

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

WARNING* *WARNING* *WARNING

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

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

DERP Proudly Presents...
BLOODSPORT
EPISODE V – WILD IN
WISCONSIN

BACK

[The logo's remain on the screen long enough just to be read, before the Word-art themselves right off the screen... leaving the PAUL "TACKS" BARKER standing side by side with the madman behind tall things DERP... RYAN FUCKIN' DELANEY!!! The two are standing in front of the traditional black and gold DERP banner, carefully taped to the wall at the top of the entrance way, 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 FREAAAK SHOOOOOW!!!! It is ME... the one and only RYAN FUCKIN' DELANEY and here's my broadcast partna'...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

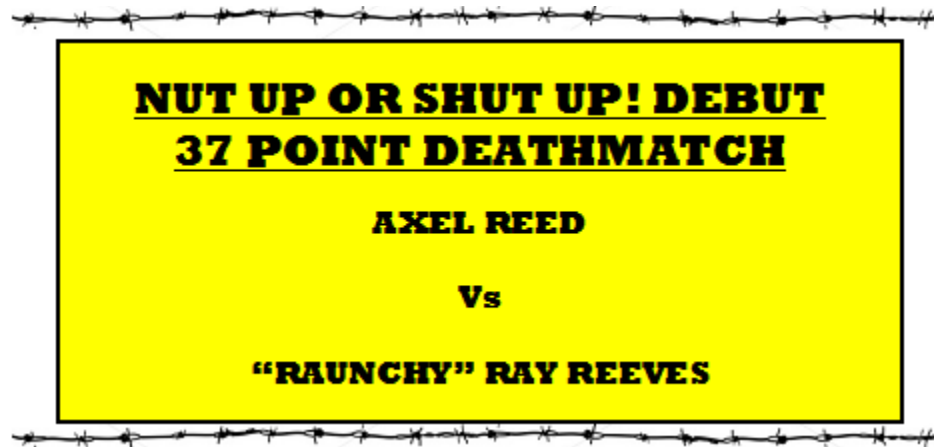
RD: _EXACTLY_!!!!

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

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

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 black and yellow themed wrestling ring, complete with a bright yellow canvas to match the turnbuckle pads! Scurrying around the ring, the referee and the DERP ring attendants remove the few streamers thrown into the ring. Axel and "Raunchy" Reeves waste no time, meeting in the center of the ring, jaws just flapping back and forth!]

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

RD: Pretty much.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

...ONE

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

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

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

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

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

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

...ONE...

....TWO....

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

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

...ONE...

...TWO....

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

[OH FUCK THAT WAS AWESOME POP!]

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

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

...ONE...

...TWO....

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

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

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

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

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

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

*** CCCCCRRRRRRUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNCCCCCHHHHH!!!! ***

[OHHHMMYYYGAAAWWDDDD TABLE BREAKAGE POP!]

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[AND THE CROWD GOES WWWIIIIIIILLDDDD!!!!]

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

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

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

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

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

...THREE!!!

BACK

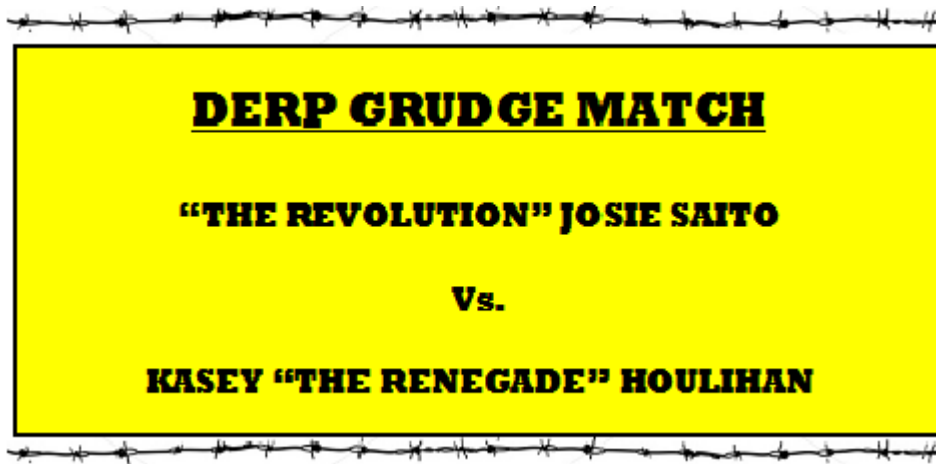
RD: THAT IT'S!!! ITS OFFICAL!!! Make that another TWELVE points for Angel, and a minus THREE for ONO! Now I gotta wonder if the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" will be makin' it to the match in one piece!

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

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

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 Revolution" and "the Renegade" staring at each other across the ring, as the referee scrambles to remove all the streamers.]

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

RD: KASEY TAKES SAITO DOWN WITH FOORRRCEEE!!!

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

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

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

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

RD: AND JOSIE RESPONDS IN KIND!!!

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

***** SMMMMMMMAAAAAACCCKKK!!! *****

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

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

...ONE...

...TWO...

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

| | | |
|---------------|------------------------|------------------------|
| CROWD: | LET’S GO KASEY! | FUCK YOU JOSIE! |
| | LET’S GO KASEY! | FUCK YOU JOSIE! |
| | LET’S GO KASEY! | FUCK YOU JOSIE! |
| | LET’S GO KASEY! | FUCK YOU JOSIE! |

LET'S GO KASEY!

FUCK YOU JOSIE!

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

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

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

[ROOOOOAR GOES THE CROWD!!!]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: SSSHHOOOOULLLDER UP!!!!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RD: True story, brah!

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Soon as Kasey gives into the pain and calls it quits, the referee demands Josie break the hold immediately. Forcing the referee to actually start counting, Josie doesn't let go until she has too! Upon her freedom, "the Renegade" curls up into a ball, grabbing at her legs, as Josie rolls under the bottom rope, to the outside, standing tall on her feet!]

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

[EAR DRUM EXPLOSION OF HATE!!!]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

[YAAAAAAY for finding something!!!!]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Brief pause for suspense purposes...]

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

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

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

BACK

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

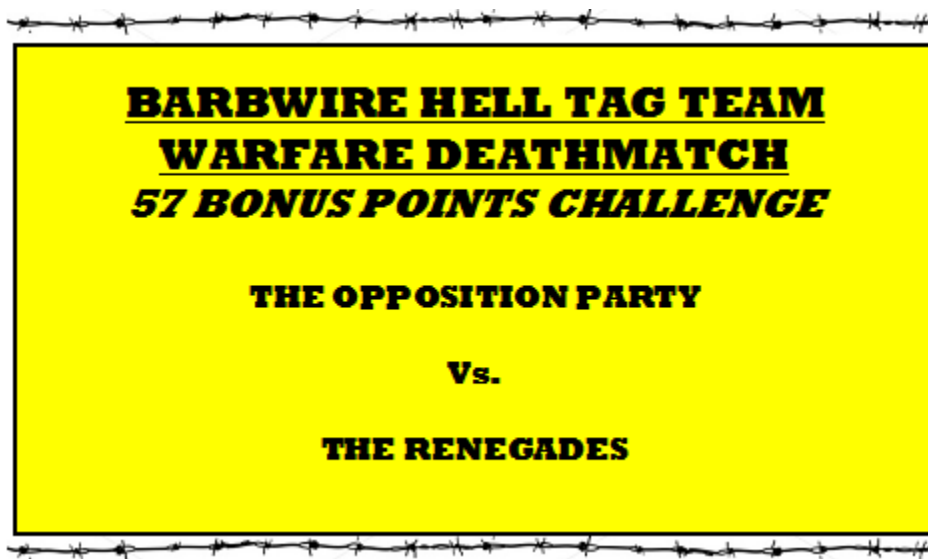
RD: ...which is very important because this cage structure is really a giant _DOME_!!! The only way to win is... to climb out the hole in the center!!! Once a competitor escapes the cage and has both feet hit the floor, match is _OVER_!!!

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

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

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

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



[The graphic only remains long enough to barely read everything that's on it. It Word-art's itself right back off the screen, leaving the scene filled with the ring littered with streamers of various colors, as the

BACK

referee and DERP ring attendants scramble to get the ring free of debris. The Renegades stand in their corner, a bit of confusion spread over their face.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*** CCCCLLLLLLLAAAAANNNNNNGGG!!! ***

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

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

[COLLECTIVE 'OOOOHHH'!!!!]

PB: CCCAAACTUS FUCKIN' CLOTHESLINE!!!! DEVIN GOES UP AND OVER!!!

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

***** CLLLLLLAAAAAAAAANNNNGGGG!!!! *****

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

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

...ONE...

...TWO....

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

**** CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAACCCKKKKK!!!! **

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

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

*** CCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAACCCCKKKKK!!! **

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

*** CCCCCLLLLLLLLLAAAAAANNNGGGGG!!! ***

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

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

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

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

BACK

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

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

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

*** CCCCCLLLLLLLAAAAANNNGGG!!! ***

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BACK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[JD doesn't celebrate long, taking a moment to check on his brother and help him back to a standing base. With Devin back on his feet, JD again turns to focus on Angus who is also back on his feet! JD

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ducks a wild right, and spins Andrus around.... GERMAN SUPLEX!!! JD holds on... ANOTHER ONE!!!]

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

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

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

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

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

...ONE...

...TWO....

RD: HARDKER RIPS THE REF OUTTA THE RING!!

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

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

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

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

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

***** CCCCRRRRRUUUUNNNNNCCCCCHHHH!!!! *****

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

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

[RESPECT POP FOR DARE DEVIL AWESOMNESS!!!]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

***** FFFFFFFF WWWWWW OOOO OSSSSSHHHH!!! *****

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

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

***** CCCCCCCRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUNNNCCCCCHHHHH!!!! *****

PB: OOOOOOHHHHHMMMMMMYYYYYYYGGGGAAAAAAWWWWWDDDD!!!

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

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

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

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

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

...THREE!!!!

[LET THE TRASH RAIN DOWN!!!]

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

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

[The Opposition Party basically have to be forced to exit the ringside area, as they continue to jaw right back and forth with the fans in the audience. JD hangs, slumped in the corner, gushing from the forehead as the Damage Control brings out a pair of bolt cutters. But the main focus of attention continues to be Devin who is still dead center in the ring, albeit not in a giant pile of barbwire broken table pieces...]

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

[The screen remains completely black, and no audio to be heard. But then slowly, soft classical music rises from the depths, with children's voices singing quietly in an instantly recognizable rhyme.]

ONE... TWO... We'll shed blood for you!

[The screen quickly morphs, as a still shot of Big Mike Foyer and Daniel "The Punishment" Everett going toe to toe, both covered in blood and broken glass!]

THREE... FOUR... Go ahead and bring a door!

[Next is ONO wielding a Lego guitar, quickly followed by Marvelous catching him with his Psycho Driver! In hyper speed, the screen again flashes to Hardaker whipping both Black and Gionet into that barbwire hockey net!]

FIVE... SIX... Come get your fix!

[Next up shows 'the Street Samurai' Spade wrenching backwards on the Sharpshooter, popping something in Rob Sharpe's leg! Quickly on the docket is Tyrone Heat dodging the charging HEZONFAIA, sending the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" crashin' into the DERP swimming pool below!]

SEVEN... EIGHT... Gunna be fuckin' grate

[Johnny Marvelous just handing out cane shots like they're candy! "Angry" Angus clocking some unknown with some of the stiffest chair shots ever recorded! Pauses on Big Mike Foyer, bleeding head to toe, laying flat on the ring mat, clutching his newly won DERP Deathmatch Title!]

NINE... TEN... YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

[With that final line, the iconic rhyme ceases... leaving in its wake...]

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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 three men inside the black and gold DERP blood soaked ring. Hung over the ropes are various chains... Hung FROM the ropes are various lunchboxes of all the classic super heroes. Of the three men, one old Japanese guy is busy holding a younger very

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angry Japanese man back... that would be Uncle Syn, getting ONO HEZONFAIA from again tearing into Angel "Syko" Martinez before the match is even under way. Angel is doing nothing to help the situation, making sure to taunt ONO with the DERP 24/7 Championship before handing it off to the referee.]

PB: I can't believe hasn't started MAULING already!

RD: If it wasn't for Syn blocking his path, I bet it'd be a different story!!! THERE'S THE BELL!!! This match is under way!!!

[With the bell having been rung, Syn gives one last piece of advice to ONO before exiting the ring as quickly as only Syn can, ie at a snail's pace. ONO takes a few deep breathes before instantly marching towards Martinez! The two men meet in the center of the ring, with HEZONFAIA getting right in Angel's face, wagging a finger as if he was scolding a two year old!]

RD: Angel is not having ANYONE of it! He just slaps ONO's hand away!

PB: I dun think ONO cares! Angel's gonna hear this fuckin' rant, whether it likes it or not!

*** SSSLLLLLAAAAAPPPP!!! ****

PB: OH M GAWD... YESSS!!!! A BITCH SLAP FROM HELL!!!!

RD: I swear you could hear that sickenin' smack echo across this arena! Now I think it's ANGEL that's about to blow a gasket!!!

[Not happy one bit, Angel backs up and begins stomping around the ring, face flushed with anger. ONO and the DERP crowd seem very much amused, as Angel slows his pace and parks it right in front of ONO, just steaming...]

*** SSSLLLLLAAAAAPPPP!!! ****

PB: HE DID IT AGAIN!!!! ANOTHER BITCH SLAP!!!!

RD: Angel's had enough!!! He bull rushes ONO, taking em down with a Lou Thesz fuckin' press...

PB: AND HE'S JUST REIGNING DOWN FISTS!!! FUCK!!! HE'S GOT HIS GOLD CHAIMN WRAPPED AROUND HIS FIST!!! If ONO's lucky, Angel's redesign may be an improvement!

[Keeping up the insane pace for as long as he can, "Syko" finally grows tired and ends the furry of fists. ONO looks out on his feet, as Angel peels the man up off the mat, immediately whipping him with some

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force into the nearest set of turnbuckles! Then with that crazy gleam in his eyes, he gets himself one of those lunchboxes hanging off the ring ropes! He ties its handle up in his gold chain, and starts twirling it around!]

RD: Angel's got himself armed here with that lunchbox-on-a-chain! He's taking his sweet time, making sure he rubs it in the fan's faces!!!

PB: The man has blown a fuckin' gasket!!! He hates hardcore wrestling, but LOOK at him!!!

***** WWWHHHHHAAAAAMMMMM!!!! *****

PB: HEZONFAIA EATS NOTHIN' BUT LUNCHBOX!!!! That tin can is just DEMOLISHED!!!

RD: ONO slumps to the mat! I think his head was split clean open with that shot! I see blood starting to pour down his forehead!

[Holding that lunchbox high in the air, showing off the dent made by ONO's skull for all to see. Having made his three-sixty, Angel just starts stomping away at the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean!" One right after another, Martinez is just going to down! Feeling satisfied, he places the lunch box right in ONO's lap...]

RD: What's this "Syko" got planned!?!?! I dun think it spells anything good for ONO!

PB: ...except maybe being rendered infertile! I dunno if people like ONO should be allowed to reproduce!

[Taking his sweet old time, Angel struts his way across the ring to the opposite corner. The fans just let the showboating "Syko" have it, but he just grins with absolute joy. Pointing at ONO sprawled out in the corner, Angel yells at the top of his lungs, "EEEEUUUUUUUREEEEEMMMMMEEE!" before bolting at full speed....]

[EVERY MALE IN THE AUDIENCE INSTANTLY UNCOMFORTBALE POP!!!!]

PB: SHE'S NOT GUNNA BE ABLE TO SPANK HIS MONKEY!!!!!!!!!! DOUBLE FUCKIN' FOOT STOMP!!!! ONO JUST HAD HIS BALLSACK EXPLODE!!!!

RD: THAT LUNCHBOX IS JUST FLATTENED!!!! ONO IS JUST HOWLING!!! And look at Angel!!! I dun think I've ever seen a man more happy with himself!!!

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[Just smiling from ear to ear and giggling like a twelve year old, Angel snatches up the flattened lunchbox from the corner, and holds it high into the air, very proud of his achievement! The fans, however, share a different opinion and makes sure everyone knows such....

| | | |
|---------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| CROWD: | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |

PB: HE'S TAKING A FUCKIN' BOW!?!?!?

RD: Martinez is doin' more than that!!! He's got that lunchbox held out like a football... AND HE JUST PUNTS IT STRAIGHT INTO THE CROWD!!!

PB: I can't believe he remembered to take that chain off! He must got plans for it later on!

| | | |
|---------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| CROWD: | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |

PB: You better hope that doesn't knock someone aht or you gunna have another lawsuit, mango!

RD: I KNOW!!!! WHAT A FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!!!!

[With the crowd's volume level near record levels, it would be hard to hear anyone cry out even if the lunchbox DID smack someone in the face! Thankfully by the lack o reaction from the crowd, it seems to have landed safely as Angel, still sporting that shit eating grin, plucks himself another lunchbox from the ropes and again puts it right in ONO's lap!]

RD: Better hope he's not visiting the well one too many times here or he's gunna pay!

PB: I'd like to agree with you, but I'm not convinced ONO's on the same plane of reality as the rest of us right meow!

BACK

RD: He really may not be! From the blood loss to the skull trauma, the referee may have to stop this before we get a dead wrestler in our ring!

[The DERP—a-holics are a bit more fired up this time, as Angel backs into the opposite ring corner once more. Yelling and shouting, the front row fanatics are letting the insults fly, especially the flannel shirt superfan! Martinez plays right into their anger, just throwing gasoline on the fire, enraging them even more!]

RD: Martinez not taking shit from any of these fans without throwing it right back at them! Much as I support fan interaction, I don't think Angel's got enough focus on the REAL task at hand!!!

PB: Hard to really stay focused when your opponent is TKO'd!

[Finally telling the fans off and giving them a one fingered salute, Angel turns back facing ONO now, pointing as motionless "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" and just laughing before he again takes off in a sprint....]

[OH FUCK EXPLOSION OF NOISE!!!!!!]

PB: CHHHEEEEESE AND FUCKIN' RRRRICCEEE!!!! THAT BOX WAS FILLED WITH THUMB TACKS... AND ANGEL JUST TOOK THEM STRAIGHT TO THE DOME!!!!

RD: OUTTA NO WHERE!!!! I didn't know "Jumping Beans" knew how to play possum, but GAWD DAMN!!! ONO JUST BLINDS ANGEL RIGHT THERE!!!

[Feeling the adrenaline rush, ONO slowly pulls himself up to his feet... and then up the whole way to the middle rope! Clawing at his face, carefully ripping out all the tacks he can, Angel stumbles his way back towards the perched ONO...]

PB: FLYIN' FUCKIN' FORRREEARRRMMM!!!! ONO JUST CLEANS ANGEL'S CLOCK WITH THAT ONE!!

RD: And look at HEZONFAIA scramble back over for the pin attempt! Not hard to question his drive to win, as he hooks both legs and rears back as far as he can!

...ONE...

...TWO...

[BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!]

RD: ANGEL STAYS ALIVE!!! He kicks out at the last second! That was a little close for comfort if I was in Angel's camp!

PB: Too close!?!? THAT WAS THREE!!! So good your referee school fuckin' did!

[ONO takes a moment to plead with the referee, but he's adamant that was only two! The crowd doesn't seem to agree with such a notion, but HEZONAI A doesn't waste anymore time, instead choosing to fishhook Martinez!!!!]

PB: FISHHOOOOK!!! FIISSSHHHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOK!!!!

RD: Now that is one helluva painful way to get your opponent to the corner!!!

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[With the fishhook still applied, ONO plays to the crowd a bit, before releasing Martinez... and then instantly gripping him up by the back of his head! Staring right at the crowd, he begins to shout...]

ONO: ICHI! NI! SAN!

PB: Foodstamp would be happy!!! This has to qualify as a form of poor man's plastic surgery!!!

RD: ONO just slammed Angel's head three times off that top turnbuckle... but I don't think he's done yet!!!

[With Angel dropping down to one knee, ONO maintains his tight grip on his cranium, and rears his head back...]

CROWD: ICHI! NI! SAN!

RD: YES!!! He slams Angel's head off that middle turnbuckle with the DERP faithful counting along! I LOVE IT!!!

PB: Who the hell knew they could be bilingual!?!?!?

[Being the on the receiving end of such abuse, Martinez slumps way to the ring mat, but HEZONFAIA maintains his grip, again pulling "Syko's" back...]

CROWD: ICHI! NI! SAN!

PB: HHHHHHHAAAAATRICK!!!!!!Angel's head slammed THREE more times into the bottom turnbuckle!!! "Syko" is certainly gunna be waking up with a nasty headache in the morning!

RD: I'd say a headache tomorrow is the least of their worries! Only ten minutes in and the amount of carnage is staggering!

[As ONO rises to his, throwing everyone in the Rave a peace sign, Angel remains motionless, hunched over that bottom turnbuckle. The crowd yells and screams as ONO finally makes his way back up to a vertical base, smiling ear to ear thru that crimson mask of his! Without a second's delay, the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" grabs himself that top rope....]

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[DEFYING GRAVITY IS AWESOME POP!!!]

PB: PPPPEEEEEK-A-BOOOO FUCKIN' HOTDOGS!!!!!! SLINGSHOT DROPKICK..... FROM THE FUCKIN' AHTSIDE!!!!

RD: THAT WAS JUST INCREDIBLE!!! UP AND OVER, AND B AAAAAACK IN ONO WENT!!!! Angel sent sprawlin' into the middle of the ring!

[Very much impressed with ONO's ability to twist himself around like that, the "HERE WE GO!" superfan seizes the moment, and helps the DERP faithful make their love known the only way they know how,...]

| | | |
|---------------|----------------------------------------|-------------------|
| CROWD: | HERE WE GO OHH-NOO, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |
| CROWD: | HERE WE GO OHH-NOO, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |
| CROWD: | HERE WE GO OHH-NOO, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |
| CROWD: | HERE WE GO OHH-NOO, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |

RD: I dun think this crowd is divided about who they love right now! I can't barely hear myself think!

PB: That implies you think at all!!!!

[With the current DERP 24/7 champ motionless in the center of the ring, ONO gives a wave to those DERP ring attendants... getting himself a couple of lighttube log cabins! The fans instantly find a means to bring things a little louder, as "the Japanese Jumpin' Bean" lays them across Martinez' chest!]

RD: What does this crazy man have in mind here!?!?!?

PB: I dunno, mango... but its gunna be AWESOME!!!

[Standing over Angel, ONO gives one last look at the DERP fanatics cheering for him... and sprints for the ropes, bouncing off them at full speed...]

***** CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSSSHHHHH!!! *****

[OOOOOHHHH FFFFUUUCCKK YEAAA POP!!!]

BACK

PB: HE JUST LOST HIS FUCKIN' LIQUOR LICENSE!!!! HANDSPRING CANNOBALL SENTON
FUCKIN' SPLASH!!!!

RD: THOSE LIGHTUBES JUST EXPLOED!!! THERE'S FUCKIN' GLASS EVERYWHERE!!! That
may just be it – ONO's got the leg hooked!

PB: That was just fuckin' _EPIC_ right there!!!! Did you see the HEIGHT he got on that senton!?!?!

...ONE...

...TWO...

[BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!]

RD: UNNNNN-FUCKIN'-BELIEVABLE!!! HE THROW STHE SHOULDER UP JUST IN FCKIN' TIME!!!! The match WILL go on!!!!

PB: GAWD FUCKIN' DAMNIT!!! How wasn't that THREE!?!?! What the HELL is it going to take to put Angel away!?!?!

RD: ONO's askin' himself that very same question right meow!

[Bloody and hurting himself, HEZONFAIA takes his time rising to his feet. Angel rolls over towards the ropes, using them to slowly pull himself upright. ONO's quick to launch into Martinez with a thumping hip check, pinning him against the ropes. With "Syko" sent back to the mat, ONO turns around... and starts kicking all the glass shards into a pile!!!]

PB: He's grabs himself a couple fuckin' lunchboxes for good measure!!! I wonder what kind of treats he'll find inside those ones!

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RD: ONO opens up that first one.... AND DUMPS A BIG PILE OF FUCKIN' LEGOS IN WITH THAT GLASS!!!

PB: OH FUCK YES!!! I LOVE LEGOS!!!! So fun to play and so PAINFUL to step on!

[The crowd is in a total frenzy as ONO's pile of 'ouchies' continues to build! He has that second lunch box in his hands, and flings it open....]

PB: GLLAAAAASSSS ROSES!!!!!! HOLY FUCKIN' CRACK PIPE BATEMAN!!!! WHO THE HELL RAIDED FOODSTAMPS STASH!?!?!

RD: I dun think anyone raided the Stamper's stash – WE JUST FOUND IT!!!

[The crowd is in hysterics, as isn't quite sure to make of the little glass tube with the rose in it. Shrugging in confusion, ONO waits no longer and pounces on the nearly standing Angel, dragging him back towards the center of the ring, locking him in with a standing head scissors!]

PB: OH FUCK YES!!! He's gunna powerbomb him into that pile of awesome!!! THIS HAS TO BE IT!!

RD: That's if he's able to pull it off, Paul! Angel's instincts are kickin' in, or the cunt wad was playin' possum! He's holdin' ONO's legs for dear life!!!

[ONO begins to wander a bit with his headscissors, trying unsuccessfully to heave Angel up into the air! Moving a few steps to his right, HEZONFAIA is finally able to break Martinez's tight grip, bringin' up him high up into the air...]

*** CCCCCCLLLLAAAAAAAAANNNGGGGG!!! ***

PB: EDDDIE FUCKIN' SPAGHETTI!!! ANGEL GRABBED ONE OF THOSE LUNCH BXOES AND JUST PLANTED ONO WITH IT!!!

RD: ONO stumbles back into the corner... Martinez topples to the mat, but avoids that death pile... least for now!

[The crowd's a bit disappointed, but their faith remains intact as ONO shakes off the cobwebs in the corner while "Syko" slowly rises to his feet in the middle of the ring. HEZONFAIA bolts like a shot, ignoring the severe pain down below...]

[THAT JUST HAD TO FUCKIN' HURT LOVE OF PAIN POP!!!]

BACK

PB: CCCCCCCCHEEEEEEESE AND FUCKIN' RRRRRRRICE!!!!!! DROOPP TOE HOLD RIGHT INTO THAT PILE!!! LEGOS, GLASS AND CRACK—ONO EATS IT ALL FACE FUCKIN' FIRST!!!

RD: Look at that man flail!!! You'd think he's having a fuckin' seizure! I can't imagine the pain ONO's in!

[The crowd is shell shocked, but still very much on the edge of their seats, if not standing tall as ONO slows his flailing and comes to a rest in the one corner, freeing his face of all debris. In the center of the ring, Angel rolls onto his stomach and pushes his way up to his knees, getting a resounding 'BOOOOOOOOOO!' from the audience.]

RD: I think hearing these boo's only adds more fuel to the fire! It's like Martinez feeds off the negative energy! Somehow the man is standing on his own two feet!

PB: Just INCREDIBLE!!! I dun very much like the mother fucker, but it's hard not to respect what he's accomplished in DERP! Just wish he'd shut his fuckin' mouth sometimes!

[Foggy and very groggy, Angel staggers his way towards ONO in the one corner. HEZONFAIA has climbed his way up the turn buckles and is standing with his back against the buckles, slumped a bit.]

RD: BOOOOOT TO THE GUT!!! Angel follows with... a SCOOP SLAM!?!? He grabs ONO's legs... TREEEE OF FUCKIN' WOOOEEEE!!!!

PB: This is NOOOOOOOT good for ONO's chances of winning! NOOOOOOOT good at all!

[Gauging from the crowd's response, a full scale riot is quite possible with such abhorrent behavior from Martinez... as he grabs himself the nearest chain he can find, and slides out of the ring to the floor. Angel takes his time on the outside as ONO struggle and fights for his freedom. HEZONFAIA gets himself nowhere.... As Martinez throws the chain around his neck, places a foot on the ring post..... ANNND PULLLLLLSSSS!!!!]

RD: HE'S GUNNA FUCKIN' KILL HIM!!!! I dun think this is about winning or losing anymore!!! Martinez is out to fuckin' end ONO's career!!!

PB: And there's nothing the referee can do here! It's ALLLLLLL legal!!! Only hope is ONO passes out before there's permanent damage!

RD: I dun think that's gunna happen quite yet! There's still a lot of piss and vinegar in that "Jumpin' Bean!" He's still fightin' tooth and nail despite not havin' the ability to fuckin' breath right meow!

[Pulling with all his might, Angel really applies the pressure right on ONO's throat! HEZOFAlA wiggles and squirms, thrusts and spins... doing all he can to get his legs loose, or break "Syko" death grip!]

RD: Only thing HEZONFAIA has goin for him is that Angel can't maintain this forever! Eventually, his limbs are gunna go numb and he'll have to let go!

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PB: If those DERP fans in the front row have their way, “Syko” gunna have to fuckin’ let go! They’re pelting him with all kinds of trash!

[Trying to maintain his focus on the task at hand is hard when Angel’s ducking empty plastic cups and haft eaten hot dog! Either way, time catches up with him and he drops his leg from the ring post, momentarily releasing the pressure! But it’s only for seconds, as he quickly wraps the chain around his fists, pulling it tight once again!]

PB: GAWD DAMN!!! Angel lost his grip, but only for a split fuckin’ second! No chance for ONO to escape there, and now I think Martinez is finally gunna succeed at choking him the fuck out!

RD: It sure as hell looks that way! The “Japanese Jumpin’ Bean” doesn’t seem to be jumping at all right meow! The ref lifts up his arm..... AND IT FALLS RIGHT TO THE MAT!!!

PB: “SYKO” REALLY MAY HAVE PULLED THIS ONE OFF!!! The ref lifts up ONO’s hand again... GAWWD DAMNNIT!!!! IT’S A FUCKIN’ LIMP FUCKIN’; NOOOODDLE!!!

RD: I dun think the referee like this very much, but the man’s got no choice! He grabs HEZONFAIA’s wrist....

[PRIMAL SCREAM THERAPY ENGAGED!!!!]

PB: OOOOOONNNNNNOOOOOO LIIIIIVVEEEEESSSS!!!! UPSIDE FUCKIN DAHN AND WITH A CHAIN WRAPPED AROUND HIS THROAT... BUT HE FUCKIN’ LIIIIIVVEEEEESSSS!!!!

RD: I CAN’T FUCKIN’ BELIEVE IT!!! THESE FANS CAN’T FUCKIN’ BELIEVE IT!!! AND I THINK ANGEL JUST BLEW A FUCKIN’ GASKET!!!

PB: I can’t even blame the motherfucker right meow! He squeezed ALLLLLLLLLLL the oxygen outta ONO and it still wasn’t enough!!

RD: Look at the “Jumpin’ Bean” suck dahn that oxygen! I dun think he can inhale fast enough right meow!

[Angel lets go of the chain and berates as many members of the front row audience he can before he goes rummaging through the bin labeled “TUBEZ” at ringside. As “Syko” stars pulling out random tubes, ONO slides his way out of the ring, sitting upright on the apron, still sucking in the oxygen fast as he can.]

RD: ONO mighta’ survived havin’ the life choked outta him, but some proolly sayin’ right meow he’d been better off just letting his arm fall and continuing to fight another day! He looks in ROUGH fuckin’ shape right meow!

BACK

PB: I'd argue that Martinez doesn't look in top form either! DEATHMATCHES will do that too ya! We damn near twenty minutes into this hellacious battle! If these guys COULD walk normal, I'd want my fuckin' money back!

[Frustration continues to build as Angel's search continues to fail to produce what he's looking for. Giant Pixy stix? Nope. Drinking straw? Nope. Paper towel roll???? NOOOO!!! He finally grabs himself one of the lighttube cabins and sets it down gently next to him before pulling out...a professional grade thick as FUCK poster tube!!!]

PB: OH SHIT!!!! That fucker may be made outta cardboard but I bet it hurts like a mother fucker!!!

RD: Especially now! ANGELS DUMPING SOME OF THOSE CHAINS INSIDE!!!!

PB: Guess that's why those things come with fuckin' lids! Can you say BATTER UPP!?!?!?

[Giving himself some slaps upside the head, ONO hops off the apron, trying to awaken the fighting beast within. "Syko" slowly stalks his prey, that chain filled poster tube raised in the air like a knight's sword...]

***** TTTTTHHHWWWWAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKK!!!! *****

PB: OOHHHHMMMYYYYYYYYGGGGGGAAAAWWWD!!!! THE TUBE IS FUCKIN' CIVILIZATION!!!! ONO JUST FUCKIN' GOT LAID THE FUCK AHT!!!

RD: IF ONCE WASN'T ENOUGH... Angel whacks him again! And again! AND AGAIN!!! That tube is now in pieces!!!!

[With ONO sprawled out motionless on the arena floor, Angel stands over him, the torn remains of the poster tube in his hand. Discarding the paper product with great disdain, Angel peels ONO up off the arena floor...]

RD: HEZONFAIA is unconscious!!! Angel is just pouring salt onto the man's wounds! There's no need for this! Just win the fuckin' match already!!!

PB: But if he did that... he wouldn't be Angel "Syko" fuckin' Martinez!!!

[Pulling ONO up to his feet, Angel throws an arm over top of his back, and quickly lifts the "Japanese Jumpin Bean" high into the air with a vertical suplex....]

[EVERYONE GGGGRRRRROOOOOOAAAAANNNN!!!!]

PB: DOOOONNNNNAAAA NEEEDS A FUCKIN' DOUGHTNUT!!!! ANGEL DROPS HIM SPINE FIRST ON THAT FUCKIN' RING APRON!!!!

BACK

RD: THAT IS THE HARDEST PART OF THE FUCKIN' RING!!! There is NOOOOOO give whatsoever when you land on that fuckin' apron!!

PB: From the look on ONO's face, I'd say he agrees with you! Oh wait... there is no expression BECAUSE THERE'S NO BODY FUCKIN' HOME!!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO....

[TTTTTHHHUUUUNNNNDEROUS EXPLOSION!!!!]

PB: HE'S A FUCKIN' GOLDEN GOD!!!! There's no other explanation for it!!! How the FUCK did he throw that shoulder up!?!?!

RD: You got me, Paulie! You got me! GAWD DAMN!! That ONO is one special motherfucker!!

BACK

PB: Yea, he's gunna end up REALLL special after taken a beating like this one! Mohammad Ali special!!!

[There is no one more furious into the entire state of Wisconsin right now than Angel Martinez, as he slowly rises to his feet, his death glare focused squarely on the DERP referee outside the ring, still albeit more wearily holding up the two fingers!]

PB: If that ref dun get the fuck outta there, Angel's gunna snap them two fuckin' fingers!

RD: I think Angel's eyes conveyed that message loud and fuckin' clear! And from the ref's reaction... I think he understood it plain as day!

[Having successfully won his stare down with the referee, Angel turns back to ONO, who is still barely moving if at all on the arena floor. Taking a moment to take everything in, including the rapid DERP fans wanting Angel's head on a stake right now, Angel takes in a deep breath.... Then finds himself one of those chains!!!]

RD: Angel AGAAAIN using one of them chains at ringside!!! This time.... he's using it as a fuckin' leash!!!!

PB: Where the FUCK is Angel taking him!?!?!]

RD: There are headed right this way, Paul! If I'm readin' Angel's lips correctly, I think someone wants to have a fuckin' chat with you!!!

PB: What the fuck!?!?! That little fuckin' asshole better watch himself, or I'ma shove his armbar up his asshole!

[Angel stomps his way up the entrance ramp, with ONO dragging behind like fat dog that doesn't want to walk anymore. The fans continue to rant and rave, taking it to another decibel level the closer Angel draws towards the DERP commentators!]

| | | |
|---------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| CROWD: | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | FUCK YOU ANGEL! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |

PB: YYYEEESSSSS!!! THAT'S IT FANS!!! Let that fucker have it!!!

RD: I dun think Angel even HEARS these fans right meow, Paul!

BACK

CROWD: **FUCK YOU ANGEL!** **CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP**
 FUCK YOU ANGEL! **CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP**
 FUCK YOU ANGEL! **CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP**
 FUCK YOU ANGEL! **CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP**

RD: Angel's got ONO a fuckin' stones throw from us.... AND HE LOCKS ON THAT DRAGON FUCKIN' SLEEPER HOLD!!!

PB: AND HE'S USING THAT FUCKIN CHAIN!!! That rat bastard!!! FUCK HIM!!! Again just trying to choke the LIFE outta ONO!!!

RD: I think you're more pissed he's continuing to use WRESTLING MOVES during a deathmatch!!! You're head has to be about ready to fuckin' explode!!!

PB: SHUT THE FUCK UP DELANEY!!!

[With the fans almost in riot mode, Angel continues to wear down ONO, spending the entire time just barking away at Paul. Not having any of it, Barker slams down his head set and stands up, jawing right back at Angel, not having any of it! Feeling like he's getting somewhere..... Angel let's go of ONO!?!?!]

RD: WHA!?! Angel is playin' fuckin mind games here, and Paul's fallin' right for 'em! I'm fuckin' shocked!!! I never knew Paul had a mind to fuck with!!!

[Still jawing right at Barker, Angel again uses the chain as a leash, pulling ONO right back up to his feet... and then he rolls him right on top of the commentator's table!]

RD: GAWWWD DAMNIT ANGEL!!! If I wanted to be a part of the fuckin' action, I'd step inside the fuckin' ring again!!!!

[With both the DERP owner and the color commentator grumping away at him, along with all the DERP-a-holics in attendance... Angel climbs up on top of the table, where ONO's laying flat on his stomach. With big classic one fingered salute, Angel shouts to the crowd: "THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED, RIGHT?!?!?!"]

RD: AAAAAANNNKLLLEEE FUCKIN LOCK!!!! ANGEL GOT HIM IN A FUCKIN; ANKEL LOCK ON MY GAWDDAMN ANOUNCERS TABLE!!! WHAT THE FLYING FUCK!?!?!]

[Showing more life now than he has in the past five minutes it seems, ONO springs to life, crying out in pain, and trying desperately to free himself from the dreaded ankle lock! Angel could not care less, his focus never once breaking from Paul, who he continues to engage in one lengthy verbal argument with!]

BACK

RD: In all my fuckin years... I dun think I've ever seen an ankle lock applied like this!!! Angel gunna snap that fuckin' ankle in TWO and I dun think he'll even notice the way him and Paul are over here fighting like fuckin' ex boyfriends!!!!

[Red in the face, Paul "Tackz" Barker looks as if he is going to have to let loose from redneck kung fu on Angel if he doesn't stop running that mouth... but with it being Angel, that is never going to happen! HEZONFALA continues to flail, and turn, trying to do anything to free himself....

***** FFFFFFFWWWWWOOOOOOOMMMMMMPPPPP!!!! *****

RD: OOOOHHHHMMMMYYYYHGAAAAWWWWWDDD!!!! THE TABLE GAVE AHT!!!! THE FUCKIN' TABLE GAVE AHT!!!

PB: HAHA!!! God doesn't like a PRIDEFUL man, Delano! He just fuckin' SMITED that bitch!

RD: Angel and ONO are both lying in a heap! Neither one of them took that landing well!!!

[With the crowd letting their enjoyment show, both men slowly stir on the arena floor. ONO ends up on his feet first, and stumbles his way down the ramp way, crashing into the ring. Angel slowly stands himself, quite wobbly with a hand on the back of his head. The fans continue to just got WILD as Angel bumbles his way down the walk way, while ONO struggles to pull himself up onto the apron.]

RD: Somehow, someway... BOTH of these men are still standing, despite tearin' into each other ALLLLL NIGHT LOOONG!!!

PB: The end is nye, my friend! The end is nye! They cannot take much more of this!

[Turning around on the apron, leaning back against the ropes, ONO waits for "Syko" Martinez, who draws closer with every passing second! Soon as Angel gets within striking distance, ONO leaps... AND LANDS RIGHT ON ANGEL'S SHOULDERS!!!]

PB: THE LITTLE JAPANESE DRUMMER BOY!!!! HE'S PLAYIN' "SYKO" HEAD LIKE A FUCKIN' BONGO!!!

RD: AND HE TURNS AROUND.... VICTORY FUCKIN' ROOOOLLLLL!!!! ONO MAY HAVE JUST PULLED IT OFF!!!! THE REF MAKES THE COUNT!!!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: CLOSE BUT NO FUCKIN' CIGAR!!!! ANGEL FINDS IT IN HIM TO KICK AHT!!!

PB: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! THAT WAS SO FUCKIN' CLOSE!!!!

[From the force of the kick out, the two men roll apart, with Angel rolling smack right into the guardrail. ONO again is the first to reach his feet, and finds himself posting right up next to a light tube log cabin, which he eagerly grabs a hold and carries towards Martinez, who's slowly pulling himself up to his feet using that guardrail.]

PB: YESSSS!!! ONO GOTTS A LIGHT TUBE CABIN!! Now the question is what's he goin' do with it!?!?

RD: I'd say he's lookin' for the knock aht blow here! He sits that cabin dahn and grips up Angel!

[First setting the mood, ONO delivers a nasty open palm chop right to Angel's chest, before bringing the current DERP 24/7 Champ closer to the light tube cabin. The "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" then turns around, hookin' "Syko's" arm...

*** CCCCCCRRRRRRRRRAAAASSSSHHHH!!! ***

BACK

PB: SNNNNOOOOTCHIE FUCKIN' BOOOOOOTHCIES!!!! ANGEL REVERSES!!! AVALANCE
BACJKSLIDE DRIVER..... RIGHT ON THAT FUCKIN' CABIN!!!

RD: AND NOW ONO'S THE ONE HOOKED FOR THE PIN!!! Look at him kick those feet! He's
doin' all he can to break this pin attempt!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

[ORGASMIC DISPLAY OF SHOCK AND AWE POP!!!]

PB: WHAAT THE FUCK!?!?!? WAIT, I DUN GIVE A SHIT --- ONO KICKS THE FUCK AHT!!!

RD: I dun think Angel even has it in him to BITCH about a slow cahnt! He just flops the arena floor, right beside ONO! He's gotta be wonderin' what the FUCK is it gunna take!?!?!?

[With ONO slowly and carefully pulling glass shards out of his body, Angel rises to his feet, and grabs himself a lunch box off the ropes! It falls open... spilling out a can of lighter fluid and a lighter!]

BACK

Instantly turning his frown upside down, Angel lays the lunch box out on the ground, and begins to fill it with lighter fluid!!!]

PB: OOOHHH FUCK NOOOOOO!!! “SYKO” ABOUT TO TURN UP THE FUCKIN’ HEAT!!!

RD: That can is EMPTIED into that lunch box! Angel’s now got one... AROUND THE NECK WITH A FUCKIN’ CHAIN AGAIN!!!

[Dragging ONO around on a makeshift chain lesh, Martinez gets HEZONFAIA real close to the flammable lunch box....]

***** FFFFFWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSHHHHHH!!!! ****

**[CROWD: 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: I AM THE GOD OF HELLFIRE, AND I BRING YOU FIRE!!!

RD: MAT SLAM RIGHT INTO THAT FLAMIN’ LUNCH BOX!!! ONO’S FACE HAS GOTTEN BE CINGED TO A FUCKIN’ CRISP!!!

**[CROWD: 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: AND ANGEL FLOPS HIM OVER!!! THIS IS IT RIGHT HERE!!!!

PB: I’d love to OBJECT, but this has just been TOOOO MUCH fun to give a shit anymore!!!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: SHOULDER FUCKIN' UP!!! HE'S INHUMAN!!! HE'S GOTTA BEEN A FUCKIN' ROBOT!!!
Bloodied, beaten, and now BURNT... but ONO still won't stay dahn!

PB: He's a fuckin' BOSSSS!!! Wha else can you really say!?!?

[With disbelief, frustration and pure anger written all over his face, Angel slowly rises to his feet, just staring daggers at the referee, looking like a snake coiling up, ready to strike.... But suddenly Angel turns on a dime, and grabs the kneeling ONO, choosing to roll him into the ring!]

RD: Angel takin' this fight back into the ring! That is NOT good news for ONO! He can't survive if this becomes a wrestlin' match!

PB: Fuck that! ANGEL won't survive if he turns this awesomeness into a gawd damn rasslin' match!
I'll KILL HIM! Myself!!!

BACK

[Having rolled HEZONFAIA into the ring, the DERP 24/7 champ takes a moment before entering himself.... Grabbing a box of light tubes!!! They might not like the guy, but the crowd does roar as his choice of weaponry! Angel slides the box in first, before taking his time and entering the ring himself...]

RD: Martinez better pay the fuck attention! He took alotta time to get back into the ring and ONO's got himself standin' upright!!!

PB: Not just standin' up, Delano, he's fuckin' ARMED.... WITH FUCKIN' LUNCH BOXES!!!

[Angel makes his way thru the ropes, and gains his footing again... as ONO rushes in, just windmilling with a lunch box in each hand! No finesse, just fuckin' windmilling!]

PB: YESSS!!!! ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR... FIVE... SIX...SEVEN FUCKIN' SHOTS!!!!

RD: AND DAAAAAAAHN HE GOOOOOESSS!!!!!!!!!! THOSE LUNCHBOXES _AAANNND_ ANGEL'S HEAD ARE FUCKIN' CAVED IN!!!

[As Martinez crumples near the ropes, ONO falls backwards into the nearest corner, winded and out of gas from such high speed, arm tiring wind milling action there. With the lunch boxes discarded, and the crowd just going WILD yet again, ONO pushes himself out of the corner....]

RD: ONO back on the attack.... AND HE'S GOT THAT BOX OF TUBES!!!

PB: Using the toys ANGEL brought to the party AGAINST him... GOTTA LOVE THAT!!!

[Angel, still motionless, offers no response to ONO straight dumping the box of light tubes on top of him. Some break instantly on impact, others don't and remain completely intact. With Martinez half buried under the light tubes... ONO begins to move around the ring, collecting everything he can find!!!]

PB: ONO's ona fuckin' treasure hunt and LOOOOOK at all the loot he's findin'!!!

RD: He is getting' himself a little bit of everythin', and just BURYIN' Angel in ALLL OF IT!!!

[Having collected all sorts of odd and ends, from the broklen ligh tubes and lunchboxes along with the various chains used throught the match, ONO has created a nice mound of awesome, completely engulfing the still motionless Martinez.... HEZONFAIA then decides to climb up the top rope!!!]

PB: OOOHHH FUCK YESS!!! HE'S GOIN' UP TO THE TIPPY TIPPY FUCKIN' TOP!!!

RD: He better hurry! I haven't seen Angel move at all in minutes, but it's only a matter of time until that asshole wakes back up!!!

[The crowd rises to their feet as ONO reaches the top rope, and carefully perches himself, struggling thanks to the horrific toll this kind of wrestlign takes on a human body. Steading himself for a moment, and looking out at the DERP faithful, ONO throws everyone a thumbs up....]

BACK

[HOLY ALMIGHTY GAWD FUCK FUCKITYFUCK YES POP!!!!]

PB: CCCCHHHHEEEEEEEEESEEEEE AND FUUCCCKIN' RRRRIICCCEEE!!!! SEVEN STAR
FUCKIN' FROG SPLASH!!! THOSE TUBES JUST EXPLODED!!! ANGEL IS FUCKIN'
IMPALED!!! ONO IS WRITHING IN PAIN!!!! THAT WAS FUCKIN' AAAAWWWESOME!!!!!!

RD: THEY SAY IF THERE'S NO PAIN, THERE'S NO GAIN.... ONO JUST FUCKIN CAUSED
HIMSELF A WORLD OF PAIN.... LETS SEE IF HE CAN GAAAIN HIMSELF A VICTORY
HERE!!!

*[Angel flops over on the impact, COMPLETELY motionless with his eyes rolled in the back of his head.
ONO rolls the whole way over to the side of the ropes, grabbing at his ribs, which are just cut to shreds.
With the crowd still standing and still cheering at the top of their lungs, HEZONFAIA begins a slow
army crawl back towards Martinez...]*

PB: HE'S GUNNA DO IT!!!! RIGHT HERE, RIGHT MEOW!!! COOOOME ON ONOO!!!!!!

RD: He's almost there!!!! These fans are just WILLLLING him on!!!!

[YYYYYYYEEEESSSSSSSSS!!!!!!!!!!!!]

RD: ONO DID IT!!! HE FLOPS AN ARM ON 'SYKO'!!! THE REF MAKES THE COUNT!!!! THIS
IS FUCKIN' IIIITTTT!!!!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

[The emotional roller coaster ride continues, as the DERP-a-holics within seconds go from cheering their head off for ONO's victory to straight jeers and boo's as "TOO GOOD" JOHNNY MARVELOUS appears in the rampway, a Singapore cane in hand!!! Damage Control hits the ring, but as Johnny approaches, they quickly scatter. The DERP 24/7 ref hands the slowly rising ONO his newly one title belt, as Johnny sldies under the bottom rope...]

***** CRRRRAAAACCCCKKK!!!! *****

***** CRRRRAAAACCCCKKK!!!! *****

***** CRRRRAAAACCCCKKK!!!! *****

***** CRRRRAAAACCCCKKK!!!! *****

***** CRRRRAAAACCCCKKK!!!! *****

PB: HE JUST BEAT HIM LIKE A RENTED FUCKIN' MULE!!! ONO is just knocked fuckin' SILLLLLLLY into the corner!

RD: I think the only GOOOD NEWS for ONO right meow is his hard head WAS able to turn that cane into splinters!!!

[With the newly crowned DERP 24/7 Champion slumped in the corner, Johnny discards his now useless Singapore cane, and takes a second to think of his next move. Across the ring, a very disoriented Angel Martinez slowly rises to his feet, as Johnny delivers a straight boot kick right to HEZONFAIA's midsection...]

PB: SSSNNNNNNNAAAAP FUCKIN' SUPLEX!!!!!! AND THAT RING IS JUST LITTERED WITH BROKEN GLASS!!!! I dunno if its possible, but ONO's sliced up even MOOOREE!!!

RD: So is Marvelous! He didn't escape that unscathed either!

[With ONO planted, Johnny slowly rises to his feet, unhappily but totally focused on picking shard or two out of his right arm...]

[KARMA'S A BIIITCH POP!!!!]

PB: HOLY FUCKIN SSSYYYKKKOOO KICK BATEMAN!!!! MARVELOUS SENT SPPRAWLIGN THRU THE ROPES!!!

RD: And he lands ROOOOOUGH on the outside! I can't believe Angel's standing! And he's not just standing... LOOK AT HIM!!!! He's climbing up to that top rope!!!

BACK

[On the outside, Johnny is slow moving and obviously shaken up. ONO is barely moving in the center of the ring, covered in blood and in extreme amounts of pain. The only one moving is Angel, but his paced is certainly slowed and his center of balance is certainly out of whack, as he tidders and toddlers on the top rope...]

PB: FFFFAAAAALLL OFFFFF!!!! YOU FUCKIN' DOUCHE!!!

RD: I dun think we are gunna get that lucky here, Paul!!!

[Shaking his head, deciding its now or ever, Angel says its all system go...]

PB: FFFFUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKKK!!!! THAT'S THE FUCKIN' SCREW JOB!!!! FUCK HIM!!!

RD: These fans and us share the same opinion, Paulie, but GAAAWWD DAMN!!! That was one impressive Corkscrew Frog splash!

PB: BAAAAH!! That wasn't a corkscrew! He just splashed with style!!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

...THREEEEEE!!!!!!

PB: HOOOORRSSSEESHIST!!! FUCKIN' COCK SUCKIN' GAWD DAMNIT HORSE SHIT!!!!

RD: I agree, Paulie, but that's the NAME OF THE GAME!!! It's DERP 24/7 title CHAOS for a reason!!

[Quickly as he possibly can, Angel retrieves his title and exits the ring at a blistering pace, as the DERP fans are very much on the verge of becoming one giant angry mob! Getting back to his feet and not looking pleased at all, Johnny grabs himself a few of the chains at ring side and takes off RIGHT AFTER Angel up the entrance way! Back in the ring, the DERP-a-holics give ONO HEZONFAIA a standing ovation for his effort tonight, as Damage Control and Uncle Syn help the "Japanese Jumpin' Bean" out of the ring...]

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

[Soft, slow.... Elevator music...]

VO: One of the most VIOLENT... One of the most DEADLY... One of the most LEGENDARY promotions of all time..... ...is set to return for....

[The music picks up, in pace that is...]

....."OOONE NIGHT ONLLLY!!!!"

[The letters "P-J-G" begin to flash violently on the screen...]

VO:THE PARADISE JISATSU GROUP PROULDY PRESENTS... "ONE NIGHT ONLY!" The most insane, violent and brutal death match wrestling around has AGAIN been centered in the PJG Arena! Scheduled to appear are...

[Cue up the still shots!]

BACK

VO: Past DERP alumni... “VILE” VINCE VIPER... and DONOVAN O’REILY!!!!

[More still shots!]

VO: Current DERP alumni... “ANGRY” ANGUS ANDRUS... and IRIS GALLIVER!!!

[And one final still shot...]

VO: And of course.... The madman himself... RYAN FUCKIN’ DELANEY!!!!

[Pause as old school footage of Delaney plays, including clips from Delaney battling the likes of “Fast” Eddie Cutlass in RAW Carolina, Ian “Deadpool” Christoph in SPW, and teaming with David Rheume in EWWF.]

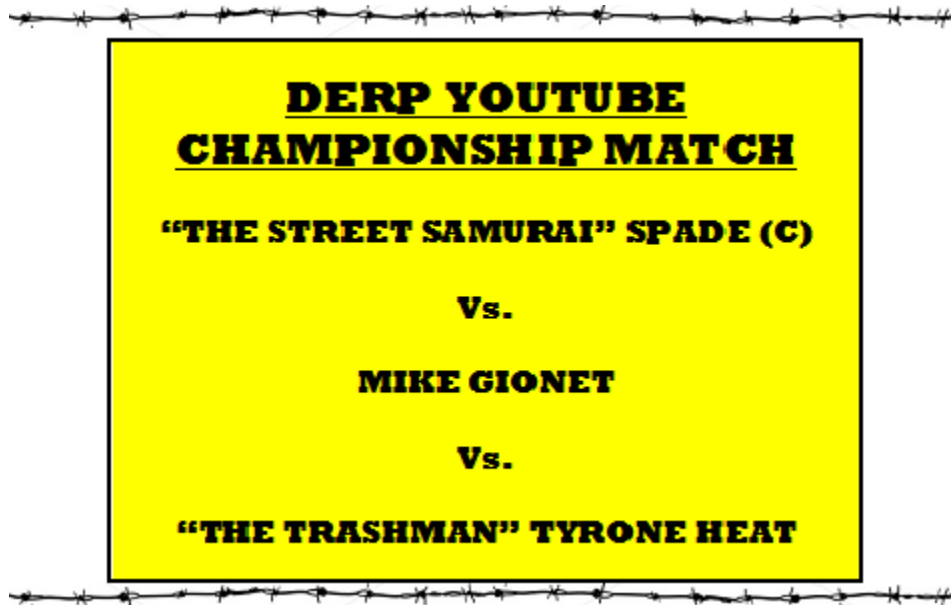
VO: “The Suburban Abominaiton” will be coming out of RETIREMENT to compete... ..IN A THREE WAY 10,000 THUMB TACK DEATH MATCH... ..FOR THE PJG SUICIDE SOLDIER TITLE!!!

[Shot focuses in on an image of the PJG Suicide Solider championship...]

VO: For ONE NIGHT ONLY... the PJG Arena will be filled again to the rafters! Do NOT miss being a part of this HISTORY MAKING EVENT! Get your tickets TODAY!

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

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



BACK

[The graphic only remains long enough to barely read everything that's on it. It Word-art's itself right back off the screen, leaving the scene filled with all three wrestlers, each taking up a different corner. The ref and the DERP ring attendants struggle to remove all the streamers thrown in from the fans so this match can get under way.]

RD: I know your gunna keep siting there actin' like you can't enjoy some real rasslin', Paulie, but I tell you... we are in for a TREAT here tonight!!!

PB: Yea, yea, yeea... You're gunna make me a fuckin' convert, I get it...

[Immediately hearing the bell, Tyrone sprints towards the Samurai and bowls the slick haired champion off his feet with an impressive shoulder charge! Spade hits the ropes with such force that he's actually flipped up and over for a hard landing on the outside. Tyrone lands and rolls right to his feet.]

RD: GAWD DAAAAMN!!! WHAT FORCE!!! Spade lands like a ton of bricks on the outside!

PB: Some way to start off a match for the defending champion!

["the Trashman" turns just in time to fire of front thrust kick at the incoming Gionet, but the young rookie is one step ahead, catching his foot and then putting The Trashman down with a solid Rolling Sobat!]

RD: Mike gets the best of Tyrone there! Each week, Gionet shows improvement! Gotta wonder when he's gunna hit that rookie ceiling!

PB: ...when someone puts him thru it???

[As Heat gathers himself near the ropes, Gionet stands tall in the center of the ring, enjoying a brief applause from the DERP faithful... meanwhile the "Samurai" gets himself back up on the apron! Gripping the top rope, the DERP YouTube champion slingshots himself up and over the top rope....]

PB: WOOOOWWWWZZZZAAA!!!! GIONET HITS HIM WITH A MID AIR FUCKIN' PELE KICK!!!!

RD: Spade tryin' for a drop kick there, but Mike musta' done his homework and saw that coming a mile away!

[The Samurai hit's the canvas, folded over with grit teeth and a wince of pain as Gionet turns around just in time for Tyrone Heat to catch him from behind and spin him around. A boot to the gut is immediately followed by a straight lift over his head.]

Heat: I'M TAKIN' OUT THA' TRASH!!!

[Tyrone drops Gionet on his shoulders for the Trash Compactor, but again, Mike turns the dime and flips around, wrapping both legs around The Trashman's head and drilling him to the canvas with a solid Reverse Hurricanrana bump!]

RD: AGAIN AMAZING AGILITY RIGHT DERE!!! You can deny how cool that was right there!

BACK

PB: Even a blind squirrel find's an acorn now and again!

[As Gionet gets to his feet, he is barely able to back bridge the incoming Samurai's spinning clothesline. Somehow Mike regains his footing and hits an impressive Tornado Enziguri to the back of Spade's head that drives him straight to the canvas. Mike lands on his side and rolls to his feet with double fists pumps and a roar to the crowd!]

RD: I gotta wonder if all this recent controversy over the YouTube title has gotten Spade off his game! He doesn't look like the same fighting champion we've seen in weeks past!

PB: BAAAH! Stop trying to add the spin mango!

[Tyrone is still shaking his head a bit as he rises to his feet and Gionet rushes in with a series of solid Kawada style kicks to the man's torso. Yet The Trashman still rises. He drives him back into the ropes where Tyrone catches one of Gionet's legs and lifting his foot up he stomps down hard on the inside left knee of Gionet, dropping him down with a sharp cry of pain.]

RD: BAAAAAD NEWSSSS!!! Tyrone seems to be in a extra ordinarily pissed off mood tonight, which means trouble if your Mike Gionet right now! "the Trashman" savagely assaulting Gionet with stomps and kicks!!!

PB: GOOOOOD!!! He's focusin' right on that knee too! If we are lucky, Tyrone's gunna end this right quick!!!

[With every brutal stomp, Gionet grimaces as Tyrone, still holding that kicking leg of Gionet, then turns and whips him over his back with a single leg shoulder throw to the center of the canvas. Once there, he locks the man up tight in an STF hold! Gionet growls in pain through clenched teeth as Tyrone cinches his hands beneath the man's chin.]

PB: SEE!?!?! He primed the knee, and know he's gunna pop it like a pimple on prom night!

RD: Tyrone sure has good ring positionin', but this IS a triple threat match! As Tyrone wrenches and yanks at Gionet's jaw while torquing that knee, the Samurai is crouched dahn, watchin' the whole thing unfold!!!

[Tyrone finally releases the hold, rising to his feet and signaling for the Punk Choker. As he turns around, he finds the wind knocked out of him as the Street Samurai sprints the entire length of the ring and plows into him shoulder first with The Busted Straight! Spade rolls and kips to his feet with a loud howl!]

RD: HE JUST CUT HIM IN HALF!!! I dun think Heat expected that!

PB: Anyone can knock dahn another man when attackin' from behind!

[Across the ring from him, Mike pulls himself up on the ropes, checking his legs. The Samurai rushes in, catching him from behind in a tight rear waistlock and hits a steep backbridge, slamming Gionet Head and Shoulder's to the canvas with a German Suplex Pin!]

RD: "The Street Samurai" ona roll here, and he end this right here!

BACK

PB: One can only pray right!?!?

...ONE...

...TWO...

...TH-KICKOUT!!!

RD: GIONET SHOWIN' THAT SPUNK!!! He beats the count and keeps this match GOIN'!!!

BACK

PB: GRRRRRR!!! Guess I juss gotta pray Tyrone goes nuts and ruins all this bullshit wrestlin' fun!

[Gionet pumps his legs and rolls his shoulder. Spade breaks the hold and both men roll to their feet. Gionet fires off a quick Koppu Kick, but the Samurai ducks the attack, catching him with a spinning foot sweep and rocking him off his feet! Gionet rolls with the fall and both men are back on their feet at the same time.]

RD: And the DERP-a-holic's start a massive round of applause! They are ENJOYIN ' this wrestlin' clinic we gots goin' on!!!

PB: WWWHHHHYYY!?!?! Why do they have to ENCOURAGE this!?!? WWWHHHHYYY!?!?

[Gionet attempts a straight punch but Spade ducks, catching his arm and pulling him onto his shoulders. Gionet quickly turns the tide by rolling him into a Double Arm Crucifix pin.]

RD: Gionet beats Spade at his own game there! But is it enough to win the DERP YouTube title!?!?

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

RD: SPADE REVERSES!!!! He kicks his legs and rolls Gionet on his shoulders!

PB: COME ON, TTTYYYYYRRRRONNNNE!!! Hit someone with a fuckin' TRASH CAN already!!!

BACK

...ONE...

RD: NOOOOW GIONET REVERSES!!! HE TURNS SPADE OVER WITH A SCHOOL BOY!!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

RD: JUST INCREDIBLE!!! SPADE REVERSES THE REVERSE TO THE FUCKIN' REVERSE!!!

BACK

PB: What the FUCK did you just say!?!?

...ONE...

...TWO...

...TH-NOOOO!!!

BACK

RD: GIONET SHOVES SPADE OFF!!!! AFTER ALL THAT..... AND WE STILL HAVE NO WINNER!!

PB: Just a lot of BOOOORREEEED fans in attendance!

RD: Judgin' from this crowd's reaction... I dun think ANNNNOE is very bored right meow Paulie!

[Rising to his feet, Mike's brow is furrowed with face burning with humiliation. Spade just shoots him a wry smile and motions him to bring it on! He attempts to oblige the Samurai but finds himself caught from behind once more by Tyrone Heat, who locks him up in a Cobra Clutch and then backbridges with a hard head first slam. Tyrone doesn't release, instead trapping Gionet's arm and locking him up tight with The Punk Choker!]

PB: PPPUUUUUNNNNKK CHOKER!!! YES!!! THIS SHOULD BE IT!!!

RD: SHOULD be... COULD be... BUT WON'T BE!!! Spade's right there, but he's just watchin' "the Trashman" wear Gionet dahn!]

[Knowing full well that Mike could tap at any second. Spade is showing some serious faith on Gionet's spirit holding out long enough for Tyrone to have to break the hold!]

PB: Is he just gunna LLLLEET Tyrone win the belt!?!? I dun understand!

RD: Me either, Paul, but he must have more faith than either of us!

[Tyrone tries to keep his head on a swivel, keeping an eye on the watching "Street Samurai". Right as it seems Gionet's hand is coming out, ready to tap, the Samurai rushes in with a sharp kick to the back of Tyrone Heat's head, breaking the hold and leaving Gionet somewhere between consciousness and unconsciousness.]

RD: And just like that... HOLD IS BROKEN and the "Street Samurai" is in control again!

PB: UGH! Let's hope he ENDS this soon!

[Anger renewed, Tyrone burst to his feet and came at Spade swinging! The Samurai ducked, weaved, and blocked shots as if he were a Martial Art's superstar, finally catching Tyrone by his wrist and whipping him up and over his shoulder with a wristlock arm drag!]

RD: "The Street Samurai" tries to get the best of "the Trashman" there... but Tyrone tucks and rolls with the impact!!!

[Using his momentum, Tyrone rolls right into the ropes as Spade rushes in after him. Tyrone, thinking fast, hops onto the second rope and throws his hip right into the Samurai's face with a springboard Hip check! Spade goes down hard and sits up on impact, looking a bit stunned from the hit...]

PB: HEAT GETS THE BEST OF HIM THERE!!! Spade doesn't know WHAT just hit him!

BACK

RD: He will figure it aht soon enuff as Tyrone grips him right up by his neck!]

[With Spade up by his neck, Tyrone hoists him high up over his head, screaming out “TAKIN' OUT THA' TRASH... TAKE TWO MOTHER FFFUCCCCCKKKKEEEEERRRRSSS!!!” as he then drops Spade on his shoulders, hooks the leg and neck and dead drops to his left, driving Spade skull first into the canvas! On impact, he rolls The Samurai over and hooks the leg...]

RD: IS THIS GUNNA BE IT!?!? “the Trashman” may have just won it here!

PB: We can only PRAY for such glorious things!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

PB: FUCK YOU MIKE GIONET AND THE LEAF BLOWER YOU FLEW IN ON!!!

RD: BROKEN UP AT THE LAST POSSIBLE SECOND!!! That was one HEELLLLUVVA flyin' double knee drop... AND IT TOOK AHT BOTH MEN!!!

PB: GOOOD! That little fucker needs to PIN someone meow!

BACK

[With a wild cry, Gionet the rushes in the rising "Trashman" ...and hits a Savate kick right to Tyrone's head as soon as the Trashman's on his feet!]

PB: GGGRRRRRRRAAAATE GOOOOGLY MOOOOGLY!!! FEAR NO FUCKIN' MORE!!! AND HEAT IS DAAAHN!!!

RD: Mike not even bothering for a pin, quickly focusin' back on the Champ!

[Gionet then gathers the down and out Samurai by his arm, signaling for The Golden Gift. It was in a surprise twist, however, that he found himself being pulled right to the canvas and tucked up into a possum small package pin!]

RD: SPPPAAADE OUTTA NO WHERE WITH THE SMALL PACKAGE!!!

PB: THAT'S WHAT SSSSHHHEEE SAID!!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

TTTTHHRRRE-OMFG CLOSE CALL KICKOUT!!!!

PB: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

RD: YEESSSSSS!!!! THE REFEREE'S ONLY GOT TWO FINGERS UP!!!! Gionet just BARELY beats the count!

[Gionet manages just barely to break the small package, rolling away from Spade. The wiley high flyer stares hard at the slow rising Samurai in disbelief. Shaking his head, Mike then rushes at him, stopping short to leap onto the nearby second ropes and bound off for a high jump, twisting himself sideways. The two seemed to move in concert as Spade rose and turned right into him. Gionet wraps his legs around his head, going for a Reverse Hurricanrana, only for Spade to catch him and plant him face first to the canvas with an improvised Inverted Sitdown Powerbomb!]

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' POWERBOMB BATEMAN!!! SPADE JUST FUCKIN' PLAAANTED HIM!!!!

RD: "The Trashman" still slow movin' in the corner, as Spade's stayin' right on that atattck!

[Stepping over the small of Gionet's back, slipping one leg through both of Mike's, "the Street Samurai" crosses them and squats down with The Sharp Shooter! Mike howls in pain, shaking his head and pounding his fists to the canvas.]

RD: THAT'S THE SAME MOVE THAT BLEW OUT ROB SHARPE'S KNEE!!!! Gionet better watch himself here, or he can just kiss his career BYE!!!

PB: TAP!!! TTTTAAAAPPPP!!!! TTTTTTTAAAAAAAAPPPPPP YOU STUPID MOTHER FUCKER!!!!

[Unlike Spade before him, Tyrone wasn't going to take any chances. He rushes in, grabbing Spade by his head and lifting him off of Gionet and into a reverse headlock. Spade releases Mike, grabbing at Tyrone as the Trashman lifts him perfectly vertical and then falls back with an impressive reverse Suplex! Upon landing Spade rises up briefly on his knees, clutching at his gut before falling back to the canvas with a croaking cough.]

PB: RAAAZLE FUCKIN' DAAZZZLE!!! "The Trashman" again comin' outta no where and just FUCKIN' shit up!

RD: The man's eyes scream nothing but ANGER! I'd be a little worried if I was stuck in that damn ring with a madman like that!

BACK

[Back on his feet, Tyrone walks around behind Spade as he rises back up on his knees. Grabbing one of his legs, he snatches it out from under the Samurai, forcing his chin to clip the canvas and click his teeth. He pulls Spade away from the ropes and just as he sets to lock in the STF hold, Spade rolls over and forces him back with both feet, using the push to roll himself to a stand!]

RD: Spade says “NO” right there, ruining “the Trashman’s” plans!

[Tyrone rolls to his feet just in time to be bowled over by a running, high flying clothesline across the throat the rocks him off his feet! Tyrone hits the canvas and rolls to one knee as Spade continues into the ropes...]

RD: “the Street Samurai” showin’ us all why DESPITE all the controversy, he is STILL the DERP YouTube Champion!

[...Tyrone turns just as the Samurai leaps up, hooks on a front facelock, and drops him straight to the canvas with his infamous running DDT, The Wildkard! Spade rolls to a kneel on impact, throwing three fingered salutes to the fans.]

RD: These fans are just LOOOVVVING this! They might be some blood thirsty savages... but the DERP-a-holics sure can enjoy some REAL wrestling when its right in front of them!

PB: THEY’RE SHEEEEEEP DELANO!!! They’ll like whatever the fuck we tell them too!

[The Samurai then bolts for the nearest turnpost and vaults to the top rope with ease. Measuring his distance with a quick glance over his shoulder, he flips off the top with an impressive hangtime moonsault....]

PB: SSSSSURRRRRPPPPRRRRPRISE!! THAT BASTARD GIONET AGAIN OUTTA FUCKIN’ NO WHERE!!!

RD: THIS TIME ITS STANDIN’ DROP KICK, CATCHIN SPADE MID LEPA RIGHT IN THE FUCKIN’ GUT!!!

[Both men hit the canvas (Spade a bit harder and more awkward) as all three competitors lay out on the canvas. Gionet with his legs practically throbbing from the abuse they've taken, Heat possibly trying to fight off the effects of a concussion, and The Samurai fighting to keep his stomach bile down at this point and recover the wind he just had knocked from his lungs!]

RD: These guys are emptyin’ the TANKS!!! Just CRAZY action here!!!

| | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| CROWD: | THIS IS WRESTLING! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | THIS IS WRESTLING! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | THIS IS WRESTLING! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |
| | THIS IS WRESTLING! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP |

BACK

THIS IS WRESTLING! CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP

PB: I KNOW THIS IS WRESTLING... and it SUCKS!!! Wheres my ULTRAVIOLENCE!?!?!

RD: FUCK OFF PAUL!!! MIKE MAY JUST HAVE WON IT HERE!!!

[Mike gets up on his hands and knees and crawls on top of Tyrone Heat, hooking the leg for a pin attempt...]

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

RD: TTTHHRRRR-SHOULDER UP!!!

PB: I KNEW IT WASN'T GUNNA BE THAT EASY!!! Am I REALLLY gunna have to start rooting for that TIME LIMIT again!?!?

RD: The TIME LIMIT is a part of the YouTube challenge, Paul! Fifteen minutes is NOOOT all that much time, and when you got a CHAMP that's defendin' the belt against TOP NOTCH talent EVERY SHOW... I say it's nice to have a bit of an ADVANTAGE on your side!

PB: Doesn't' seem like Mr. Spade shares the same sentiment!

RD: Can't please everyone and ain't gunan fuckin' try!

[Tyrone throws his shoulder up and Mike rolls off of him, clutching at his face with both hands as frustration sets in. He rolls over and gets to a stand, clearly favoring one leg over the other. He notices Spade getting up, using the ropes nearby.]

RD: When you are a high flyin' kick machine like Mike is... ys gotta wonder how much that bad wheel limits his mobility!!!

PB: I hope it makes him an EASY TARGET and we can get onto the REAL fun already!!!

[Gionet moves in with a sharp kick to Spade's back, dropping the man to a kneel. He then pulls Spade into a front facelock, throwing the Samurai's arm over his own and hooking his leg with his free hand. He then lifts Spade with a bit of a spin, but this is where things get weird.... Spade spins with him. He slips right out of his hold and in mid air, transitions from a Neckbreaker to a falling reverse DDT,

BACK

dropping Gionet hard on his head. Upon impact with the canvas, Spade slips over Gionet and hooks both of his legs for a pin attempt!]

PB: GOOOOOOODNIGHT GIONET!!!! WHAT A FUCKIN' DD FUCKIN' T THERE!!! The whole fuckin' RING just shook!

RD: Look at Spade hook both 'dem legs! He wants this win and he wants it BAAAAAD!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

BACK

THRRR---

PB: ARE YOU FUCKIN' KIDDIN' ME!?! HOW DID HE DO THAT!?!!

RD: He's got fuckin' SPPPUUUNNNK, Paulie, motherfuckin' SPPPUUUNNKKK!!!

[Gionet throws a shoulder up and Spade sits up on his knees, sweat running down his brow as he looks over at the Ref. He simply nods at the man, accepting that this match is far from over and as he gathers Gionet up off the canvas, Tyrone Heat rushes in with a superkick that nearly takes Spade's head off, sending him up and over the ropes once more!]

PB: OOOOFFFFF WITH HIS FUCKIN' HEEAAADD!!!! Spade just fuckin' DECAPITATED there!

RD: And he may lose his strap WITHOUT getting pinned – Gionet's all alone in that ring with Tyrone, and “the Trashman” looks to be in KILLLL MODE!!!

BACK

[Gionet falls into the ropes, hung in place by one arm and barely aware of what's going on until he suffers the wrath of several sharp kicks to his ribs, hips, and lower back! Tyrone Heat seems to have caught a second wind on pure rage and adrenaline. He finishes his assault of Gionet with a roundhouse kick, sending the high flyer up and over the ropes to land on top of the downed Samurai.]

RD: Now BOTH Gionet and Spade are on the outside! Tyrone is just on a fuckin' TEAR right meow!

PB: And he's NOT stayin' in the ring! YESSS!!! Take the fight to the OUTSIDE, Tyrone! That's where you BELONG!!!! You can't WIN a wrestlin' match! You CAN win a FIGHT!!!

[Tyrone wipes the sweat from his brow, then slips through the ropes to join Spade and Gionet, both men struggling to their feet! Heat promptly slams Gionet's face into the ring apron, dropping the rookie on the spot. He then gathers Spade and slings him right into the announce table!]

PB: HEAT SMASH!!!! HEAT ANGRY!!!! HEEEAATT SMMMMAAASSSSHHH!!!

RD: The referee continues his count! If "the Trashman" keeps the fight on the outside, he's juss doin' Spade a favor – the title can't change hands with a COUNT AHT!!!

[Booting The Samurai in the gut, Tyrone hooks him in a front face lock, throws Spade's arm across the back of his neck and lifts him vertically. Stepping back a couple paces, he then drops forward,.....]

***** CCCCCRRRRRRUUUUUUUNNNNNNCCCCHHHHH!!! *****

PB: CHHHHEEEEEEESEEE AND FUCKIN' RICE!!!! REVERSE FUCKIN SUPLEX THRU THAT TIME KEEPRS TABLE!!!! I CAN'T BELIVE IT!!!!

RD: This is a YOUTUBE TITLE match and our CHAMP was just put through a table on the outside! The referee doesn't know what to do!

PB: I think these FANS go the right idea!

| | | |
|---------------|------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| CROWD: | HERE WE GO, TRASHMAN, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |
| | HERE WE GO, TRASHMAN, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |
| | HERE WE GO, TRASHMAN, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |
| | HERE WE GO, TRASHMAN, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |

RD: They sure don't seem to mind Spade layin' in a heap!

BACK

PB: Why should they!?!?! THAT WAS AWESOME!!!

| | | |
|---------------|------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| CROWD: | HERE WE GO, TRASHMAN, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |
| | HERE WE GO, TRASHMAN, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |
| | HERE WE GO, TRASHMAN, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |
| | HERE WE GO, TRASHMAN, HERE WE GO! | CLAP, CLAP |

PB: I think I juss found someone I can REALLY root for!!! HERE WE GO TRASHMAN!!!!!!

RD: He IS in the lead right meow... just from the fact he's the only one STANDING at the moment!

[With the referee still counting, Tyrone pushes up to his feet, stumbling back into the ring apron and panting for breath. He then gathers Mike Gionet up and slings him over the ring apron and back into the ring. Tyrone promptly slides in after him. Gathering Mike up, he lifts him up.....]

PB: EEEEELLLLLVVIS HAS JUST LEFT THE FUCKIN' BUILDIN'!!! TTTTRRAAAASSSH COMPACTOR!!!!!!!!!! It's all over meow, baby blue! That title is as good as Tyrone's!!!

RD: That very well may be the case! Spade is MOVING, but I doubt he's gotta be able to break this up!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

.....TTTTTHHRRRREEEEE?!?!?!

RD: NOOOOOO!!!! THAT WAS ONLY TWOOOO AND NINE-TENTHS!!!! I CAN'T FUCKIN BELIEVE IT!!!!

BACK

PB: That referee has BIIGGG BAAALLLLS!!! Heat looks like he's gunna snap the ref in half!!!

[With his eyes never leaving the ref, Heat peels Gionet up off the mat, hoists him up on his shoulders ... He holds him there, as Spade staggers to his feet on the outside]

PB: AAAANNNNNNOOOOTHER TRASH COMPACT-FUCKIN-TOR!!!! THAT HAS TO BE IT!!!

RD: Not if "the Street Samurai" has anything to do with it! He must feel his reign in danger as he makes his way to the ring... but I dun think he even knows where he's at right now!

ONE!!!

RD: SPADE ROLLS UNDER THE ROPES!!! HES IN THE RING!!!!

TWO!!!!

PB: TOOOOOOOOOOOO LITTLE, TOOOOOOOOOOOO FUCKIN' LATE!!!!!! THAT WAS THREE!!!! THAT WAS FUCKIN' THREE!!!!

RD: INDEED IT MOTHER FUCKIGN WAS PAUL!!!! THE REF CALLS FOR THE BELL!!!! WE GOT OURSELVES A NEW FUCKIN' DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION FOLKS!!!!

[The diving elbow was a second too late from Spade, but it does send Tyrone rolling towards the outside, where "the Trashman" collects his DERP YouTube Championship. Proudly holding the belt high in the air, the DERP faithful remains split with their support as Roselyn Anderson stands up from her seat at ringside, mic hand....]

R/A: HERE'S YOUR WINNER AND NEEEEWWWWW DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION.... THE TRASHMAN, TTTYYYRRROOOOONNNNNEEEE HHHHEEEEEAAAAAAATTTTT!!!!!!

[In the ring, Gionet is sitting up in the corner, talking things over with Damage Control's EMT crew while Spade sits back on his knees, looking up at the Trashman. His shoulder slump in defeat as Tyrone hoists his new championship high over his head. Giving Spade a middle finger salute, "the Trashman" makes his way up the entrance way, disappearing behind the curtain. With a very disappointed and dejected look on his face, "the Street Samurai" asks for a microphone as Gionet rises up to a sitting position. Getting said microphone, Spade brings it right to his lips, where we hear each and every

BACK

heavy breath pass across the top of it.]

Spade: First... I want to congratulate the NEW champ, Mr. Heatwhole! That was a hell of a fight and you EARNED that victory tonight, Tyrone! Enjoy it, savor it, because you don't get opportunities like that very often!

[MUTUAL RESPECT POP!!!]

Spade: Second, let's hear it for MIKE GIONET! The man was as green as they can come when this whole madness started, and here is STILL is today, bustin' his ass and workin' hard to be of the BEST on the DERP roster! Tonight wasn't your night, son, but it won't be long until it IS your night, I am sure!

[FUTURE MEGA SUPERSTAR POP!!!]

Spade: Last... Josie Saito... I hope you were paying attention, because next show, you're getting a rematch and this is what you're in for. With how you talked down about The Trashman and Mike Gionet, I'd say that if you were in my shoes tonight... Sweetheart, you'd have lost TOO because these are the kinds of people you don't underestimate. You either take them seriously or get seriously taken out.

[He looks around at the crowd.]

Spade:and to all of you watching in the crowd... As long as Delaney is committed to bring you the best WRESTLING on the planet, I promise you that I will do everything in my power never to shame the YouTube Division _OOORRR_ this ring!

['WHHHHOOOOOOOOO!' GOES THE CROWD!!!]

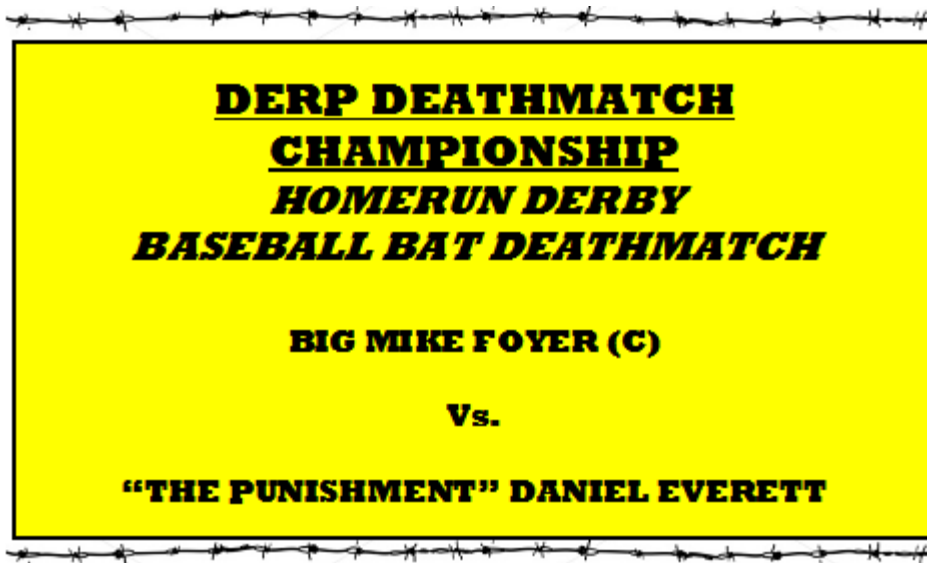
Spade: I also promise that while it was GREAT being the first ever DERP YouTube Champion... I will have even MORE FUN being the first TWO TIME DERP YouTube Champion EVER!!!

[WE LOVE THAT IDEA POP!!!]

[Dropping the microphone, Ozzy's "Walk on Water" hit's the house P/A. Spade slips through the ropes and heads straight up the aisle to the back.]

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 DERP's black and gold ring just covered in paper streamers in all different shades of color. While the ring attendents and the referee scurry to the clear the ring of such debris, Big Mike and "The Punishment" stare at each other from across the ring, a sneer on both man's faces.]

RD: AND WE ARE UNNNNNNDER FUCKING WAY!!! ITS EVERETT FUCKIN FOYER THREEEEEEE!!!

PB: This times its under _HOMERUN DERBY BASEBALLT DEATHMATCH RULLLLESS_!!! Look at all those baseball bats!!! Isn't it just _GRAND__!?!?!

RD: You can tell the DERP ring crew had some fun with this one!!! They have got themselves one helluva an array of weaponry out there!!!

[The referee calls for the bell, as the fans instantly shows its divide:

| | | |
|----------------|---------------------------|------------------------|
| CHORUS: | LET'S GO FOY-ER!!! | FOY-ER SUCKS!!! |
| | LET'S GO FOY-ER!!! | FOY-ER SUCKS!!! |
| | LET'S GO FOY-ER!!! | FOY-ER SUCKS!!! |
| | LET'S GO FOY-ER!!! | FOY-ER SUCKS!!! |
| | LET'S GO FOY-ER!!! | FOY-ER SUCKS!!! |

RD: I dunno if you can really pick a favorite horse in this race! Both Foyer and Everett are two of the BEST!

BACK

PB: I solved my dilemma with who I was rootin' for awhile ago – I[m on the side of VIOLENCE!!!

[Both Foyer and Everett survey the ring, noting all the various forms of baseball bats hung from the ropes. Quickly, their eyes lock in a nasty stare down.... And Everett takes off like a shot!]

RD: Everett sprints at Big Mike, and connects with a mighty clothesline!

PB: BUT FOYER DOESN'T FUCKIN' BUDGE! Everett's gotta try harder than that! Big Mike may not be a five hundred pound slob, but he's still one mighty oak!

[Everett just smiles, not looking shocked one bit as Foyer returns the smile, begging for more! Daniel seems to have no issues obliging his request, again flying into the ropes, charging right back at Foyer with impressive speed!]

RD: ANOTHER FUCKIN' CLOTHESLINE!!!

PB: ANOTHER FAILED ATTEMPT!!! Foyer just SWWWAAATS Everett away like an annoying fly!

RD: Ya gotta give "The Punishment" credit... He's fuckin' RESILENT!!! He takes that shove and uses it to his advantage hitting those ropes for a third time!

PB: AND IT'S STILL FUCKIN' POINTLESS!!! Foyer doesn't budge an inch!!!

[While he didn't fall down, Foyer was at least backed up a few steps on that charge! Daniel, sensing a chance, pops Big Mike square in the snauze with a headbutt, then grips him by the back of the head, and just starts laying into him with knee lifts!]

PB: Just BRUTAL knee fuckin' lifts right there! Big Mike might have just had his nose shattered!

RD: Feeling satisfied, Everett lets go of Foyer and again takes off for the ropes

PB: Guess he figured he's got the big man dazed enough to actually take him off his feet!

[Feeling the momentum building, "the Punishment" takes off across the ring, and comes charging back at groggy and sorta foggy Big Mike Foyer... He leaps into the air, going hip first...]

[GIGANTC POP FROM THE DERP FAITHFUL!!!]

PB: FOYER FUCKIN' CAUGHT HIM AND JUST DUMPED HIM OVER THE TOP FUCKIN' ROPES!!!! Talk about showing off your fuckin' STRENGTH!!! Foyer just tossed him around like a gawd damn ragdoll!

BACK

RD: EVERETT LANDS LIKE A TON OF FUCKIN' BRICKS!!! He may be seriously fuckin' hurt and we _JUST_ started this championship bout!

[Obviously proud of his deed, Foyer takes a moment to tread around the ring, basking in his moment of glory, OR he's shaking the cobwebs out, making sure his nose is still in one piece.. But being the wise old ring vet he is, Big Mike doesn't squander much time before he grabs himself one of the many ball bats hung from the ropes.]

PB: YESSS!!!! Foyer's on the fuckin' hunt and he's got himself armed with a thumbtack covered wiffleball bat!!! I FUCKIN' LOVE IT!!!

RD: Tell ya what... That bat looks mighty small in the mits of such a big man, but I gotta imagine Everett's not gunna be a fan of Foyer's homerun swing!

PB: I dun think that bats gunna be either! I doubt it survives such an onslaught!

[The fans don't try and hide their excitement as Foyer's feet hit the arena floor before he moves off towards the weary Danny Everett, who's slowly stirring on the outside of the ring, rubbing and stretching out his neck!]

RD: That's NOT a good sign for Daniel! Neck injuries are not a laughin' matter!

PB: BAH! He's still got use of his extremities – the man's gonna be fine! LOOK! He's already back to his feet!!!

[As Big Mike rounds the corner, Daniel reaches out for the guardrail and pulls himself up to his feet. Hearing footsteps, Everett whips his around....]

***** SSSSMMMMMMAAAAACKKKKKK!!!! *****

PB: REST IN PIECE WHIFFLE BALL BAT!!! YOU WERE USED FUCKIN' MIGHTILY!!!

RD: That's one way to describe it, for sure!!! That bat is just DESTROYED as is Daniel's forehead! His skin was just TORE the fuck open!!!

PB: Foyer draws FIRST BLLOOOODDD!!! Moral victories may not count for much, but I think drawing first bloods like scoring the first goal in hockey gawd damnit!!!

[With the bat instantly rendered useless, Foyer tosses the thumbtack covered weapon into the crowd, which quickly scurries to obtain such a souvenir... which will end up on eBay by the end of the week! Not relenting one bit, Foyer instantly begins laying into Everett with quick lefts and rights, keeping Daniel pinned against the guardrail!]

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RD: Big Mike just POURING on the punishment! He's just ROCKING Daniel right now!

BACK

PB: Danny boy tried to break his face with knee lifts! Big Mike's just returning the favor with them heavy fists!!!

RD: The champ slows his pace! This may be the knockout punch!!!

[CROWD GASPS!!!!]

PB: DOUBLE FUCKIN' HEADBUTT!!!!!! BOTH MEN ARE HURTING FROM THAT ONE!!!!

RD: No doubt there, but Everett certainly got the worst of that one! He's back down to the arena floor!!!

PB: From the looks of it, I think that just pissed the big man off! He just looks enraged!

[Not looking very happy anymore, Big Mike stomps toward Daniel, wasting no time and picking "the Punishment" up off the arena floor! With eyes darting across the floor, Big Mike grabs the challenger by the wrist, and goes to send him flying across the arena floor...]

RD: REEEVEEERSSEE!!!! DANIEL PUTS ON THE BREAKS AND SENDS FOYER FLYING!!!

PB: DOOUBLE FUCKIN' REVERSE!!! Big Mike maintains that death grip and just PULLS Everett back... and up onto his shoulders military press style!!!

RD: BUT EVERETT WIGGLES FREE!!! He clings to Big Mike, locking on a fuckin' SLEEPER HOLD!!!

PB: I dunno if that was the wisest move!!! Foyer just peddles backwards... RIGHT INTO THE RING POST!!!!

[Groaning on impact, Everett almost loses his grip but cinches the sleeper hold even tighter! The simple hold may seem so out of place here in the DERPness, but it is hard to deny the effectiveness of cutting off a man's air supply! Growing redder in the face by the second, Foyer AGAIN rams Everett right into that ring post!]

PB: HE JUST WONT' LET GO!!! I can't believe he just won't fuckin' let GO already!

RD: This is for the _DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPIONSHIP_, Paul! You ain't gunna see quit in EITHER of these men tonight!

[Two tries wasn't enough, so Big Mike goes for a third, damn near jumping backwards this time! Landing with the most force yet, Daniel almost yelps on impact, loosening the sleeper hold just enough for Foyer...]

PB: RAAAAZZZLE FUCKIN' DAZZZLEE!!! Again Foyer just fuckin' TOSSES Everett around! I LOVE IT!!!

BACK

RD: That was one NASTY snap mare take down! From Foyer's height, that's a STEEP fall!

PB: Steep enough for the WIN!?!? We are about to find out! The big man with the splash and the cover!

...ONE...

...TWO....

RD: HE GETS THE SSSHOUOLDER UP!!! Daniel keeps his championship dreams alive!

PB: For the moment at least!!! Gotta say... you can tell this two known some stupid elbow drop isn't gunna win this! We are damn near ten minutes in and THAT was the first pin attempt!

RD: When you face a guy for the third time in six months, you better know what the hell to expect!

[The crowd may not be happen Foyer didn't win it right there but it's easy to tell their almost equally as pleased that this match gets to continue on! Foyer pushes himself up to his feet, a thinking look plastered across his face. He gives Daniel a few good stomps before getting towards the ring apron, snapping himself up another ball bat off the ring ropes!]

PB: OOOOOHHHBOY!!! He gots himself a more durable choice right there! That's solid fuckin' WOOOOOOD!!!

RD: That's an OFFICIAL Major League baseball bat right there, Paul! Some SERIOUS lumber in the champ's hands right now!

[Perhaps enjoying the game as a youth, Foyer takes a second to take in the beauty of such a masterpiece, even giving it a few practice cuts to see how it handles. Pleased, Foyer turns to Everett, who's rolled over, and trying to pull himself up using the ring apron. Taking a big stride over, Foyer winds up, eyes locked on the middle of Everett's back...]

BACK

*** FFFFFFFWWWWWWOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHHHH!!! ***

PB: FIRE FUCKIN' EXTINGUISHER!!!!!! EVERETT FOUND HIMSELF A SAVIOR UNDER THE RING!!!! Foyer is just fuckin' COVERED in that nasty foam!

RD: That mighta' been able to stop Foyer in his tracks, but "the Punishment's" gotta capitalize here! He only managed to daze the giant, not knock the fucker out!

[If the headbutt angered the beast, the fire extinguisher turned him into an irate monster! Foyer wipes his face clear, doing all he gain to regain his sight and his composure! Everett braces himself with that fire extinguisher and gets himself up to his feet!]

*** TTTTHHHHHHUUDDDDDD!!! ***

RD: That's one multipurpose tool Everett's got! Foyer stumbling backwards! He STILL won't go down!

PB: Only a matter of time! Foyer might be one big motherfucker, but Everett's relentless! He wants that championship back BAAAAADDDDD!!!

[Tossing the extinguisher aside, Everett makes his way towards the current Deathmatch Champion, arms raised in a striking position. With a snarl, Big Mike sees him coming, and delivers a stiff kick right to the gut.... But "the Punishment" catches his leg!!!]

RD: I'd call that "Gold Glove" kinda catch! Everett's got his arm tucked under that massive tree trunk, and just starts wailing away on that knee!

PB: Best way to take down a big tree is cut the base out from underneath it! Everett's finally getting to his game now!

[Unrelenting with the rapid fire strikes to Everett's knee, Foyer tries to keep his balance and connects with a powerful round house.... but to no avail! "the Punishment" manages to elude the swing, and take Big Mike down with a back heel trip!!!]

RD: HE DID IT!!! HE KNOCKED THE BIG MAN DAHN!!!

PB: And he's tryin' to keep him there! Look at those strikes! He's now tearing into Foyer's right thigh!

RD: Big Mike better watch it, or he's gunna be on the receiving end of one helluva Charlie horse!

BACK

[Just raining down shots, Everett does everything he can to make Big Mike Foyer a one legged man. Feeling the burn, Big Mike manages to break free and toss Everett off, gaining himself freedom. Daniel quickly scrambles back to his feet, as Big Mike lumbers up to his...]

PB: GRATE GOOGLY FUCKIN' MOOGLY!!! RUNNIN' FUCKIN' FOREARM!!! Everett just takes off Big Mike's fuckin' head with that one!!!

RD: And that sends Big Mike right back down to the arena floor! You can see "the Punishment" feeling this momentum shift! He is just POURING on the pain right now!

[With the champion currently immobile, Daniel shouts out the ever handy DERP ring crew, demanding himself a wooden table bridge inbetween the ring and the guardrail! Proudly fulfilling their duty, the crew snaps into action as "the Punishment" begins pulling Big Mike Foyer up to his feet!]

PB: YEEEEESSSSSS!!!!!! ITSSS A TTTTAAAABLE!!!! Hate him if you want, but you GOTTA love that man's way thinking sometimes!

RD: He may have gotten the bridge built, but let's see if he can play demolitionist toot! He's got the champ back to a standing position!

[With super human effort it seems, Daniel gets Foyer back up and rolls up onto the ring apron. Drifting free from Neverland, Foyer slowly stirs and begins pulling himself upright with use of the ring ropes. Everett hops up onto the apron, and gives Foyer a few boots, keeping the champion doubled over...]

RD: NO WAY!!! He can't POSSIBLY pull this off!! You saw how he struggled with getting Foyer up to his feet... how the FUCK is he gunna put him through that table!?!?

PB: Call him crazy for even trying it, but with the _DEATHATMCH TITLE_ plus a man's PRIDE on the line... He might just have to get crazy to pull off a victory here tonight!

[Sensing the immediate peril in his future, Foyer doesn't give up without a fight! Big Mike struggles and fights back, trying to get himself out of this predicament. "The Punishment" is having none of it though, fighting tooth and nail to maintain the upper hand!]

RD: That tables only a few feet away! BOTH of these men may find themselves getting up close and personal with that able!

PB: I DISAGREE DELANO!!! Everett CRIPPLES Foyer with a field goal kick to the fuckin' go nads!!! I think we are all systems go here, buddy!!!!

[Thanks to Delaney's ring set up and the extra space on the apron. Daniel manages to corral Foyer with a standing headscissors, trying to heave the big man up in the air! Grunting and grimacing, Everett gets Foyer's legs off the apron... but no farther!!!]

RD: HE CAN'T DO IT!!! Foyer is nearly four hundred pounds! Daniel just doesn't got it in him!

PB: I dun think Daniel's gives two shits! Just like those fuckin' clothesline, he's determined to make it work!!!

BACK

[With another big heave, Daniel doesn't get much farther this time around! Still fighting back, Foyer begins come free from slumber and lift Everett off the mat! Shocked at first, "the Punishment" is quick to squash the rebellion with nasty kidney shots!]

RD: Try all he wants, but this plan is gonna back fire! You can't fight physics!!!

PB: WIIINNNNNER WINNNER CHICKEN FUCKIN' DINNER!!!! HE FUCKIN PULLED IT OFF!!! I CAN'T BELIEVE HE FUCKIN' PULLED IT OFF!!!

RD: I DUNNO IF THAT COUTNS AS A FULL POWERBOMB... BUT YOU CANT ARGUE THE END RESULT!!! We have ourselves a fuckin TRAINWRECK at ringside! That table is just in SPLINTERS!!!

PB: Along with those men's bodies!!!! IS THAT REF MAKING A COUNT!?!?!

RD: HE FUCKIN IS INDEED!!!! EVERETT DOES GOT AN ARM ACROSS FOYER'S GUT!!!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

RD: UNFUCKIN' BELIEVABLE!!!! We are only TEN MINUTES in and look at this carnage!!! Both men are lucky to be ALIVE and MOVING right meow!

PB: Correct yourself there, Delano! Only EVERETT'S moving right meow! Foyer may be fuckin' DEAD!!!

BACK

RD: Not DEAD, Paul! He's at least BREATHING under his own power!

[Daniel rolls over, sitting up with a distraught look on his face. He begins to move his right shoulder, stretching it out and loosening it up... with serious pain written all over his face! While Daniel gingerly pulls himself up to his feet using the guardrail, Big Mike rolls over, ever slowly pushing himself back up to one knee. The crowd shows their appreciation for this war so far, again showing their love... of both men!]

| | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| CHORUS: | LET'S GO DAN-NEY! | DAN-NEY SUCKS!!! |
| | LET'S GO DAN-NEY! | DAN-NEY SUCKS!!! |
| | LET'S GO DAN-NEY! | DAN-NEY SUCKS!!! |
| | LET'S GO DAN-NEY! | DAN-NEY SUCKS!!! |
| | LET'S GO DAN-NEY! | DAN-NEY SUCKS!!! |
| | LET'S GO DAN-NEY! | DAN-NEY SUCKS!!! |

RD: Foyer THANKFULLY is showing signs of life! Hell, he's damn near back to fuckin' standing already!

PB: I dunno how much longer he's gunna be standing, mango! Everett's already up to his feet... and he's got himself a steel chair!

[Soaking up all the rest he possibly can, Daniel waits until Big Mike lumbers and staggers his way back up to a standing base, much to the ovation of the DERP-a-holics! But much to their horror, "the Punishment" pounces instantly, using that chair to chop block the back of Foyer's knee!]

RD: Everett is just unrelenting! Foyer just won't go down, but Daniel's got him hobblin' for sure!

PB: "the Punishment" trying to chop the big man down! Classic strategy for a reason – it fuckin' WORKS!!!

[After the third shot, Foyer drops to one knee, not having any choice. Daniel again shows his speed, quickly dropping the chair, and getting right in front of Foyer.... Slamming him right into the concrete with an unforgiving reverse STO!!!]

PB: HOLY FUCKIN' SKULL TRAUMA BATEMAN!!! Foyer may need a SECOND metal plate after that one!

BACK

RD: He may be more concerned with the damage to his knee! Daniel gets his leg... and wedges it between those ring steps!

[Delivering a few quick stomps to Foyer as he backs away, Everett leans back against the guardrail, raising one arm high into the air with just a sick, bloodthirsty smile plastered across his crimson face. With the fans letting him have it, "the Punishment" takes off....

***** CCCCLLLLLAAAAAANNNGGGG!!!! *****

PB: SLAP ME FUCKIN' SILLY BIIIIILLYYYY!!!! FUCKIN' PUNT KICK!!! FOYER'S KNEE HAS GOTTA BE IN PIECES!!!

RD: I think as happy as Everett is with himself... these fans wanna skin him alive!!!

[Standing tall, and very proud of himself, Everett picks up the chair he let go of moments earlier. Giving the cowboy hat super fan a little nod, "the Punishment" tucks the chair under his arm....

PB: CHAAAIR ASSISTED FUCKIN' ELBOW DROP!!! Everett earnin' his moniker tonight!

RD: He might also win himself back that Deathmatch championship! He hooks a leg!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

PB: SHOULDER UP!!! SHOULDER FUCKIN' UP!!!!

BACK

RD: SOMEHOW FOYER FINDS IT IN HIM AND HE BEATS THE COUNT!!! And I don't think Daniel gives a flying fuck! He just goes right back on the attack!

PB: The man's seen' red... NUTTIN but red! That can't be a good thing for ANYONE involved!

[Picking them up as fast as he can put them down, Everett just pours stomps down onto Big Mike before getting an idea and grabbing that Louisville slugger nearby! With the bat in one hand, Daniel pulls and prods Foyer up to a kneeling position...]

PB: Foyer already looks like his eyes have rolled up in the back of his head! I dun think this is gunna do able thing to help that problem the fuck out!

RD: I'd say your correct there, Paulie! He's got that bat tee'd up like a pool stick... AND HE JUST JABS FOYER RIGHT IN THE FACE WITH IT!!!

PB: Broken nose or broken eye socket? OR BOTH!?! THAT'S WHATS IN FOYER'S FUTURE!!!

[Taking a moment to silence the crowd as much as he can, Daniel again cracks Foyer right in the face, wielding tha that more like a spear! The smack draws a collective "OOOHHH!!!" from the crowd, as Daniel winds up for a third shot...]

PB: FOOOOOOOYYYYEEERRRR WITH PUNCH RIGHT TO THE FUCKIN' GUT!!!! EVERET'S STOPPED DEAD IN HIS TRACKS!!!

RD: With one swing there went Daniel's oxygen supply! Now can Foyer get back to his feet, turn this match around and hold onto that Deathmatch title?!?! If there's anyone that can come back from ALLLL that... ITS BIG MIKE FOYER!!

PB: ANOTHER RIGHT!!! THERE'S A FUCKIN' LEFT!! Everett is in TRRRROUBLE now! These fans are goin' NUTS and Big Mike is just FEEEDING off this energy!

[Throwing another big right, Big Mike pushes his way back up to one knee and grips Daniel up by the head, quickly dropping Daniel with a jaw breaker! Boucnign backwards from the impact, Daniel hits the guardail! Not pleased on bit, he flies right back at Foyer...]

PB: EEEELLLLLEVATED FUCKIN;' SPINE BSUTER!!! AND I THINK EVERETT LANDED RIGHT ON THAT FUCKIN' BAT!!!!

RD: IF NOT THE BAT... THE CHAIR!!! SO EITHER WAY, THAT LANDIN' FUCKIN; SUCKED!!!

PB: That right there mighta' ended this whole debacle! Big Mike's hooks the leg!

BACK

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

RD: BY A FUCKIN' CUNTS HAIR, DANIEL GETS THE SHOUDLER UPP!!!

PB: WHO THE FUCK DID YOU SEND THOSE REFS TO FOR EDUCATION!?!? You need a GAWD DAMN refund – Foyer just got ROBBBBBED right there!

[Foyer sits back on his haunches, a bit winded and a bit flabbergasted at what it's gonna take to defeat Daniel Everett on a night like tonight! With a shrug, Foyer squanders no more time, getign himself right back up to his feet... and then goes digging underneath the ring...]

PB: I spy with my little very eyes... A MOTHER FUCKIN' TABLE!!!!

RD: You are correct, kind sir! I think Foyer's trying to go for the kill shot here! He slides that table into the ring first... and then throws Everett in right after!

[With the everyone in the crowd pretty much on their feet, the sight of the lumber puts the noise level over the top! As Big Mike, the current DERP Deathmatch champion, muscles his way up onto the apron and over the ropes into the ring, the fans let their opinion be known...]

| | | |
|---------------|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| CROWD: | THIS IS AWE-SUM! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCAP |
| | THIS IS AWE-SUM! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCAP |
| | THIS IS AWE-SUM! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCAP |
| | THIS IS AWE-SUM! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCAP |
| | THIS IS AWE-SUM! | CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCAP |

RD: I think thru that crimson mask of his, I see a smile on Big Mike's face!

BACK

PB: I can't blame the big lug! This success has been a long time fuckin' coming!!!

[With Daniel barely stirring, Big Mike takes the time to grab the table, and pulling out his legs, only to use them to brace the table on it's side! The crowd quiets a bit, wondering where Foyer' sgoing with all this as he goes and peels Everett up off the mat, draping "the Punishment" throats over the tables edge!!!]

RD:THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE GOOD!! Foyer's got Everett lined up in his sights...

PB: BBBBIIIIIIIIIOOOOOOOONNNNIIIIICCCCC BOOOOOOOOOOOT!!!!!! EVERETT SKULLL JUST GOT CAVED IN!!!

RD: That should be lights OUT!!! Foyer doesn't even gotta hook the leg for the three!

BACK

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

BACK

PB: FUCKIN' HORSE SHIT COCK SMOKIN' DOUCHE NOZZLE!!!!

RD: HE GOT THE FOOT ON THE ROPES!!!! He actually tries for a pin in the ring... and it BACKFIRES!!!

PB: Time is RUNNNNNNING out!!! Daniel can't survive much more of this!

RD: Neither can Foyer! Both of these men look like they're about to fall over!

[Somehow... somehow... Daniel pulls himself up using the ropes that just denied his victory. Pausing to catch his breath, he steps back and picks up one of the baseball bats laying in the ring. Weilding the barbwire wrapped weapon of choice, Everett begins goading and taunting Foyer, demanding that Big Mike get up to his feet!]

RD: They always say be careful what you wish for! Everett ain't givin' a FUCK about being careful right meow! He's staring the beast right dahn the barrel!

PB: Gotta respect the TOUGHNESS but I dunno if I qualify that as a 'smart move'! Foyer can knock you AHT in one punch... OR HEADBUTT for that matta'!

[With Foyer starting to get up, Everett picks his spot, swinging the bat full force]

***** CCCCCRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCKKKK!!! *****

PB: GRAAATE GOOLGY MOOGGLY!!! FOYER JUSS TOOK THAT ONE UIPSIDE THE FUCKIN;' HEAD!~!!!

RD: BUT BIG MIKE DOESN'T FALTER!!! He gets back to his feet, just ABSORBIN' that wicked fuckin' shot somehow!!!

[Stomping along the ropes, shaking off the pain, Big Mike looks determined as an angry Daniel winds up to swing again...]

***** CCCCCRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCKKKK!!! *****

PB: GOOD GAWWD DAAAMN!!! FOYER TAKES DAT UN IN THE SHOULDER AND JUST GETS TORN UPP!!

RD: How can you tell!?!?! He's already covered in blood EVERY WHERE!!! There's no difference!

BACK

PB: ...but I see flesh hangin' off that fuckin' baaaat, dude!!!! I can't believe Foyer's is STTILLLL fuckin' standin' right meow!!!

[The crowd can't believe it! Everett can't believe it! Flushed with anger, "the Punishment" pulls the bat back again, high in the air, really making sure to throw everything he has into it...]

PB: YIPPPPPPIE KAAAY AAAAAAYYEE MOTHERFUCKER!!!! EVERETT EATS A BIONIC FUCKIN' BOOOOOT!!!!

RD: BUT HE DOESN'T GO DOWN EITHER!!! He hits the ropes, and stays there!!! Daniel looks to be on fuckin' DREAAM STREET!!!

PB: And now FOOOOYERRR'S got that baaaat!!!!

*** CCCCRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCKKKK!!! ***

RD: ONE FOR THE MONEY...

*** CCCCRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCKKKK!!! ***

PB: TWO FOR THE SHOW!!!

*** CCCCRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCKKKK!!! ***

RD: THREEE FOR THE TK FUCKIN' OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

[After two successive shots across the chest, Big Mike planted that last one right across Daniel's checkiung, sending "the Punishment" sprawling to the mat! The crowd roars with delight as Big Mike stands tall in the ring, with that bat in hand.... POINTING AT THE TURN BUCKLES!?!?!]

RD: What the hell is Big Mike doin?!>!

PB: HE'S CALLING HIS SHOT!!! Talk about leaving no left turn unstoned – BIG MIKE'S GOIN' HIGH FUCKIN' RISK!!!

BACK

CROWD: PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE!
PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE!
PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE!
PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE!
PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE!

RD: I dun think I've ever seen Foyer go to the top rope here! It may be a outta his realm, but I can't blame the man! Both fo these men have been thur hell and have kept on tickin'!

PB: Drastic times calls for drastic measures... I'm just not sure I wanna see what's left of Everett after he gets squashed like a fuckin' grape!!!

[Showing the wear and tear of deathmatch life, Big Mike takes a moment to get to the corner, and even longer to slowly make his way up each turn buckle. Each time Foyer gets himself up higher, the crowd cheers a bit louder unitil they are full out hollering once Foyer gets to the tippy tip top of the turn buckles, using that ring post to help balance...]

PB: JUST GET IT OVER WITH ALREADY!!!! FUCKIN' JUUUMMMPPPP!!!!

RD: Doesn't surprise me that Foyer's rethinkin' this a bit... but Everett HASN'T moved, so that's one thing goin' for him!!!!

[Taking in one last deep breathe, and pushing off both turn buckle and ring post, Foyer bends at the knees and leaps....]

PB: OOOOHHHHHHH MMMYYY FUUUUCCKING GGGGAAAAWWWWDDDD!!!!!!
FOYER FUCKIN' BROKE THE FUCKIN; RING!!!! OH MY FUCKIN' GGGAAAAWWWD!~!!!!

CROWD: 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

RD: HOLY FUCKIN IMPACT BATEMAN!!!! TALING ABOUT A FUCKIN' FLYIN' BODY SPASH!!!!

CROWD: 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: But its NOOOOOT over!!! We STILLLL need a winner!!! Big Mike's gotta make the fuckin' COVER!!!!

RD: He's tryin', but I think he collapsed his OWN chest cavigty as well as Everett's with that one!!!

[Everett is just pancaked, splattered against the mat, but does manage to curl up, reeeaaaalllly struggling to breath! Foyer rolls off to the side on the impact, flat on HIS back, sucking in oxygen as fast as he possibly can! He doesn't stay there long, quickly rolling voer and getting up to one knee, still struggling mightly to breath.]

[“EEEEEEEEERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!!!!!”]

PB: ARE YOU FUCKIN;' KIDDDIN' ME!!>?!?! WE GOT A TWENTY-FOUR SEVEN TI9TLE CHALLENGE NOW OF ALL FUCKIN' TIMES!!>?!?

RD: Anytime, ANYWHERE, Paulie!!!! It's the NAME of the GAME!!!! Chaos isn't always convenient motherfucker!!!

PB: AAAARRRFGGGHHHH!!!! And the DERP-a-Tron isn't even firin' up!!! WHAT THE HELL!>>?!

RD: THAT'S CAUSE THERE IS NO NEED!!! LOOK AT THE ENTRANCE WAY!!!

[...which instantly everyone does, as the action from the back spills out! The DERP 24/7 Division referee, holding an air horn in one hand and the DERP 24/7 Championship in the other stands in the middle of the entrance way, looking back at the curtain..... as ONO and Angel Martinez comin' spilling thru the curtain..... BEING TRAILED BY JOHNNY MARVELOUS!!!!]

BACK

PB: TTTHEEEY ARE STILL GOIN' AT IT!!!! HOLY FUCKIN' HELLL!!! And look at "TOO GOOOOOD!!!" He's double fistin' them chains still!!!!

RD: And from the welts across ONO and Angel's back, he sure knows what's up with double fistin'!!!

[In the ring, Big Mike hears the commotion and slowly lumbers to his feet. The referee continues to check on Everett, as the chaos continues to unfold in the entrance way, slowly marching towards the ring. Johnny twaps Angel, and then goes after ONO! Only briefly losing his balance, Angel keeps his footing... and makes a bee line to the ring!!!]

RD: Foyer not letting' this distraction ruin his day! He's stayin' focused, and pulls Everett up to his feet...; locking him in a standin' head scissors!

PB: LOOK AT THAT BITCH RUN..... NO MORE!!! ONO WITH THE TACKLE!!!

RD: BUT THE "JUMPIN' BEAN" TAKES OUT EEEVVVVVEEEEERRRYYYONEEEEE!!!!!!

[Getting his legs taken out from under him, Big Mike and Everett collapse in a heap... as ONO and Angel roll around on the glass covered ring mat, fighting like a bunch of school yard children. Looking not pleased at all, Johnny drops those chains... and gets himself a Singapore cane!!!]

***** WWWWWHHHHHHAAAAAACCCECCCKKKKK!!!! *****

***** WWWWWHHHHHHAAAAAACCCECCCKKKKK!!!! *****

***** WWWWWHHHHHHAAAAAACCCECCCKKKKK!!!! *****

***** WWWWWHHHHHHAAAAAACCCECCCKKKKK!!!! *****

PB: JOOOHHHHNNNNY FUCKIN' MARVELOUS RULLLIN' THE ROOST!!!! HE'S JUST CANIN' THE SHIT OUTTA FUCKIN' EEEVVVEERRRYONE!!!!

RD: NOOOOOT BIG MIKE FOYER!!! The DERP Deathmatch champion gets back to his feet, as ONO and Angel are just COVERIN' up for their life!!!

[AGAIN, splitting the cane into pieces, Johnny has to pause his assault, as Foyer rises to his feet.... Glass hard covered baseball bat in his hand! Big Mike taps "Too Good" on the shoulder....

***** CCCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAAACCCECCCKKKKK!!!!!! *****

BACK

PB: EEEDDDDDDDIE FUCKIN' SPPPPAAAAGGHEETTTIII!!!! MARVELOUS JUST KNOCKED INTO FUCKIN' NEXT WEEEEEEKKK!!!!

RD: And FOOOOYYEERR doesn't look like he's done with these intruders!!!!

[As ONO and Angel slowly come back to life from the caning they received, Foyer helps them the rest of the way up, picking them up by their heads, palming their cranium as if they were basketballs! The crowd roars with delight as both Angel and ONO squirm and wiggle...]

***** CCCCCCRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKK!!!! ****

PB: TTAAAALK ABOUT COMIN' OUTTTAAA LEFT FIELD!!!! DANIEL FUCKIN' EVERETT WITH A HOMERUN SWING OF HIS OWN!!!!

RD: BUT HE DIDN'T KNOCK FOYER DAHN!!!! Everyone just sent SPRAWLIN'!!!! Foyer ends up with his back against the ropes!!!!

[Barely standing, weebly and wobblingly back and forth, Everett sizes up Big Mike standing a dozen or so feet away. Trudging off with sheer determination, Everett holds onto that bat, and raises it high into the air! On the outside, Angel comes to life, barely... slowly crawling his way back up the entrance way as ONO is also slowly moving. Johnny is the only one of the three intruders on their feet, but he's slumped in the corner..]

PB: SSSUUUPPERMAN FUCKIN' PALANCHA!!!! MAVELPUS RISKS IT ALL AND TAKES OUT EVVVEERRRYONE ON THE OUTSIDE!!!!

RD: "the Punishment" doesn't even flinch! He's got all eyes on Big Mike, who's still looks COMPLETEY out of it against those ropes!!!!

***** CCCCCCRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCKKKK!!!! ****

PB: THEEEEE KITCHEN IS FUCKIN' CLOOOOOSSSSSEEEEDDDDD!!!! THE BOTH SWING FOR THE FENCE... AND HIT THE BALL OUTTTTAAA THE PARK!!!!

RD: CHAMPION AND CHALLENGER ARE IN A HEAP!!! ONO, ANGEL AND JOHNNY ARE ALLLLL STILL DAHN AT RING SIDE!!!! WE GOT OURSELVES A MUTHA FUCKIN' TRAAAAAIN WRECK OUT HERE!!!!

BACK

[As Angel is the first to slowly stir, manages to collect his DERP 24/7 Championship belt and then with what little consciousness he has left manages to start crawling up the entrance way. Johnny is also moving, but a bit slower. ONO is totally motionless.... As is both Everett and Foyer!!!]

RD: Angel isn't the ONLY one moving meow – the referee back up to his feet!!!!

PB: Amnnnd damn does he look fuckin' CONFUSED!?!?!

[With a hand placed on the back of his head, the referee gets back to his feet in the corner of the ring. Through careful observation of his surroundings, the referee sees two men out cold on the outside, one wrestler slowly crawling up the entrance way.... And two other laid out in the middle of the ring...]

[DIIINNNNGGG, DIIINNNNGGG, DIIINNNNGGGG!!!!]

PB: HE'S CALLLLLLLIN' FOR THE FUCKIN' BEEEELLLLLL!?!?!?!

RD: AAAAARRFGHGVHGH!!! WHAT THE FUCK!>?!?! This is fuckin'
DDEEEEEEEEEERRRRPPP!!!! There's GOOOOTTTA be a winner!!!

PB: Apparently NOOOOTTT!!! That was just TOOOOOO MUCH chaos for his little brain to handle! Look! I think he's completely fuckin' meltin' dahn! He just stripped dahn to his boxers!!!!

[With the crowd not happy at ALLLLL and reaching near riot levels, the referee no longer bears his pinstripes, just a pair of boxers as he collapses in the ring. Damage Control is quickly on the scene, but Johnny Marvellous is having none of it. Arming himself with a baseball bat, he trudges right up the entrance way... with ONO HEZONFAIA slowly following... The camera shot comes to a rest on both Big Mike Foyer and Daniel Everett, on their backs, sprawled out, chests rising and falling slowly....]

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

[Dark black screen, as letters and the whole words start to WordArt themselves onto the screen:

***THE
END!***

BACK

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

THIS PROGRAM BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

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AND
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***THOUGHTS? REACTIONS? CONCERNS? COMPLAINTS?
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Website!**