

*[The URL's been typed. The link's been clicked. The bookmark's been accessed. Either way, the wonderful gift that keeps on giving known as YouTube loads up and does it's job, bringing to a worldwide audience the following program. Slowly fading onto the screen is the following:*

DERP

Proudly Presents...

FIGHTING WORDS

VOL. 1

*[Slowly the words fade away, leaving in its wake soft classical background music – the very kind that annoys anyone put on hold. Accompanying the music, though, is much important blocks of text... ie, the table of contents.*

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- 8 – “Dangerous” Devin Houlihan
- 9 – “the Punishment” Daniel Everett – DERP Deathmatch Champion
- 10 – Ide-Nama

**BONUS:** Foodstamp’s Funtime!

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

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**1 – BIG MIKE FOYER**

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[We open upon a simple scene involving a lit DERP backdrop and the massive, imposing frame of Big Mike Foyer standing before it. He sports his folded straw cowboy hat, maroon sunshades, knee pads, boots, black wrist bands, and a black and red wrestling doublet, the rabid bulldog face on the front of it with three massive letters -BMF- across it's wrinkled, angry forehead. Mike peels the shades from his face, folds them up, and hangs them upon the front of his doublet. BMF then pulls the cowboy hat off his head, revealing the already thickening buzz cut, a few jagged lines running through it. He strokes his fingers down that bushy handlebar mustache and then addresses the camera with a deep, rumbling voice accented by a Texas redneck drawl. Think Trace Adkins, only six feet, ten inches tall and three hundred and fifty pounds of BMF'er.]

BMF: When a man walks into a fight with more confidence than common sense allows, he loses that fight. Bottom line.

[He takes in a deep breath, those dark brown eyes looking down at the cowboy hat in his hand.]

Dan Everetts beat me. He beat me straight, even though I ran a smack train over 10 miles long, It was me... on my back... one... two... three...

[BMF turns the hat in his hands a few times, staring down upon it as he continues airing his thoughts.]

...I'm not gonna' make excuses or even go beyond mentionin' the ref's fast hand on tha' count. Won't even mention the fact that throwin' that fat fucker, Mongoloid, all over the place the night before didn't help matters either. That's what dip shits with no talent resort to when they lose.

[His jaw tenses. Very slowly his eyes lift from that hat and look straight into the camera with a hardened, intense gaze.]

Truth is, I choked at the very end and now, I gotta' man up and bounce back from it. I gotta' go out of my way to prove myself worth of tha' initials B.M.F. and it's gonna' be against a guy who I know is gonna' put up one hell of a fight.

[Mike lifts the hat up and places it back on his head.]

Ono Hezonfaia is a guy who beat me once a long time ago and it was damn close. I got fewer hits in, but each one counted for sure. That little bastard gave me tha' run around like you wouldn't believe and if it weren't for guys like him, puttin' big bullies like me in their place, I wouldn't have started workin' my manual dexter'ty to where it is today.

[BMF smirks.]

Yeah, in my early days in wrestlin', I bullied little guys like Ono, but after I took many lumps from 'em over the years, I've come to respect lightweights and cruisers. Big guys like me, you know what to expect- Punishment and lots of it, but little guys like him? The only thing you can expect is the unexpected.

[He rubs his wrist, adjusting the band around it in the process. Mike then rolls his head, soft popping from his neck joints heard rather loudly.]

O-Hez, I'm lookin' forward to giving you the bug on a windshield treatment, little man. It'll be an honor, and a priviledge, and best of all? Beating your ass benefits charity, so I can even feel good about it.

[Mike fires off a rather huge grin and then cracks his knuckles.]

I forgot what cause you're shootin' for, but let's just say that they'll build a hospital in your honor because at the first show of DERP 2.0, we'll have that bitch CURED!

[BMF nods his head, a grim look crossing his face.]

'cause I ain't just a big mother fucker, or a bad mother fucker. I'm coming off my biggest loss and I've got to prove that I'm not just words and hype. Make no mistake, even though I respect you and think you're a funny guy, when I'm called to go out to that ring and face you, I'm gonna' stomp you like you're on fire.

[Mike tips his hat with a respectful nod, then turns and steps off camera. Fade out.]

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

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## 2 – ONO HEZONFAIA

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[Ladies and gentlemen, please would you bring your attention to me. For a feast for your eyes to see, an explosion of catastrophe, like nothing you've ever seen before. The Japanese Jumping Bean, the Champion for Charity, OOOONOOOOOOOO HEEEEZONN FAIAAAAAAAAAAA!]

ONO: Extureemu!

[Appearing in the classic locker-room video promo, the Hokkaido Hottie is shirtless, his left shoulder heavily taped. His entire torso is peppered with small puncture wounds that are finally healing. He's joined, as always, by sleazy manager and alcoholic microphone stand to the stars, Syn.]

Syn: Say it again! Extreme!

ONO: EXTUREEMU!

Syn: Let me hear it one more time! Just how much pain were you in after that thumbtack match at the Bash?

ONO: EXTUREEEEEEMU PAIN!

Syn: Attaboy!

[Syn slaps his charge on the shoulder. ONO gasps in breathless agony, almost sinking to one knee.]

ONO: Mister Viper Celine is very dangerous man. He hurt ONO very much, ONO pulled very many tacks from the body after match at Bigass Extureemu Bash. But ONO fight for Extureemu Glo Ree! ONO fight for good cause! ONO is ON FAIA with passion!

Syn: And a hell of an exhibition that was, too! You really cleaned up in there, makin' a mess of yourself.

[Syn reaches into his breast pocket, pulling out - not a hip flask, for once, but a digital calculator. He mashes a few buttons.]

Syn: Let's see how we did here... Set it to radians, adjust for compound interest, minus expenses, subtract fifteen percent to go to the Thirsty Managers' Libation Fund, aaaand the grand total is four hundred and thirty seven dollars, seventy-eight cents going to the Foster-a-Fluffball Foundation.

[Cue the glowsticks, confetti and streamers! Mr. HEZONFAIA calmly pulls one o' them party poppers and sits down on the bench.]

ONO: And now ONO can rest.

[A beat of silence.]

Syn: Are you KIDDING? This is just the beginning! There are barbed wire and thumbtack distributors throughout the east coast and midwest just begging for the chance to get a PR bump! We're takin' this act on the road! Suit up, I got Delaney to book yez against Big Mike Foyer, this is gonna be AWESOME!

[Our scene ends with a fat white dude drinking tequila shots and chanting HEEZ ON FAIA in the background, while the aforementioned Japanese judoka looks sad and covered in confetti, slowly losing his will to live. Fahrvergnügen.]

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

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**3 – “THE STREET SAMURAI” SPADE**

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[Where oh where shall we begin? We could do this on a rooftop, but that's been done before. Oh oh! I know, an empty ring, surrounded by empty seats with a guy sitting on a folding steel chair? Nah, old hat, makes you seem more important than you are and that scene either gets preachy or documentary-esq. Could settle for the old boring company banner, backlit and go classic. Nope, tired of that and besides, I'm sure at least one guy is doing that already on this show. Let's just keep it simple. A darkened, nondescript room with the center of attention for this shindig being "The Street Samurai," Spade seated upon a folding steel chair. With his long dark brown hair slicked back, and his chin goatee freshly trimmed, we find him attired in black jeans, a blue "Street Samurai" T-shirt, boots, fingerless gloves, a pair of gradient blue sunshades, and a black leather duster that is decorated from top to bottom in very intricate, hand-tooled leather craft designs. Lifting the shades off his face, he places them atop his head.]

Spade: So this is my "Welcome to DERP" address, where I say I'm grateful to be here and how awesome the competition is and so on and so forth. You ever notice that when a guy shows up to a promotion, he either talks all positive and cheery or he plays the part of the world's biggest asshole just to get an easy reaction.

[Folding his arms over his chest, Spade leans back in the chair.]

Tell you what, I'll level with all of you. I'm here for two things. I need the money and I miss the action. Simple as that. I've been living off my girlfriend for the last several months and seeing her take off like a blazing bonfire in ACE while using the very tricks and tactics I taught her, it kind of.....

[A look of visible discomfort crosses his face.]

...ate at me. I needed to get back on the horse.

[He inhales, then lets his breath out in a long exhale.]

Let's start by poking the elephant in the room. I'm sure some have taken exception to what I had to say

at the Bash and I'm sure everybody will be gunning for me in this Youtube Championship Gauntlet. Thing is, I'm ok with that.

[He strokes his chin beard briefly with a thumb and forefinger.]

I'm used to having scales not tipped in my favor. I've defied the odds in the past and I'm hoping to continue doing just that here, at Delaney's Extreme wRestling Promotion. I'll also admit that It's not even day one and I'm already at odds with Ryan...

[A bit of a flat expression crosses Spade's face.]

...But to be honest, I understand why he did what he did at the Bash. Promoters don't have an easy job and when you have a guy like Vile "Vince" Viper, who is an industry onto himself gunning for you, I'd imagine the knee jerk reaction for any promoter is to try and placate the oversized ego with the army of lawyers behind it.

[Sighing softly, he shakes his head and looks away from the camera.]

Thing is, if Triple V was even half the kind of man people have said he is throughout his career, there'd be no threat of lawsuits. There'd be no "taking of the ball and going home." Neither one of us would be involved in this Youtube Championship Gauntlet. We'd have a match booked and Vince would either get payback or I'd get vindication.

[He shakes his head slowly, left to right.]

Enough about that though. We've SPW'ed the former Face of SPW and at least he knows how it feels to get fucked over like he's done to others many times in the name of AJ Black.

[Slowly his head lifts and those eyes return to the camera lens.]

I will say that I'm grateful for the opportunity presented with this Youtube Championship Gauntlet. I've heard some say that this belt is beneath me and I should be seething with anger, demanding the company's big belt. Thing is, a championship is a championship, period. It doesn't matter if it's a solid platinum World Championship, or a plastic piece of shit on a rubber belt.

[Spade's lips split with a wry smirk.]

A championship is only as great as the man who holds it and if I manage to take that belt despite the incredible talents of Bullzeye, Ric Beauty, Rob Sharpe, Caleb Foley, and Tyrone Heat, then that championship will be as great as the Deathmatch Championship held by Dan Everetts after winning the tournament at The Bash.

[Unfolding his arms, He leans forward in the chair, strands of long hair slipping over his shoulders and framing his face. He props his elbows on his knees and clasps his hands together.]

..and The truth is, Who says the Deathmatch Championship has to be THE belt of DERP? What's to stop a guy like me from making any championship into something more important than any other belt in the history of DERP or professional Wrestling?

[That trademark mischevious grin spreads across his face, a devilish gleam dancing across those dark brown eyes.]

Here's a question for not just our promotion, but all the promotions out there- Tell me, what symbolic difference is there between one Championship and another in this day and age? Most guys get it in their heads that "Oh, I'm the TV Champion. I'm the Champion of the Low Card." Wrong answer, McFly.

[Spade reaches over the camera and gives it three raps, as if knocking on someone's head, then drops the hand back down across his thigh.]

Hello, Think McFly, Think! You're The Champion, period. Own it. Don't look at the World Champion and think to yourself, "Oh he's the World Champion, he's awesome!" No, you should be asking yourself, "Who is the better champion?"

[Spade briefly gestures towards the camera with an upraised hand.]

Nothing against you, Dan, but I'm pretty sure I can take any belt in professional wrestling and turn it something just as great as or better than any World Championship out there today. I'm tired of everyone holding one championship above all the rest. It's time to change that perception, and that change starts in the Golden Dome of Monaca, PA, at DERP 2.0's very first show, Blood Sport: Episode One.

[He then claps his hands together and starts to rise from his seat, only to stop at half rise... He looks off to his left with a look that could be best described as "Did I leave the iron on?" Slowly he falls back into the seat, muttering under his breath...]

...Did I forget something? Talked trash about Viper being a pussy... check... Talked about the gauntlet... check... mentioned what town I'm playing in... check... Talked about the plans I have for the Youtube championship... Double McFly Check... Damn what'd I forget...?

[Spade scratches at the back of his head, his lips pursed and his eyebrow arched as he thinks really long and hard. Suddenly his eyes light up and one could almost imagine a light bulb lighting up over his head.]

OH YEAH!! That dipshit, Jean Pierre-Celine, AKA Diet Vince Viper. Oooohhhh where to begin with that piece of shit.

[Propping his hands on his knees, with his elbows bent outward, Spade cocks his head ever so slightly to the right.]

You know, I've always hated unoriginal assholes who rip people off, even if it's somebody I hate, and especially if it's BAD. Thing is, JPC, I really hate you for two express reasons. Number One, you are a horrible rip off of Filed "Penis" Stroker and Number two you faked getting your ass kicked by me and Leon just to help further that ass-tard's agenda.

[Pulling his hands off his knees, The Samurai claps his hands and rubs his palms together.]

I have respect for just about every guy stepping up to the plate in the Gauntlet except you, Jean. Whereas I'll give them each a good, solid fight... What happens to you will be more akin to a mugging. I promise you that when I'm finished with you, "Diet Vince Viper", you'll be packing your

bags and never returning to the DERP Arena.

[Spade grips his knees and rises to a stand. Sliding the shades back down upon the bridge of his nose, He fires off that Mischievous smile of his...]

There's no place for fake motherfuckers in Delaney's Exxxtreme wRestling Promotion, JPC. At the Golden Dome, you're going to learn exactly why.

[...He then turns and steps off camera, the scene quickly fading to black.]

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

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**4 – “THE TRASHMAN” TYRONE HEAT**

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[Fade in on an exterior view of a dilapidated urban sprawl. Overused as it may be the Magic Hour is in full-effect as the subject of this segment steps into the scene. A warm light suffuses all as his hooded red windbreaker whips about in the cooling wind of dusk. Hands in his pockets, only his dark, bearded chin visible, "The Trashman" Tyrone Heat speaks.]

TH: The death knell got rung 'til the damned bell broke, son. Everybody said there wasn't no DERP no more. Hell, lots of people said we never really existed. We ain't professional, sure as hell ain't "professional wrestling", we're nothin' but a Bloodsport with a funny name.

[[Heat whips the nylon hood back from his head. ]

TH: I ain't one to call someone on spelling ... but, yeah, "wrestling" don't begin with no "R". I'll give 'em that much. Only problem with that is when people don't take extreme seriously. They think 'cause of the name we ain't bad. That we ain't nothin' but a silly parody of a wrestlin' league. What you think—

[Tyrone pauses, staring deeply , fire burning in his eyes it seems.]

TH: Do I look silly to you? Am I not serious enough? This ain't no tea party, people! Wrestling, 'Rasslin', it don't make no difference! While those goofy bastards are tumblin' around and claimin' to be "wrestlers" we're beating the shit out of each other! We're bringin' weapons to the party! They ain't about fightin', wrestlin' or nothin', man! They about rules. If all you care about is rules then you ain't bad ... you ain't nothin'...

[Thank you Michael Jackson circa 1982.]

TH: On the first Bloodsport, you know what I'm in? Crazy-ass free-for-all! I'm gonna go in that ring with a bunch of punks just waitin' to get CHOKED and you bet I'm gonna oblige. Gonna choke 'em, drop 'em on their damned domes and throw everything in the arena at 'em just 'cause I can. Just 'cause



I'm allowed! I don't need it! I don't need shit! All I need is a victim who's done somethin' just so wrong as crossin' my path and tryin' to keep me back from gettin' what I want.

[Beat.]

TH: 'Cause that's how we do. It sounds cavalier. Sounds ... cutthroat. That's the business we're in. Difference between us and the rule-lovers is we admit it. Now ... that Gauntlet. Youtube Gauntlet. I don't know if it's sponsored by Youtube or if it's just bein' shown on there. It don't really matter so much. Let's be real; this is a fight you gotta be in the arena to see. Bodys be flyin' out the ring like mad. They fly 'cause I say they can fly. They fly ... 'cause I throw 'em.

[Beat.]

TH: At least eight guys go in, at least six go flyin', one man wins and the other man lays bleedin'. You don't wanna miss this as take out the trash. Believe me when I say that, at the end of the day, Hell. Will. Rain...

[Heat wanders off, stage right. Fade.]

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

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**5 – ROB SHARPE**

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[Fade up.]

[You're up close and personal with one man, just starting his spiel.]

"Not long ago, I got a message from a friend of mine, a fan from days gone by, and he said 'hey, Rob, check this out, it's a deathmatch tournament from this place out in Pittsburgh.' I used to do my fair share of deathmatches back in the day, so I decided to click on it, pay the money to see it, and I sat down in front of my computer with a bowl of popcorn and watched. As I'm sure you know, it was Delaney's Big-Ass eXXXtreme Bash, and it was from a company called Delaney's Extreme Rasslin' Promotion.

"Before long, I'd gotten a notepad out and was taking notes, watching these guys, grizzled old guys and dumb kids alike fight it out in that ring, with any kind of weapons they could get their hands on.

"I expected blood, and I got it.

"I expected violence, and I got it.

"And I expected a revival of hardcore wrestling, that style that faded out of relevance over a decade ago, and is still fighting mad to get its place back in the wrestling universe.

"Now, did I get that?"

[The man smiles and shakes his head softly, closing and opening his baby blues again, before continuing.]

"Well, after I watched both nights, and every single match from bell to bell, I copied the URL address of the tourney videos, and sent an email to my agent, who I hadn't talked to in almost two years, by the way, and that email said..."

[He stares into the camera lens.]

"Call this Delaney character. Find out everything you can about this DERP place, and get me in. Rob Sharpe is going to march in and teach these \_amateurs\_ what hardcore wrestling's \_REALLY\_ about."

[And safe to say, Rob Sharpe is this guy. His face and head evenly shorn in that "five o'clock shadow/buzzcut" style, his blue eyes piercing our field of vision, the "Philadelphia Folk Festival" T-shirt on his chest, the veteran looks like he'll fit right in here at DERP.]

SHARPE: I don't expect anyone on the DERP roster to recognize me or even know my name, other than Josie Saito. And I'm not pretentious enough to think that anyone in that crowd, staff, or roster will think of me as a 'legend' like is so popular in the little companies these days...

[Sharpe rolls his eyes and brings a hand into the camera's view to make a "wanking" gesture.]

SHARPE: ...because I'm not like all the old fogeys from yesteryear. The last time I've wrestled for a major promotion was ten years ago, and since then, I've kept a low profile on purpose, wanting to live a quiet life, away from the ring. Settle some personal matters, and get a real job like the rest of the hoi polloi, and make my living. All the promoters I worked with in those days quit the business, a lot of them fell off the face of the planet. Shit, the fact that I stumbled upon Josie Saito of all people, wasting her talent in a place like this, is a damn miracle.

But the fact is, I've been watching. On my TV, on the Internet, I'm consuming every little piece of professional wrestling my free time allows. Match by match, card by card, I'm sizing up everyone on screen, and imagining myself in that ring, one on one, with each and every one of them. TSWF, AWA, BSCW, I could go on.

[He smiles to himself and bows his head, chuckling with closed eyes. His head raises, still sporting that grin.]

SHARPE: So, why, oh, why, did I take my business to the Steel City?

For one thing, watching these guys attempt manslaughter on each other in the middle of a warehouse took me back to memories of barbed-wire rings, explosions, and nasty falls. Whether it was in Madison Square Garden, or a humble little place called Viking Hall in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, a bingo hall that has more nicknames than the Virgin Mary, and is responsible for generating just about \_anybody\_ who is or was \_anybody\_ in professional wrestling over the last twenty years, fighting in those environments, hand-to-hand or with chairs, tables, bats, what-have-you... those weren't just the best days of my career.

Those were the best days of my LIFE.

[Sharpe nods.]

SHARPE: And seeing these guys go at it with reckless abandon... well, it was like a shark smelling blood for the first time in a decade. It drove me NUTS. And now, I'm here in DERP to indulge my appetite for blood and pain. I'm going to start off in a tag match against a couple of guys from Japan called Ide-Nama with some kid named Devin Houlihan. And then, after that? I'll be in the ring again trying to get my hands on a... YouTube Championship?

[He shrugs and rolls his eyes.]

SHARPE: New way of getting the product out there, I guess.

But let me just say to the DERP roster...

I'm not just some old guy trying to milk his glory days for a quick buck, or relive the good old days.

I'm not sitting on a long, established career and making my rounds. This isn't my wrestling career's revival; it's my second act.

[Sharpe cracks another one of those grins... this is becoming a pattern, isn't it?]

SHARPE: And that act is going to be all about taking the DERP roster to school, and showing them what hardcore's all about.

The shark's smelled the blood.

And he wants more.

[The camera fades to black on the face of DERP's latest acquisition and hopeful star.]

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

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**6 – “SYKO” ANGEL MARTINEZ**

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[Ah, DERP Banner. And a man with his back to us.]

I've figured it all out.

It's been a while since I've wrestled under someone else's banner. A place that was not my own, where I had some kind of hand in the making of decisions. Two matches at the bash, was the most action I had seen in 2 years. And I hear some of you out there already bitching.

[A hand comes up making that motion you make when someone just won't stop yappin'.]

"Angel, you should've stayed away."

"Angel, the business has passed you by."

"Angel, you're laying down on indy shows for a drug-addict that could never make it, and the company will probably be shut down by either the athletic commission or the DEA in the next 6 months."

And to you, you fuckin' haters, I say this.

[Angel Martinez turns around, that grin of his somehow still intact after all this time.]

Thank you.

[The man they call Syko chuckles, keepin' on.]

Yes, thank you, you morons. Thank you for giving me someone to prove wrong. If nothing else, you assholes should know by now I love to be right, and I love to be that dick that says 'I told you so'. I don't know at what point you decided that it was okay to cast doubts on me again, people. Maybe it was when I did that whole Red Dragon bullshit. Maybe it was when I stopped competing and started managing. Maybe it was after losing twice at the Bash.

Whenever it was, for whatever reason, you're wrong. I'm better than that. I'm better than what you think. Fuck your thoughts.

So what, if I'm working for an organization as small as this? Do you really think I give a fuck about budgets for pyro and front office bullshit, and network executives at this point in my life? Fuck no. I never cared about any of that. The only reason I dealt with it for so long was to help the rest of you fuckers. The people who weren't going to get TV time, the people who I was told weren't going to make it. I proved a lot of people wrong by doing a lot of crazy shit, both in and out of the ring, and some of you didn't deserve my rub.

But I gave it to you anyway. Not because I wanted you to have it, but because I wanted to prove everyone wrong. I've been doing that for a decade and a half. I think it's about time I stop giving, and start taking. And here, under this banner...

[Angel points back to the DERP banner, which starts to fall because we used cheap tape to hang it.]

I don't have to worry about budgets, or looking good for TV, or any of this shit. All I have to worry about is ME. Doing what I want to do for a change, and not having to worry about who in the front office is going to be pissed off. I don't need titles. I don't need money. I don't need screen time. All I need is a ring, a few hundred drunken assholes to show my shit to, and a willing body to take my shit.

That's exactly what I've been provided with here. A cold case of beer when I roll into town, maybe a fat spliff, and then showtime. If it helps the product by my being here, then so be it. I could really give two shits about Delaney's bottom line. The only agenda I'm here to push is my own, but I'm allowed to do so, and I appreciate that. If I didn't, believe me, I wouldn't be here.

With that out of the way, let's not talk about me. Let's talk about you. Let's talk about Josie Sato, the Revolution. I'm not really appreciative the you've decided to try and build your name at my expense. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear I was your focus in that 4 way to get through to the next round of that tournament, and to me, that just comes off like you thought I was the weak link. Meanwhile, who's the one that froze up like a fish stick when Manning hit the ring with the pepper spray? Yeah, that's right bitch. You. Your inability to react to a situation, not only cost you, but got ME sprayed, and ended up costing me the fall to that dickbag Manning when I tried to do something about it. I probably would've went on to win the whole fuckin' thing, but whatever. That's the past now, and right now the only thing in my path is you, Josie.

Don't worry. I'm not going to write you off because you're a woman. I've been on the road with crazy bitches for 2 years now, and I know that they're probably tougher than most men in this industry. And as tough as they are, they're just as moody, ugly, nasty bitches that I'd love my hands around their throat and choke'm. 2 years, I have listened to a little diva princess from space expect me to fulfill every want and need, and her half-a-lesbian moody emo partner demanding this and that and trying to hurt my student, because she sees fit to raise their game through pain and suffering. I would LOVE to go ahead and tell them to fuck off, and maybe wrap a chair around their head at times. But I can't do that. I'm their manager. The other women around me are all insane, right down to my lovely significant other. One might say I have some pent-up aggression towards women. One might say I have some respect for them. I say you better beware, Josie. When I hit that ring, I am going to release my load, my aggressive load, all over your face. I'm not here to judge you as a woman. I'm not here to bitch about you taking a spot away from a man or any of that sexist shit.

I'm telling you straight up. When we hit the Golden Dome, Angel Martinez is gonna hafta choke a bitch. But you're the one who offered. You wanted this. You knew what you were signing up for. I won't need barbed wire and tables and plunder of every sort to do it.

All I need are these.

[Angel puts his hands in frame, palms out.]

It's all I've ever needed. I can get crazy with the best of them and start smashing people with pipes. I'm from the streets, bitch, I know how it goes down. But I don't need it. I'm gonna beat you clean. I'm gonna let out the aggression that a million cunts deserve to get nailed with, and it's all going to be focused, right on you, Josie Sato.

The revolution won't be televised. Not unless Lifetime decided to make a movie called 'The Beating Of Josie Sato' starring Angel Martinez as Typical Male. Don't take it personal, though. You're just another body on the roster, and you're hardly the biggest bitch. The rest of the cunts will fall too. You just happen to be the first.

Just don't say I didn't tell you so.

Golden Dome. Get ready to get Syko once more.

[And the banner finally falls off the wall. Angel looks back to see the paintjob and not the shitty banner, shrugs, and walks off.]

Fuck it.

[Fade.]

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

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**7 – ‘THE REVOLUTION’ JOSIE SAITO**

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[It’s early morning as the scene opens at the home of “The Revolution” Josie Saito. The young woman is seated at a table in her boudoir, clad in a robe, tied at the waist. There is a towel wrapped turban-style around her head, obscuring her hair. As the camera zooms closer, we see that she is shuffling a deck of Tarot cards. She suddenly lays the stack of cards face down and looks up to face the camera, her expression solemn.]

Josie Saito: I’ll give Angel Martinez one thing. Unlike most of the other pathetic Neanderthals infesting DERP, he’s one of the few men willing to give women in this industry any actual credit or support. I’m very familiar with his credentials. And he’s surrounded himself with some of the best women wrestlers in this business, both personally and professionally.

Good.

[A smile, respectful plays on her lips as she nods.]

Josie: That means he knows not to come half assed against me and should be the type of challenge that I’ve been asking for since I walked through the door. See, I can’t solidify my greatness when my competition is anything less than stellar. I need my opponents at their absolute best so that, when I inevitably crush them, it’s suitably awe-inspiring.

[Now the smile is full on, brimming with confidence and bordering on arrogance.]

Josie: And that’s exactly what will happen when are finally face to face.

[She plucks a card from the deck and places it face up to her left on the table. The Four of Pentacles, holding onto earthly power and possessions.]

Josie: Because no matter how much respect I have for Martinez, it doesn’t change the fact that I’ve come here to dominant DERP and reassert my role as one of the greatest wrestlers in this sport, despite what a few recent...missteps would have you believe. And I will let no one stand in my way. It was bad

enough losing to that reprobate, Frank Wilkes, at the Extreme Bash. And I'm still unsure how in the Hell he even managed to steal that win!

[A look of disgust suddenly crosses her features.]

Josie: But I guess the saying is true. "God shines down on children and idiots". [a beat] And apparently those who fondle them as well.

[She shakes her head.]

Josie: But there will be no such lucky breaks for Angel. Because I won't allow myself to falter again. This time, I will accept nothing less than victory.

[She plucks another card, placing it face up and next to the other. The Page of Pentacles reversed, a need for focus.]

Josie: I've prepared myself both physically and mentally for this match. After my previous defeat, I know how important this opportunity is and I refuse to squander it. So, Angel needs to prepare himself for what's to come. Because, I will be coming at him with everything that I have and nothing less than my best.

[She plucks a third and final card, putting it to the right of the others. Ace of Swords, a challenge to be met and solved.]

Josie: Because there's no stopping a Revolution. You either concede or get run the fuck over. Whichever Angel decides is on him.

[The scene fades to black.]

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

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**8 – "DANGEROUS" DEVIN HOULIHAN**

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[No frills. No extras or special effects needed OR wanted. It's just the black and gold DERP banner taped to the wall and a young mid twenty's male standing in front of it. Wearing blue jeans and a "Lamb of God" cloth, with his hair pulled back in a ponytail, Devin Houlihan looks very serious.]

"D"DH: It was just about a year ago I was tearing up the tag ranks in PVW with my brother... We were young, brash grapplers with big dreams and high expectations. It was our first "gig", our first "chance at the big time"...

[Devin pauses, lips curling with anger.]

But we never were appreciated. We weren't \_really\_ given a chance to succeed. All we were was \_filler\_, a young tag team only brought on to serve as bodies to beat on. The eventually tension builds and builds and builds then there's explosion.

Then... toss in coupla' family tragedies...

...plus a few failed piss tests...

...and then you find yourself right back home, under mom and dad's rough, \_begging\_ your former teacher for a spot... \_ANYTHING\_ to just be able to get back into the ring and start that climb back to the top of the mountain!

[Pause.]

I have that shot. I've been given that chance. Ide-Nama... Just like you, I'm happy to fuckin' be a part of the MAGIC. But also like you... I know there is MORE to this story! I know we \_STRIVE\_ and \_THRIVE\_ to be the main character... not just some bullshit supporting act!

[Smiles.]

I hope you're ready to lay it all on the line and leave no left turn unstoned....

...CAUSE ITS BOUT TO GET DANGEROUS UP IN THIS BITCH!!!

[Fade.]

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

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**9 – “THE PUNISHMENT” DANIEL EVERETT**

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[We're backstage, where DERP Deathmatch Champion Daniel “The Punishment” Everett is stood holding the belt, looking at it for a moment with a focused intensity, before he turns to face the camera]

I know what you're thinking, and you're right – this is the single most goddamn beautiful thing you ever saw.

[Everett kisses the belt, before slinging it over his shoulder]

There's a hundred belts for a hundred guys to win at any given time, but this one is different from all of them. To win this, I had to put my flesh, my blood, and my bones on the line and face up to everyone they could throw at me with just one intention – to prove that I was better than their best.



Looking back, it's hard to deny that's exactly what I did. I came in with no hype, I wasn't given a hope of winning the belt, and I was called a "coward" by my first round opponent as they tried to make themselves sound like Billy Badass to cover his own insecurities before he got into the ring.

When I put down Bullzeye and proved him to be nothing but empty words coming from the hole at the front of his empty head, I went up against Caleb Foley. Again, nobody thought I'd go through, but you know what? I did. I took his best shots, and I came back with ones that were harder and he stayed down. Foley can swing a baloney, but I can swing a punch – and that's what counts.

After that, with nobody paying attention because they were watching their favourite reprobates elsewhere, I went up against that fat tub of guts Mike Foyer. And you know what I did to him? I helped him shed a bunch of weight by using the barbed wire like a bacon slicer on that pot belly of his, so he no longer looks like he's going to give birth any minute.

And at the end of it all, with nobody paying any attention, it was Frank Wilkes.

[Everett glances at his belt once more]

That was it, surely? Wilkes can roll in barbed wire like a normal man rolls in their duvet. A handful of tacks to the face is like a splash of water to him. The stage was set for him to be crowned the King of the Bash. Just one problem – he wasn't.

I've already looked into the eyes of four supposed hardcore legends, and I proved that they were legends in their own heads, but when they got into the ring they weren't shit.

They may know how to hurt an opponent, but not one of them knows how to punish the man they're facing. It takes more than a spill into some barbed wire to make somebody give up. Hell, a quick jolt of electricity may hurt at the time, but if that's the limit of what you're going to do it won't get the job done.

Each and every one of the so-called "legends" made the same mistake. They played to the crowd, satisfying their urge to watch a guy hit with a pound of pastrami, caught up in barbed wire, or whatever else – but not one of them thought of following up on it. Do they think sending a guy into barbed wire for an instant will defeat them? It may sting, it may draw blood, but it isn't the be-all and end-all. You know the sort of thing that is? Everett Driver, bang, right on your head. Anyone with an ounce of sense could've guessed that, but it turns out that I wasn't facing the community college debate team.

So now I stand here, holding the title that any number of wannabe tough bastards couldn't win, and they're lining up new contenders for me. First up is Josh Manning, who presumably drew the short straw.

Ask yourself, Manning, what your chances really are. I went through four of the supposed baddest in the space of two nights to win this title, proving every last doubter wrong in the most satisfying way possible. I may have bled, I may have taken a ton of punishment, and I may have gained a couple more scars, but the fact is I took everything they had, and it wasn't enough to stop me climbing over the pile of bodies to stand atop the pile. And I bet that pisses you off, Manning, because you couldn't stop me. Not because I took you out like I did piss pants, Foley, the fat bitch or Wilkes, but because you'd had your ass handed to you already and you were a non-factor.

I'll level with you, Manning – you're going to have a bad night. I don't mean you'll be on the receiving end of some photogenic, crowd-pleasing carnage – you'll be on the end of the sort of punishment that I inflicted on Bullzeye, Foley, Foyer and Wilkes...but I don't have to hold back.

Think about it, I was pacing myself for that tournament, trying not to go balls to the wall early and be too tired to continue later on, and it paid off. Now I don't have to think about the next match or the match after it, all I have to think about is putting you down, then heading for a post-match shower. Nothing else matters once the match starts, you are the only thing I have to concern myself with...unless your hetero life mate wants to get involved, which I don't encourage for his own sake.

Your only hope, Manning, is that I suddenly develop a fear of heights when I've left your battered, maimed carcass on the floor and inch closer to retaining my title. Because, when I get into view of my title, that's when I get...competitive, and my will to win kicks up a notch. And after everything else you've heard and should consider, that's the one thing you don't want - the point where I go into another gear in order to win, and look for the most effective way to make that possible.

So that's it, Manning, that's what you're up against. A force of nature, coming straight for you, and you have to try and weather the storm until it passes...or be left in its path of destruction. And all this for a belt that says I can beat the unholy crap out of anyone who gets in my way, regardless of their reputation.

Try not to take it too personally – it's just what happens when something is in my way and needs to be removed.

[FTB]

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

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**10 – IDE-NAMA**

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[Takeshi Ideura and Yosuke Namashita are both sitting backstage in their street clothes]

(\* - Translated from their native Japanese)

Ideura: We're still here, which means one thing – we won our last match.

Namashita: Spoiled rich kids. Is that the best they can do?

Ideura: You can only beat what's in front of you, Yosuke.

Namashita: The only reason they were in front of us was because somebody chained them there!

Ideura: True, but you didn't need to go off on the one you were chained to like that. Imagine how he's going to explain that gash on his head to his poor, concerned mother when he got home. He's probably been grounded for a month!

Namashita: He had it coming, the arrogant bastard! He wanted to bring chairs into the match, but didn't know how to use one.

Ideura: Neither did you – until you smashed him in the head with one.

Namashita: Oh yeah, that was great!

Ideura: The crowd seemed to like you caving his head in with your elbow, too.

Namashita: Say what you will about American wrestling crowd, but they know what they like!

Ideura: You're telling me...

[Ideura sighs]

Namashita: What's up?

Ideura: One thing I was hoping to do was show the crowd what I could do, but because of the stipulation I wasn't allowed off the leash, so to speak.

Namashita: Apart from when that chick used the bolt cutters...

Ideura: True, but what kind of strategy was that? Were they planning on making a run for it?

Namashita: Beats me. But, on the other hand, you must be looking forward to our next match.

Ideura: And why's that?

Namashita: No stipulations, no gimmicks – we just have to wrestle.

[Ideura clearly lightens at the suggestion]

Namashita: I thought that would cheer you up.

Ideura: Just as long as the commentators don't dump on us for not swinging light tubes at our opponents for twenty minutes.

Namashita: That's better than someone trying to be funny and say we're speaking Chinese. *Baka...*

Ideura: Still, if we have opponents who know what wrestling is, rather than treat the match like some recreational activity...

Namashita: Until I smashed their skull with a chair!

Ideura: ...until you smashed their skull with a chair, we will be able to show what we can do. Have you been checking out the opponents?

Namashita: Sort of.

Ideura: Sort of?

Namashita: I heard their names and I checked if they were real on Google, does that count?

[Ideura face palms and mutters to himself]

Namashita: What, that's more than our last opponents did.

Ideura: Yosuke, this is why the office paired us up before sending us overseas – so I could keep an eye on you.

Namashita: What does that mean?

Ideura: People keep saying you don't put in the effort, and need someone to whip you into shape.

Namashita: Who says that? I'll kick their ass!

Ideura: The people who put us on this tour, for one.

Namashita: Two-faced bastards...

[Namashita bristles at the accusations he's lazy]

Namashita: So what can you tell me about our opponents, given you're top of the class?

Ideura: Yosuke...

Namashita: If I'm "lazy", you have to tell me!

Ideura: Fine...

Devin Hoolihan has a reputation as a tag team specialist, working the circuit for a long time...are you sure you didn't check the press release?

Namashita: I skimmed it...

Ideura: "I skimmed it..."

Namashita: What, we didn't get the interpreter we were promised, so I had to make do with the words I can actually understand.

[Ideura looks crestfallen that his partner isn't taking their tour seriously]

Namashita: He's a tag specialist, I got it. What about the other guy?

Ideura: Rob Sharpe is a veteran, so knows his way around the ring. He's also a big guy, so you'll enjoy the challenge of seeing if you can throw him around.

Namashita: Good, I like a challenge. I'll show him who the strongest competitor in the ring is, and it won't be him. Does that sound like I'm taking it seriously?

Ideura: It's a start.

Namashita: I should ask, are we getting any coverage back home?

Ideura: Some.

Namashita: "Some"?

Ideura: We got a small column in Weekly Pro Wrestling, so somebody was paying attention.

Namashita: A column? What do we have to do to get a full page?

Ideura: How about winning a few more matches?

Namashita: That sounds like an idea!

Ideura: ...and maybe learning a few things, so when we go back home we'll rise up the ranks quicker.

Namashita: I already learned how to swing a chair!

Ideura: I was thinking of something slightly different – they tend to frown on garbage wrestling back home. This isn't the mid-90s.

Namashita: It's their loss.

Ideura: Loss or otherwise, do you have an idea of what you need to do?

Namashita: How about I throw Houlihan around the ring, and test my strength against Sharpe?

Ideura: That's... a start.

Namashita: Alright, let's do this!

[Namashita looks fired up, as Ideura tries to hide the fact he's shaking his head in resignation as we FTB]

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

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**BONUS: FOODSTAMP'S FUN TIME!!!**

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[Camera opens up in the Bear's Den... ie Delaney's private office. Delaney is actually nowhere in sight, but sitting in front of his giant wooden oak desk is none other than the masked madman and official DERP interviewer... FOODSTAMP!!! Food doesn't look like he's having much fun, as he sits in one of Delaney's office chair, nervously fidgeting back and forth; as he stares off into space. There's a flushing of toilet heard, and then from a 'hidden door' emerges the 'Fearless Leader' of DERP... RYAN FN DELANEY!!! Food quickly sits upright, as Delaney assumes his position at his desk chair, shuffling the papers in front of him.]

RD: Alright... Sorry for the wait but Obama's kids needed dropped off at the pool...

[Delaney clears his throat as Food nervously shifts his wait.]

RD: So... Food... How's things going?

FS: Uh... good?

RD: You've enjoying being the \_OFFICIAL\_ DERP interviewer?

FS: Yea... It's fun trying to get the low dahn and the inside \_SCOOP\_! I'd like to think that, ya know... I've gotten pretty good at it.

[Delaney shuffles the papers around some more, nodding as Food shifts his weight yet again.]

RD: I'd agree with that Stamper, I really do. Got nuttin but \_RAVE\_ reviews regarind' yer dere interviewer skills. But, I gotta know, Stamper... Are you \_REALLY\_ happy being an interviewer??

[Delaney pauses, obviously expecting an answer here. As Food begins stammer, Delaney cuts him off.]

RD: I mean... Do you ever feel like... you actually belong \_INSIDE\_ that ring?

FS: I tried that with HUGE... And VXW before that... ...

RD: So what... Get knocked of the horse and you never got back on!?!? Got smacked around, taught a free tricks of the trade and gave up your dreams?!?!

[Food's silent as Delaney pauses again... this time sliding open a drawer to his right by the sounds of things.]

RD: Well, Stamper... I'd like to believe I'm in the \_DREAM REALIZATION\_ biz'ness! I'd like to feel that anyone who feels like they too could be a wrestling superstar at least deserves a chance to be smacked around like a little bitch!

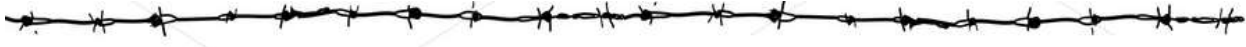
FS: Okay....?

RD: The point is, Stamper... You've been a \_CHAMPION\_ before... Right here in \_DERP\_! And, Stamper... A champion you are \_AGAIN\_!

[Instantly with all the flare he can muster, Delaney flops down... the \_DERP 24/7 CHAMPIONSHIP\_ on top of the desk!]

RD: Take it. Its yours. Realize your \_DREAMS\_, young Skywalker!

[Food rises from the chair, and cautiously approaches the desk. He slowly reaches out and carefully pulls the championship belt into his grasp... instantly pulling it right to his chest and hugging it with all his might, the love pouring out of him! The camera slowly fades to black.]



THOUGHTS? REACTIONS? SPEAK YOUR MIND RIGHT HERE:

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