

*[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... which is soon then replaced with a very familiar black and gold logo of Gold's Gym, the words 'LOS ANGELES' etched under the iconic symbol. The logo doesn't hang out much longer than the disclaimer did, as it quickly fades away, revealing DANIEL "THE PUNISHMENT" EVERETT!!! The former DEPR Deathmatch champion is sitting inside a ring looking out towards the camera, still short of breath and soaked in sweat after a sparring session]*

**EVERETT:** Mike Foyer, I said that the only reason you hold that belt isn't because you won it, but because I lost it. You had your chance to prove me wrong, but when it came to it you failed to do anything but show the pack of dogs that bay for blood that you don't have what it takes to meet me head on.

*[Everett grabs a bottle of water, taking a sip whilst keeping his eyes fixed on the camera]*

**EVERETT:** The problem is, Foyer, that you still have that belt. My belt. And you know what? The fact that you have it is nothing short of theft. Now I don't know what happens where you come from, but if somebody steals from anybody in Virginia they get punished for their actions.

I could call for you to be arrested, locked up with the sort of people who make up a large percentage of DERP's audience, or I could call for you to be slapped with a fine...but that's not the way I like to do things. I like to settle things my way, on my own, and if the guy that stole from me ends up getting hurt the son of a bitch deserved everything that happened to him – and because they were on my property, it's all legal.

Stealing from me was your first mistake Foyer, as that made me want to come after you. After that, you made two mistakes – you couldn't get rid of me, but you stuck around when the smart thing to do would be drop what is mine and run for the horizon without ever looking back.

## BACK

Soon, Foyer, you'll have to face me once again, and you've given me plenty of reason to want to prove without a shadow of a doubt that you are as much a fraud as you are a thief, and that gives me all the reason I need to inflict some long-overdue justice on you.

Think about that, if you dare.

*[Everett slides out of the ring, barging past the camera and headed out of the gym as the camera fades back to nothing but blackness, as a voice screams out "WWWHHHHAAAATTTTT AAAAAAAA RRRRRRUUSSSHHHH!!!!" Then the music begin, as the black screen dissolves, revealing the madman behind the madness, the "Suburban Abomination.... Ryan FUCKING Delaney! But he's not having fun... he's being crucified and left hanging on the ring ropes! Black Sabbath's "Into the Void" really picks up, as this haunting still image fades....]*

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

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

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

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

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

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

## BACK

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

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

*[And as the song finally dies down, moving into the instrumental ending, a few still shots come across the screen. First, Bullzeye holding his DERP 24/7 Championship right after the battle royal, his head on a swivel, waiting for someone to come out of the woodwork! Next up is a shot of the referee giving Twinkletoes Twilliger the DERP Steel City championship, and then, it ends with a still shot of what you would call 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 VI - CALIFORNIAN CARNAGE

*[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'...

BACK

**PB:** OH YES, It is \_IIIII\_!!! The one and only \_PAUL\_ “I’ll make you Holla Holla for a dollar and I’ll do something strange for some change. I’m California dreamin, and I leave the girlies screamin. Cause I’m a pussy lickin demon, with vanilla flavored semen’ \_BARKER\_!!!

*[Delaney just shakes his head, laughing, as good ‘ole “Tackz” smiles, beaming from ear to ear!]*

**RD:** As always, a VERY colorful introduction, Paulie! You really are a “Lyrical Miracle!”

**PB:** Thank you, thank you! I try! I do! But enough about ME and MMMMY genius.... You sir again have proven your genius level intelligence with this weeks show!!! I can’t decide which match I am lookin’ forward to \_MORE\_!!! It’s quite a conundrum!!!

**RD:** Oh, you mean having to choose between the LEGO, GLASS AND ROCKS deathmatch??? Or the HARDCORE HOCKEY SIX MAN CLUSTERFUCK!?!? Ohh... I bet you’re already sporting half a woody for that HANDICAP HARDCORE match between Kasey Houlihan and Laaaa Forza!?!?

**PB:** YESSS!!! EXACTLY!!!! All those just sound IINNCREDBLE!!!

**RD:** GOOOOOOD!!! Cause that means you won’t mind waiting a bit as we are kicking things off tonight with the DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPIOSNHIP MATCH!!!

**PB:** NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**RD:** OH FUCK YES PAULIE!!! It’s \_WRESTLING\_ time!!!

***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 in it wakes the black and gold DERP wrestling ring, littered with streamers all of sorts of colors tossed in from the adoring fans! In one corner, the current DERP YouTube Champ Tyrone Heat stands, arms folded across his chest. Across the ring from him, the challenger, Josie Saito, usin the ropes to take a final stretch before it's go time!]*

**RD:** I know you are excited for the SIX MAN CLUSTERFUCK still ahead... but first it's the TRASHMAN up 'gainst THE REVOLTUTION... with the YOUTUBE CHAMPIONSHIP on the fuckin' line!!!

**PB:** Yippie kay aye mother fucker! UGH! Let's hope the Heathole makes quick biz'ness of "the Revolution" and the ultraviolet AWESOMENESS can get underway!!!

**RD:** Josie's been waiting a good bit for this opportunity. I doubt she's gunna go dahn easy tonight!

**PB:** Be the first time in her life then! HAHA!

**\*\*\* DING, DING, DING \*\*\***

**RD:** AND WE ARE UNDER WAY!!!

**PB:** YES!!! Tyrone takes off like a fuckin' bull!!! Kill that bitch!!!

*[Josie braces herself, ready for impact.... But Heat goes low and slams her right to the mat with a double leg takedown, slamming Saito's head off the mat! Smiling, Tyrone slowly rises back up to his feet at the insistence of the referee who immediately checks on Josie's state!]*

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**RD:** This may just be the shortest title match EVER!!! That mighta' rendered Josie unable to compete!!!

**PB:** If that new guy Jay XYZ calls it, I'ma fuckin' give that man a hug! END THIS SHIT MEOW!!!

*[Referee XYZ keeps asking Josie questions... who answers with a big shove! The crowd instantly objects, but Saito just throws them the bird, getting the rest of the back up to her feet, a hand clamped to the back of her head...]*

**PB:** YESSSSSSS!!!! HIIIIPPPPP FUCKIN' CHECK!!!! And's Josie sent to the aht'side!

**RD:** "The Trashman" is takin' it right to Josie! There is no hesitation about fighting a woman! That man seems to be in KILL MODE tonight!

**PB:** Hard to argue with that... LOOK! He's right under those ropes and on the outside!

*[Despite the referee's protests, Tyrone rolls under that bottom rope and makes a bee line right to where Josie is trying to collect herself, resting on her knees. Tyrone reaches out, going to help her rest of the way up...]*

**RD:** JOSIE WITH A JAWBREAKA'!!! She caught Tyrone there, and now the champs' reelin'a bit!

**PB:** BAH!!! What happened to her being concussed and unable to compete!?!?

*[Upon impact, Heat stumbles backwards, almost falling over his own feet but landing back first again the ring. There the DERP YouTube Champion stands, eyes focused right on Josie who quickly scrambles up to her feet and shoots right in at the champ.... But Tyrone just grabs her wrist and spins her around!!!]*

**PB:** RRRRAAAZZZLE FUCKIN' DAAZZZLLEEE!!! RELEASE FUCKIN' OVERHEAD GERMAN!!! Saito was just TOSSSSSED like a ragdoll!!!

**RD:** You asked about her bein' concussed, Paulie! I gotta say... she may just be knocked the fuck out right now!!! Did you SEEEE how she landed!?!?!?

*[In the ring, the newly appointed head referee XYZ doesn't look pleased at all! He pauses his count and leans through the ropes, yelling at Tyrone and warning him he better get back to the ring! With the fans roaring with delight as Saito's motionless still, Tyrone slowly pushes his way up to his feet, eyes locked with the referee!]*

**RD:** Looks like Heat and XYZ are not seeing eye to eye here! That could really spell trouble for SAITO as Tyrone can be DQ'd, lose the match but NOT his title!

**PB:** I think Josie's gotta worry more about knowing what YEAR it is than whether Tyrone's gonna get himself DQ'd!

*[Nodding, as the fans roar with appreciation, Tyrone makes his way under the bottom rope and back into the ring. Referee XYZ doesn't waste any time and makes sure to grill Heat upon his entering the ring, but it has to be hard to hear anything the ref has to say over the rawkus crowd!]*

BACK

**PB:** I think I did find sumptin about these YouTube matches I can enjoy – watching these referees LOOOOOSE their shit! It’s just fuckin’ HILARIOUS!!!

**RD:** Glad you found some silver lining, Paul! XYZ’s back to counting now, as Josie nears her feet!

*[The count hits the seven digit mark, as Josie finally completely makes her way back up to her feet, eyes locked onto Tyrone Heat, who stands in the ring, taunting Josie to get back in the ring. “the Revolution” doesn’t hesitate one bit, diving in under the bottom rope!]*

**RD:** Josie in the ring like a shot outta a cannon, and Heat goes for a big stomp... BUT MISSES!!!

**PB:** ARGH! Josie back to her feet now, and still on the move! Tyrone missed his chance to squash her like a bug!

*[“the Revolution” comes barreling off the ropes, running right at Tyrone... who manages to throw an elbow up at the last second! Knocked senseless but still standing, Saito’s out on her feet it seems as Tyrone keeps on the attack with a roundhouse kick!]*

**RD:** SWINNNG AND A MISS!!!! And doooowwnnnnn the champ goes!!! Saito takin’ the bigger man’s wheels out from underneath him and SLAAAMS him face first into the mat!

**PB:** And now that bitch is tryin’ to snap his ankle!!! She’s got it damn near turned completely backwards!!!!

**RD:** PRRROOBLEM SOLVED!!! BIIG BOOT RIGHT TO THE FACE!!!

*[Josie stumbles backwards, catching herself against the ropes while Tyrone army crawls his way towards the closet corner and slowly pulls himself back up to his feet with the aid of the ropes. Not even at the ten minute mark yet and both competitors look a bit spent, as the DERP-a-holics voice their opinion on the matter at hand!]*

<b>CROWD:</b>	<b>THIS IS AWESOME CHANT!!!</b>	<b>CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP</b>
	<b>THIS IS AWESOME CHANT!!!</b>	<b>CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP</b>
	<b>THIS IS AWESOME CHANT!!!</b>	<b>CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP</b>
	<b>THIS IS AWESOME CHANT!!!</b>	<b>CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP</b>
	<b>THIS IS AWESOME CHANT!!!</b>	<b>CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP</b>

**RD:** I know this might not be your drink of choice, Paulie, but you can’t deny how much these DERP-a-holics are LOOOOOVING this!!!

**PB:** BAAAH!!! And a million people bought Justin Bieber’s last album! Does that make his music suck any less?! NO!!!

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**RD:** I dunno what to say back to that other than... Rest time is OOOVVER!!! Tyrone marches out of the corner, and there goes Josie, off like a SHOOOOT!

**PB:** AAANNNNND TYRONE READ IT FROM THE START!!! He just threw her ten feet into the air!!! There CAAAAN'T be any air left in Josie's lungs!! Just fuckin' can't be!!!

**RD:** I'd say that's what the champ's bankin' on! Tyrone drops an elbow, and hooks a leg! This could be over right here!!!

...ONE...



...TWO...

...KICK OUT!!!

**RD:** SHE BEATS THE COUNT!!! Josie fuckin' Saito keeps her title dreams ALLLIVEE!!!

**PB:** But for how much longer!?! "The Trashman" juss throwin' her around like a god damn play toy!

*[Tyrone slaps the mat outta frustration before getting back to his feet. Staying on the attack, "the Trashman" pulls Josie up off the mat and up to her feet.... Only to receive a thumb to the eye for his efforts! Striking with amazing speed, Saito delivers a beautiful spinning heel kick, and then with a boot to the gut, grabs both of Heat's arms...]*

*[COLLECTIVE GROAN!!!]*

BACK

**PB:** SHE WANTS TO SELL MY MONKEY!!! DOUBLE ARM DD FUCKIN' T!!! Josie juss PLLLAAAANTED the fuckin' champ right dere!!!

**RD:** Amazing what a thumb to the eye can do for someone's momentum! Now Josie's got the leg hooked! Could THIS be it!?!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

...SHOOULLDER UPP!!!!!!

BACK

**RD:** Heat beats the count by a cunt hair, and does it with some impressive FORCE!!!

**PB:** Hell fuckin' yea he did!!! Tyrone just fuckin' LAUNCHED Saito there! I think there's more fight left in Mr. Heat than Josie had to start with!

**RD:** More heart doesn't always translate into more victories! "The Trashman" better get himself back on track here, or he's gunna find himself with a very short title reign on the record books!

*[With the crowd just roaring and buzzing with enthusiasm, both competitors slowly get back up to their feet, the stare down never ending. "The Revolution" is the first to act, quickly using her speed to her advantage to dart right in....]*

**PB:** GAWD FUCKIN' DAMNIT!!! ROLLING FUCKIN KOPPO KICK!!! Heat is lights out on his FEET!!!

**RD:** I wonder if Tyrone would have been better off goin' dahn and getting to the outside! Josie stands in the opposite corner and she's lining up her sights...

**PB:** SHE JUST BEAT HIM LIKE A RENTED FUCKIN' MULE!!!! WHAT A SHINING FUCKIN WIZARD FROM SAITO!!!

**RD:** \_LA DIABLOQUE\_ as she calls it!!!! Call it whatever the fuck you WANNA call it, Tyrone Heat is one dream street right meow!!! "The Revolution" doesn't slow dahn one bit! She grabs Heat by the arm and locks on a Udehishijujigatame!

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

**RD:** Udehishijujigatame!???

**PB:** Yea, \_THAT\_!!! You mean the CROSS ARM BREAKER?!?!?

**RD:** Sure, if that's what YOU wanna call it. But \_ME\_? I'm calling it a Udehishijujigatame!

**PB:** Yea, and I'm calling you a DOUCHE NOZZLE!!!

*[Tyrone looks to be in an extreme amounts of pain from the grimace on his face, but the current DERP YouTube Champ shows no signs of giving up! He damn near swats the referee away, and then braces himself, rolling over slightly, tryin to reduce the pressure on his arm...]*

**PB:** She gunna fuckin' snap his arm if he doesn't' just give up!!! Live to fight another day, "Trashman"! End this meow and bring on the ultraviolence!!!!

**RD:** I dun think quitting is even an OPTION in Tyrone's mind right meow! He's up to something!!!

*[Getting to his knees, and with a primal scream.... TYRONE LIFTS JOISE OFF THE MAT!!!!]*

*[THAT WAS FUCKIN' AMAZING LOVE DRENCHED POP!]*

BACK

**PB:** GRRAAAATE GOOOOGLY MOOGGGLY!!!! WHAT A FUCKIN' POWERBOMB!!!!  
TYRONE HEAT BREAKS THE FUCKIN' HOLD WITH SSSSTTTTYYYYLLLEEEEE!!!!

**RD:** Just imagine the STRENGTH it took to do that!!! That man is built like a brick shit haus! But you CAAAAN tell the damage has been done! Tyrone mighta' escaped the Udehishijugigatame but I dunno if he's got much of an arm left!!!

*[Saito rolls to the corner, a bit out of breath and clutching at her, which smarts after such an impact. Across the ring, using the power of the ropes to get back up to his feet, Tyrone flexes and stretches out that arm, obviously feeling the burn.]*

**RD:** We are closing in on that \_TEN\_ minute mark!!! Time is RUNNNING aht here, which really favors Tyrone! This may become more of a game of SURIVAL than WINNING for the champ!

**PB:** That would fuckin' SUUUUUUCK for Josie if the time limit cost her again! Karma can be such a BITCH sometimes!!!

*["the Revolution" makes her way up to her feet, and immediately focus her eyes on "the Trashman", who is still leaning against the ropes and stretching out his damaged arm. It doesn't even look like Tyrone notices Josie get back to her feet, which she capitalizes on, taking off across the ring like a shot....]*

*[AUDIENCE WIDE GASP!!!!]*

**PB:** SSSSCCCCRRAAAATCH MY BACK WITH A FUCKIN' HACKSAW!!!! TALK ABOUT A FUCKIN' BACK BODY DROP!!! The champ just sent the challenger FLLLLLLYYYYING outta the ring!!!!

**RD:** And she sure as fuck didn't land pretty at all!!! She may have gotten those hands down to brace the fall a bit, but she had nothing but steel guardrail and hard concrete as a landing pad!!!!

**PB:** Now Tyrone juss ha—NOOO!!! Gawd damnit!!! Why is he rollin' outta the ring!?!?!?

**RD:** I'd say he's a shark that smells blood in the water! He dun wanna win by a count aht! He wants to get that one, two, three!!!

**PB:** I dunno bout all that! I think he just enjoys beatin' up women!

*[Referee XYZ is about to have a conniption fit, as Tyrone ignores all warnings and rolls right to the outside where Josie is still lying in a heap. The fans are buzzing with excitement, still enjoying watching "the Revolution" get her just desserts! "The Trashman" peels Josie off the arena floor... and whips her right into another guardrail!!!]*

**RD:** What FOOORRCE Tyrone showed there! Josie just SMMMAAACKED into that guardail!

**PB:** Fucker moved back FIVE FEET!!!! Those fans barely scrambled outta the way fast enough!

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*[With the crowd eating this up, while XYZ continues to bark out the count, Tyrone surveys the DERP-a-holics, hooting and hollering on his behalf. Shaking his head, “the Trashman” stalks his prey, slowly approaching the slumped Josie... who spots Heat coming, and throws a boot into the air!]*

**RD:** HEEAAAAT CAUGHT IT!!!! He’s got her leg trapped meow!!!

*[HOLY FUCKIN’ HELL THAT HAD TO HURT POP!!!!]*

**PB:** NOOOOOOOOT ANNNY MORE!!!!!! EDDDDIE FUCKIN’ SPAAAGHETTIII!!!! SINGLE FUCKIN’ LEG THROW BY HEAT!!!!

**RD:** And AAAAAAAGAIN Josie is laid out on the outside!!! Heat’s got this victory if he just gets back inside that ring and lets the referee do his job!!!!

**PB:** Sometimes when you’re having fun, it’s hard to walk away when you’re ahead! Just ask anyone that’s spent some significant time in a casino!!!

*[Hearing the referee XYZ nearing the dread ten count, Tyrone quickly rolls back into the ring.... And then right back out again, effectively breaking the count and forcing XYZ to start over! The crowd loves the move, but XYZ certainly does it! The two exchange a few words before Tyrone turns around, moving towards the now kneeling Josie Saito!]*

*[EVERY MALE IN THE AUDIENCE GRIMACES!!!!]*

**PB:** CHHHHHHHHHHEEEEEEESE AND FUCKIN’ RICE!!!!!! TESTICULAR FUCKIN’ CLAW!!!! THAT DIRTY, DIRTY LITTLE HOE!!!!!!

**RD:** Every male in attendance is BESIDE themselves right meow, but god damn... that IISSS effective!!! “The Trashman” paralyzed, and Saito’s got something up her sleeve!!!

*[Ducking a shoulder, Josie lets go of the dreaded claw hold, only to hoist the DERP YouTube Champ up onto her back...]*

**PB:** LORD STANLEY, LORD STANELY... BRING ME THE BRAANDY!!!! BACKDROP FUCKIN’ DRIVER..... ONNN THE OUTSIDE!!!!!!

**RD:** That’s the QUEEEN BREAKER, but she can’t win the belt with a count aht! She’s gotta get “the Trashman” back into the ring!!!

*[Flat on her back, Josie looks in little position to capitalize on anything! The champion through certainly looks worse for the wear though as the referee XYZ continues the count, keeping a careful eye on both men! All of sudden there is commotion in the entrance way, as a forty year old blonde haired*

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*male, with tan leathery skin runs down the entrance way! Wearing just black wrestling trunks with a Boer flag on the rear, the mysterious man instantly comes to the aid of Josie!]*

**PB:** WHO THE FUCK IS THAT GUY!?!?! WHAT THE FUCK IS HE DOIN' HERE!?!?!

**RD:** WAIT!!! I KNOW WHO THAT IS!!!

**PB:** YOU FUCKIN' SHOULD!!! YOU JUST SIGNED THE MOTHERFUCKER I BET!!!

**RD:** You're right! I DID!!! Shit, what the fuck was his name?!?!?!

**PB:** Smoke another one, bro!!!

*[XYZ instantly objects to the assistance, but the man quickly throws his hands up, claiming innocence as Saito slides in the ring after Tyrone, diving on top and hooking the leg for a pin!]*

**RD:** Did she take too long getting Heat back in the ring!?!?

**PB:** Part of me hopes for yes! Part of me screams NOO!!!!

...ONE....

BACK

...TWO....

*[OH FUCK YES EXPLOSION OF CHEERS!!!]*

**PB:** ....FOOOT ON THE ROPE!!!!

**RD:** SHE HOOKED THE WRONG LEG!!! HEAT GETS THAT LEFT ONE ON THE ROPES!!!!

**PB:** Love it or hate it, the match WILL go on! But not for much longer! Time is about UPP!!!! It's gunna cost Josie again! Just you wait!!!



BACK

*[Saito rolls off and into the center of the ring. Getting back to her feet, she moves to the ring corner to collect herself as the referee moves in to check on Tyrone, who rolls on his side, blinking furiously, trying to shake the cobwebs out as he slowly turns to his knees and starts pushing himself up to his feet!]*

**PB:** LOOOOOOOOK AT THAT BASTARD ON THE OUTSIDE!!! He gots that YOUTUBE TITLE!!!!

**RD:** And he hands it off to Josie!!! WHAT THE FUCK!?!?!? THOSE TWO ARE CONSPIRING!?!?!?

**PB:** Sure fuckin' looks that way!!!

*[Josie cradles the belt, holding it to her side, waiting for Heat to make the rest of his way up to his feet. The special guest at ringside quickly decides to hop up on the apron, berating the referee... who immediately turns and evicts our guest from ringside.... RIGHT AS SAITO WHACKS TYRONE WITH THAT BELT!!!!]*

*[INCREDIBLE OUTBURST OF JEERS!!!!]*

**RD:** NOOOOOO!!! NOOOOOO!!!! NOT FUCKIN' LIKE THIS!!!!

**PB:** I think it's goin' dahn fuckin EXAAACTLY like this, mango!!!

*[The guest drops down off the apron, as the referee turns around! "the Revolution" hooks the out on his feet Tyrone Heat...]*

*[RIOT LEVEL ENGAGED!!!!]*

**PB:** NOOOOOOOOOO FUCKIN' ESCAPE!!!! SHE FUCKIN' HIT IT WITH ALL HER MIGHT!!! THE FAT LADY JUSS SANG HER LAST NOTE!!! THIS BITCH IS FUCKIN; OVVEEEERR!!!!!!!

**RD:** NOOOOOT SO FAST!!!! Referee XYZ sees that YouTube title in the ring! He doesn't look pleased whatsoever!!!!

*[Realizing the referee isn't making the count, Josie lets go of the bridge and rises to her feet, just beside herself! New referee XYZ isn't backing down one bit, holding that DERP YouTube title in his hand, demanding an explanation! Josie doesn't want to hear any of it, yelling right back!]*

**RD:** HAHA!!! I THINK I FOUND OURSELVES A KEEPER!!! That zebra ain't backin' down one bit! He smells somethin' fishy and DEMANDS to get to the bottom of it!

**PB:** If he don't watch it, he's gonna get his ass kicked!!!

**RD:** If JOSIE dun watch it, she's gunna get CHOKED THE FUCK AHT!!! Tyrone's up to his feet! She has NOOOO CLUUUEE!!!!

BACK

*[Josie gets right up in XYZ's face, denying outright anything to do with that belt being in the ring and demanding that he do his job and make the count! XYZ doesn't buy any of it, and continues to warn Josie..... as the wobbling Tyrone heat rises behind him...]*

**PB:** HOW MUCH FRIED CHICKEN CAN YOU FUCKIN' EAT?!?!?! TYRONE'S GOT HER HOOKED!!!! ITS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME NOW!!!

**RD:** He's got that cobra clutch locked.... COBRA CLUTCH FUCKIN' SUPLEX!!!! AND THERE;S THE ARM TRAP!!!!

**PB:** DAAAAMMN SKIPPY!!! PUNNNNK FUCKIN' CHOKER!!! It's OOOOVEER!!!!

*[Heat with his massive arms cutting off oxygen, while his legs stretch one of Josie's arm in ways it shouldn't go, the crowd begins to mock "the Revolution", chanting "TAP AHT! TAP AHT! TAP AHT!" at the top of their lungs! Josie with that one free arms reaches out desperately for the ropes.... But she's YAAAARDS away from safety!!!]*

**RD:** "The Trashman" has PERFECT ring position! Josie can't get to those ropes and I highly doubt she can POWER her way outta this one! Still, though, she's REFUSING to submit!!!

**PB:** IT DOESN'T MATTER!!! With oxygen, she can't breath! She can refuse to tap aht all she wants – that bitch is gunna PAASSSS AHT whether she likes it or NOT!!!

*[Slowly, "the Revolution" struggles less and less and Heat cinches up the hold, applying even more pressure! Within seconds Josie's arm drops, and falls limp. Referee XYZ immediately swoops in, takes on look at Josie and lifts her arm in the air...]*

**PB:** IT HITS THE MAT!!! The girl is OOOOUUUUTT!!!!

**RD:** It's gotta hit the mat TWO more times, Paulie! You never know... those INSTINCTS may kick right in!!!

*[The referee pauses for a moment, and then lifts Josie's arm again...]*

**PB:** NOOOOO BODY HOME!!! Call it a fuckin' DAAAY already! We got ULTRAVIOLENCE to get to already!!!

**RD:** One more time, and it's ALLL over!!!

*[The special guest on the outside stands ther, arms folded across his chest in disbelief, as the Heat keeps on the pressure while XYZ grabs "the Revolution" free hand one more time! He raises it up, holds it there for a moment.....]*

BACK

**PB:** THE KITCHEN IS FUCKIN' CLLLLOOOOOOSSSED!!!! THAT'S IT'!!! IT'S OVER!!!!

**RD:** IIIINNNNDDEEEEEED it is, Paulie!!! Tyrone Heat wins AGAIN with that deeeaaaddllllyyyy PUNK CHOKER!!!

*[Soon as the referee calls for the bell, "The Trashman" lets go of the hold and pushes Josie off to the side. He rolls to his side, and slowly stands up... as that stranger at ringside slides into the ring, not a pleasant look on his face at all!]*

**RD:** AAARGHH!!! Who that FUCK is that guy!??!

**PB:** I dunno... but you sure as FUCK should!!!

*[The blonde tan man rises to his feet, and makes his way right towards Josie Saito who's laying near the ropes, dropping a knee right into the small of her back! Quickly rises back up to his feet, the man then begins to stomp a mudhole in "the Revolution!"]*

**RD:** Josie LITTERLY booted from the ring! She landed like a ton of bricks on the outside! What a fuckin' asshat! I dunno how conscious Saitoo even ISSSS right meow!

**PB:** I tell you who IS conscious... that's TYRONE HEAT!!! And he doesn't look happy about this intrusion!

*[The man turns and sees Tyrone coming, who instantly swings a big left! The intruder grabs Heat's arm, spins the DERP YouTube champ around... AND LOCK S HIM UP TIGHT WITH A CROSS FACE CHICKEN WING!!!]*

**PB:** GRRRRAAATE GOOGLY MOOGLY!!! HE JUST DROPPED THE CHAMP RIGHT ON HIS FUCK HEAD!!!

**RD:** Peas and fuckin' CARROTS!!! That was one helluva chicken wing suplex!!! Tyrone rolls to the corner, dazed and confused!

**PB:** The bastard wants a MIC!!! Thank gawd! I NEED ANSWERS DAMNIT!!! I should be ankle deep in ULTAVIOLENCE by meow!!!

**Willem Van Reitz:** My naam is Willem Van Reitz, Ek kom van dier Bloemfontein, Oranje-Vrystaat.

**RD:** Is this guy Hollandish?

**PB:** Do you mean Dutch?

**Willem Van Reitz:** I am a proud Boer. My country and that of my ancestors has been ruined into what you know now as the Republic of South Africa.

BACK

*[Tyrone Heat is holding his face, if the punishment of the match wasn't enough the punch and running knee were definitely enough to keep him down for a minute or two.]*

**Willem Van Reitz:** When I look around this dump it reminds me of my country. It reminds me of what is possible when you neglect, when you fail to nurture and when you have no respect for the higher being of man. This country thought it was being brought into the light ages when it decided that all men were born equally but when I look at these two, when I look at DERP, its fans and its product - I see that nothing is equal and that equality has done nothing for you.

*[They've had enough, referees are now surrounding the ring. Van Reitz has had his two minutes of fame.]*

**Willem Van Reitz:** When the English burned the farms of my ancestors in Natal back in 1838...

**RD:** That's it! I'm annoyed! TIIIMMMESSS UPPP!!!!

*[Mid-sentence, the mic is cut as, three referees enter the ring and pull the microphone away from Van Reitz, he keeps talking but the microphone despite the mic being now dead.]*

**PB:** HAHA!!! Fuck you, you fuckin' FUCK!!!

*[Willem Van Reitz protests but the referees usher him out of the ring]*

***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!]*

BACK

SEVEN... EIGHT... Gunna 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!]

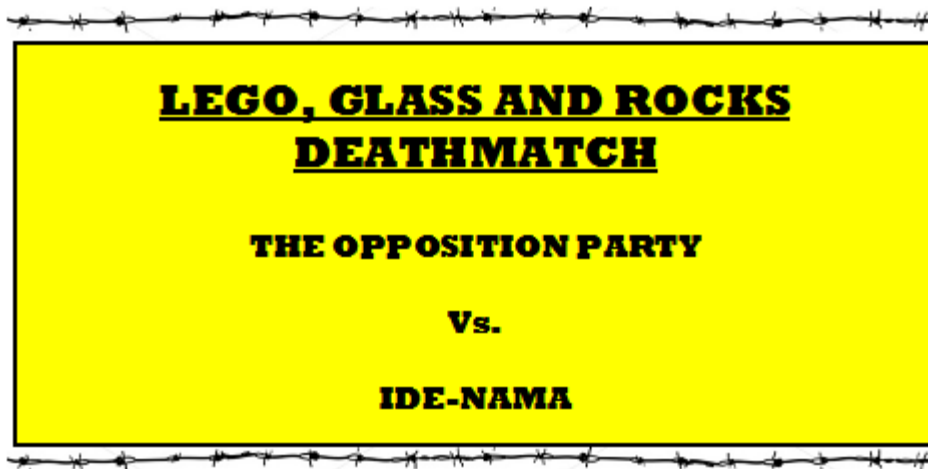
NINE... TEN... YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

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



**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 a ringside arena floor littered with all sorts of rocks of all shapes and sizes. Don't forget the glass panes sitting in two of the ring corners, or the several leaning against the outside guardrail. And it's IMPOSSIBLE to miss the giant bins of LEGOS located all around ringside!!! OH, and there's one of DERP's best tag teams standing the ring, focused intently on the entrance ramp as Angus and Axel come charging down the entrance way...]*

**RD:** OPPOSITION PARTY BLITZES THE RING!!!! And they're each double fistin' light tubes!

**PB:** I would say this is how Ide-Nama DIDN'T want this match to start!!!!

*[Not shying away from the fight at all, both Yosuke and Takashi stand their ground, fists poised in the air, ready to fight! Axel and Angus slid under the bottom rope, and quickly get to their feet! The referee XYZ frantically calls for the bell, as Ide-Nama take off across the ring, greeting the both Angus and Axel immediately!]*

**RD:** Ide-Nama not backin' dahn one bit, they meet the OP with a fisticuffs engaged!

**PB:** But Angus and Axel are dishin' right back... AND THEN SOME!!! They got Ide-Nama backed up and stunned...

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAAASSSSSSHHHH!!!\*\*

**PB:** POP GOES THE LIGHTUBE ACROSS IDEURA'S FOREHEAD!!

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAAASSSSSSHHHH!!!\*\*

BACK

**PB:** AND THERE'S ONE FOR YOSUKE!!!

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAAASSSSSSSHHHH!!!\*\*\*

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAAASSSSSSSHHHH!!!\*\*\*

**PB:** THIRD TIMES THE CCCCHHAAARRMMMM!!!! The Opposition Party is now UNARMED... but at a grate cost to the Japanese Warriors!

**RD:** From day ONE, those two angry violent men have just been wagin' WAAAAR on the DEPR roster! Looks like tonight's gunna be no DIFFERENT!!!

*[Ideura flattens to the mat, clutching at his forehead, blood slowly trickling. Yosuke keeps his feet, but stumbles back into the ropes.... Prime for a charging Angus... who takes both himself and Namashita up an over the top rope!]*

**PB:** GRATE GOOGLY MOOGLLLYYYYY!!!! Talk about a ROCKY landing!!!

**RD:** Nice one, Paulie, but you are right! That arena floor is LITTERED with all sorts of stones!!! That CAAANNNOOOOT feel good!

*[While Yosuke lies in a heap on the outside as Angus barks at the DERP-a-holics, Axel hooks Ideura and slings him with a high impact hip toss! Takashi lands with a thud, but gets right back up to his feet, albeit a bit woozy! Axel charges in, connecting with a clothesli—NOO!!! Takashi ducks!!!]*

**RD:** Takashi just narrowly avoids that clothesline from hell, and hits the ropes! He comes chargin' back....

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAAASSSSSSSHHHH!!!\*\*\*

*[EARTH SHATTERING POP!!!]*

**PB:** RAAAZZZZLE FUCKIN' DAZZZLE!!!! IDEURA WITH A FLYING DROPKICK!!! AXEL SENT FLYING RIGHT INTO THAT GLASS PANE IN THE CORNER!!!! YEESSS!!!!!!!

BACK

**RD:** Sitting in the midst of all that broken glass, Axel looks a bit confused at his predicament! Takashi gets back up to his feet and he points right to the outside!

**PB:** Tha' man's calling his shot! Angus better watch aht! He's got himself a kamaizee pilot comin' his way!

*[Too busy yapping at the crowd, Angus is unaware of what just happened to his partner in crime, as Takashi rises in the center of the ring, before again flinging himself into the ropes, running at full speed...]*

*[WWHHHHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!]*

**PB:** YESSSS!!!! SOMERSAULT MOTHERFUCKIN' PLANCHA!!!! EVERYONES FUCKING' DOWWWNNN!!!!

**RD:** We got ourselves one mighty fuckin' car wreck at ringside for this match barely bein' FIVE MINTUES long!

**PB:** I guess these cats skipped class on the day they taught 'pacing'!

*[On the outside, both Takashi and Yosuke are slowly moving, thriving on the roar from the fans to find that strength to stand. Angus is sprawled out, eyes rolled in the back of his head, completely motionless at the moment.... but his partner is the only one showing any real signs of life, as Axel doesn't even bother to dust off all the broken glass before he rolls his way out of the ring, joining everyone else on the arena floor!]*

**RD:** Now all FOOOOOUR men are outside the ring, with only ONE of them actually standin'!

**PB:** NOT ANYMORE!!! YOSUKE IS UP!!!! But he's turned the wrong way! He doesn't fuckin' see the "Master of Pain"!!!!

**RD:** AND HEEEE PAYS FOR IT!!!! Hardaker with that NAAASSSTY fuckin' vice grip has Namashita paralyzed with that trapezius pinch!!!

**PB:** AAHAHHHHHHH!!!! FUCKIN' HORSE SHIT!!!!

*[Instantly, Yosuke drops to one knee, his face telling the whole story. Axel leans down, adding as much pressure as possible, while yelling at "Angry" Andrus to get up! His screams are barely audible over the buzz of the crowd, but they must be loud enough for Angus to hear because the wrestling veteran begins to show signs of life!]*

**RD:** Angus isn't the only one starting to stir! Ideura's getting back up to his feet as well!!!

**PB:** Axel better stop worryin' about what Angus is up too cause he's about to lose his grip on Yosuke! That Japanese powerhaus is fightin' his way BAAAAACK to his feet!!!!



## BACK

*[With the crowd rallying around Ide>Nama, as Yosuke rises to his feet while Takashi stirs at ringside, Axel and Angus try to keep ahold of their momentum! Hardaker tries to kick Namashita's legs out from underneath him, but Yosuke evades the attack and gets himself a fist full of Lego's from a nearby bin...]*

**PB:** FAAAAAAAAAAAAACIIAAAALLLLL!!!! YOSUKE GIVES AXEL ONE HELLUVA FUCKIN' FACIAL!!! And meow Namashita's a free man!!!!

**RD:** The crowd is just ROARING!!! Ideura is back to his feet, as Andrus gets back to his a few feet away!!!

**PB:** Namashita just PEPPERIN' Axel with those Lego'd fists! Hardaker's gunna have some INTERESTIN' bruises come tomorrow morn!

*[Only a few feet away, both Ideura and Andrus stand a bit wobbly, but are indeed standing! Takashi wastes no time, and throws himself at the much larger Angus! Reacting instantly, Angus manages to thwart Takashi's charge... lifting him high into the air and dropping him throat first right across the guardrail!]*

**PB:** GOOOOD GAWD DAAAMN THAT HAS TO SMART!!! "Angry" Angus possibly crushin' a man's wind pipe right dere!

**RD:** If he hasn't succeeded yet, he's sure as hell puttin' in the effort now! Andrus with a big boot right on the back of Takashi's head! There's no way that man can breathe right meow!

*[The DERP-a-holics are in complete upheaval over Angus's actions! With Axel backed up and dazed on the guardrail, Yosuke takes a moment to see what's going on... and instantly springs into action, charging straight at Angus!]*

**RD:** Andrus sees him comin'! He lets Takashi go....

**PB:** BUT SSTILL EATS THE RUNNNNNING LARIAT!!! Yosuke just took his damn fuckin' HEEEEAAD OFFF!

*[Showing his thick hide, Angus splatters to the arena floor, but doesn't take a moment to collect himself! Instead, he rolls right off and pushes himself right back up to his feet, froggy and very groggy. Yosuke stays on the attack, now laying into Andrus with forearm shot after forearm shot.... Followed by a headbutt!!!]*

**PB:** Wham! Bam! Thank you, Ma'am!!!! Andrus DROPS to the arena floor! Yosuke just takin' over this fuckin' match!

**RD:** And he's not done quite just yet, Paulie! He checks on his teammate, but wastes little time, grippin' Andrus with a waistlock while he's still down on that rocky arena floor!

*[With both his arms wrapped around Andrus's waist, Namashita bends at the knees and braces himself.... Then rips Angus off the arena floor, never letting go off that waistlock! Yosuke pauses, settling Andrus on his feet as he looks over his shoulder for a brief second....]*

BACK

**PB:** HEEEEEE'SS SMILIN' LIKE A BUTCHER'S FUCKIN' DOGG!!!!!! DEADDDDD FUCKIN' LIFT GERMAN SUPLEX.... INTO THAT BIN OF FUCKIN' LEGOS!!!!

**RD:** WHAT STRENGTH BY YOSUKE THERE!!! That was just INCREDIBLE!!! And now we got rocks AAAND lego's littering the outside!!!

*[As the crowd goes wild, loving the sight of Andrus in a heap of Lego's at ringside, Yosuke takes the time to really check on his partner, helping Takashi off the arena floor and back up to his feet. With both members of Ide-Nama standing, they turn around, arms raised in celebration....]*

**\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRRRAAAAAAASSSSSSSHHHH!!!\*\*\***

**PB:** SSSSLAAAP ME FUCKIN' SILLY BILLY!!!! GLASS PANE SUPLEX OUTTA NO WHERE!!!!!!

**RD:** And just like that... Ide-Nama is rendered incapacitated!!! These fans might not like Axel or Angus... but its hard to deny the AWESOMENESS of that right dere!!!

**PB:** FUCK YEA THAT WAS AWESOME!!! Axel just sent glad shards EVERYWHERE!!!

*[A bit worse for the wear, Axel leans against the ring, shouting at his partner to get a move on and get the up already. Whether it was Axel or the roar of the fans, it doesn't matter because Angus does come to life, rolling over and then pushing himself back up to his feet!]*

**RD:** One team is standing, one team is NOT !!! I wouldn't wanna be Yosuke or Takashi right meow! Those two freaks look like they got some EVIL SHIT on their mind!

**PB:** Evil, perhaps... but entertaining?!?! FUCK YES!!!

<b>CROWD:</b>	<b>HERE WE GO, IDE-NAMA, HERE WE GO!</b>	<b>CLAP, CLAP</b>
	<b>HERE WE GO, IDE-NAMA, HERE WE GO!</b>	<b>CLAP, CLAP</b>
	<b>HERE WE GO, IDE-NAMA, HERE WE GO!</b>	<b>CLAP, CLAP</b>
	<b>HERE WE GO, IDE-NAMA, HERE WE GO!</b>	<b>CLAP, CLAP</b>

**RD:** These fans tryin to rally their Japanese heroes from slumber, but I dunno if it's doing anyt good right now! The Opposition Party just peels them off the pavement and rolls them into the ring!

BACK

**CROWD:**    **HERE WE GO, IDE-NAMA, HERE WE GO!**                      **CLAP, CLAP**  
**HERE WE GO, IDE-NAMA, HERE WE GO!**                      **CLAP, CLAP**  
**HERE WE GO, IDE-NAMA, HERE WE GO!**                      **CLAP, CLAP**  
**HERE WE GO, IDE-NAMA, HERE WE GO!**                      **CLAP, CLAP**

**PB:** They could WIN this match right here, right meow I bet, but they wanna just add insult to injury! Might not be the BRIGHTEST move ever, but I fuckin' like it! Who need to WIN when you can cause this much CHAOS!?!?!?

*[Perhaps out of spite for the fans, the Opposition Party makes no attempt for a pinfall. Instead, Axel peels both members of Ide-Nama off the mat and throws them into the ring, one by one. Angus, on the other hand, lifts up the ring skirt and begins pulling something out from under the ring!]*

**RD:** What the FUCK does he have there?!?!? Is that a fuckin' wooden palate?!?!?

**PB:** Indeed it fuckin' is, mango, and that looks to be ONNNNE helluva Lego castle my friend!!! OH FUCK YES!!!!!!

*[In the ring, the "Master of Pain" whips first whips Yosuke hard into the turnbuckles! Quickly, he then grabs Takashi and does the same thing! The members of Ide-Nama collide with force, and hang on the ropes, surfing cloud nine for sure!]*

**RD:** Axel's gotta the Japanese due on dream street, as Angus works with the DERP ring crew to get that castle up on a GLAAASSS PANE!!!!

**PB:** I KNOW RIGHT!!?! THIS IS GUNNA BE AWWWWWEEEEESOME!!!!

*[Seeing the castle being lifted up onto the pane, Angus steps back admiring his creation as Axel pulls Takashi from the corner, pulling him towards the Castle Lego before locking him up tight with a standing head scissors. The crowd erupts:*

**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!**

BACK

**RD:** ANGUS HAVIN'S ECONDD THOUGHTS?!?!? He puts the brakes on this whole thing!!!

**PB:** Not second thoughts, a moment a CRAZZY!!!! One of those walls caved in... AND HE'S DESPERTALY TRYING TO FIX IT!!! WHAT THE FUCK!?!?! ITS ABOUT TO BE DESTROYED IN THIRTY SECONDS ANYHOW!!!

**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!

**RD:** From readin' Hardaker's lips, I think he echoes your sentiment there! You can't waste a second against guys like IDE-NAMA!!! They WILLLLL make you pay!!!

*[As Axel impatiently waits for "Angry" Andrus to finish fixing his creation, Takashi begins to squirm and wiggle! Hardaker tries to maintain possession, but it's a losing battle! Angus is still not done... AS YOSUKE JUMPS ON AXEL'S BACK!!!!]*

**RD:** I TOLD YOU!!!! I TOLD YOU IT WAS GUNNA COST THEM!!! Ide-Nama springs to life!!!

**PB:** ANGUS IS DONE!!! HE'S GIVING THE GO AHEAD!!!

**RD:** IDEEEURAAAA GETS FREEEE!!!!!!!!!!

\*\*\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAAASSSSHHHHH!!! \*\*\*

**PB:** YOSUKE DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO CRY OR WIND HIS FUCKIN' WATCH!!!!!! HE JUST GOT STRAIGHT TOSSED INTO THAT LEGO CASTLE!!!

**[CROWD:** HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!  
HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

BACK

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

**HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!]**

**RD:** DON'T FORGET THAT GLASS FUCKIN' PANE!!!! YOSUKE IS FFUUUUUCCCCCKIN'  
DEAD!!!!!!!!!!!!

**[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:** Look at the sssmmmmiiiiillleeeesss on the Opposition Party faces!!! I dun fuckin think they could be any happier with themselves right meow!

*[The fans can't deny the awesomness of such an event, and continue their display their appreciation thru chanting! Angus is just slapping the ring and stomping around ringside he's so pleased with himself! Hardaker leans against the top rope, surveying the carnage below as Damage Control quickly hits the ringside area, eager to see if Yosuke can even continue at this point!]*

**RD:** Takashi gets up to his feet in the corner! He doesn't look pleased one bit at seeing his partner covered in Legos and broken glass!!!

**PB:** HHUUUURRRRIICAAAAN-FUCKIN-RANA!!! He just took off like a fuckin' SHOOOOT!!!

*[Axel hits the mat hard, but stumbles right back up to his feet! "Angry" Andrus hears the commotion, and quickly slides in the ring, but he's not time as Takashi stays on the offensive, bucking Axel flat on his back with a springboard lariat!!! Angus grabs himself a couple of light tubes as Takashi turns around...]*

**\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRAAAAASSSSHHHHH!!!! \*\*\***

**PB:** GRATE GOOGLY MOOGLY!!! A LIGHTTUBE FOR EACH EAR!!!

**RD:** And now Angus has him hooked.... NORTHERN FUCKIN LIGHTS BRAINBUSTA!!!! Ideura just SLAMMED onto all those legos and glass shards!!!

BACK

**PB:** That could be all she fuckin' wrote folks, Angus rolls over for the pin!!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

...SSSSHOOOULLDDER UPP!!!!!!

*[Making sure to give Ideura glass and lego facewash before getting up to his feet, Angus takes a few seconds to check on his partner, Hardaker, who is back to his feet leaning back against the turnbuckles. Exchanging a head nod, Angus pulls Takashi up off the mat, and whips him right in Axel's waiting' arms!!!!]*

**RD:** CCCCCOOOOBRRAAA FUCKIN' CLUTCH!!!! AXEL'S GOT HIM FUCKIN' LOCKED UP TIGHT!!!!!!

BACK

**PB:** AND LOOK AT ANGUS, JUST MAKING THE PAIN EVEN WOOOORRSSEEE!!! He's got Ideura's legs in each hand, just AAAADDDDDDDING to that pressure!!!!

**RD:** Yosuke \_IIIISSSS\_ moving on the outside, but I dunno if he even knows where HE is right meow, let alone the danger his partner's in right meow!!!!

*[Somehow, stumbling and bumbling his way back up to his feet, Yosuke hits the ring the chest first, eyes dazed but very aware of the pain his partner is in! Axel and Angus begin walking in a circle, pulling and tugging away at Ideura, just sucking the life out of the man!]*

**RD:** Takashi can't survive this forever! Without air, it's only a matter of time until he loses consciousness!

**PB:** That's why his only saving grace is Namashita!!!

*[Grabbing a large rock off the arena floor, Yosuke slowly climbs his way up to the top rope. Battered and beaten, Namashita damn near falls off but he prevails nonetheless! Angus has his back turned, but the "Master of Pain" spots the perched Japanese warrior...]*

**PB:** I'VE SEEEEN THAT FISSSH BEFORE!!!! CONCRETE BLOCK TO THE FUCKIN' CRRAAAAANIUM!!!! ANGUS JUSS HAD HIS SKULL CAVED THE FUCK IN!!!

**RD:** Andrus drops like a ton of bricks! Hardaker just TOSSES Ideura aside and charges Yosuke....

*[EAR DRUM SHATTERED, RICHTER SCALE REIGSTERING POP!!!]*

**PB:** SOMEONE CALL ARNLOD SLICK FROM TURTLE CREEEEK!!! FINNNNAAAAL FUCKIN' HELLLLLL!!!!!! THAT'S IT!!!!!! THIS MATHC IS FUCKIN;' OVVVVEER!!!!!!!!!!

**RD:** Hardaker just PLANNTED on all those legos and glass shards!!!! What a fuckin' OLYMPIC SLAM from Yosuke!!! That took everything outta him.. but he crawls over for the cover!!!

**PB:** TAKASHI DIVES ON FOR GOOD MEASURE!!!



BACK

...ONE....

...TWO...

....THREE!!!!!!!!!!

**RD:** YESSS!!!! THAT'S IT!!!! IDE-NAMA HAS DONE IT!!!! THEY DEFEAT THE OPPOSITON PARTY!!!!!!!!

**PB:** HAHA!!! That was just FUCKIN' awesome!!!!

**RD:** These fans sure seem to agree!!!!

*[The crowd is on their feet, giving all FOUR men a standing ovation for their efforts tonight! It just looks like a carwreck in the ring, with all four men flat on their backs, sucking wind, covered in blood. Damage Control hits the ring, both parts of their posse fully engaged as one half goes to clean up the rubble; the other half use their EMT skills to check on the combatants. As the fans are a still roaring.... All of a sudden the DERP-a-tron comes to life!!!]*

**PB:** What the FUCK!?!?! NO SIREN!?!?! Why that's the turning on!?!?

**RD:** Got me, Paulie, but fuck it! It's DERP – ya gotta expect the unexpected sometimes!!!!

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

**PB:** FUUUUCCCCCK!!! I see why we there's no pleasantries!!! We are in MID FIGHT!!!

**RD:** But that's not the 24/7 champ getting smacked around..... THAT'S FOOOOODSTAMPPP!!!!

*[Angel going nuts on Foodstamp, just pummeling the poor bloke. Grabs him right by the mask, slams his head off the wall a few times, and then drags the official DERP interviewer around right by that mask! Quickly exiting the room....*

WWHHAAAAAMMM!!!

*Angel kicks in the first door he sees... causing ONO and Syn to nearly shit themselves, AND almost trip over the giant bag of hockey gear in the middle of the room! Before ONO and Syn can even react, Foodstamp becomes a human dart toppling Syn, as ONO eats a \_SKKKYO-KICK\_!!!*

**PB:** Well he sure did FIND the 24/7 champ after all... AND THEN KICKED HIS FUCKIN' HEAD!!!

**RD:** ONO is paying for showing Angel up! "Syko" has come to reclaim that 24/7 title these two seems to hold so dear!!!!

ONE.... TWO....

**PB:** FOOOOODSTAMPPP MAKES THE SAVE!!!!!! WHAT THE FUCK!?!?!?

**RD:** He's become a pawn in these nutjob's demented game of chess! The man's just standing up for himself! GO STAMPER, GO!!!!

*[Angel gets up to his feet in a fury and is downright livid, as ONO manages to slink out of the room into the hallway. Former DERP 24/7 champion... FOODSTAMP.... kneels in the corner, out of breath. Angel has to decide between the Stamper or the gold... which is an easy choice, as "Syko" turns around on a dime and gives chase to the escaping "Japanese Jumpin' Bean"!]*

**RD:** ONO is making a break for it! He's got himself a head start, and he NEEEEEDS it! I think Angel broke his nose with that kick!

**PB:** Head start didn't do him so goood! Angel's caught up with the current champ!!!

BACK

*[Grabbing ONO by the shoulder, “Syko” spins the current DERP 24/7 champ around... and catches him with a low blow! Quick as cat, Martinez grabs HEZONFAIA by the head... swinging neckbreaker! Angel quickly scrambles to his feet, and charges right at the wall.]*

**PB:** CHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEESE AND FUCKIN’ RICE!!!!!! RUNNNNNNING MOOONSAULLLT OFF THE WALLL!!!!!!

**RD:** Olympic judges would be proud of that landing as Martinez just STICKS IT and hooks the leg! We could have ourselves a new champ right here!!!!

One, two, three!!!

**RD:** THAT’S IT!!!! ANGEL DONE GOT AND DID IT!!!! The DERP 24/7 strap is BACK around his waist!!!

**PB:** AAAARRRRRGHHHH!!!! Love him or hate him, gotta admit that man knows how to \_WIN\_!!!

**RD:** Wouldn’t be in the leader in points standings if that wasn’t the case!!!

Angel gets to his feet, spits on ONO and demands his 24/7 title. Before the ref can even hand it over, Spade crashes the party, catching angel off guard with a running bulldog! He backs up a few steps, and adds on the pressure with a running dropkick right to Angel’s face, sending the champ rolling over!

Spade AGAIN backs up few steps! This time goes for a FLIP LEG DROP... AND NO BODIESS HOME!! Angel desperately rolls outta the way, and scrambles up to his feet, peddling backwards... RIGHT INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF ONO!!! Darwinplex: Delfin Special (Bridging German suplex, with a leg-trapping back floatover)!!! ONE TWO THREE – FIVE TIME CHAMP!!

ONO scampers off, as Spade slowly gets up to his feet, cursing at himself for slumming it and knowing he can do better. The camera slowly fades.... On a sprawled out, motionless Angel Martinez!

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

*[Suddenly, dark static takes over your screen. Through the noise, that same distorted, warped female voice from last week is heard once again.]*

**VOICE:** We interrupt Bloodsport for this public service announcement.

BACK

We've been watching you feast. We've been watching you convince yourself that you will prosper, as you pick at the flesh of the dying promotions before you. It seems as though you've forgotten that gluttony is, indeed, a sin, Ryan Delaney.

We are karma, in the flesh... we will tear at the tendons and ligaments of your organization. We are an infection. A terminal illness.

Who are "we," you ask? All will be revealed soon...

*[She utters a sinister chuckle.]*

And we sincerely thank Mr. Delaney for unwittingly letting us into his playground.

However, all you need to know right now... is that we are the liberated. We are the truth. We are the end.

We are the procession.

*[Just as before, the voice degenerates into a deafening static shriek, the transmission finally cutting away at its loudest.]*

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

*[Once the static clears, the scene has made it's way back to the announcer's booth, where Paul "Tackz" Barker and Ryan FUCKIN' Delaney remain at their post, not looking very amused!]*

**PB:** What the fuck was that?!?! What the FUCK did your dumb ass do meow mother fucker?!?!

**RD:** Shut up, dude! Everything I do is for the GOOD of this company... even if I can't remember doin' it sometimes! Just... have FAITH shitstain, and get ready for the NEXT match on the docket...

**PB:** OH SHIT!!! It's time for the THREE btiches to beat the hell outta each other with weapons right?!?!

**RD:** YOU KNOW IT!!!!

**PB:** I'm so excited, I just can't hiiiiddeee it!!!

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

## BACK

*[Tristania's "Year of the Rat" plays over the speakers as green white and red pyros go off "FORZA SICILIANA" in green white and red flashes over the Tron as Giovanna Bartuzzinni and Giulianna Pellegrino come out through the curtain to a little bit of confusion from the crowd – most of who have never seen Giovanna and Giulianna before. The two women stand looking out towards the crowd as they sort of look on in shock because the two women are wearing very non conventional wrestling gear which consist of matching Italian flag colored vinyl halter tops that say "La Forza" on them in black along with vinyl Italian flag colored thongs and matching leather wrestling boots. Giovanna and Giulianna walk down the aisle with sneers on their faces to a mix of cheers, boos and catcalls. When they get to the edge of the ring, both leap onto the apron. They are decent size women, both close to 6 ft with healthy figures not too skinny and not fat. The older Giovanna a little bit softer in appearance compared to the more toned and younger Giulianna.]*

*[Giovanna faces the ring while Giulianna stands back to back with Giovanna. Giovanna bends over sticking her head into the ring, butt facing out to the crowd, while Giulianna backflips over Giovanna and the ropes and lands in the splits facing out to the crowd while Giovanna stays bent over. Giovanna enters the ring and poses behind Giulianna who still is in the splits. This gets some cheers from the fans but Giovanna signals for the mic.]*

**Giovanna (with slight Sicilian accent):** Who is La Forza Siciliana you might ask? I will tell you who La Forza is... we are two of the best women wrestlers in all of wrestling. I Giovanna Bartuzzinni have held world championships 11 times in the 15 years that I have been wrestling... if you have never heard of me, then you might as well been living under a rock. I have held tag titles 24 times. I still hold the belts in some places and I have retired or I have outlasted leagues while holding their tag titles... most of them with my sister Santina Bartuzzinni where we were known as the Legendary Bartuzzinni Sisters. Who is this next to me you might next ask? This is Giulianna Pellegrino... at only 22 years old she has held several different belts in various leagues and has had 4 tag team championships... she is my student. Once Santina retired, Giulianna was the only person I could find suitable to replace Santina. Giulianna was trained by Santina and myself... taking the best technical skills that the Bartuzzinni Sisters possess and put them into one person. As an individual, she will be better than Santina or myself... she could be a one woman tag team!. Why are we here?

**Giulianna (with a somewhat heavier Sicilian accent than Giovanna):** That is a good question. What I have seen is an organization that likes to hit each other with weapons. I have not seen one person that possesses the skills that Giovanna or I do. It is all about who can use what weapon to bash the other person's head in. DERP is not wrestling... DERP is violence, non skilled barbarians! Does anyone actually know how to wrestle here?

*[Fans continue to lay into DERP's only female tag team, booing as loudly as they possibly can it seems. The two well decorated ring vets just shake their head, not looking pleased at all right now. The crowd amps it up, screaming "SLUTS! SLUTS! SLUTS! SLUTS!" in unison. La Forza seems appalled but quickly turns a blind eye and moves on.]*

**Giovanna:** Go on and continue chanting one of the stupidest sayings I ever heard. What the hell is a Derp anyway? What does it have to do with wrestling?

**Giulianna:** DERP Stands for Delaney... whoever the fuck he is... Extreme Rasslin Promotion...

BACK

**Giovanna:** I bet 90% of this crowd think that wrestling is spelled with an R. English was not Giulianna or my first language but we at least know how to spell wrestling... It is spelled W-R-E-S-T-L-I-N-G...

**Giulianna:** Not R-A-S-S-L-I-N like you bunch of inbred hayseeds would spell it. Anyone here have parents that aren't brother and sister?

*[BOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!]*

**Giovanna:** Anyone here have a house without wheels on it?

**Giulianna:** Does anyone here know what wrestling really is? It is not about using trash cans, chairs, street signs and other foreign objects to beat each other over the head with.

**Giovanna:** This brings up why we are really here! Giulianna and I joined a small New Jersey company a while back called ACE. They had poor management and sadly they didn't bring us in sooner to be their saviors because had they brought us in... in time, they would be a multi billion dollar company. Giulianna and I had our debut tag team match against some nobody and some bitch called Kasey Houlihan...

*[Changing on a dime, the crowd stops booing and starts shouting "REN-NEE-GADE! REN-NEE-GADE! REN-NEE-GADE! REN-NEE-GADE!", which only seems to infuriate the Italian ladies even more. Virtually having to talk OVER the crowd at this point, La Forza carries on, basically yelling to get their point heard.]*

**Giovanna:** By using our skill as an established talented tag team, we easily beat Kasey and tag partner. We got a fair 1...2...3, however someone was a very sore loser.

**Giulianna:** I was sneak attacked after our victory. Kasey Houlihan tried to injure me. She has no regard for life... she has no skills... all she can do is bash people with weapons.

**Giovanna:** This is why we made our appearance at the last show. Two can play that game. So Kasey Houlihan... bring your fat ass out here and face us!!!

*[Heads on a daaamn swivel turn immediately away from the ring, and focus on the entrance ramp, just KNOWING Kasey "the Renegade" Houlihan will be any minute now to shut these two up... or at least TRY too! The crowd is at a fever pitch when....*

*....."Kiss With a Fist" by Florence and the Machine roars over the DERP speaker system! The crowd hits a higher decibel level, pretty close to peeing themselves with excitement. Giulianna and Giovanna strut around the ring, screaming right back at the fans, doing all they can to show no fear! Only a few seconds in the song, but there is STILL no Kasey Houlihan to be found! Then the a spotlight starts searching the crowd, finally landing on none other than "the Renegade" herself, standing dead center of the front row of the balcony seats!!! The crowd somehow hits a higher decibel level!]*

BACK

*[Standing amongst her people, eyes deadlocked with La Forza in the ring, Kasey pulls a mic from somewhere. Soon as the six foot tall powerhouse puts the mic to her lips, the crowd falls silent.]*

**K"TR"H:** "What's that? Bash yinz guinea tramps with weapons? That sounds like a hell of an idea ta me! By the way: Eyes to the sky, girls, welcome ta DERP."

**\*\*\* THWOCKSHHHH!!!! \*\*\***

*[That's a grand cue for a trash can full of weapons to come crashing from the balcony above, taking out La Forza!]*

***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 a ring full of weapons, La Forza a bit scattered and dazed, and Kasey Houlihan standing tall up on the balcony.]*

**RD:** Kasey climbing right down from her perch, and finally making her way into the ring!



BACK

**PB:** I'm surprised the crazy bitch just didn't JUMP for it!

*[With an assist from the lighting rig, Kasey swings herself towards the ring where somehow Giovanna staggers up to her feet and grabs onto "the Renegade's" legs! Kasey has none of it and sends Giovanna flying! The one half of La Forza TRIPPPPS right over the OTHER half, as well as a trash can, and goes toppling over!!!]*

**RD:** That sure as hell didn't look pretty, BUT... Giovanna somehow is still standing on that entrance ramp!

**PB:** Purdy or not, Giovanna's proud of herself, making sure to give Kasey the one finger'd salute!!!

**\*\*\* TTTTHHHHWWWWOOOOMMMMMMPPPP!!! \*\*\***

**PB:** HAHAHAHA!!! THAT DUMB BITCH JUST STPPED RIGHT OFF THE STAGE!!!!

**RD:** Important lesson here folks... ALWAYS be aware of your surroundings!!!

*[The crowd has itself a good chuckle at Giovanna's expense there! Kasey just shakes her head and moves towards the trash cans, waisting no time pulling a... WOODEN DRIVER!!! Instantly elated by the prospects of mayhem, the entire audience roars with grate enthusiasm!]*

**PB:** HELL YESSSS!!! And Kasey's DEDICATED!!! She's even got a pad of grass with a fuckin' GOLF TEE in it!!!

**RD:** But she's not hitting' GOLF BALLS!!! Those are fuckin' neon yellow fuckin' SOFT BALLS!!!

**PB:** Those are the greates lie in ALLL of sports!!! Those balls are ANYHTING but SOFT!!!

*[WHAM!!! One softball slams right into Giuliana's chest! She instantly curls up in a ball, as "The Rengade" tees up another softball.... And slams that one right off her chest, much to the avail on the crowd!!! Teeing up the last softball she's got, Kasey panders to the crowd a bit..... before delivering a CRUSHING strike to Giuliana! The Italian senstation instantly sent into convlucisons, just clutching at her throat!]*

**PB:** GRRAAATE BAWLLLS OF SOFT!!!! Kasey just CRUSHED that bitches' larynx!

**RD:** Giuliana STRUGGLIN' to breath... but Kasey's got no time to celebreate!!! The numbers game coming into play as Giovanna slides back into the ring!

**PB:** AND SHE GRABS A TRASH CAN FIRST FUCKIN' THING!!!!

BACK

\*\*\* CLLLLLLLLLLAAAAAANNNGGGG!!!! \*\*\*

**RD:** Giovanna swingin' that can like a PRO!!!! Kasey drops right to the mat!

**PB:** La Forza takin' FULL control meow!!! Giovanna's just fuckin' PISSED!!! She grabs Kasey by the hair... AND JUST STARTS SLAMMIN HER FACE FIRST INTO THE MAT!!!

**RD:** I dun think these Italians handle embarrassment very well!! Giovanna juss goin' to TAHN on Houlihan!!! And it's not gunna get any better any time soon... Giulianna's back to her feet!!!

*[Communicating in their native tongue, the two gals work conspire together, with Giovanna smashing the trashcan into Kasey's face, as Guilanna exits the ring and stands on the apron... only to slingshot herself up and over that top rope!!!]*

**PB:** LLLLLLEEEG DROP RIGHT ONTO THAT CANNN!!!! Houlihan's head squashed like a fuckin' grape!!!

**RD:** Giovanna dives on for the cover, as Guilanna grabs at her lower back! She sure didn't' escape that unscathed!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

...SHOULDER UP!!!

**RD:** SOMEHOW... SOMEWAY KASEY KEEEPS HERSELF ALIVE!!!!

**PB:** I dunno if that was the SMARTEST move! “Renegade” may be seeking retribution here, but so far... That ain’t cuttin’ the mustard!!!

*[Getting just a few feet of freedom, Kasey puts it to her advantage and crawls to the edge of the ring, reaching right into a garbage can for a Singapore cane! Giovanna immediatly objects, and rushes in to put an end to such things! Quick on her feet, Kasey springs up and catches Giovanna with a STUNNER!!!! Instantly rocked, Giovanna flies thru the rope and lands with a thud on the arena floor!]*

**PB:** OH FUCK YEA!!! Kasey declares that to be HER Singapore cane and now has Giuliana in her sights!!!

**RD:** I certainly wouldn’t wanna be Giuianna right meow! “The Renegade” gots nuttin’ but revenge on her mind!!!!

*[Biding her time, Kasey waits for Guilianna to get up to her feet. Soon as she does...]*

**\*\*\* CCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKK!!!**

**RD:** TO THE RIBBSSSS!!!!

**\*\*\* CCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKK!!!**

**RD:** TO THE HEAD!!!!

**\*\*\* CCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKK!!!**

**RD:** BACK TO THE RIBBSSSS!!!!

BACK

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKK!!!

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKK!!!

**PB:** THE RENEGADE' SJSUT HAVING HER FUCKIN' WAAAAAY!!!! Gulianna doesn't know whether CRY or wind her fuckin' WAAAATCH!!!

**RD:** She just better tuck her tail and run at this rate cause Kasey's showin' no signs of stoppin'!!!

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKK!!!

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKK!!!

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKK!!!

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKK!!!

\*\*\* CCCCCRRRRRAAAAAAAAAACCCCCKKKK!!!

**PB:** THE CANE'S DEAD!!!! KASEY WANTS TO KEEP ON GOIN' BUT SHE'S GOT NUTTIN LEFT TO SWING!!!

**RD:** And Gulianna's doin' the Watusi!!!!

*[CCCCRRRRUUUUUUNNNCCCHH!!!]*

**PB:** CCCHHEEEEEEESE AND FUCKIN' RICE!!!! RUNNING BULLDOG ONTO THAT FUCKIN' TRAAAASSHCANN!!!!!!

**RD:** I think someone's gonna be in need of some serial dental surgery in the future after that one!!! GIOVANNA OUTTTA NO WHERE!!!!

BACK

**PB:** The NUMBERS game!!! I think it's finally done did Houlihan in, but DAMN... she had a fuckin' RUN!!!!

*Giuliana drags Kasey's limp body toward the middle of the ring as Giovanna climbs the turnbuckles. Taking her time to blow kisses for her adoring DERP-a-holics, Giovanna leaps....*

**PB:** BIG TIME FUCKIN SPLLA AAAAASSSHH!!! There is no fuckin' oxygen left in those lungs of Kasey's.... NONE!!!!

**RD:** That could be the END of things right there, Paul! Giuliana hook the leg.... AND THE TIGHTS!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

...SHOULDER UP!!!

**RD:** SOMEHOW... SOMEWAY KASEY KEEEPS HERSELF ALIVE!!!!

**PB:** In retrospect, she may have wanted to just live to fight another day! La Forza deciding to take a page outta Kasey's playbook... AND LITTTTTER THE RING WITH WEAPONS!!!

**RD:** That may be the SMARTEST thing or the DUMBEST thing they've done all night!

*[Pulling the remaining artifacts into the ring, La Forza starts emptying out the trash can, pulling out all sorts of things Kasey's assembled, with the help of her adoring fans of course. Emptying out the treasure cove, the Italian's find themselves a shoebox full of baseball cards....??? They share a puzzled look as they dig deeper... pulling out a toilet plunger??? With disgusted looks, they dig futehr, past a sheet pan and soup ladel.. finding a.....]*

**RD:** IS THAT A FUCKIN' SQUIIREELL!?!?!?!?!?

**PB:** HOLY FUCKIN' ACORNS BATEMAN!!!! THAT IS A FUCKIN' SQUIRRELLLL!!!!!!!!!!

*[Absolutely befuddled and downright confused, La Forza are paralyzed, murmuring to themselves, "Where did this crazy bitch get this shit!?!?!?" As if on CUE, Kasey springs to life and grabs the trash can right out their hands...]*

**K"TR"H:** I GOT 'EM FROM PITTSBURGH, BITCHES! SAME PLACE I GOT THESE!"

Barker: "We're in California, why does she have Pittsburgh street signs?"

Delaney: "Dis girl prepares months in advance!"

**K"TR"H:** \*THWACK\* "That'un's fer the PENN AVE!!!" \*THWOPPITY\* "That'un's fer BOULEVARD OF THE ALLIES!" \*bam\* "And these" \*biff\* "Are from" \*pow\* "LONG!" \*smack\* MARKET" \*squack\* SQUARE!!! \*bonk\*



## BACK

*[Both members of La Forza fall flat on their backs, as Kasey stands over top of them, breathing hard, the signs all around, bent to hell and back. The DERP-a-holics are just raging, as Kasey decides to make some souvenirs.... Tossing those signs into the crowd!!!]*

**RD:** HAHAAHAAA!!! FUCKIN' LOVE IT!!! And so do these FANS!!!! Though I gotta say... Kasey should just try to END this right here, right now!!!!

**PB:** BAH!!! Let the girl enjoy her bloodshed a little bit! Not like those Italain broads are going anywhere very FAST!!!!

*[Now the signs are out of her way, Kasey makes her way to the rope and asks the ring side crew for a couple of chairs. With a chair in each hand, Kasey turns back towards La Forza and sets them both up in the center of the ring. Then, with the fans stirring, "the Renegade" forcibly makess the Italian duo take seat!]*

**PB:** When "the Renegade" is at work... you sit the FUCK down!!!! HAHAAH! I love it!!!

**RD:** La Forza still in La La Land as Kasey arms herself... With a plung... AND THE SQUIRREL!?!?!?

**PB:** FUCK YESSSSS!!!!!! SQQUUUUIIRREEELLLL AATTAAACCKKK!!!!

[Plunger, Squirrel! Plunger! Squirrel! Plunger! Squirrel! The fans are ROARING as Kasey continues the onslaught! After breakin the plunger in half, and tossing the squirrel into the sea of DERP-a-holics, "the Renegade" sprints right at the ropes

**PB:** SPPPPRINGBOARD FUCKIN' CROSSSBODDDDDDDYY!!!!!!!! KASEY FUCKIN HOULIHAN JUST FLATTENS BOTH MEMBERS OF LA FORZA!!!!

**RD:** Those chairs are just DESTROYED! They buckled right on impact! Kasey rolls Guillanna up! That has to be it!!!

...ONE...

...TWO...

**PB:** GIIIIIOVANNNA WITH THE SAVE!!! That mighta just been the stupidest thing that broad's done all night!

**RD:** Kasey giving Giovanna a slow burn death stare, as she slowly rises to her feet! Giovanna bravely stands her ground, fists up!

*[Kasey reaches around and grabs the back of Gio's fancy little thong and just yanks. Kasey wedgies her so hard that Giovanna actually does a complete front flip, lands on her tailbone, and rolls around in pain with a hand down the front of her hoo-hah. Big ol' DERPtastic crowd pop.]*

BACK

**PB:** ATOMIC FUCKIN’ WEDGIEEEEE!!!!!! THAT WAS AWESSSSOOOMMEEEE!!!!

**RD:** Kasey takes a moment to celebrate... MIISSSAKKE!!!! GUILANNA FROM BEHIND!!!! Talk about DESPERATION!!!! She just THREW herself at “The Renegade” with NO REGARD for her own well being!!!

[La Forza and Houlihan get into a punching contest, with Kasey taking two shots for every one she dishes out! The crowd loves the effort, but its only a matter of time until La Forza whip Kasey across the ring. When she comes back, they try a double back-body-drop to the outside, but they fumble the throw. Kasey catches her hands on the apron, hooks her legs under each of their armpits, grabs one leg each, DOUBLE HALF CRAB TARANTULA. Julie and Gio scream hysterically, tap tap tap tap tap TAP the fuck out. ‘]

**PB:** THE KITCHEN IS FUCKIIIIIN’ CLOSED!!!!!! KASEY DID IT!!! SHE FUCKIN’ PULLLED IT OFFF!!!

**RD:** Not so fast, Paulie, I dun see the ref calling for the bell! I dunno if this shindig is fuckin over or not!

*[In the ring, La Forza berates the ref for allowing such an illegal move to take place, screaming that they weren’t tapping, but calling for an end to the grave injustice! As Giovanna continues the legal distpute, “the Renegade” stands on the outside, beaming from ear to ear, with her hand raised in victory. Guilanna disapproves!!!]*

**PB:** CHHHHHHHHHHEEEEEEESE AND FUCKIN’ RICE!!!!!! SUICDE FUCKIN’ DIVE!!!! LIKE A FUCKIN’ BULLET THRU THE HAIR!!!!

**RD:** KASEY WAS JUST CUT IN TWOOO!!! GIO EXITS THE RING AND DIVES ON FOR THE COVER!!!

**PB:** BUT THIS MATCH WAS ALREADY FUCKIN’ OVER!?!?!?!?

**RD:** I GUESS NOT CAUSE THE REF’S MAKIN’ THE COUNT!!!!

...ONE...

...TWO.....

BACK

...THREEEEEE!!?!?!?!?!?!?

**PB:** IS IT OVER!?!?!?!?

**RD:** Yea, that's it, Paulie!!! What a fuckin' CLUSTERFCUK there, but LA FORZA walks away the winners!!!

**PB:** They sure dun look like winners to me. Whores maybe... Winners? Nah

***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!]*

**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.]*

BACK

**VO:** "The Suburban Abomination" 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!

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

[A deep, rough, dry voice bellows over the house PA system...]

V/O: SIX FEET.... TEN INCHES TALL.... THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS OF BAD.... MOTHER.... FUCKER!!

#FORTUNE, FAME...

#MIRROR PAIN...

#GONE INSANE BUT THE MEMMMOOOORRRRRYYYYY REMAAAAIIINNNNS!!

[The opening guitars of Metallica's "The Memory Remains" hits the speakers as the powerful, six foot-ten frame of Big Mike Foyer steps through the curtains. We find him attired in a blue and white flannel shirt, blue jeans, cowboy boots, a brown suede jacket, gold framed shades with dark brown lenses and a black cowboy hat with the sides folded up. Resting comfortably on one of his large shoulders, is the DERP Death Match Championship. The grizzly sized man lifts his fists up over his head and points to the ceiling. The one time monster of DCWL makes his way down the aisle, the crowd having a mixed reaction towards him.]

[Arriving at ringside, BMF reaches up and grabs the middle rope. Lifting his right leg and placing the foot on the apron, he pulls himself onto the apron. Placing his hands on the top rope, he pushes down and throws one leg over it, followed by the other. Entering the ring, Big Mike makes his way to his corner, then places his foot in the second rope, grabs the top, and raises himself on the middle rope. Once there he slowly lifts his arms up, then curls them down while roaring "YEEEEAAAHHHH!!" at the crowd. He then eases down, pulling the DERP Championship and lifting it high over his head to a thunderous applause. Dropping the belt back down on his shoulder, he then makes his way to the ropes and asks for a mic.]

BMF: HOW THE HELL ARE YA' <insert town name here>?

\*CHEAP POP!!!\*

[A smile crosses that bearded face of his as he starts pacing the ring.]

## BACK

Danny Everetts is sittin' in the back right now... FUMING... because he says I stole his property. He says my win is an accident, that I got lucky... 'xcuse me, but I wasn't aware that having skill meant you're lucky. I gave the man his props, showed him respect after he earned it, and what's he do? Verbally piss in my face!

[His jaw clenched and lips curled with a frown.]

People like him write me off as a big dumb hick boy from Texas and come at me, expectin' an easy fight because I look like I'm a slow moving, big target. Hell the man thinks I'm fat...

[He quickly starts working the buttons of his shirt, a few ladies in the crowd actually letting out hoots and whistles as he does so. He smiles at them and nods.]

...Your welcome ladies...

[Unbuttoning the shirt, Big Mike pulls it open to reveal a rather impressive, large muscled set of six pack ab muscles.]

...Hey everybody, does this look like the stomach of a fat man to you?

[BMF hold the microphone out to the crowd.]

Crowd: HELL NO!!!

[With a nod, he brings the microphone back to his lips.]

BMF: I didn't think so, but he harps on about kickin' my fat ass this that and the other, and I'm downright sick of it. If he were an intelligent man, he'd have better things to pick on about me... Like for example, I'm hairy... As you can see by my chest and stomach, I don't buy into the whole manscaping deal. He coulda' said... "Mikey, you've got more hair on your ass than I have on my entire body!" or "Look out! Here comes King Sasquatch!" Heh heh heh...

[He shakes his head with a snicker, then points at his nose.]

He coulda' pointed out that my nose is a bit big in relation to the rest of my face! He coulda' started goin' "Good God, look at that nose! Have ya' seen anything so huge and threatening in all your life?" My nose also has a little crook in it, as it's been broken a buncha' times. He coulda' said, "Hey Mike, your nose has it's own intersection! Put up a stop light on that thing, traffic's backin' up!"

[Mike reaches into his mouth and pulls out a partial set of false teeth, then grins, showing several gaps in his upper teeth, as well as an entire row missing on the upper left side of his mouth. He then pops those partials back in with a soft click heard on the microphone.]

If you were surprised by these falsies I wear, then you don't know me that well... heh heh... He could have done some research and found out about the missing teeth in my head and said... "Hey Mike, I like your smile! Wow, what a tooth!" or ragged on about bad oral hygiene. All those things, while weak, are a stronger game than comin' out and sayin', "Hey bitch, you're fat." To be honest, I'm probably the most muscular guy in this building right now and that's the crux of Danny's problem right there...

BACK

[BMF hooks his thumb in the waistline of his pants.]

...Dan, you're jealous of me. That's all there is to it. I'm bigger than you, a better wrestler than you, and I'm more of a man than you. You walked out here earlier, talkin' your shit to the crowd while I wasn't even in the building and now that I'm here... not a fuckin' peep outta' you.

[Another smirk hits his bearded face.]

You want another shot at this belt. I get it. Be a man and ask me for it, don't be a bitch makin' snide comments when you think I ain't lookin'. That just makes me wanna' say no that much more. The problem I have with that is, the fans want it. For weeks, you've skirted your way through disaster after disaster and ya' know something? Maybe it's time we did somethin' about that.

[BMF points his finger down at the ring.]

We got Trick or Treat comin' up in June, I think... or is it April...

[He starts counting on his fingers for a second, then shakes his head.]

...Fuck it, it's comin' and here's the deal I have for you, Dan Tha' Man. Let's lay it all on the line. Your Career versus My Championship. You wanna' talk big and act like you got some big nuts, well here's your chance to prove it!

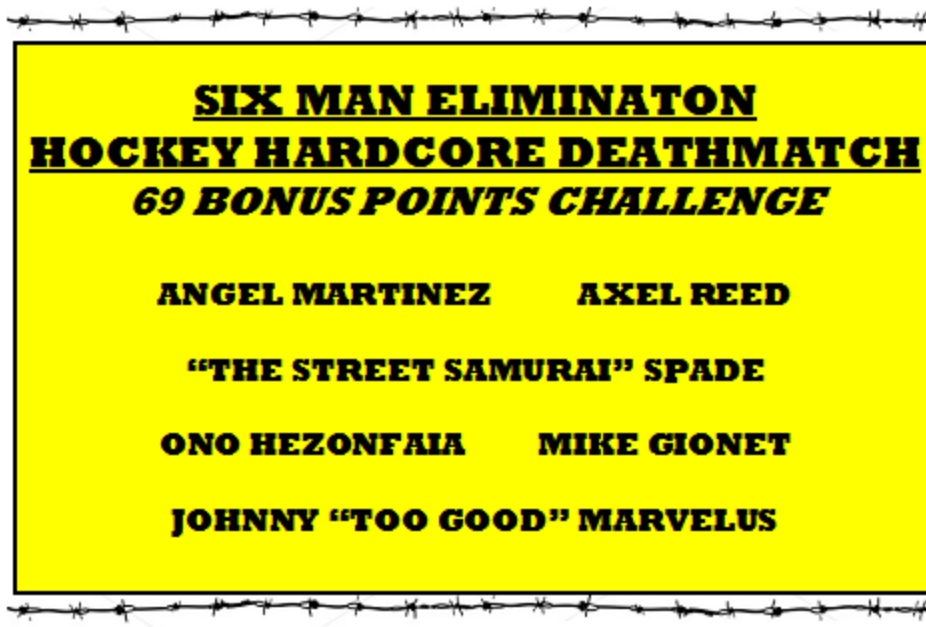
[Mike points his finger at the canvas.]

I don't expect you to answer right now, but think it over. If you can't take the risk, then stop whining and let someone else take a shot. At Trick or Treat 2, Dan Everetts... It's Blood, Nuts, and Guts... got any? I know I do...

[He drops the microphone as "The Memory Remains" hit's the house PA. BMF throws one leg over the ropes, followed by the other and hops down off the apron. From there, Foyer walks with a slow saunter up the aisle and straight 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*

**SIX MAN CLUSTERFUCK!!! HARDCORE HOCKEY DEATHMATCH!!!**

Guardrails has been replaced with NHL regulation 'ice rink boards', complete with the glass for extra fun stuff!

Two barbwire goalie nets, on opposite sides of the ringside area. Various hockey sticks hung from the ring ropes. Barrels full of pucks located on the outside. Stainless steel goalie mask hung above the ring. NO eliminations can occur until the mask is grabbed!

**RD:** We got FIVE wrestlers in the ring, and ONE still struggling; to make his way dahn to the ring! Much as I love the guy's heart... I gotta ask.. what the FUCK was ONO thinking!?!?!]

**PB:** Obviously he's gettin' into the SPIRIT of things! You did notice that you changed your rasslin' ring basically into a fuckin' HOCKEY RINK right???

*[It may be the excitement of the "hardcore hockey deathmatch" or pure love for the current DERP 24/7 Champion's enthusiasm, but a drunk as fan (wearing a damn RED WINGS jersey) dares to throw... AN OCOTOPUS IN THE RING!!!!!!]*

**RD:** WHAT THE FUCK!?!?! We ain't in MICHIGAN no more! That was MONTHS ago!

**PB:** I'm more pissed about the POOR AIM!!! That fucker didn't hit ANYONE! Just landed splt in the ring!!!

BACK

*[Angel Martinez couldn't care less about the octopus, choosing to quickly duck out of the ring and slowly approach the "Japanese Jumping Bean" who has made his way half way down the entrance way now! In the ring, Marvelous stands in the corner, just looking perturbed as Spade, Reed and Gionet all grab themselves a hockey stick off the ring ropes... and start going to town on the octopus!!!!]*

**PB:** THAT'S IT!!! KILL IT!!! KILL THAT FUCKER!!!!

**RD:** I believe it's ALREADY dead, Paul!

**PB:** FUCK THAT SHIT!! Kill that gross motherfucker a second fuckin' time!!!

*[With the fans approval, the octopus continues to be the target of the relentless assault until Gionet decides to shoot the puck, screams at the top of his lungs "THIS AIN'T DETROIT! This is KINGS country, bitch!", and flings the octopus out of the ring with MUCH LOVE from the Cali DERP-a-holics!!!]*

**PB:** HE SHOOOTS..... HE SSSCOOOOOOREESSSS!!!!!!!!!!!! GIONET TAKES OUT MARTIENZ WITH A FLYING OCTOPUSSY!!!

**RD:** Gionet sure does look fuckin pleased, but he best watch himself! Spade put dahn that stick, and dares the rook to do the same!

*[On the outside, ONO has given up on reaching the ring, and works on getting rid of those inline skates he decided to sport! Luckily, he didn't tie them tight and is able to fling one free, sending it bouncing down the entrance way! Right as Angel gets back to his feet from the octopus attack, HEZONFAIA gets the second skate off.... BUT EATS A NASTY CLOTHESLINE!!!]*

**PB:** HA!!! That hockey paddin' payin' off! ONO bounces right back up, completely unphased!!!

**RD:** Not only unphased, he grabbed that goalie stick...

**\*\*\* CRRRRRAAAAACKKKK!!!! \*\*\***

**RD:** ...AND BROOOKE IT INTO TWO!!!!!! Angel is sent tumblin' backwards!!!!

**PB:** ONO got devious plans on his mind, I know it! He's smiling waaaay to much as he grabs that skate!!!

*[Taking a few moments to carve up Angels' forehead right in front of the blood thirsty crowd, Martinez is the first to squirt blood in this crazy six man match! Back in the ring, the action is just as fast paced! Spade and Gionet circle, feeling each other as Marvelous sprints from the corner...]*

**PB:** Marvelous makes a beee line right for Axel Reed... RUNNNNNING WHEEL FUCKIN' KICK!!! Reed had his dukes up, but he wasn't expectin' that!!!



BACK

**RD:** Marvelous not givin' the man any time to catch up! Just laying into him in the corner with jumpin' knee strikes!!!

*[While Angel practices for Easter dinner, and Reed tries to cover up from those vicious knees, Spade and Gionet finally lock up, collar and elbow style! The former DERP YouTube Champion quickly ends the tie up, cinching up Gionet's dome with a side headlock! Wanting nothing to do with such a thing, Mike bends at the knees, hoisting Spade up for a belly to back suplex!]*

**RD:** NOT SO FAST!!! Spade uses the momentum to his advantage and flips over to his feet!!!

**PB:** DOESN'T' FUCKIN' MAAATTTA'!!! Gionet goes downstairs with drop kick right to the knee!!!!

*[With Spade down to a knee, Gionet takes off with lightening quick speed, leaping right to the top rope...]*

**PB:** SNORTIN' RAILS IN NORTH VERSAILLS!!!! DOUBLE FUCKIN' FOOOOOT STOMP!!!!!! Spade head just become OONNNEEEE with the canvas!!!

**RD:** Gionet calls that the Hawthorne High Stomp! Whatever the fuck, you wanna call it, that shits EFFECTIVE!!!

*[Tired of the skate, ONO tosses it and Angel to the ground and begins to remove more padding, making sure to beat Angel over the head with every piece he takes off. Reed is slumped in the corner, as Marvelous turns around to check on his fellow participants, sees Gionet rolling Spade over for a pin attempt...]*

**\*\*\* CCCCCRRRAAAAAAACKKKKKKKK!!!! \*\*\***

**RD:** WHAT THE FUCK!?!?! What purpose did THAT serve!?!?

**PB:** By the looks of it, JOHNNY wants to be the one to pin Spade!!! FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!!!

BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...

BACK

...SHOULDER UP!!!

**PB:** HA! KARMA SAID FUCK YOU JOHNNY!!!

**RD:** I dunno if that's what she said, but the fact remains... THE STREEEET SAMURAI LIVES!!!

*[Holding the back of his head, Gionet rolls the rest of the way outta the ring, flopping to the arena floor and taking a few moments to collect himself! In the entrance way, Angel sits back on his legs, resting on his knees, bleeding profusely already. ONO has completed his strip tease, and is down to just the hockey pants before slipping back on the LA Kings jersey!]*

BACK

**PB:** THANK GAWDDDDD!!! Much as I love the FIVE...FIVE... FFIIIVE time 24/7 champ... I'm glad he put that jersey back on! Deathmatch life gots its TOLL and ONO's flesh proves that!

**RD:** I bet it's safe to say Angel's flesh is meow gunna prove that! Just LOOOK at that gash on his forehead!

*[As Gionet rests, Angel bleeds and ONO takes the time to pose for some pictures at ringside, Johnny rises to his feet, staring with anger at the newest DERP referee Jay Noir. Jay just shrugs, and backs away as Axel Reed smiles from across the ring...]*

**PB:** HE FUCKIN' PLANTS HIM SO HARD, HIS KIDS WILL BE BORN FUCKIN' DIZZZZZZZY!!! Axel FUCKIN' Reed with some revenge right there!!!

**RD:** These fans couldn't be HAPPIER! Gotta wonder if that's cause Mister "Too Good" face juss got BROKE, or if the wily old vet's comeback tour reached a soft spot in their hearts!

*[HOLY FUCK THAT WAS OUTTA NO WHERE AND EPIC POP!!!]*

**PB:** GOOD GAWD ALMIGHTA'!!! "The Street Samurai" just fuckin' KIIIIICKED Reed's head off his shoulders!!!!

**RD:** Reed may be suffering from WHIPLASH after that bitchin' fuckin' BICYLCE KICK!!!! Luckily, he joins Mikey on the outside! He juss MAY have a shot at some recovery time!!!

*[As "Too Good" makes his way to the corner, leaning back first against the turnbuckles, making sure to keep all his enemies within a line of sight. In this six man MARATHON of a match, pacing one's self is KEY and Johnny knows it! With intent unknown, the former DERP YouTube Champion mimics Johnny's movements, standing the opposite corner, taking a moment as well to catch his breath!]*

*[RANDOM EXPLOSION OF HATRED FOR THOSE NOT PAYING ATTENTION!!!]*

**RD:** ANNNNNNGEL FUCKIN' LIIIIIVVESS!!!!!!!! "The Japanese Jumpin' Bean" on the receivin' end of one helluva COCK PUNCH!!!

**PB:** CHHHHHHHHHHEEEEEEESE AND FUCKIN' RICE!!!! THAT COCK SUCKIN' MOTHAFUCKIN' DOUCHE NOZZEL TO THE NTH FUCKIN' DEGREEEE!!!! I'MA FUCKIN' KILLLLL HIM!!!!

**RD:** CALM DAHN, PAULIE!!! I dun like LOW BLOWS either, but it's ANGEL MARTINEZ!!! That type of debauchery is just EXPECTED!!!

BACK

**PB:** Not THAT !!! HE'S GOT HIM LOCKED IN A FRONT FACE LOCK!!! THIS IS MY ULTRAVIOLENT WONDERFULNESS AND HE'S RUINING IT!!!!

**RD:** Actually, Paul, you see... Cause his forearm's on ONO's throat, NOT his forehead, that's actually a FRONT CHANC—

**PB:** I DUN GIVE A FLYIN' FUCK!!!! IT HAS NO PLACE IN MY FUCKIN' ULTRA-FUCKIN'-VIOLENCE!!!

*[Seein one of their heroes having the life choked out of him by a bloody nutjob does not sit well with the DERP-a-holics in attendance, and it's VERY noticeable as the roar and excitement turns into an angry frenzy, with the fans closet to Angel at ringside throwing all their garbage at the "Syko"! On the outside, Mike slowly ups Axel up to his feet, as he himself finally exited dream street a few moments ago.....]*

*[WHO DA THUNK HE HAD IT IN HIM POP!!!]*

**RD:** WOOOOWZA!!! GIONET ROLLS HIM UP OUTTA NO WHERE!!!

**PB:** FUUUUUCK YES!!!!!! WAY TO GO ROOOOOK!!! He juss played that old dog like the FOOL he is!!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO....

...THREEE!!!!

**PB:** HOLY FUCKIN' ELIMINATION, BATEMAN!!! AXEL FUCKIN' REEEEEED IS OUTTAAAAA HERE!!!

**RD:** I gotta wonder if Gionet FORGOT it's every man for himself there for a second! He went from helpin' Axel back to his feet to ROLLIN' him up with a SMALL PACKAGE!

**PB:** Who GIVES a shit!?!? The BORIN' fuck is gone, and we are dahn to \_FIVE\_!!!

*[Rising from her seat at ringside, the official DERP ring announcer ROSELYN ANDERSON holds a microphone in her hands, smiling from ear to ear, looking lovely as she always does, fake tan and died blonde hair and all.]*

**RA:** LLLLLAAAADIES AND GENTLEMEN.... AXXXXXXEL REEEED HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!!! There is meow \_FIVE\_ competitors remaining!!!

*[CROWD ROARS AS GIONET TAKES A HUMBLE BOW!!!]*

**RD:** We may not be at \_FIVE\_ for long! Angel's STILL got ONO hooked with that FRONT CHANCERY!!!

**PB:** NOT FOOOOR LONG!!! ONO'S FEELIN' THE POOOOWWWWAAAAAAA'!!!!

*[Having enough of this, HEZONFAIA forces his way back up to his feet! Not wanting to let go at all, Angel does everything he can to keep the hold locked in tight, benefitinmg not only from ONO's inability to breath but the much needed recharged a wounded "Syko" desperately needed! The current DERP 24/7 champion wins the battle, and throws his free arm around Martinez's waist...]*

BACK

**PB:** NNNNNNEEEEEEVER TEA'CHA PIG TO FUCKIN' SHIINNGG!!! HEZONFAIA ENDS THAT FUCKIN' GAWD DAMN BULLSHIT!!!! FUCK YES!!!

**RD:** What fuckin' STRENGTH resides in them bones of ONO!!! No oxygen for HOW long, and he pulls THAT fuckin' overhead suplex variation outta his fuckin' ass!

**PB:** HA! Angel forgot one thing! Tryin' to choke ONO aht by cutting off his oxygen ... DUN FUCKIN' WORK CAUSE HE DUN GOT A BRAIN!!!!

*[The fast paced action is just INTENSE! Now with both ONO and Angel laid out in the entrance way, and Gionet still dealing with an irate Axel Reed up in his grill, both "Too Good" and "the Street Samurai" declare rest break over! Spade moves towards the center of the ring, as Johnny plucks himself a hockey stick off the ropes...]*

*[MALES GO 'OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH!!!!!!]*

**PB:** RAAAAZZLE FUCKIN' DAZZZZLE!!! NUUUUUUUUUUT SHOOOOT FROM FUCKIN' HELLLLLL!!! I hope Spade never wanted kids because he just lost the fuckin' ability!!!!

**RD:** STICK ASSIST RUSSIAN FUCKIN' LEGSWEEP!!! "the Street Samurai" mighta' juss lost his fuckin' abilty to BREATH!!!

*[The fans aren't pleased at all, as "Too Good" slowly rises to his feet, as Spade rolls on the canvas, grabbing at his throat, troubling to breath. Pausing once he stands, Marvelous shakes his head as he spots the car wreck in the entrance way, and then witnesses the verbal tirade between Gionet and Reed on the outside. With the "Street Samurai" slowly winning the battle for oxygen, Johnny grabs the hockey stick again, holding it by its blade this time!]*

**RD:** What's "Too Good" up to meow!?!? From the look on that bastard's face, he's got a devious idea!

*[Blade in hand, Johnny plants the taped butt end right in the middle of Spade's gut... and pushes himself right up into the air, using the hockey stick as if it was a pole vault pole!]*

**PB:** GOOD GAWD DAMN!!! POLE VAULT FUCKIN' LEG DROP!!! Love him or hate him, \_THAT\_ was fuckin' awesome!!!

**RD:** Only really can be 'awesome' if it's enough to eliminate the Samurai!



BACK

...ONE...

...TWO...



BACK

...KICK OUT!!!

**PB:** IN THE NICK OF FUCKIN' TIME!!! Spade just barely got that shoulder up!!!

**RD:** The "Street Samurai" keeps himself AAALLLLIIVVEEEE and Johnny does NOT look happy at all! He thinks that was THREE!!!

*[Eyes glued on Jay Noir, the part of the new DERP referee crew, Johnny Marvelous rises to his feet, obviously not pleased that Spade's tenure in this match wasn't ended. Noticing the commotion in the ring, Gionet stops right in the middle of whatever he was shouting at Reed and bolts into the ring, diving right under the bottom rope! ONO and Angel are slowly rising to their feet, each using guard rails on their own side of the entrance way.]*

**RD:** Reed just looks even MORE pissed! Damage Control BARELY able to keep him outta the ring!

**PB:** That fucker ruined the element of surprise! JOHNNY DUCKS THE FUCKIN LEG LARIAT!!!

*[Gionet gracefully lands on his feet coming to a dead stop, as Johnny turns towards the rookie, just beaming ear to ear, arrogance oozing from every pore. Mike basically freezes in place, hands on hip. With a shrug...]*

**PB:** FEAR NO FUCKIN' MORE!!! Gionet just fuckin' kicked Johnny's teeth dahn his fuckin' throat!!! That kid has just INCREDIBLE agility!

**RD:** FUCK YEA!!! From standing completely STILL to kicking your fuckin' face in the matter of seconds... That just fuckin' STUPENDOUS!

Savate kick to the fuckin' CRANIUM!!

*[Nose trickling a bit of blood, Marvelous somehow keeps his balance, succeeding to fall backwards right into the nearby set of turnbuckles! Feeling the momentum shift in the air, Gionet keeps the pedal to the metal and charges in right after him... only to eat an elbow to the face! Mike is instantly dazed, as Johnny grabs him...]*

**PB:** SSSSSSS TEEEEEEE FUCKIN' OOOOOOOOHHHH!!!!!! MARVELOUS JUST PLANTS HIM!!!

**RD:** Johnny grabs himself another hockey stick! The man's only got rage in his eyes!

*[OOOORRGASMIC OUTCRY OF LOOOOVE!!!!]*

BACK

**PB:** GRRRRRATE BALLLS OF FUCCCKIN' FIRE!!!! BBBBUSTED FUCKIN' STRAIGHT!!!! THE SAMURAI JUSS CUT "TOO GOOD" IN HALLLLFFFF!!!!

**RD:** Cheese and fuckin' \_RICE\_!!! Where did he COME from!?!?! DERP's first ever YouTube champ straight outta left field with that rib crackin' spear! Now can he make the most of it and \_ELMINATE\_ Johnny right here, right meow!?!?

**PB:** He's sure as fuckin' hell gunna try!!! Spade's got \_BOTH\_ legs hooked!!! "The Busted Straight" SPEAR!!! Spade rolls Marvelous up, KICK OUT!!!

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

...KICK OUT!!!

**PB:** AAWWW FUCK!!! That was seriously fuckin' close!

**RD:** These fans juss dun think it was close... they say that was \_THREEEE\_!!!

**FANS BITCH, CHANT 'THAT WAS THREE! THAT WAS THREE!'**

**PB:** FUCK YEA, DERP-A-HOLICS!!! Way to take a fuckin' STAND!!! Some new referee you gots yourself here!

**RD:** If you got someone's more qualified, lemme know! Otherwise... shut the fuck up, and watch the \_RACE\_ we gots going on at ringside!!!

*[At the same slow, battered and beaten pace, both ONO and Angel have managed to get back to their feet on opposite sides of the entrance way, with major aid from the guardrails. The crowd roars with delight as now all THREE men in the ring are flat on their backs sucking wind, and the two nutballs at ringside are ready for another onslaught!]*

**PB:** ONO throwin' his arms into the air! Listen to these fans! They juss LOOOOVE that guy!!!

BACK

**RD:** HEZONFAIA should hold his meet and greets post match! Angel's on the move and I dun think he even notices right meow he's so enamored with the front row fanatics!

**PB:** TOOOOOO FUCKIN' LATTTTTTEEEEE!!!! YYAAAAAKUZA FUCKIN' KICCK!!!! ONO GOES FLLLLLYYYYIIIIINN'!!!

**RD:** That's not FLYIN'! That's FALLIN' ... with STYLE!!!!

*[With no one behind the wheel right now, the "Japanese Jumping Bean" is at gravity's mercy, which of course works against the current DERP 24/7 Champion, as ONO goes half tripping, half running down the ramp way, completely out of control....]*

**PB:** HEEEEAAAD ON FUCKIN' COLLISION!!! The force of his own momentum does him the in! And.... FUCK... I dun think that's natural!!!

**RD:** Paul, that's one of the few times you ARE actually right about sumptin! HEZONFAIA looks to have dislocated his shoulder! That can't spell good things about his quest to win this PONTS SERIES!!!

*[The fans aren't pleased at all, and get even angrier as Angel marches straight towards the guardrail, getting up close and personal with the DERP-a-holics in attendance. Lips flapping, hurling insult after insult, Martinez ups the ante... gripping up a fan's by their shirt, and using as a wash rag!!!]*

**PB:** FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!!! Who knows what DISEASES that innocent fan is contaminated with meow!

**RD:** I dun think the bastard gives a shit! He seems actually fuckin' HAPPY he's meow rockin' a "Syko" blood stain!

*[Looking a bit displeased at the fan's excited and giddy reaction, Martinez stomps off towards the ring area. Finally making it to the end of the entrance way, Martinez pauses, eyes focused on the bodies in the ring, not noticing ONO having crawled towards the ringside corner.]*

**RD:** ONO's back to one knee, eyes just GLUED on "Syko"... who has no CLUE the "Japanese Jumpin Bean" is even movin' right meow!

**PB:** Well, shit! He's about to find out from first hand experience any second meow!

Having rolled towards the one rounded corner on the outside, ONO gets to his knees and sits there, perched with his eyes focused square on Angel, who has stopped to watch the happenings in the ring...AND EATS A STUN GUN FOR IT... Stun-gun face-first into turnbuckle (charging opponent, torso launch) – sends "Syko" flying into the BARBWIRE GOALIE NET!!!

*Gionet is actually the first one standing, as "the Street Samurai" wobbly rises up to his feet while "Too Good" takes his time, getting as much of a rest as possible. Spotting Marvelous' slow progress, "the Street Samurai" breaks free of Could Nine and charges into the ropes....]*

BACK

**RD:** Spade leaps to the top rope... SSPPPPRRRRRINGBOARD FUCKIN' DROPKICK!!!

**PB:** BUT SPADE WANTED JOHNNY... NOT MIKEY!!! "Too Good" being the rat fuckin' bassturd he is just dives outta the way at the last second!

**RD:** To make things worse, I dun think Mikey even ever \_SAWWW\_ the flyin' Spade!

*[Upon impact, Mike's head flies back, the momentum taking the DERP upstart clear off his feet, sending him crashing into the mat! Spade scrambles back up to his feet, fast as he can, and looks a bit confused when he sees Gionet laying in a heap....]*

*[“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!”]*

**PB:** DISCUS FUCKIN LARIET FROM JOHNNY FUCKIN' MARVELOUS!!! He just turned the "Street Samurai" inside fuckin' aht!!!

**RD:** The former DERP 24/7 champ isn't done yet! He looks right at Mike Gionet who's still flat on his back!!!

*[With Spade down and out, head cradled in his arms, Johnny runs towards the rope, first leaping over the sprawled out Gionet before leaping to the top rope!]*

**PB:** HOW MUCH FRIED CHICKEN CAN YOU FUCKIN' EAT!?!?! SPRINGBOARD FLYIN' FUCKIN' ELB OW DROP!!! Gionet is floppin' around like a dead fuckin' fish aht there!!!

**RD:** Marvelous puts at end to that.... BY HOOOOKING THE LEG!!!! Is this our SECOND elimination!?!?!



BACK

...ONE...

BACK

...TWO...

...THHHHREEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!

**PB:** NOOOOOO FUCKIN' WAY!?!?! GIONET IS GONE!!! GIONET IS FUCKIN' GONE!!!!

**RD:** He was just a cunt hair TOOOO SLOW with that kick aht!!!! Johnny is just downright GIDDY with himself now!

**PB:** These fans sure the fuck aren't! They're foamin' at the mouth, juss wantin' to KILLL that mother fucker!!!

*[As Angel and ONO finally free themselves from the carnage of that barbwire goalie net, Marvelous gets back to his feet, the look on his face speaking loud and clear. "the Street Samurai" staggers back up to his feet in the ring corner. "Too Good" gives the former DERP YouTube champ a look.... And then instantly takes off like a shot in the other direction, right both ONO and "Syko" at ringside....]*

**PB:** SUUUUUUPERMAN FUCKIN' PALANCHA!!!

**RD:** THREEEE MEN DAHN AT RINGSIDE!!! And it looks like the "Street Samurai" is gunna join the party!

**PB:** SSSSLLLINGSHOT BODY FUCKIN' PRESSSS!!!!!! MARVELOUS IS TOPPLED!!! EVERYONE IS DAHN!!!

**RD:** We sure do got ourselves a fuckin' TRAINWRECK at ringside, but I dun think these fans could be any happier! Just LISTEN to them!!!

THIS IS AWESOME!

CLAP, CLAP, CLAPCLAPCLAP

BACK

**PB:** I see some movement! It looks like we got ourselves a race to see who's standing first!

**RD:** It's gunna be a tough one.... But Spade's up first!!!

[Spade is the first up to his feet LEG LARIAT to "Syko!", a spinning back kick to ONO!!! hurricanrana on "TOO GOOD", duck a clothesline and hit a snap german suplex on "SYKO" and Hit the Busted Straight on Marvelous! ONE, TWO, KICK OUT!! ]

**RD:** GAAAWD DAMN THAT WAS CLOSE!!! We were almost down to THREE men right there!!!

**PB:** Spade knows he's oh-so-fuckin close to getting' an elimination here!

*[Grabbing Johnny by the head, the former DERP YouTube Champion pulls Johnny up onto the apron, as he then climbs up onto the top rope. He pulls and prods Johnny, forcing "Too Good" up off the ring mat as well.... But being so busy getting Marvelous into position, Spade doesn't see...]*

**PB:** GGGRRRAATE BAWLS OF FUCKIN' FIRE!!!! SYKO KICK!!!! FUCKIN' SYKO KICK!!!!!!!!!!  
THEY'RE FUCKIN' DEAD!!! GOD DAMN FUCKIN' DEAD!!!!!!

**RD:** THEY SURE DIDN'T LAND PRETTY PAUL!!!! That hockey glass is NOT very giving! "Syko" mighta' just knocked BOTH men out... just like that!!!!

**PB:** ...and from the looks of it, that rat fuckin' bastard isn't done yet!!!!

*[Peering down at the carnage at ringside, Angel smiles, and blows the DERP-a-holics a few kisses, only enraging them even more. Then, with a bend of the knee, he leaps....]*

**PB:** SHE WANTS TO SPANK MY FUCKIN' MOOONEKY!!!! FOUR FIFTA' SPLASH!!!! FOUR  
FUCKIN' FIFTA'!!!! THEY'RE INSIDES ARE JUST EXXXXXPLODED NOW!!!!

**RD:** GAWDD DAAAAMN!!!! Martinez just FLAAAATTENS both men!!!! And thanks to those damn boards stopping his moment.... HE GOT BOTH MEN COVERED!!!!

...ONE...

...TWO....

BACK

...THREEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!

Angel can't be ANY happier.... Until he turns around into ONO's waiting arms!!!

SPRING LOADED FUCK YOU PLEXXXX!!!!!!!!

INTO THE BARBWIRE HOCKEY NET!!!!!!

ONE, TWO, THREE!!!!

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

*[Cuts to Delaney in the middle of the ring, with the DERP ring crew busy finalizing all the necessary props for the six man clusterfuck. After a wonderful evening of great wrestling and amazing ultraviolence, the crowd is at a fever pitch, requiring Delaeny to raise his voice an extra decibel to make sure he's heard by all the DERP-a-holics in attendance.]*

BACK

**DELANEY:** Seeing that we have a few minutes here while this incredible ring crew gets everything all set up in place, I figured it was a perfect time for this weeks rrrroooooound of announcements!!!

*[Smattering of applause...]*

**DELANEY:** Now with TRICK OR TREAT DUECE drawing closer by the day, it's only \_NAAATURAL\_ that I have to fill all yins in on what exactly is gunna go DAHN!!!. Tis why we already gots visions of the CHAOS CHAMBER dancing inside our heads, as well as fantasies about that EXTRRREEEEME woman's championship scramble fillin our DREAMS!

*[The crowd whoop and yells, excited for those two matches!]*

**DELANEY:** So, tonight... I gots MORE food for thought!!!First on the docket.... THE DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPIONSHIP!!!

*[Crowd loudly shows their love!]*

**DELANEY:** Since DERP's inception, that leather hide has only been worn by TWO men... Daniel Everett and Big Mike Foyer!!! THUS, in the spirit of CLOSURE... ...the LOSER of this match will NOT be able to receive a title shot while the WINNER remains title holder!!!

*[Divided crowd on that one! Some people REALLY love the idea, but as always, there are the haters present!]*

**DELANEY:** But that's the fine print at the bottom of a contract no one reads. Those are the little details deemed irrelavent. What yins all REALLLLLLY wanna know is what type of FFFFIGHT those two men are gonna find themselves in...

And it WILLLL be...

*[Delaney pauses long as possible before it becomes obnoxious...]*

...KENZANS, GUSSET PLATES AND RAZOR BOARDS TRIATHALON DEATHMATCH!!!

*[Crowd just downright EXXXXXPLODES, not even exactly understanding what all that meant!]*

**RD:** If you are UNSURE of what I am talking about, just google "KENZANS" and then "GUSSET PLATES" and you will understand the AWESOMENESS that awaits us ALL! But what DOES need an explanation there is the TRIATHALON part...

**RD:** You see... For MONTHS, those two crazy bastards EVERET and FOYER have waged war on each other. We deserve CLOSURE, thus... Their end won't be decided by just ONE fall or even TWO... but \_THREE\_! They will need a PINFALL... a SUBMISSION... AND TO SET THEIR OPPONENT ON FIIIREEE!!!!!!

*[That's it! Now Delaney's done it! He just damn did added FIRE to the mix! The fans can barely contain themselves now!]*

BACK

**DELANEY:** Now while that right dere ISSSSS one big piece of meat to chew on.... there's MORE!!!

...why not end of the mystery on how to WIN this fuckin points series!?!?!

And the answer will BE....

that after surviving the HARDCORE N@ NATIONAL TOUR...

...and making it through the CHAOS CHAMBER...

\_TWO\_ of the most die hard... bad ass... and utterly CRAAAZY DERPers will stand across the ring from each other...

...in a...

NO CANVAS, NO ROPE

TICKING TIMEBOMB

PANES OF LIFE

DEATHMATCH!!!

**RD:** If yins were NORMAL fans, you'd probably be asking yourself if we here at the DERPness are really crazy enough to BLOW UP the fuckin' ring... but you guys are DERP-a—fuckin'-holics and you EXXXPECT that crazy shit!!!

**DELANEY:** However... we will not be blowing up the ring...

**DELANEY:** It's NOT because we didn't WANT too! No, you see, that WAAAAS the plan. But right before I came out here, I finally got word that the damn pesky ATHLETIC COMISSION veto'd the idea, citing "horrific chance of personal injury and lose of life"!

**DELANEY:** SOOOOOOO..... \_INNNNSSTEEAAAD\_.... attached TO a timer, suspended HIIIGH above the ring... with be a CARGO NET!

**DELANEY:** Ah ha! You see, this won't be any \_NORMAL\_ cargo net! NAY! This cargo net will be filled with... WEAPONS THAT YOooooou THE FANS DECIDE TO DONATE!!!

**DELANEY:** That's RIGHT! At SOME POINT during the match, when I fuckin' FEEEEEL like it, I will be able to push this nice big red button! And when I \_PUUUUUSH\_ this nice big red button, the cargo net will FALL, and the it will \_RAIN\_ ... \_WEAPONS\_!!!

**DELANEY:** BUT... Folks... Folks... FOLKS..... I know I am DANGLING that carrot right in front of you, getting yins all hot and bothered, down right fuckin' \_EXCITED\_ for TRICK OR TREAT TWO... but the nights not over! We still got ourselves ONE last match for your viewing pleasure! So I'ma get outta this ring, long as yins all promise to...

BACK

**DELANEY: .....GEEEEEEEEEEET UP AND RAAAAGGEEEEEE!!!!!!**

***PRFFFFFFTTT!!!! WEIRD STATIC TRANSITION NOISE/VID***



BACK

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

*[Dark black screen, as letters and the whole words start to WordArt themselves onto the screen:*

**THE  
END!**

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

**THIS PROGRAM BROUGHT TO YOU BY:**

**SUBURBUN ABOMINATION PRODUCTIONS,  
DELANEY'S EXTREME RASSLIN' PROMOTION  
AND THE UNITED WRESTLING LEAGUE!**

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