'SPLASH!!!!

RD: MARVELOUS AGAIN SHOWING NO REGARD FOR HIS OWN PERSONAL SAFETY!!!

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: Ya think he woulda' learned after splitting his skulls open on that guardrail!

PB: All he learned was not to lead with his head from the looks of things!!!!

[All three men are sprawled out in various positions on the one side of the ring. The DERP faithful is continuing its expression of love and gratitude, as Marvelous and Gionet slowly stir. Johnny reaches out and braces himself, rising up to his feet using the guardrail, and spots Black's Singapore cane nearby. Gionet pulls himself up using the guardrail.]

RD: Johnny's got himself armed!!! Gionet better prepare for impact!!!

[HOLY FUCKIN' SHIT POP!]

PB: SCRATCH MY BACK WITH A FUCKIN' HACKSAW!!!! SPRINGBOARD FUCKIN' WHEELHAUS KICK!!!! Mikey just kicked Johnny's fuckin' head clean off!!!

RD: Hard to deny the ring smarts Gionet's displaying! Ducks the clothesline, leaps into the air and shows us all a acrobatic side that wrestling's been missin' in my opinion!

[With the crowd still in awe, Mike does his best to shake off hard concrete floor landing. As he rises up, the crowd again explodes but this time with a round of applause. Gionet leans against the ring, clutching at his one arm, as Joshua rises from the concrete floor on set of wobbly legs!]

RD: Dun get confused, peoples! This is a _TRIPLE THREAT_ affair!!! First fall _WINS_!!!

PB: So Black can lose without even being pinned?!?! I LIKE THAT!!!

[Soon as he steadies himself, Black locks eyes with Mike and stumbles in his directions, fists raised to strike. Gionet responds in kind... but then decides to going into spin cycle spasm mode... and wipe the smirk of Black's face with a tornado enzurguri!!!!]

BACK

PB: CHEESE AND FUCKIN' RICE!!!! HE'S KICKING EVERYONE'S FUCKIN' SKULL IN!!!! I think I likey this new kid!

RD: From the sounds of things, these fans do as well!!! I'm just impressed by the man's SPEED! He just spun in a 360 and deliver that boot right to Black's jaw! That's some fuckin' skill!

PB: And it can also be what brings him his first professional wrestling victory!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: NOOOOOOO!!!! SHOULDERS FUCKIN' UP!!!!

PB: So close!!! So very fuckin' close!!!

BACK

[Gionet doesn't look pleased but he doesn't let it stop him one bit. He rises to his feet and spots "Too Good" slowly rising to a kneeling position. With a quick check on Black's current state of consciousness, Gionet switches targets! He quickly swarms in... and grabs Marvelous right by the hair...]

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' LEG KICK ACTION BATEMAN!!! Marvelous gunna need reconstructive surgery after this one!!!!

RD: What fuckin' brutality we are seeing here!!! I think I juss found our diamond in the rough! Go Mikey, _GO_!!!! HAHA!!!

PB: I think you're as happy with Mikey's debut as these fans are!

[After just boot kick after boot kick after boot kick to Marvelous' skull, Gionet ceases with the rapid fire Kawada kicks. He lets go of Marvelous' hair and "Too Good" flops to the mat. Not skipping a beat, Gionet pulls Johnny up the rest of the way to his feet and whips him towards the ring. Displaying amazing awareness, Johnny jumps at the right moment and slides right into the ring!]

RD: WOW! Marvelous with some quick thinking there! But Gionet doesn't seem impressed! He hops right up on that apron! Black must hear the commotion – he's rising to his feet!

PB: Marvelous swings with a right... NO!!! Gionet fuckin' duck and gives him a shoulder block!

[With the wind knocked out of Johnny, Mike leaps up and over Johnny... bring him down to the mat with a sunset flip pin attempt! Johnny's legs kick wildly in the air as the ref quickly dives to start the count!]

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: BLACK DOES IT AGAIN!!! He breaks up the pin attempt... WITH A SLINGSHOT FUCKIN' DROP KICK!!!!

PB: Guess you could say Mikey just got a taste of his own medicine there!!!

RD: Clever, Paul. Reaaaalllllly clever.

[Gionet flips slash rolls his away across the ring a few feet, as Black crashes to the mat, damn near landing right on top of Johnny. Both Black and Marvelous get to their feet as fast as their battered and bruised bodies will allow, Black deciding to use the ropes for help; Johnny electing to do it all on his own.]

RD: Both men back on their feet and charging right back into battle!

PB: LOVE IT!!! So nice to see men FIGHTING, instead of puttin on a soap opera!

[Johnny raises his dukes, ready to strike, but Black has other plans. He ducks the right and grips Marvelous with a waistlock... and drops him with a textbook example of a belly to belly suplex... but doesn't let go! Black maintains the waistlock, pulling Johnny back up to his feet...]

PB: GOOD GAWD DAAAAMNN!!! NOTHER FUCKIN' BELLY TO BELLY!!!

RD: He's not done yet!!! He STILL got that waistlock on!

[Black again pulls Marvelous up to his feet, who is now visibly stunned from the two straight suplexes. Gionet stirs in the two corner as both men reach their feet... and Black just drops Johnny with another

BACK

devastating belly to belly! This time he lets go of the hold, and rushes to his feet, screaming "GRRRRREEATNESS BITCH!!!" The crowd instantly explodes with a chorus of boos!]

PB: These fans showin' NO LOVE for Joshua! Can't blame them really – he is a fuckin' jagoff!

RD: Jagoff or not, he's showing EVERYONE why he's one of the best tonight! Black drops dahn for the cover! This party may just be over!

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' IMPACT BATEMAN!!! GIONET BREAKS IT UP!!!

RD: And he does it with a bakatare fuckin' sliding kick! He hit Black with such impact Josh's now finds himself laying on the outside floor!

PB: Man, does that rook show amazin' potential!!! Let's see if he can fuckin' capitalize here and take home a victory!

RD: He juss may! Cover on Marvelous!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

RD: SHOULDER FUCKIN' UP!!! Gionet almost got the win there!

PB: But he's still in the driver's seat! Has Black showed any signs of life???

RD: I dun think so, Paul! Believe he's still lying in a heap on the outside!

[Actually, in fact, Black is not lying in a heap anymore! He's slowly risen up to a kneeling position, and now slowly gets himself completely standing, albeit a bit wobbly. With Marvelous showing little signs of life, Gionet backs up a few steps from the ropes, does some mental math and then bolts towards the ropes!]

PB: MICHEAL, MICHEAL, MOTOCYCLE!!!! SKYTWISTA' FUCKIN' PLANCHA!!!!

RD: AAAANNNDddd he sticks the fuckin' landing!!! Gionet may just have won himself this match!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

RD: SHOULDER FUCKIN' UP!!!!

PB: HOW!?!? How did he manage that one?!?! I may hate the man's guts, but he's earnin' some respect points tonight!

[While some may impressed with Black's resiliency, the majority of the DERP faithful is not pleased one bit. The fans closet to the action on the outside make sure to make their opinions known by all as Gionet slowly rises to his feet. Shaking the cobwebs free, Gionet slowly manages to pull Joshua back up to his feet. Marvelous army crawls his way to the one corner, at least one eye carefully glued on the going on's outside the ring.]

RD: Gionet looks like he's got himself a game plan here! I think he's signaling for his GOLDEN GIFT finisher!!!

PB: Whatever he's doin, it's certainly peeked Johnny's interest! "Too Good" rolls out of the ring...

RD: ...but apparently just biding his time hiding behind that fuckin' ring post!!!

[With the crowd effectively whipped into a frenzy, Gionet moves in on the wobbly Joshua black, going for what looks like a fireman's carry but with amazing quickness, spins Black and sends him crashing into the mat head first!]

PB: SOMEONE BUY BLACK A DRINK AND HIS WHORE ONE TOO!!! GOLDEN FUCKIN' GIFT!!!

RD: What a sick fuckin' move that is!!! Technically that's a swinging leg hook fireman's fuckin' carry slam, Paul!!!

PB: Well, whatever you just said just won this match for Gionet!!!

[As Gionet rises to his feet, smiling ear to ear, Marvelous steps out from behind the ring posts and starts his approach! Mike goes for the cover, but at the last moment sees Johnny!]

PB: JUMPIN' JACKHAMMERS!!!! MARVELOUS OUTTA NO WHERE!!!

RD: He just took Mike's head off with that Busaiku Knee kick!!! And Gionet was just about to put away Black!

PB: Now it looks like Marvelous gunna be the one to put away Black! I doubt Gionet's gunna be able to say much otherwise at this point!!!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

...THREE.....

RD: ITS OVER!!!! ITS FUCKIN' OVER!!!! Each man lying in a heap but to the spoils go the victor, which is "TOO FUCKIN' GOOD" JOHNNY MARVELOUS!!!

PB: WOOT, WOOT MUTHAFUCKIN' WOOOT!!! DAT SHIT WAS _AAAWWWEESOMEE_!!!

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

[The ring's ropes are adorned with all sorts of fun and interesting items, each wrapped in his own special strand of barbwire. Looks to be about six or seven different choices on each side of the ring, various repeats thrown throughout. This said artillery for the BARBWIRE HELL SWIMMING POOL DEATHMATCH includes such household items as a plunger, a rolling pin, a mop, and a broom; sports

BACK

equipment ranging from baseball bats and hockey sticks to basketballs and a man's genital protection; and you can't forget the electronics, including such items as keyboards, an Ipad, and a Sega Dreamcast. ONO and Tyrone stand in opposite corners, surveying their surroundings, also their eyes darting to the back of the crowd where the official DERP Pool exists.]



[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 DERP's black and gold squared circle in its wake.]

PB: Man, I gotta hand it to ya! Handlin' the denial to use the actual pool the way you did is just stellar!

RD: Eh, I promised this fans a swimming pool deathmatch! DAMNIT – I refuse to NOT deliver! And with that, this awesome spectacle of deathmatchness is about to start!!!

***** DING, DING, DING *****

PB: YESSSSS!!!! Ahhh, I've been waiting for this one _FOREEVVVEERRRR_ it seemed!!!

[The two men each take their own ganders at the weaponry surrounding them, but instead elect to take strides forward and greet in the center of the ring. "The Trashman" may give up a couple inches in height, but he certainly rivals ONO in pure muscle mass! The two men lock eyes, Heat's serious demeanor against ONO's pain loving, charity cause giving twinkle in his eye. Within seconds, the peace is broken!]

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' FLYING FISTS BATEMAN!!! This man are just going to TAHN on each other from the getgo!

RD: Thunderous rights and lefts from both men! Quickly they both got a wobble in their step! Which ones gunna fall first?!?!]

PB: My hearts with ONO but my money's on Heat!!!

BACK

[The fans get behind each blow. “OOOOOO”-ing when ONO lands a shot; “AAAAHHHHH”-ing when it’s Heat’s turn. After blow after blow after blow, both men look winded and ready to drop... but their manhood must remain intact and they keep on firing! Quickly, though, it’s Heat that gains an advantage! Switching it up, and just throwing quick jab after quick jab!]

RD: AND THEN A FUCKIN’ PALM THURST!!!! Heat’s got some anger behind him tonight!

PB: That spells pain for ONO and entertainment for everyone else – FINE BY ME!!!

[ONO stumbles back a few steps from the palm thrust, obviously the air forced out of his lungs. Tyrone wastes no time, quickly grabbing HEZONFAI A and whipping him into the ropes. Narrowly avoiding all the fun dangling from hemp rope, ONO charges back towards “the Trashman” ...]

PB: HIP FUCKIN’ CHECK FROM HELLLLLL!!!! ONO to the mat with AUTHORITY!!!

RD: The whole fuckin’ ring shook on that one, Paul! Tyrone firmly taking control of this one here!!! Luckily for ONO, only way to win it is that pool out behind the crowd, so he’s safe for now!

PB: Now being the operative word!

[With ONO flat on his back, seeing stars and sucking wind, Heat takes a good look out at the DERP Faithful in Buffalo. Not displaying much emotion, Heat moves swiftly to the ring ropes, grabbing him the barbwire plunger! The crowd’s instantly swarming with energy!]

PB: OH MAN!!! “the Trashman” gets ahold of the plunger!!! Can’t wait to see what harm he can inflict!

RD: He makes his way over to ONO... and drapes it across the “Japanese Jumpin’ Beans” face???

[The crowd seems a bit confused, but Tyrone doesn’t falter one step. He walks backwards a couple strides to the nearest set of ropes and then charges back right at ONO....]

PB: SNORTIN’ RAILS IN NORTH VERSAILLES!!! CURB FUCKIN STOMP ON THAT FUCKIN’ PLUNGER!!!!

RD: That wooden handle just EXPLODED on impact! I bet chu any money pieces of that plunger are now IMBEDDED in ONO’s head!

[The crowd virtually squeals with delight over the violence! More so when the trickles of blood can be seen staining DERP’s yellow ring mat and then even louder as “the Trashman” works with the Damage Control members at ringside, having a barbwire board slid into the ring along with two steel folding chairs. Tyrone quickly sets out to make his project a reality.]

PB: Ya could argue Tyrone’s busy being a mad scientist with the care he’s using!

RD: When ya gotta do sumptin, do it RIGHT the first time! Nothing wrong with living life that way Paul!

BACK

PD: Oh trust me, I'm GEEKED right now! I can't way to see the PAIN on ONO's face when he gets planted!!!!

[With the steel chairs proper distance apart and the barbwire board bridged inbetween, "the Trashman" turns around, focusing squarely on HEZONFAIA. While Tyrone was busy setting up his project, ONO managed to roll his way to the corner. As Heat approaches, he slowly makes his way up to standing, and turns around just in time to be blasted with a flying shoulder charge!]

PB: JIMMNEY CRICKETS!!! What fuckin' IMPACT!!! I think that ring post's bent!

RD: ONO's ribs HAVE to be smashed to smithereens!!!

[With eyes bulging out of his head, ONO is led by a wrist clutch a few feet over closer to where 'the Trashman' has set up his makeshift table. Once within striking distance, Tyrone moves to draw HEZONFAIA closer.... But ONO's got other ideas!!! He steps behind Heat with a hammerlock!]

*** CCCCCRRRRRRUUUUUNNNNNNCCCCCHHHHHH!!! ***

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: SLAP ME FUCKIN' SILLY BILLY!!!! ONO CAUGHT HEAT OFF GUARD THERE!!! 'the Trashman' just PLANTED on his fuckin' head with that hammerlock fuckin' suplex!!!

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 INSTANTLY BUSTED OPEN!!! Look at that fuckin' blood flow!! These rapid fans are falling over themselves with glee!!!

[Despite the sudden outburst of violence, ONO is unable to really capitalize. While Heat is busy pulling himself free from the strands of barbwire, HEZONFAIA slowly pulls himself up to his feet using the

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closet set of ropes he can find. There, the fans still going completely apeshit, he takes a few minutes to collect himself, checking first to see how badly his forehead's split open.]

RD: Both men a BLOODY mess, but only one man's standing right now and that's the "JAPANESE JUMPIN' BEAN"!!! Ya can certainly tell he's been on the receiving end much of the match!

PB: Yea, and you can tell Heat's the one that went thru that barbwire board! His back is just torn the fuck up!

RD: Dun forget, Pauly, this match be for the NUMBER ONE CONTENDERSHIP for that DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPIONSHIP!!! This mean have some serious motivation to hold nothing back and leave it all out dere in the ring!

PB: I think Heat's motivated enough juss by his desire to fuckin' hurt people!!!

[While ONO's getting his second wind on the ropes, Heat slow to show signs of life but certainly wastes no time in getting to his feet. Hearing the rise of the crowd, ONO turns around, quickly choosing to arm himself with one of the barbwire baseball bats! He rushes in, trying to make sure Heat's still a bit hazy and vulnerable!]

PB: GRATE BAWLS OF FIRE!!! RIGHT ACROSS THE FOREHEAD!!! ONO taking the fight right to the "the Trashman!"

RD: I think Heat's out of his feet but that really does ONO no good until they get near that pool on the outside!

PB: It's still until the ten minute mark – plenty of time to meet and greet with the pool!

[With Tyrone rather foggy and very groggy, ONO wastes no time and whips him into the ropes on the other side of the ring. On instinct more than anything, Heat charges back... and is quickly knocked right back into the ropes with a jaw crunching jumping back elbow!]

PB: Heat's damn lucky he didn't tumble the whole way to the arena floor!

RD: That depends on your point of view – I'm not so sure he wouldn't enjoy some separation from the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" at this juncture!

[Seemingly surprised, ONO pauses for a moment, unsure of Heat's true state of consciousness. But with the fans screeching, HEZONFAIA wastes little time questioning the situation and starts laying into Tyrone with just a brutal series of Lotus kicks!]

RD: One right after another, ONO just tearin' into 'the Trashman!'"

PB: He pauses.... And there's the spinnin' fuckin' backhand!!! Tyrone looks very dazed right now!

[With the fans behind him, ONO backs up a few steps, as the stars circle Tyrone's head. With a warrior's cry, ONO bolts straight for Tyrone... and takes them both crashing to the arena floor with nasty clothesline!]

BACK

PB: SNOOTCHIE FUCKIN' BOOOTCHIES!!! Both men to the floor JUST like that!

RD: Hard to tell which man took the worst of that spill! They're BOTH slow to move!

PB: Shit, ONO's been defending that 24/7 title for TWO WEEKS! He was worn aht before this match even started!

[Both men are slow to stir. Tyrone's busy using the ring apron to right himself as ONO chooses to crawl towards the guardrail and use that as his means to a standing position. The DERP faithful give both men a round of applause... but begin to cheer even louder as the one and only... FOODSTAMP emerges from the ramp way – pushing a hamper!?!?]

RD: Ladies and gentlemen... I present to yins... the... HAMP-A-O-DOOOOOOOOOM!!!

PB: Looks at that laundry cart! There's all types of awesomeness in their for people to maim each other with! It's like Christmas in August!!!

RD: Your welcome, your welcome. I figured with this match having to go on the MOVE we needed a mobile apparatus to bring the barbwireness ANYWHERE in the arena! Thus... the HAMP-A-O-DOOOOOOOOOM was born!

[Sensing a golden opportunity, ONO quickly beckons Foodstamp over with his hamper, and instantly starts carefully rifling through its contents. With one eye on Tyrone who's standing and now once again on the prowl, ONO springs into action!]

PB: BARBWIRE FUCKIN' SOFTBALL TO THE FUCKIN' CRANIUM!!! With an arm like that, ONO should be in the Olympics!

RD: PAU L – he IS... just the MBC Basterd Olympics!!! Continuing the display of athletic ability, HEZONFAIA gots himself a soccer ball!

[Carefully handling the barbwire soccer ball, ONO eyes up Tyrone, waiting for the man to catch his balance. Soon, as he does, ONO whips the soccer ball... and catches Heat again right across the dome! "the Trashman" begins to show blood loss, as the 'Japanese Jumpin' Bean' reaches back into the hamper....]

PB: SCORIN IN PILLS IN THE NORTH HILLS!!! FUCKIN' BARBWIRE FRISBEE TO THE FUCKIN' SNAUZZZEEEE!!!

RD: But despite the blood, I think the only thing ONO's managed to do is piss 'the Trashman' off!

[Shaking his head furiously, sprinkling the front row fanatics with blood droplets, Heat takes off on a straight bull rush for ONO! Looking like a deer in headlights, ONO freezes momentarily but manages to react in time, catching Heat...]

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!

PB: EDDIE FUCKIN' SPAGHETTI!!! STUN FUCKIN' GUN ON THAT GUARDRAIL!!!

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: HEZONFAIA mighta' juss crushed Heat's larynx! Forget finishing this match, the man might not be able to breath anymore!

[Showing no care in the world for Heat's ability to breath, they continue their outpouring of love for ONO, who's slow to rise to his feet but beams a gigantic smile as he spies Tyrone on the arena floor, clutching at his throat, eyes damn near bulging completely out of his head!]

RD: ONO wastin' no time what-so-EVVEEERR!!! He immediately charges in and starts stomping away!

PB: YESSS!!! I love the aggressiveness! That's the kinda fightin' spirit that it takes to be successful here in the DERPness!

[Stomp after stomp after stomp! Heat's lucky he's not become a permanent fixture of the concrete flooring, as ONO decides his legs tired and switches things up, pulling a non-resistant "Trashman" up to his feet. Before anyone can bat an eye, ONO quickly hooks Tyrone up...]

RD: JUDO FUCKIN' HIPTOSS OVER THE GUARDRAIL!!

PB: He just dropped him like a fuckin' ton of BRICKS!!! Heat might have just had his skull cracked open!

[With Heat motionless, ONO takes a moment to bask in his glory, giving the fans a slight head nod before himself climbing over the guardrail. He grabs Tyrone by the ankle, and slowly pulls him deeper into the crowd, his hand pointing towards the stairway that leads to the balcony.]

RD: Deep into the crowd and coming near us, ONO lets Heat go and keeps on walking!

PB: He's got something on his mind, as he now turns to face the sprawled aht "Trashman"!

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[Taking a moment to steady himself, ONO takes off in a flash straight for Tyrone, quickly tucking himself into a ball in the air, crash landing onto Tyrone with a somersault Senton! Before the fans can even show their approval, HEZONFAIA gets right back up to his feet and drops an elbow right to Heat's temple!]

RD: He juss keeps dem elbows comin', one right after another! ONO keeping his foot on the gas pedal and not letting Heat get any sort of rest!

PB: But he's tirin' himself aht with this quick pace! I dunno if he's gunna have anythang left in the tank!

***** CCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKKK!!! *****

PB: WHAT THE FUCK!?!?! FOODTAMP WITH A BARBWIRE SINGAPORE CANE!?!?!

RD: AND HE'S DEMANDING THE REF MAKES THE COUNT!!! THAT LITTLE PRICK'S TRYING TO WIN THAT 24/7 TITLE!!

PB: I dun think he's trying – I think he's _DOIN' _!!!

...ONE...

PB: I think it may be safe to say you've created a greedy fuckin' monster!

..TWO...

RD: Sure looks that way! What the flying fuck!?!?! I thought giving him odd jobs would take his mind off the gold but he's got the feva'!!!

RD: FUCK... THAT'S THREE!!!!!!!

PB: Though I gotta admit... the Stamper showed some smarts there!!! Making sure he was a part of the match, and then pouncing soon as there was opportunity! Who knew that freak had any brains!?!?

[The fans are not happy at all with Foodstamp's selfish act of betrayal! Not wanting to hear it, the Stamper bolts for the back, cradling his newly won 24/7 title in his hands! ONO slowly stirs, blood now pouring from the back of his head. Heat's still sprawled out, limply kicking his legs, chest rising and falling rhythmically!]

RD: Shit, he mighta' cost ONO more than the 24/7 title – he mighta' cost him a shot at the YouTube Championship as well!

PB: That's if Tyrone gets himself up to his feet! He's still struggling to just get to his knees!

[With the crowd's disenfranchised with Foodstamp's treacherous behavior, the noise level is a light murmur, until the "HERE WE GO!" superfan springs into action!]

HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!

CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!

CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!

CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!

CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!

CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!

CLAP, CLAP

BACK

PB: YES!!! Our fans _TRAVEL_!!! That's awesome!!!

RD: It's also awesome that ONO's now made his way to his feet! He may look like the slightest breeze could blow him over, but the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" is _STANDING_!!!

HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!	CLAP, CLAP
HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!	CLAP, CLAP
HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!	CLAP, CLAP
HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!	CLAP, CLAP
HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!	CLAP, CLAP
HERE WE GO, OOH-NOO, HERE WE GO!!!	CLAP, CLAP

PB: Heat's almost to his feet!!!

[As HEZONFAIA staggers on his approach, "the Trashman" rises to a wobbly standing position. Soon as he gets within striking distance, Heat leaps into action and strikes ONO hard with a double throat thrust! HEZONFAIA's hands instantly go right to his throat, as Heat grips him up...]

PB: HE JUSS BEAT HIM LIKED A RENTED FUCKIN' MULE!!! OVERHEAD RELEASE
FUCKIN' SUPLEX!!! Those rows of chairs scatter instantly!!!

RD: ONO's not moving; Heat's already slowly rising to his feet! I think "the Trashman" has found his second wind!

PB: ...which means all ONO did was make him a VERY, VERY angry man!

RD: Nearing the fifteen minute mark here, and the man are _FINALLY_ within a few yards of the stairway that can lead them to victory!

PB: Bout _TIME_!!! I can't wait to see the free form dive into that pool! It's gunna be
AWESOME!!!!

[A bit wobbly but standing, Heat marches over towards ONO, quickly deciding to help the now former DERP 24/7 champion to his feet, electing to quickly whip him with stunning brute force into the nearby cement wall! ONO smacks against the wall with a sickening thud!]

BACK

PB: They're getting CLOOOOSSSEERR!!! I think this match is about to head into the upper level!

RD: For now they're a few feet away, fighting right up against the back wall! ONO's barely standing, Heat slowly approaches...

PB: What the FUCK is ONO doing!?!?

[As "the Trashman" approaches, ONO begins frantically pointing and gesturing towards something on the wall right near him. His behavior quirks everyone's attention, including the camera man who zooms in and solves the mystery. Right under where ONO's fingers pointing reads the words in big bold letters "NO FIGHTING IN THE FIELD HOUSE"!]

PB: Does ONO really expect Heat to follow the RULES?!?! A man like Tyrone was born breakin' da rules!

RD: Perhaps he just wants a rest! Tyrone has stalled his approach!

[With his hands on his hips, 'the Trashman' stares at ONO who's done pointing and gesturing, now just shrugging in a "what do we do?" manner. Tyrone shakes his head in response.... AND DAMN NEAR TAKES OFF ONO'S HEAD!!!]

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' THRUST KICK BATEMAN!!! ONO's head just bouncin' off that cement wall! So much for NO FIGHTIN' eh?

RD: And so much for the lower level says Tyrone Heat! "the Trashman's" wasting no time and peels ONO off the floor, only to send him stumbling towards the stairway!

[ONO is damn lucky to not fall flat on his face, with the force Tyrone keeps shoving him forward with. Once the pair reach the steps, Tyrone reaches out and cinches ONO's head in a side headlock, and starts trucking right up the steps!]

PB: I remember once askin' why if we tryin' to cut overhead, why the hell did we buy so many cameras... now I am soooooo fuckin' glad we did!!!

RD: HA! I told 'cha Paul – trust the VISIONARY! I mean, shit, the main reasonin' is not only the 24/7 title is impossible without a shit ton of cameras, but now as this action even goes out of OUR viewing range.... We get to alllll watch it on the DERP-a-tron!!!

[While some fans elect to watch the screen, other elect to bum rush the stairway, trying to get a up close and personal look. However, there are even others who decided to hang out in the lower level but far enough away from the "official DERP Diving Board" that it's visible in sight, so no matter what, they'll see a man take a plunge!]

PB: Heat's runnin' outta gas! Over fifteen minutes of fightin' and then a flight of stairs have worn him the fuck aht it seems!

RD: Seeing that his now crawled to a STOP, I'd have to believe you Paul!

BACK

[Tyrone twists and yanks on the sidehead lock a bit, taking a moment to catch his breath as he stands only a few feet from the top. With a grunt, Heat trudges on and makes his way to the top, chest heaving and the blood gushing! Once at the top, Tyrone lets go of the headlock, only to step behind and lock on an air tight cobra clutch!]

PB: OOOOHHHH SNNAAAAPP!! Tyrone's gunna turn ONO into a limp noodle!!! Gotta imagine that'd make it easier for ONO to take the big splash!

RD: I think ONO may already be aht! There's not much fightin' in them bones, far as I can tell! Heat doesn't seem to mind though, as he starts dragging ONO towards the diving board!

[With the clutch cinched tight, "the Trashman" gets himself and ONO very close to the diving board Delaney had the Damage Control team jury-rig together. Once he's damn near on it, Tyrone throws his hip into ONO, and sends him flying overhead, crashing into the wall like a runaway Honda!]

RD: ONO's put up a helluva fight here, but I think his lucks run out! He's lost his 24/7 title and he's about to lose this match!

PB: Dun you count the little Jap aht yet! He's surprised us before! Ya never know with a man like him!

[Battered and beaten, ONO offers no resistance to "the Trashman" as Tyrone peels up from the concrete floor. He tosses an eye over his shoulder, eyeing up the launching platform to DERP's official swimming pool. Heat moves ONO closer to the diving board, clubbing him over the back with forearm shots...]

PB: AND ONO'S FIGHTING BACK!!! HE'S FLAILING WILDLY!!!

RD: THESE FANS ARE BESIDES THEMSELVES!!! THEY CAN'T BELIEVE THIS!!!

[The two men just start unloading on each other with incredible brutal haymakers!!! Each man just looks out on their feet... but ONO lets out a primal scream, the words barely audible but yet everyone knows...]

PB: SPRINGLOADED FUCK PLEX!!!!!! SPRING FUCKIN LOADED FUCK PLEX!!!! HEAT'S OUT!!! HEAT'S FUCKIN' OUT!!!

RD: I think that took all ONO had! I dunno if he's able to get the "Trashman" into that pool!!!

PB: The DEPR Faithfull will give him the strength! Just LISTEN to this crowd!!!!

[Perhaps the "Japanese Jumping Bean" won't only have to rely on the fans... as Synn appears in the balcony!!!! He approaches his wounded client, clutching a barbwire covered football helmet!!! The crowd reaches another decibel level with utter excitement filling the air as Synn slams the helmet on ONO's head and does all he can to get the former 24/7 champion up to his feet!!!!]

PB: YES!!!! YESSS!!! I LOVE IT!!! Synn is here to save the day and right the wrongs!!!

RD: Normally I'd be very upset about such interference but with the attack Stamper delivered on ONO... I gotta allow this! I just gotta!!!

BACK

[With ONO on his feet, Synn then switches directives and starts... helping Tyrone up to his feet!?!?! Shouting out something towards ONO, Synn manages to get 'the Trashman' up to his feet as well! He even gets him into position, right on that diving board!!!!]

PB: It's all set up!!! Now ONO's just gotta deliver that knockout punch!!!

RD: That is if he can find his way! I'm not convinced he even knows he's standing up!!!!

[The fans and Synn continue to shout at the top of their lungs and it seems to get through as ONO braces himself, and lines up the target! With a warrior's cry, ONO takes off, charging head first with that barbwire helmet gift he received!!!!]

PB: OOOOOHHHHHMMMMMYYYYYYGGGGGAAAAAWWWDDDDDD!!!!

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: ELVIS HAS JUST LEFT THE FUCKIN' BUILDING!!!! THEY'RE DEAD!! THEY'RE FUCKIN' DEAD!!!

RD: HEAT DIDN'T JUST MOVE OUTTA THE WAY... HE PULLED SYNIN INTO THE LINE OF FIRE!!!!

PB: I dunno what ONO did in a past life, but GOD JUST STRUCK HIM THE FUCK DAHN!!!!

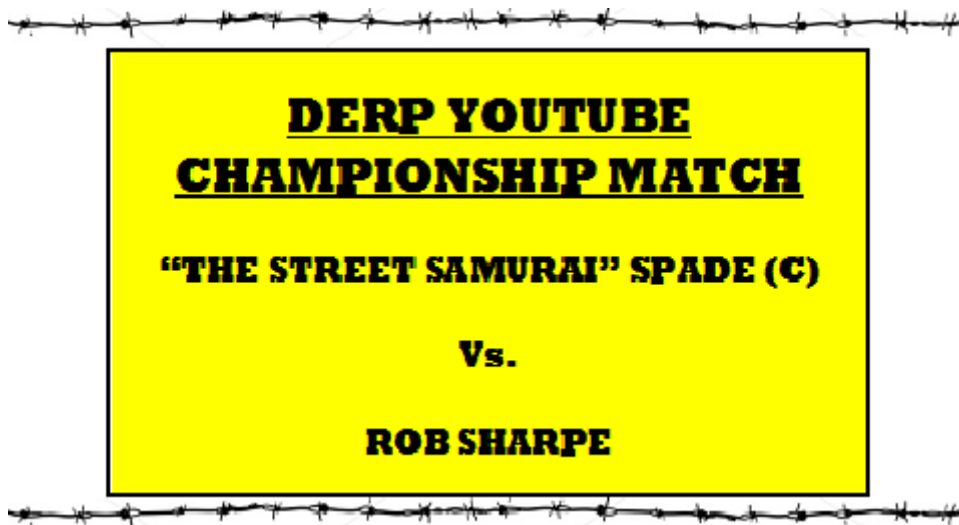
HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!
HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!
HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!
HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!
HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

BACK

[The fans continue to go berserk, as Tyrone stands in the balcony watching below, as Damage Control goes on a Japanese fishing expedition, pulling Synn and ONO to safety and out of the nasty urine filled muck that is the official DERP swimming pool.]

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

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



[The graphic only remains long enough to barely read everything that's on it. It Word-art's itself right back off the screen, leaving the scene filled with the four brutes inside the ring, as the bell goes "DING, DING, DING" and the match begins! The moment the bell rings, Spade and Sharpe both rush in throwing knuckles, and the crowd hits. The referee tries to warn 'em off, but the two keep at it, pinballing around the ring.]

PB: Neither man wastin' any time! They just getting right to it! Gotta love that!

RD: Not like they got any time to waste, Paul!!! These YOUTUBE TITLE matches gots themselves a fifteen minute time limit!!!

[Sharpe forces Spade into one corner and gets in a few good shots, really working over the body of the champion. Taking a step back, Sharpe decides to whip Spade right across the ring! He comes crashing in, and then follows it up with kick after kick after kick, right to Spade's gut!]

RD: Good strategy by the challenger here! Keep working over the body, wear the champ down and hopefully pick up the victory!

BACK

PB: I dunno, man, I think all Robbie's doin' is makin' the "Street Samurai" _MAD_!!!

[With Spade reeling a bit against the ropes,, Sharpe locks him up tight with a high headlock. Spade hooks an arm around the ropes and vigorously tries to free himself! He just can't quite slip out of the hold.... BUT MANAGES TO TOSS ROB AND HIMSELF OVER THE TOP ROPE!!!]

PB: HOLY SHIT BATEMAN!! They land on their feet and go right back to trading shots!!!

RD: Lefts, and rights!!! These fans are divided, showing their vocal support for the both of these men!

[The referee stands in the ring and... starts counting!?!? Everyone almost looks confused until it starts to sink in that this match actually DOES have rules!!! The wrestlers seem to heed no attention, though, as the keep trading shots on the outside! Spade seems to have gained the advantage and goes for to whip Sharpe right into those steps!]

PB: REVERSSSSEEDDD!!! SHARPE SENDS SPADE FLYING INTO TH STEPS!!!!

RD: NOOOO!!!! SPADE SOMEHOW PUT ON THE FUCKIN' BRAKES!!!

[Sharpe grunts and charges right at the standing "Street Samurai" who quickly throws up an elbow and stops Rob right in his tracks! He then leaps onto the steps and back off again, with a springboard body press, crushing the challenger into the arena floor! The referee hits "FIVE!", as the light bulb finally goes off and the champion dives into the ring!]

PB: He can't _SERIOUSLY_ win by count out can he???

RD: Hate to break it to ya, Paul, but, yea, he _CAN_! Gotta have _RULES_ sometimes Paul!

[As the "Street Samurai" rises to his feet in the center of the ring, the referee continues the count. The fans at ringside are basically rabid, screaming with all their might at Sharpe to get his ass back in the ring. Perhaps it has some sort of effect, as the challenger does in fact slowly rise to his feet. . The referee hits "EIGHT!" and instincts kick in, as the wily old vet dives into the ring!]

RD: Look, Paul! He _BEAT_ the count! Aren't you happy?!?!

PB: I'll be happy once I see some steel chair and broken tables!!!

RD: Gunna have to wait say 'nother ten minutes or so!

[“The Street Samurai” wastes no time and gets right on the attack, catching Sharpe’s arm but Sharpe quickly turns it into an arm wringer to clothesline... but Spade ducks!!!! The Samurai then gets behind Sharpe with a rear waistlock and goes for a fast back suplex but Sharpe rolls out of it and lands on his feet.!!!]

RD: Just an incredible pace of action here! These men showin they got SKILLS!!!

[The two men go right back at it, with Sharpe swinging a nasty left! Spade invokes a Matrix-esque escape and avoids the contact! Surprised he missed, Spade’s able to catch Sharpe with a neck breaker....

BACK

NOOO!!! Rob somehow weasels his way free, and catches the champion with a quick boot to the gut, followed but a DDT.....

RD: NOOOOO!!!! NORTHERN LIGHTS FUCKIN' SUPLEX!!!

PB: AND SPADE HOLDS THE BRIDGE FOR THE PIN!!! Maybe this actual wrestling nightmare I'm forced to endure will finally end!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: ...SHOULDER UP!!! SHARPE BEATS THE COUNT!!!

PB: DAMN IT ALL TO HELL!!! He shoulda' had him there!!!

BACK

RD: But he didn't!!! Sharpe keeps himself alive but he hasn't escaped the "samurai's wrath yet!!!

[Spade bridges his legs, causing the two form a human bridge. Quickly, they spin apart and Spade goes for a spinning back kick! Sharpe barely ducks it and catches Spade from behind! With the 'Samurai' off balance from the kick, Rob connects with an impressive falling neckbreaker!]

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: ...KICK OUT!!! Spade's turn to beat the count!!

PB: ARGH!!! I think I'm getting more annoyed that I seem to actually... be... ENJOYING this!
AAAAAHHHHHH!!!!!!

BACK

[The 37 year old veteran presses the attack on Spade, catches his rising opponent with a knee clip to the face that sends him falling into the ropes. Grabbing Spade by the arm, Sharpe pulls him into a snap scoop slam, hooking the leg once again!!!]

RD: Another pin attempt!!!!

PB: YES!!!

...ONE...

..TWO...

RD:....KICKOUT!!!!

PB: NOOOOO!!!!

RD: _YES_, Paul – this YOUTUBE CHAMPIONSHIP match continues!!!

[Sharpe starts to rise with Spade but finds himself pulled right into a small package pin!]

PB: GAWD DAMN!!!! How many times they gunna try this shit!?!?!?

RD: As many as it takes!!!!

...ONE...

..TWO...

RD:SHOULDER UP!!!!!!!!!! Sharpe just manages to break the hold in time!!!

PB: GAAAAAAAAAAAAWD DAMNIT!!! There's just no QUIT in these fuckers is there?!?!

[Sharpe quickly rolls away and clammers to his feet quickly. "the Street Samurai" stays on the attack, closing right in with a high Feint kick which cleans Rob's clock! But the champion's not done, as he quickly connects with a spinning leg sweep that sends Sharpe crashing to the mat! Spade's back to his feet before anyone can bat their eyes, dropping a textbook somersault leg drop right across Sharpe's throat!!!]

RD: Just one punishing move after another!!! Spade just vicious out there!!! But he's not done yet!!!

PB: GRATE GOOGLY FUCKIN' MOOGLLY!!! SPRINGBOARD FUCKIN' MOONSAULT!! He's a fuckin; monkey!!!

RD: Now he goes for the pin!!!! I dunno if Sharpe's gunna be able to beat this count!!!

...ONE...

..TWO...

RD:....KICKOUT!!!! JUST IN FUCKIN' TIME!!!

PB: BULLSHIT!!! I call BULLSHIT!!!! That had to be a fuckin' three count!!

RD: Ref's got two fingers in the air, Paul!!! Rob just saved himself in the nick of time!!!

[Visibly frustrated but not letting it deter him, Spade helps Sharpe up but catches a surprise headbutt for his efforts!!! Sharpe seizes the daylight and follows quickly with a gut punch and a hard Irish whip into the corner! NOOO!!! Sharpe catches Spade in a side slam grapple, but Spade twists and turns it into a flying head scissors!!!!!!]

PB: WWOOOOOWZZZZAAAAAAA!!!!!! Sharpe just FLUNG right across the ring!!!

RD: And he dun look pleased about it one bit!

[The two men stand across from each other, the entire audience giving the two men a round of applause, thunderous in its volume. The two warriors lock eyes, before Spade moves in, not wasting any time. Sharpe seems ready for him, catching the champion with a well-placed snap power slam!]

RD: Pure power right there from Sharpe! The old man's showing he's still got it!

PB: BAH!!! That old man's gunna hurt himself if he don't watch it!

BACK

[Sharpe follows that up with a whip to the corner! The champion lands with authority, as Rob takes off, connecting with a running left-handed corner lariat!!! But before “the Street Samurai” even knows what hit him, Sharpe pulls him out of the corner and drops him to the mat with a Coconut Crunch!!!!]

RD: HE CALLS THAT THE CITY WIDE SPECIAL!!!! This could be hi—WIAT!?! He’s not going or a pin!?!?!]

PB: No! The moron fuckin’ doesn’t! He’s got Spade locked in some stupid submission hold!!!

[Electing to go for a submission victory perhaps, Sharpe locks in a Rocking Horse, continually macking Spade's face into the canvas multiple times before letting go.... only to lock in THE AGONIST!!!!]

RD: I think Sharpe’s decided he can’t PIN the “Street Samurai”, so he might as well try to make him submit!

PB: What a glorious waste of fuckin’ time!!! The Street Samurai is NEVER gonna “I QUIT”!!!

RD: He may not, but he may be rendered crippled for the rest of this match if he doesn’t find a way to break this hold!!!

[The crowd hoots and hollers, trying to give Spade some sort of motivation to get himself towards the ropes. He keeps trying and trying, but Sharpe is doing all he can to negate any progress the champion makes... and he’s doing a damn good job at it!!!]

PB: Only a matter of time until he breaks the hold!!! Sharpe’s got old man strength going – he can’t hold this on forever!!!

RD: He won’t have a choice if Spade gets himself to the ropes, and he’s getting damn close Paul!!!

[Spade keeps struggling to escape, but Rob's hold is iron! However, Spade has continued to make progress... and finally gets himself to the ropes!!! The hold is broken, as Sharpe is forced to let go!!! Rob even lets “the Street Samurai” get up to his feet, but Spade can barely put any weight on his one wheel!]

RD: That calf slicer might notta brought Sharpe the victory, but it sure as hell was effective! Spade looks like he can barely stand!

PB: Possom!!! Spade’s simply playing possum!!!

[Sharpe goes after that leg, viciously attacking it with a series of kicks. He then picks Spade up by his leg, drops to a kneel, and executes a knee breaker! Sharpe then goes an Boston Crab, but Spade twists out of the hold and boots Sharpe in the knee cap. Spade returns the favor, targeting that knee with repeated short kicks. Spade finishes it up with a high roundhouse that rocks Sharpe off his feet!]

PB: AND THE SAMURAI REGAINS CONTROL!!! This is it – Spade got him in his sights!!

RD: He’s gotta be able to stand up first!!! Sharpe damn near beats the champion to his feet!!!

BACK

PB: YES!!! Nothing better to quench my thirst for blood than more 24/7 title INSANTIY!!!

RD: hard for me to say this, but I hope FOODSTAMP gets what he deserves!!!

[Now the DERP-a-tron itself lights up, with a giant bullseye with a countdown clock in the middle. Quickly it drops: 3.....2.....1....]

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

[In the back, an out of breath Foodstamp is busy clutching his newly won DERP 24/7 CHAMPIONSHIP in one hand, while trying to gather all of his belongings in the other. Due to his frantic behavior, the task is becoming increasingly difficult. The amount of attention needed by Foodstamp leaves him extremely vulnerable to... "TOO GOOD" JOHNNY MARVELOUS!!! The newly signed DERP wrestler has a Singapore cane in each hand, and is slowly creeping up behind Foodstamp, who finally gets his supplies in order and turns to exit....]

***** TTTTHHHHHWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! *****

***** TTTTHHHHHWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! *****

***** TTTTHHHHHWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! *****

***** TTTTHHHHHWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! *****

***** TTTTHHHHHWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! *****

***** TTTTHHHHHWWAAAAACCKKKK!!!! *****

[Even with the thick leather mask protecting his cranium, Foodstamp is no match for such an onslaught. The vicious cane shots leave their mark, as Johnny drops them, splintered and useless to the floor, before covering the Stamper for the pin! The 24/7 referee pops outta nowhere to make the count!]

...ONE...

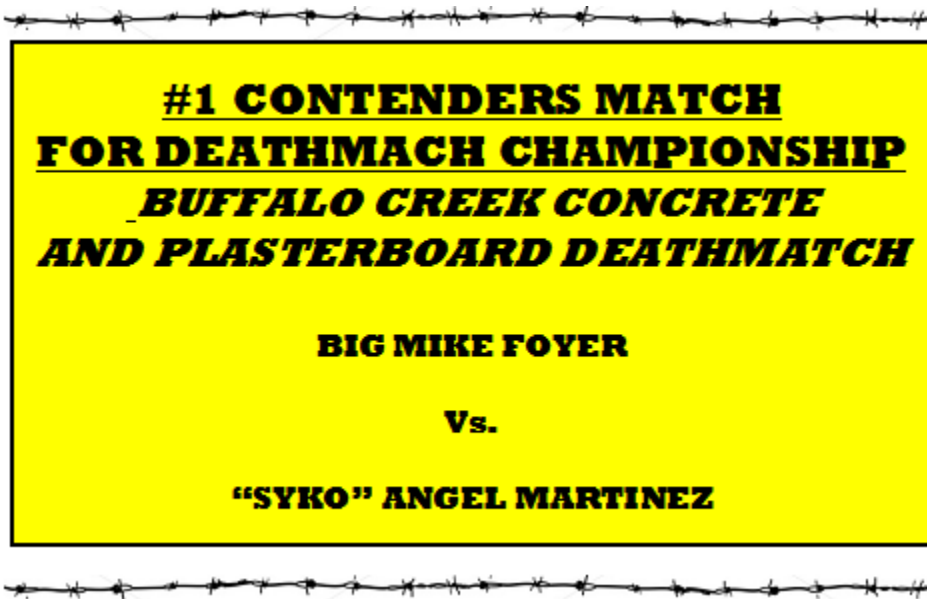
...TWO....

...THREE!!!

[“Too Good” quickly collects his newly won DERP 24/7 CHAMPIONSHIP and exits the room. Damage Control quickly arrives to check on Foodstamp’s status.]

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

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



[The graphic only remains long enough to barely read everything that’s on it. It Word-art’s itself right back off the screen, leaving the scene filled with the two brutes inside the ring, as the bell goes “DING, DING, DING” and the match begins!]

PB: WOOT, WOOT!!! Now it’s time for a match I’ve been excited for all week long brutha man!!! Big fuckin’ Mike Foyer gunna show Martinez what DERP life all about!

RD: Certainly seems the odds are stacked in the big man’s favor! Though, Martinez doesn’t look the least bit scared!

PB: Course not. He’s too dumb to be scared!

[With the bell sounding, Big Mike stomps his way towards the center of the ring. “Syko” meets him dead center of the ring, lips just flapping at an astronomical speed. Foyer just shakes his head in disgust and winds up...]

BACK

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' MATRIX BATEMAN!!! Foyer just missin' Angel's purdy face! What a shame!

RD: I think Angel took offense! He's got Foyer by that arm, and flings himself up onto his back! That's a fuckin' modified IRON OCTOPUS hold!!! Angel just _WRENCHIN'_ away at Foyer!

PB: I may not be the biggest fan of mat rasslin', but that right there I really don't understand! Talk about makin' yourself VULNERABLE!!!

RD: But the damage is bein' done, Paul! Angel is outsized, he's got no choice but to try and wear the big man down!!!

[Possibly feeling the effects sink in, Foyer begins to stumble around the ring, damn near losing his balance. Angel doesn't seem to notice, or at least doesn't let it stop him, as he continues to twist, pull and yank on Foyer's arm, doing all he can to make sure Foyer's body tense with pain.]

PB: Martinez better watch it! He's gunna get squashed like a fat lady's miniature poodle!

RD: Maybe I'm tryin' to hard here, but I dunno if Foyer's stumblin... I think he's got an idea in his head!!!!

PB: I dunno, mango, that man's eyeballs looked damn near rolled up into his head!

[Grimacing in pain, Big Mike takes a few steps, drawing closer to the corner. Planned or unplanned, that's where a nice size sheet of plasterboard rests against the turnbuckles. Sensing the immediate danger, Angel seems to find another gear and try to wrangle the big crazy fuck to the mat before impact!]

RD: FOYER DROPS TO ONE KNEE!!! Martinez may be winnin' this battle!

*** CCCCRRRRUUUUUNNNNCCCCCHHHHH!!!! **

PB: HE WAS JUST FUCKIN' RESTIN'!!! GRATE GOOGLY FUCKIN' MOOGLY!!! Foyer just DUMPED "Syko" right into that plasterboard!

RD: These Buffalo fans are LOVING it!!! Angel is motionless in the corner! Foyer slowly sits up, busy checkin; out the damage to his left arm!

PB: Look, he's got a full range of motion! GOOD! Now, go Big Mike! Reek more havoc, damnit!

RD: Patience, Paul, Patience. You'll get PLENTY of havoc AND chaos when Foyer's in dat dere ring!

[With a shrug, Foyer uses both his arms to push himself up off the mat. With minimal grimacing, Big Mike steadies himself and slowly strides his way towards Angel in the corner, who's still very vulnerable in the corner, despite finally stirring a bit.]

BACK

RD: Foyer tries to cave Martinez's face in dere with that kick right to the face! But that was just to break the ice! Big Mike quickly pulls Martinez up to his feet!

PB: I dun think Angel quite knows where he's at right now, and it's not gunna get any easier to figure it aht with the way Foyer lookin at that concrete slab in the other corner!

RD: I think your right, Paul! I dun like that crazy look he's got in his eyes, but these fans certainly are showing approval!

[Grabbing Martinez's head with one of his massive hands, Big Mike drags his foe towards the one corner where the cement slab rests. The fans level of excitement rises with every step they make! Once near, Foyer lets go, only to lay into him with a nasty right!]

PB: SLAP ME SILLY BILLY!!! BIG FUCKIN' MIKE FOYER WITH A POWERSLAM ONTO THAT SLAB!! Angel is just writhin in pain!

RD: People say sometimes the ring can be a little hard... that's fuckin' CONCRETE!!! Foyer coulda' just down permanent damage there!

PB: And these fans couldn't be HAPPIER!!! I LOVE IT!!!

[Clutching at his back, mouth agape in pain, Martinez hits the ropes and rolls back towards the concrete slab. Already back to his feet, Big Mike doesn't waste a moment's notice and moves in, rather quickly for a man his size!]

PB: BIG FUCKIN' ELBOW DR---NOOOO!!! ANGEL MOVES!!! ANGEL FUCKIN' MOVES!! Big Mike eats nuttin' but PURE CONCRETE!!

RD: Foyer's elbow has to be fuckin' SHATTERED!!! I can only imagine the fuckin' pain he has to be! And Angel didn't just move outta the way, Paul... he rolled himself the whole way outta the fuckin' ring!!!

PB: Hard to blame the guy, really! I'd be tryin' to put as much space as possible between myself and Foyer too!

RD: Doesn't look like Foyer's gunna let Martinez achieve his dream! Big Mike rolls himself outta that ring, still not moving that arm!

[Moving very gingerly thus even slower than normal, Foyer carefully exits the ring, careful not to bump his right arm, as he continues to flex it slowly back and forth, waiting for the adrenaline to numb the pain. Martinez wastes no time and again puts his amazing speed on display, catching Foyer right in the chest with a leaping knee strike!]

RD: Foyer just ROCKED there, the air just forced outta his chest!

PB: Hey, looky!! Mr. "I HATE HARDCORE" gets himself a piece of that plasterboard!

BACK

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

PB: AND NOW HE DON'T CAUSE HE JUST SMASHED IT OVER FOYER'S HEAD!!!

RD: BUT THE BIG MAN STILL DOESN'T GO DAHN!! Foyer is wobbling too an fro but the referee can't start the ten count until he hits the floor!

[With the fans buzzing, "Syko" takes a step or two back from Big Mike, only to make a few calculations and rush right back into battle...]

PB: HE JUST BEAT HIM LIKE A RENTED FUCKIN' MULE!!! SPINNIN' FUCKIN' HEEL KICK!!!

RD: BUT FOYER STILL IS ON ONE KNEE!!! HE'S NOT _DOWN_!!! These fans just _ERUPT_!!!

[Martinez is not very happy one bit. He makes sure to express this to any fan near him at ringside, going even as far as slapping a man's beer out of his hands. Before any wild punches could be thrown, Damage Control moves in, as "Syko" acts like nothing happened, charging right back at Foyer, who's still kneeling, chest heaving.]

PB: NOW THAT ONE FUCKIN' DID IT!! YAKUZA KICK TO THE FUCKIN' DOME!!! "Syko" has finally slayed the beast!

RD: But will the beast stay down? I dunno, Paul, I think it's gunna a take a lot more than THAT to put Big Mike out to pasture!

...ONE...

...TWO....

BACK

...THREE...

...FOUR....

[Looking annoyed the match continues, Martinez walks towards his now standing opponent. Foyer is worse for the wear, but standing rather steadily as “Syko” draws near. Angel immediately puts his dukes up, but it Foyer’s quickness that shines this time!]

PB: QUICK FUCKIN’ JAB!! AND WHAM!!! DING, DONG!! ANYONE HOME??? Foyer just _SSLLAAAAMMMSSS_ Angel’s head right off that guardrail!!!

RD: And just like that it’s Angel who looks out on his feet! Foyer graciously accepts that fans chair.....

***** TTTTTHWWAAAAACCCKKKK!!! *****

PB: HHHHHOOOOOMMMEEEEERRRRUUUNNNNNNNN!!!! Foyer swings for the fences and its pays _OFF_!!! “Syko” just crumples to the arena floor!

RD: But not for long! Big Mike showing no signs of wasting this adrenaline rush! He’s pulling Martinez right back up to his feet!

[Once Martinez is standing, Big Mike doesn’t cease there, as he takes big strides towards the ring, straight tossing “Syko” into the squared circle. Foyer doesn’t enter immediately afterwards. Instead, he chooses to slide into the ring from the weapons cache under the ring a few more sheets of plasterboard, as well as a couple bags of concrete mix. And it wouldn’t be complete if Foyer didn’t add a few steel chairs in the mix!]

BACK

PB: Much as I love the redecorating of the ring Foyer's done, he's sure taking a while with his creation!

RD: Long enough for Martinez to return from his trip to Dream Street, that's for sure! "Syko" back to his knees, trying to steady himself on those ropes, as Big Mike steps up onto the ring apron!

[Foyer steps up and over the top rope and enters the ring. "Syko" pushes himself off the ropes, as Foyer picks up one of those concrete mix bags... and spikes it right off Angel's forehead!!! Martinez again crumbles to the mat, as Foyer grabs the second bag of mix... and spikes it too right off Angel's chest!!! Foyer then motions to the ref to start the count, as Angel lays motionless, buried in powered cement!]

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: I like Foyer's call there! He knows Martinez prolly beating the count, but at least he FORCIN' the man up and on his feet steada' of just recharging the batteries!

...THREE....

BACK

PB: I'm like Foyer's construction work. He's got himself one of those plasterboards set up in the corner _AND_ one laying cross two foldin' chairs! I think "SYKO" in for some pain!

...FOUR...

RD: I think they're BOTH in for some pain! It's still early on here, it's gunna take A LOT to keep either of these men dahn that's for sure!!!

...FIVE...

...SIX...

PB: YAAAAY!!! Foyer's done right as Martinez stands up! Talk about perfect timing!!!

[Foyer takes a moment to decide what he's going to do next and then moves in on the barely standing Angel Martinez, who's holding onto the ropes for support. He sees Foyer coming and doesn't back down one bit! He swings a wild right.... And hits Foyer with a fist full of concrete mix!!! The big man's instantly blinded!!!]

PB: FUCKIN' BULLSHIT!!! What a cheap shot!!!

RD: Effective, Paul! Very effective!!! Foyer's clawin at his face! His eyes gotta be burning!!!

PB: "Syko" better be careful! He may have just pissed off the type of man you just dun wanna piss off!

[Taking a moment to collect himself a bit more, Angel pushes himself off the ropes and towards the stumbling Big Mike Foyer. Foyer senses Angels' approach and begins to swing wildly, but Angel easily dodges the errand throws and catches Foyer with a big chop block! Foyer hits the mat hard, but springs back up, instantly in a fighting pose, but totally facing the wrong way!!!]

RD: Foyer has no idea where he's at!!! "Syko" better use this golden opportunity, he ain't gunna get many more like this!!!

PB: Look at that smile! Angel's got sumptin brewin' inside that demented head of his!

[Foyer pauses, trying to decipher where "Syko" is. In his search, he ends up turning towards the makeshift plasterboard table he set up. This is all the opening "Syko" needs!]

*** CCCCCRRRRUUUUUUUNNNNNNCCCCCHHHHHH!!! ***

BACK

PB: SCORIN' PILLS IN THE NORTH HILLS!!!!!! RUNNING FUCKIN' DROPKICK!!! FOYER THROUGH HIS OWN FUCKIN' CREATION!!!

RD: And these fans aren't sure WHAT to do!!! They love the violence, but they aren't enjoying MARTINEZ taking control of this match!!!

[The wear and tear is evident on Martinez's face, but he's taking in stride, leaning on the ropes, watching Foyer's big frame slowly move about the chunks of plasterboard. Shaking the cobwebs loose, Angel wastes little time and swoops in, gripping ahold of Foyer's right leg!]

RD: That the leg he chopped block a few minutes ago! He's just SLAMMING into the ring mat! No better way to keep a giant dahn for the ten count than to make sure he don't got legs to stand on!

PB: Hells yea! Gotta chop the big redwood down, but I dun think its gunna matter! He's one big bad motherfucker! One nasty big boot to the kisser and it's all over for Martinez!

RD: Now Martinez's got himself on of those steel chairs!!!

*** TTTTTHHHHHUUUUUDDDDD!!!! ***

*** TTTTTHHHHHUUUUUDDDDD!!!! ***

*** TTTTTHHHHHUUUUUDDDDD!!!! ***

PB: HOLY MOLY BATEMAN!!! Martinez swingin' that chair like a fuckin' PRO!!! Foyer's knee juss may be shattered!

RD: The grimacing on Foyer's face says it all! But Martinez being the vet he is there is no let up! He grabs that massive leg and locks on a SHARPSHOOTER!!!

PB: And juss like that he's back to annoying the living shit outta me....

RD: This is the very move that we just saw Spade SNAP Rob Sharpe's leg with! I dun think Martinez gunna be able to do THAT to Foyer, but damage is STILL bein' done to that knee!!!

PB: BAH!!! Foyer's gunna POWER he was outta this and Martinez gunna be in some shit for poking the beast with dull stick!

[Foyer is fighting with all his might to turn the hold over or break the hold. He's even trying to crawl his way to the ropes to force a break, but Martinez is doing everything in his power to keep the

BACK

advantage and keep applying the pressure. The two men are virtually spinning each other in a circle inside the ring!]

***** CCCCCCRRRRRRRRRRUUNNNNNNNNNCCCCCCHHHHH!!!! *****

PB: MICHEAL, MICHEAL MOTORCYCLE!!!! HE JUST FLEXED THOSE LEGS AND FLUNG ANGEL FACE FIRST INTO THAT PLASTERBOARD!!!! Angel is OUT COLD!!!

RD: GOD DAMN!!! I thought Foyer was trying to escape... he was POSITIONING HIMSELF!!! What a display of brute strength there!!! Martinez gets himself to the outside, as Foyer still in the middle of the ring!

PB: Gotta hand it to Angel though. His fuckin' game plan WAS working until Foyer put an end to it. Look at the big man. He's unsure of how much weight that leg can actually hold!

[Foyer sits up inside the ring and rolls his way to his knees, gingerly standing up. He hobbles his way to the ring ropes, and continues to flex out the knee, trying to just shake off the damage. Martinez is slowly stirring on the outside, his forehead bearing the brunt of his meeting with the plasterboard as blood slowly trickles across his brow.]

PB: YESSSS!!!! BLOOOOOODD!!!! Angel is split open!!! I couldn't be MORE fuckin' thrilled!!!

RD: I dun think these fans could be either! Gawd damn are they enjoying the sighting of Martinez covered in his own blood!!!

[Spotting Martinez up on the move, Foyer hobbles a few steps to his right and picks up one of the concrete slabs spread out on the mat. With one of his mighty paws, Foyer scoops up the slab and holds it above his head, eyes gathering "Syko" in their sights!]

RD: NO! NO! NO! Foyer's gunna completely smash his head in!

PB: I KNOW!!! AIN'T IT GREAT!?!?!

[The fans grow absolutely electric as Foyer gets both hands on the slab, just waiting for Martinez to finally pull himself to his feet. Using the guardrail for support, Angel slowly backs his way up right, with his back turned to Foyer. Big Mike continues to wait, knowing the perfect moment's coming.....]

***** TTTTWWWWHHHHOOOOO MMMMPPPP!!! *****

PB: GAWD FUCKIN' DAMNIT!!!! HE MISSED!!! HE FUCKIN' MISSED!!!

BACK

RD: MARTINEZ DIVES OUTTA THE WAY!!! THANK GAWD!!! That wouldn't have been pretty had it connected!

PB: Man, I dunno if Martinez so much as dove outta the way as tripped and fell flat on his fuckin' face!

RD: The key part is he AVOIDED the flying concrete slab!

PB: Bah, Foyer's juss gunna find something else to beat him with!

[Not happy his strongman toss missed the mark, Foyer drops the mat and rolls his massive frame tightly under the bottom rope to the arena floor. As Big Mike regains his footing, Martinez pulls himself upright using the ring apron. Foyer wastes no time and charges right at Angel...]

PB: DROP FUCKIN' TOE HOLD!! FOYER SLAMS FACE FIRST OFF THE CEMENT FLOOR!!! He mighta' just smashed his nose into a million pieces!!!

RD: Ya might argue that was pure desperation on the part of Martinez, but either way, again, VERY EFFECTIVE!!! Now if he can just keep it up he can maybe defeat this giant!!!

[Slowly, Martinez again using the ring apron to pull himself upwards. Foyer manages to roll his way closer to the guardrail and begins using that to get himself back standing. Seizing the moment, Angel takes off with a burst of speed, catching Foyer right across the back of his head with a running knee!!!]

RD: Just like that, Martinez sends Foyer right back down to the mat! If Foyer's nose wasn't broken from the concrete floor, that guardrail prolly just did the trick!

PB: Look at Angel! He's just VICIOUS out there right now! Again just SLAMMING Foyer's leg off the ground!

RD: Tired of that... now he locks on a single leg Boston crab!!! He's trying to make sure Foyer never takes another step in his life!!!

[Martinez, much like he did with the Sharpshooter earlier, leans back and does all he can to wrench Foyer knee back as far as possible. Foyer grimaces in pain, and continues to fight and claw his way towards freedom. He tries using his big frame to his advantage, but with his free hand "Syko" lays into Foyer with kidney punches, derailing his plan!]

*** CCCCCCLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAAAANGGGGGG!!!! ***

PB: GRATE GOOLY FUCKIN' MOOGLY!!! FOYER USED A FRYING PAN FROM THE FRONT ROW!!!! I dunno if he gets much fuckin' better than that!!!

RD: DERP lives and breathes because of the dedication of our fans!!! That right there is PROOF!!!

BACK

[Martinez crumbles to the arena floor, as Foyer slowly pulls himself forward and then upright using the guardrail. He whips the bent frying pan at the downed Martinez, much to the appeasement of the DERP faithful. He calls to the ref to start the count!]

PB: YES!!! Foyer's gunna WIN his title shot right here, right NOW!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

RD: Least that's the game plan! I dunno if Martinez's has had enough yet! The egomaniac has an amazing tough streak in him!

...THREE...

...FOUR...

BACK

PB: It's only a question of WHEN now, not IF!!! Foyer is FIRMLY in the driver's seat!

...FIVE...

RD: I'd say that right knee shows something different. Foyer's HOBbled!!!

BACK

[Limping a bit and certainly favoring that right leg, Foyer again dons himself a construction hat, deciding to himself up a table at ringside. Seeing that Martinez is stirring but still not standing, Foyer keeps on building... deciding to make one of those makeshift plasterboard tables on top of the real table. The fans are very, very pleased!]

...SIX...

PB: GOTTA LOVE IT!!! Foyer could be WINNING this match right here, but he's STILL planning on Martinez beating the count! Talk about going all your fuckin' bases!

BACK

...SEVEN...

RD: I think it's a very good move because Martinez is showing signs of life! I highly doubt if he's not unconscious that he won't answer the count!

...EIGHT...

BACK

PB: HA! With his building desire quenched, Foyer's BEGGIN' Martinez to beat the fuckin' count!

RD: He's having too much fun beating the living tar outta the man! Looks like he's gunna get his wish, Martinez up to his knees!

BACK

...NINE...

PB: YES!!! He's standing!! GO GET EM PAUL!!!!!!

[The smile on Big Mike's face says it all. He's extremely pleased Martinez is up and standin, even deciding to take off as fast as the big man can right at Angell....]

PB: ARNOD SLICK FROM FUCKIN' TURTLE CREEK'!!! BIONIC BIG FUCKIN' BOOT!!!
MARTINEZ CRUMBLES TO THE FLOOR!!!

RD: He may have beaten the count, but I wonder if he shouldn't have just stayed dahn! He mighta' just cost himself a lot money in dental surgery!!!

BACK

[The crowd is completely thrilled with the current standing of things, with Foyer standing tall over Martinez, his head turned back checking on his creation, formation a game plan. With a nod of the head, Foyer reaches down and pulls Angel up to his feet.]

RD: Foyer just clubbing away at Angel! One shot right after another!

PB: YES! Pummel ‘em Mike! Whoop his arse! PUT HIM THRU THE TABLE!!!

RD: I think that’s the end game, Paul, cause with one hand palmin “Syko’s” head, he points right at the double table!!! THIS CROWD JUST ERUPTED!!!

[The crowd is done right hoarse with excitement as Foyer rolls Martinez into the ring. Angel flops a few feet, settling on his chest, obviously in a daze. Foyer starts his ascension into the ring, but is having issue putting pressure on his right leg! He slowly stands up on the apron, as Martinez slowly gathers himself in the ring....

***** CCCCCCCCCRRRRRUUUUUUNNNNNNNCCCCCHHHHHH!!! *****

PB: SNORTIN’ RAILS IN NORTH VERSAILLES!!!! SYKO-KICK!!! FUCKIN’ SYKO-KICK!!!!!!!

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: FOYER THROUGH BOTH TABLES!!!! BOTH FUCKIN’ TABLES!!! MARTINEZ IS DOWN IN THE RING!!! That was PURE fuckin instinct there!!!! FUCK!!!!

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!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: THE REFEREE STARTS THE COUNT!!! I dunno but that just mighta done the big man in!!!

BACK

PB: Oh yee of little faith! Just wait and see!

...THREE...

...FOUR...

BACK

PB: AH! I SEE A FOOT MOVE!!! THE BEAST IS WAKING UP!!!

...FIVE...

RD: But can he wake up in time, Paul?!?! Either way, Angel was on the ROPES! Foyer had to have been TASTIN' the victory, but now Angel's getting a MAJOR rest break!

BACK

...SIX...

PB: Rest break, smest break – Foyer’s gunna walk outta here numba one contender. END OF STORY!!!

...SEVEN...

BACK

[The crowd continues to do their best to get Foyer up and moving again. The big man has kicked his legs a few times, and even managed to roll over onto his stomach. But other than that, the signs of life have been minimal. Angel plops himself on the middle rope in the near corner, eyes fixed on Foyer.]

RD: FOYERS RUNNING OUTTA TIME!!! Only a few seconds left til the ref reaches ten!

...EIGHT...

BACK

PB: YES!!! HE LIVES!! HES ON HIS KNESS!!! HES GUNNA DO IT!!!

...NINE...

BACK

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

PB: I KNEW IT!!! I FUCKIN KNEW HE COULD DO IT!!!!

[The entire crowd just EXPLODES with joy as Foyer rises to his feet, albeit very wobbly and obviously unsure of which way to go. Martinez rises to his feet in disbelief in the ring, swearing up and down like a sailor. Once to his feet, Angel gets himself perched on the top rope!!!]

RD: OH MY!!! SYKO'S GUNNA _FLY_!!!

PB: HIGH RISK, HIGH REWARD!!! LET HOPE IT DOESN'T PAY OFF!!!!

[Wobbly, Foyer turns himself around. Angel knowing there's no better time than the present takes flight!]

PB: FUCKIN' SYKO-CAN-RA NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!! FOYER CATCHES HIM!!! HE
FUCKIN' CAUGHT HIM!!!

RD: HE'S FUKCIN' DEAD!!! BMF BOMB ON THAT TABLE RUBBLE!!!! FOYER JUST KILLED
HIM!!!!!!

PB: SOMEONE BUY THAT MAN A DRINK AND HIS LITTLE DOG ONE TOO!!! CHEESE AND
FUCKIN' RICE THAT WAS FUCKIN' COOL!!!!!!

BACK

...ONE...

RD: BOTH men are down, but only ONE is showing signs of life!!! The referee starts the count on BOTH men!!! If this isn't it, we gunna have to watch someone DIE in this ring tonight damnit! I dun think either of these men can take much more!!!

BACK

...TWO...

...THREE...

BACK

PB: COME ON BIG MIKE!!! I see you moving – STAND THE FUCK UP!!!

RD: Both men bloodied and beaten! Both men have taken more abuse than a human being ever should!
I know moral victories dun count for shit, but both men gotta be proud of their efforts here tonight!

PB: If you're not first, your _LAST_!!!!

...FOUR...

BACK

...FIVE...

RD: Angel's kicking his legs!!! He's regaining feeling!! Big Mike rolls himself over!!

PB: YES!! He's gunna do it!!! Watch out, Daniel Everett... You got one big bad motherfucker comin' for ya!!!

BACK

...SIX...

RD: ANGEL'S MOVING!!! He's trying to sit up

PB: Key word: TRYING!!! Foyer IS sitting up!!! Now he's just gotta RISE LIKE JESUS YO!!!

BACK

...SEVEN...

...EIGHT...

BACK

PB: FOYER'S ALMOST UP!!! COME ON MAN!!!

BACK

RD: ITS HIS BAD WHEEL!!! He can't put any weight on it!!! And Angel's to his knees!!!!

...NINE...

BACK

RD: FOYERS UP!!! FOYERS UP!!! FOYERS UP!!!

BACK

PB: RAZZLE FUCKIN' DAZZLE!!!! MARTINEZ DROPS!!! MARTINEZ FLOPS RIGHT BACK DAHN!!!!

BACK

...TEN!!!!!!!

RD: THAT'S IT!!! ITS OVER!!! FOYER FUCKIN' WINS!!! Martinez just ran outta gas!!! There was just nothing left!!!

PB: NEXT WEEK!!! Foyer... Everett... DEATHMATCH FUCKIN CHAMPIONSHIP!!! I THINK I JUST WET MYSELF A LITTLE!!!!

[Foyer rolls the rest of the way into the ring as the music plays, drenched in sweat and spattered with blood. He stands, making sure he leans against the ropes, trying to catch his breath when Five Finger Death Punch's, "War is the Answer" hit's the house PA. Through the curtains steps out a familiar midget in a rather expensive business suit. Yep, Percival Graves, white cane and all, makes his way down the ramp with a clipboard, contract, and pin in hand. BMF rolls his eyes and shoves off the ropes, looking ready to kill, maim, and murder.]

PB: WHAT THE FUCK!?!?! What the hell is THIS nonsense!?!?!

RD: I think THE MONGOLOID'S at it again!! THAT'S PERCIVAL!!!

[Reaching the ring, Percival makes his way up the ring steps, walks the apron and slips under the second rope and into the ring. He places the clipboard and pin in the same hand he held his cane, then reaches into his coat and produces a microphone.]

PG: Mr. Foyer, If I could have a moment of your time...

[Gritting his teeth, Mike makes his way to the ropes and asks for a mic. Turning his practically bellows at the little man.]

BMF: TAKE A FUCKING HINT!!! I...SAID...NNNNNOOOOOOOOO!!!

[Big Mike grabs Percival by the scruff of his neck and lives him bodily off the canvas like... well, a small child. Percival grits his teeth, dropping the cane and clipboard. As Mike rears his boot back, looking ready to punt the man, Percival speaks fast on the microphone.]

PG: THINK ABOUT YOUR SISTER, MR. FOYER!!!

[Suddenly the DERP-A-TRON screen comes to life, showing us the view inside of a rather nice home. The focus of the camera's attention was a rather pretty, red haired woman in a yellow sundress sitting in a rocking chair, her hands tied behind her back and mouth gagged. BMF's eyes go wide and he drops Percival unceremoniously to the canvas.]

BMF: BECKY!!!

[Stepping into view is the massive frame of The Mongoloid, where his mask, a black T-shirt, black cargo pants, fingerless gloves, and steel toed boots, and a set of brass knuckles on his right hand. There is a nasty gash on the woman's forehead, streaks of blood running from it down the side of her face. She

BACK

appears as if in a daze. Big Mike Foyer's skin started turning a very bright shade of angry red, veins in his neck tensing. His head whips back to Percival.]

BMF: CALL HIM OFF YOU SON OF A BITCH!!! CALL HIM OFF BEFORE I STOMP YOU INTO A GREASY LITTLE SMEAR!!!

[Percival was already on his feet and dusting himself off.]

PG: You lay one hand on me and I can't guarantee that your sweet little sister will survive the trip to the Emergency Room.

[Mike quivers with absolute fury, his eyes and lips twitching and his hands flexing as he started moving side to side. Every ounce of his being right now fought to keep from tearing Percival apart. Fearlessly, Percival limps over to his cane and grabs it along with the clip board. He lifts the clip board up in the air.]

PG: This is a contract for a match between Big Mike Foyer and The Mongoloid at TSWF's next Pay Per View. The Match itself is No pinfall, No Submission, No Disqualification. It is a Last... Man... Standing match.

[He turns towards the fuming BMF and holds the contract out before him.]

PG: Sign this contract, Face the Mongoloid, and Guarantee your little sister's safety, Mr. Foyer.

[Suddenly Mongo yells over the DERP-A-TRON speakers...]

Mongo: SIGN IT BITCH!!! SSSSIIIIIGGGGGNNNNNN IIIIIITTTTT!!!

[...Mike looks back and forth between the screen and Percival. Snatching the contract out of Percival's hands, BMF signs the document and then throws it back to him. Percival catches it with a rather bright smile on his face. Mike brings the microphone back to his lips, and speaks in a very chilling, icy tone.]

BMF: Percy... when I'm done killing that fat piece of shit, I promise you... You're next...

[Percival isn't even phased.]

PG: I've been threatened by bigger and scarier than you, Mr. Foyer. Trust me, those individuals have never delivered. Neither will you.

[He looks up at the screen.]

PG: Mongo, I'll call you and tell you when it's time to leave. If I don't call you within 10 minutes, have your way with little Becklynn Foyer.

[Mongo rubbed his hands over those brass knuckles.]

Mongo: Sure thing, Mr. Graves.

[Percival then looks back with a satisfied smile at Big Mike.]

BACK

PG: ...and to think, he used to have a problem hitting women. I love how his training has progressed so rapidly.

[The evil Midget turns and exits the ring. Within moments he's limping on that cane all the way down the aisle to the entrance. BMF Looks towards the DERP-A-TRON.]

BMF: You will never have my respect, Monkey.

[Mingo smirks.]

Mongo: I don't want it, Bitch Mountain.

[BMF tosses the mic down, the screen quickly hits black, as the following words come onto the screen:]

**THE
END!**

[Those words linger for a few seconds, but they soon fade, replaced by:]

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