

[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.

APPEARING IN THIS ISSUE:

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- 5 – “Too Good” Johnny Marvelous
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PRFFFFFFTTT!!!! WEIRD STATIC TRANSITION NOISE/VIDEO!!!!

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1 – IDE-NAMA: TAKASHI IDEURA AND YOSUKE NAMASHITA

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** The majority of this promo is translated from Japanese **

[We’re at the entrance of a Japanese restaurant, where a maître d’ is waiting at his station for customers to arrive. After a few moments, Takeshi Ideura walks through the door, looking tired, and approaches the maître d’]

Maître d’: Can I help you, sir?

[Ideura looks awkward, as he realises his English isn’t exactly the most fluent in the world, certainly not at a level to explain what’s clearly on his mind. Luckily, he receives a helping hand...]

Voice: ICHI! NI! SAN! SAKE BOMB!!!

[Ideura nods in the direction of the voice, and the maître d’ understands]

Maître d’: I see.

[Ideura walks past the maître d’ towards the restaurant itself]

Ideura: “I see.” Baka...

[Ideura walks through the restaurant, although the majority of diners aren’t Japanese. But he’s not here to eat, he’s here for what’s sitting at the bar – Yosuke Namashita, getting hammered]

Ideura: I thought I would find you here.

[Namashita drunkenly turns to face Ideura]

Namashita: Really? You look like you ran all over town.

[Ideura flashes a disapproving, and slightly irritated, glare at his partner]

Namashita: Here, can I get you a drink?

[Namashita points at the latest of his empty glass/cup combos, and indicates for the barman to bring over two – although Ideura shakes his head, telling him to cancel the order]

Namashita: You're no fun when I get drunk...

[Ideura lets out a resigned sigh]

Ideura: Please tell me you won't do this every time we lose a match.

Namashita: A match? When did we lose a match?

Ideura: How wasted are you???

Namashita: I can almost remember being dropped on my head a few times by some fat guy, but I can't remember if that was a match or us clearing customs at JFK.

Ideura: That was out last match...

Namashita: Ahh, now I remember. That wasn't fun...

Ideura: I can see...

Namashita: Ah, what would you know? You didn't, so you don't get to drink. BARMAN! Another one of these!

[Ideura again cancels the order]

Namashita: Come on, it's Friday night, it's the traditional day to get wasted!

Ideura: No, it's Thursday afternoon.

Namashita: Thursday? Afternoon? Shit, why did nobody tell me?

Ideura: That depends, do you get deaf when you drink too much?

Namashita: Piss off!

Ideura: Right, time to go...

[Ideura picks up Namashita, who is belligerent but not fighting being carried out]

SOME TIME LATER

[It's the morning after, and Namashita wanders into the motel lobby with a bitch of a hangover]

Namashita: I feel like a pig shit in my head...

Ideura: Yosuke!

[Namashita turns around – a bad idea in his condition – to see Ideura in the cafe, beckoning him over]

Namashita: Too loud, dammit!

[Namashita sits down, massaging his throbbing temples]

Ideura: Breakfast?

Namashita: Coffee...

[Ideura gets up and, a few moments later, returns with a cup of filter coffee. Namashita takes a sip, and visibly grimaces]

Namashita: I don't suppose they have coffee that doesn't taste like crap?

Ideura: I don't think so.

Namashita: Dammit...

[Namashita tries to brave another sip]

SOME TIME LATER

[The members of Ide-Nama are in a local gym, possibly checking if there's a sauna to help Namashita sweat out the excessive amount of alcohol in his system...or possibly because they happen to be trained athletes]

Namashita: Can't we come here tomorrow?

Ideura: We have a match tomorrow. Remember?

Namashita: Damn.

Ideura: Oh, right...

Ideura: Yes, right. What's the matter with you? You didn't take the last match seriously, you forget the latest one – are you determined to have the worst reputation in puroresu?

Namashita: Come on, there's worse than me.

Ideura: At least they're sober!

Namashita: Really? They really are crap, aren't they?

Ideura: That's not the point!

[Ideura realises he raised his voice, drawing attention toward the pair of them, so decides it's worth changing tack]

Ideura: We both know you have the potential, if you put in the effort – the wins will come, so if you lose one or two matches here and there it won't matter, because you will win three or four, or five or six. You get the idea.

Namashita: Easy for you to say, you're the golden boy...

Ideura: I need to win matches, too – and that requires your help as much as my effort.

Namashita: But we aren't a team for the next match, we're just two entrants.

Ideura: That doesn't mean we're not a team.

Namashita: Really. How?

Ideura: It's simple. First of all, I bet you're dying to get a measure of revenge on Houlihan for the last match, to get that loss out of your system.

Namashita: Maybe, but that doesn't explain it.

Ideura: Think about it – WE can get a measure of revenge on Houlihan, with one of us attacking him as the other makes sure we don't get caught by another opponent.

Namashita: Interesting...

Ideura: I thought you'd like that.

All we need to do is work like a team, and the match will become less daunting. That may make it three-on-two, but is that worse than three-on one? We can gain revenge against Houlihan, and if we have to we can drag him out of the arena, because the rules allow it.

Namashita: I never knew you could be so devious!

Ideura: If you want to win, you have to pick off the opposition – not hit your best moves and hope for the best.

Namashita: One problem, though – only one man can win.

Ideura: I know...

[Ideura's eyes narrow, as he looks off into the middle distance]

Ideura: If we eliminate everyone else, or should I say if everyone else is eliminated, I guess we should say “May the best man win.”

Namashita: I guess we should.

[FTB]

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2 – ONO HEZONFAIA

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[A darkened swimming pool.]

SYN'S VOICE: This is a swimming pool.

This is a college swimming pool, with bleachers.

This is a dark room, and someone just turned on the lights.

[Someone just turned on half the lights.]

SYN'S VOICE: There is a figure standing in the hallway. A shillouette, lurking.

[There is a shillouetted figure of a man, lurking in the hallway.]

SYN'S VOICE: This is a large and empty room that is lined with ceramic tiles, providing us with an excellent echo chamber effect that we couldn't pass up.

[ONO HEZONFAIA marches out from the hallway, into the poolside area. He takes a big deep breath, holds his hands as a megaphone, and projects!]

ONO: EEEEEEEEXX TUREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEMMMMMMMMMMME!

(Delaney, can you see if you can fancy that up in some big bold weird font in the PDF? Thanks. -CJ)

[Good volume, dude. Nice reverb on that, what with all the water and the tiles and cement.]

SYN'S VOICE: This is...

FOODSTAMP: FOOOODSTAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMP!

folded and the top four buttons undone, blue jeans, a hand-tooled brown leather belt with a large silver BMF Longhorn buckle, biker-style leather watch/bracelet combo, those gold framed sunshades, and that folded straw cowboy hat atop his head. Removing the sunshades from his face, Mike folds them and hangs them on the collar of his shirt.]

BMF: Last week, I stood toe to toe with Ono Hezonfaia and the little guy did pretty much what I figured he'd do. He fought his heart out and tried his damndest to bring this mountain down. I heard tha' crowd. I heard more booin' than cheerin' for the most part, but I guess that goes to show you that everybody loves the underdog in the fight.

[Mike slips one hand in his pocket, the other stroking at the thick stubble having grown in on his face. Apparently he was letting his beard grow back in.]

I respect any man who will stand up and fight like he has a set and that's what Mr. Hezonfaia did. My opponent at this upcomin' Blood Sport, Angel Martinez, is another guy I'd put in that category. I know, I talked alotta' trash about him at the Bash but hey, he took his stompin' and where most guys would just curl up and cry like a lil' bitch, he dusted himself off and tried again.

[He slowly nods his head, a reverent, respectful look written on his broad face.]

His mouth may write checks his ass can't cash, but he's still writin' 'em. He's still tryin'. He's still got heart. So I say to you, Mr. Martinez, I'm lookin' forward to tha' rematch. You put up a good fight at the Bash and now that we know each other a little more, it's gonna' make for a much better match.

[BMF puts his hands on his hips.]

My money is still on me bein' the winner but Angel, if you should pull out the victory over me and become tha' Number 1 Contender for the Death Match Title at the Burt Flickinger Center in Buffalo, I'll shake your hand and then raise it up. Anybody can talk trash, but only real men know respect.

[Reaching up, Mike pulls the hat from his head, revealing that his hair as growing back fairly quickly. Those thin scars were already becoming hard to pick out. BMF stares down at the hat now residing in his hands, slowly shaking his head oeft to right.]

Last week, I watched the latest TSWF show and listened to that fat son of a bitch, Mongoloid, rant and rave about me not giving him a rematch. He referred to himself as a human wrecking ball. A body smashing machine. Heh...

[Mike scoffs.]

...He called me out and showed his ass like a fat bastard kid and you know what? That tub of lard, after having the nerve to say the shit he said about me, was the first guy eliminated in the TSWF Underground Championship Gauntlet. He went out to a Hardcore Clown who doesn't wanna' be Hardcore anymore. How sad is that?

[BMF slowly shakes his head left to right.]

How many times do I have to say it? I'm done with tha' turd. He has no respect, will never show any respect, and he keeps that shit up and somebody's gonna' send him home a gibbering vegetable.

[His head lifts and he looks upon the camera with a stern look on his face.]

Hey, Fat Fuck, I'm done with you. Do you understand? You will never be my equal or even good enough to carry my bags if I ever do set foot in a TSWF arena ever again! Mongo, you're what we refer to in this business as a Jobber. You can't wrestle for shit, but you're a body and all you are there for is to give somebody an easy rub by beating your big, fat, shit encrusted ASS!

[He waves his hand at the camera with a dismissive gesture.]

Shoo... Go back to that cave they dug you out of in Chicago. Stop embarrassing Tha' great state of Illinois and just do what you were born to do. Sit at a bar all day eating bacon, drinkin' beer, and talkin' about "DA' BEARZ!" until dying about 5 or 6 heart attacks later.

[BMF places his hat back on his head and starts to turn, only to stop for a second. Slowly he looks back to the camera.]

Oh... and by the way, Monkey boy, if you ever send a Midget to talk to me on your behalf again, I'll take and shove tha' little bastard straight up your ass.

[Grabbing the shades from his shirt, he places them back on his face and steps off camera. Fade to black.]

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

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4 – “THE STREET SAMURAI” SPADE

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[We open upon a black Banner, decorated in barbwire designs, blood spatters, and the letters D...E...R...P... spelled out with jagged razorwire. Stepping in front of it, is the newly crowned Youtube Champion himself, "The Street Samurai," Spade. Standing there, belt on his shoulder at a profile view for a brief moment, we find him decked out in that ornately crafted black leather duster, gradient blue sunshades, fingerless gloves, black DERP T-shirt, and blue jeans. We can only guess what his shoes look like, since this shot from the waist up. He lifts the shades from his face and props them atop that slicked back, dark brown hair, then finally turns to face the camera with a wry grin on his face.]

Spade: I came... they saw...

[Spade lifts that belt from his shoulder and holds it out in front of the camera.]

...and I kicked ass.

[He places the belt back upon his shoulder.]

A valuable lesson was learned at DERP's Blood Sport numero Uno. While each participant was worried about one thing or another, not a single one of them even thought enough of me to say my name or even pay a passing glance. The lesson? Don't overlook anyone or anything. You'll pay for it everytime.

[With a chuckle, Spade leans against that bannered wall, arms crossed over his chest.]

It's the greatest feeling in the world, showing up competitors who underestimate me. Nothing puts a bigger smile on my face than when I get a shocked look from somebody after I kick their ass. I live to face guys who think their shit doesn't stink and that they are better than me.

[Sighing softly, he shakes his head left to right.]

The only problem I actually have with it is that to be overlooked is to be disrespected. Not a single one of them mentioned my name. Nobody in that gauntlet rumble match respected me enough to even give me a cursory nod and in my mind's eye, that's troubling. But then again, everywhere I've ever gone, it's been like that for me.

[His head lowers a bit, eyes averted to the floor.]

I'm not an ego freak, demanding to be the center of attention but for the past 13 years I've worked as a professional wrestler, I've rarely been shown any respect by my fellow peers.

[With a shrug of his shoulders, Spade's head lifts and his eyes return to the camera with an non-chalant look upon his face.]

Ultimately, it doesn't matter. Keep overlooking me. Keep on ignoring "The Street Samurai." It'll make it that much better when the referee has to help you out of the ring because you don't even know who or where the hell you are. You'll just feel a shitload of pain and see my back as I walk away another win notched on his belt.

None of the guys in the back may respect me, but I show respect, especially when someone's worth it. Rob Sharpe, you stood toe to toe against me at the end of the Gauntlet and had did a fair share of the eliminations. Hell you almost took me out a couple times there. You are every bit deserving of being the first guy to try and take this off of me.

[Spade tugs at the belt a bit for emphasis, that trademark dangerous grin of his spreading across his face.]

I was the first real competitor to step into the ring and even though I was pretty wore out, you saw first hand what I'm capable of. Mr. Ring Legend, and I say that out of respect, you sir are stepping in for the fight of your life.

[He pats that silver championship on his shoulder softly.]

At the Burt Flickinger Center in Buffalo, New York, it's just you and me, Robbie. You may be a legend, but I am The Street Samurai and I...never...say...die.

[Bending back ever so slightly, Spade tilts his head back, cups his hands around his mouth, and lets out the battle cry...]

AAAAAAAAWWWWWWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOooooooooooooooooooooo.....

[Spade then jerks his head forward, his shades slipping down his forehead and falling neatly on the bridge of his nose. That dangerous smile doesn't die either, apparently, as he gets eye to eye with the camera.]

See you on the 30th, Sharpe.

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

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

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5 – “TOO GOOD” JOHNNY MARVELOUS

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[The Niagara Falls roar in the distance as probably another set of tourists are somehow amazed by water falling over a cliff while sitting on an old crappy boat. A few hundred feet away from that the mist of the falls causes a plastic bag to begin fluttering through the air and just before you can make a joke about it being the 'most beautiful thing in the world' it smacks a dirty smelly bum right in the face as he was just trying to enjoy his open can of beans. Standing off to the side of this is none other than Johnny Marvelous.]

MARVELOUS: Buffalo, New York! What a fucking shithole.

[He looks towards the bum who continues to claw at his face to get the plastic bag off of him.]

MARVELOUS: If it weren't for the electricity, Buffalo would be a third world country. I swear to God, just standing in the summer breeze here might have given me the crabs. And did I mention the summer breeze? You're lucky you don't have to smell it, like rotting dog shit packed into the armpit of a shirt worn by Foodstamp after a week.

[He takes a deep breath and then just spits at the ground, probably leaving a clean mark on the city street. It appears that Marvelous is standing outside a run down hotel near the edge of the city.]

MARVELOUS: Who in their right fucking mind would ever come to Buffalo, let alone send an entire wrestling promotion up here? Oh yeah, that's right. Your fearless leader.

[Marvelous twirls his finger.]

MARVELOUS: Ryan Fucking Delaney... a man who lied to me when he signed me to this company and a man who continued to lie to me right there in his very own ring. Don't believe me still, huh? Well, maybe the contract signing thing is a bit hard to prove, but what about what your fearless leader said to me in the ring?

Don't remember? Lay off of the crack pipe, assholes. He said that the only way for me to earn a spot on this roster was to beat Caleb Foley on the next Bloodsport. Remember it now?

[He gives you a second to remember this fact.]

MARVELOUS: Guess what? Another lie. Caleb Foley is not my opponent this week, in fact Caleb Foley is now an inactive member of the roster and do you know why? Me neither, but my best guess is that he was found balls deep in a ten year old boy. But again, your fearless leader lied. He stood out there in front of all those witnesses and lied.

I'm looking credible. Suddenly, you might be thinking that Johnny Marvelous was telling the truth. Slowly, you might be realizing that the YouTube Championship should have included yours truly.

[He shrugs again and gives you a big wink. In the background the same dirty bum runs behind Marvelous with a bag still stuck on his face. Though, it could be a different plastic bag.]

MARVELOUS: Instead, I get to swing a stick upside the heads of Joshua Black and Larry Gionet. As for Joshua Black, I might be wrong here, but I think the acceptable term is still African-American. You might want to check that out, don't want to offend anyone in the era of PC. But my real attention is solely on Larry Gionet. Here's a man who has been to the top of the mountains in professional wrestling, he has seen the sights, and has wrestled in front of crowds of ten-fifteen maybe even twenty thousand people in his career!

But now you're here... in DERP... in Buffalo.

[Marvelous shakes his head as a frown washes over his face.]

MARVELOUS: Damn, it's a sadder story than the Buffalo Bills. Hell if I were Gionet, I'd probably swing from a rope in my hotel room. Shit, I'd find the nearest gun store and swallow a bullet. Fuck, I'd find... I'd find...

[That's when the camera pulls back and shows off what Johnny Marvelous has been standing in front of the whole time. None other than an old wooden wine barrel, complete with the lid off and the little hole on the side where you'd normally put the cork.]

MARVELOUS: I'd find the nearest barrel, climb myself in, and go over the Niagara Falls. At least that way, you're going on in style mixed with a bit of a rush. Tell you what Gionet, I'm going to roll this here barrel up the street here and I'm going to leave right there on the banks of the river for you. And if we don't see you on Bloodsport, well, hopefully it was an awesome ride.

And you got out of Buffalo before the rest of us.

[With that Marvelous places the lid onto the wooden wine barrel, tips it over and begins to roll it up the street. A dirty smelly bum with a plastic bag on his face still stops Marvelous, and Johnny helps him by pulling off the plastic bag and the two of them roll the barrel out of view of the camera. Together. The End.]

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6- “THE REVOLUTION” JOSIE SAITO

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[The scene opens to Fountain Plaza in Buffalo , New York . It’s a summer day and we find “The Revolution” Josie Saito, seated outside of a café, flipping through a magazine. She’s clad in a floral-print, strapless, sheath dress and sandals. Her black hair is parted in the middle and falls straight down her back, shades shielding her eyes.]

[The camera zooms closer and she seems oblivious to our presence, her focus on whatever she’s reading. Suddenly, she frowns, setting the magazine down with a disgusted sigh.]

Josie: It didn’t take these rags long to start harping on my loss to Angel! It seems that there are a lot of petty, small minded people that still have a problem with a female presence in DERP. And they’re loving this recent loss. They probably think it’s going to send me out of here with my tail between my legs.

[She sucks her teeth and shakes her head.]

Josie: They must not know me very well, because I’ve been beating the odds my whole career. Maybe my recent absence from wrestling has addled their brains. I’m not sure.

[She shrugs.]

Josie: But I’m still the same woman that made her success by beating both women and men in and out of the ring. And while I will readily admit that I’m not as young as I was in my...wilder days, I can still go with the best of them.

[She pushes her shades atop her head, revealing her steely gaze.]

Josie: Just ask Angel. That win certainly didn’t come easy for him. I made him work for it. So, these so-called journalists can take their silly notions, that this “crazy bitch” is “in over her head” and “hopelessly outmatched”, and stick them up their asses! I have more than proven my worth.

[She pauses, folding her arms across her chest.]

Josie: Then again, they are invited to watch this coming Deathmatch and they will see for themselves exactly what I can do. Because I plan on mowing down each of the four bastards standing in my way. It doesn’t matter who it is. They’re going to be put through a flaming table one way or another. And, in the process, I’ll get to shut some mouths for good! After all, I can show far better than I can tell.

[Fade.]

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

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7 – ‘THE TRASHMAN’ TYRONE HEAT

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[Scene: Interior view of some hallway on the Erie Community College campus. Wearing his ring gear, a scowl and a frown, Tyrone Heat stands. Tugging at either end of a towel slung around his neck he shakes his head slightly.]

TH: I ain't gonna lie. Since DERP made it's comeback, I ain't exactly made mine. It ain't showin' weakness to be humble. I'm a humble man. Still ... I got opportunities set before me, just waitin' for me to reach out and grab 'em.

Still ... some opportunities, I gotta question why some other people got 'em.

[Shaking his head again, Tyrone sets his jaw.]

TH: Ono Hezonfaia, my opponent tonight, you are a real piece of work. We got some stuff in common and other stuff that ain't anywhere near. We're both tough, violent guys. Hell, that comes with the job. If you ain't tough you ain't gonna hack it in this league. You ain't violent? You got no place bein' anywhere near hardcore. We both got stage names...

Me? Mine? It ain't no big deal. Tyrone Heat sounds a damned sight better comin' out the mouth of some loud-ass announcer than "Tyrone Burnside Heatwole". But still ... it's my name. Leavin' that last syllable on my last name off ain't no different than leavin' my middle name out. Punches it up. Don't insult nobody's intelligence.

You...? Man, what the fuck is wrong with you?

[Tyrone breathes deep, clearly irritable.]

TH: Ain't a commonly known fact but I do know some Japanese. You see this?

[Pulling at the skin of his right arm, Heat highlights a patch of deeper black on his skin; kanji, a character commonly used in Japanese and other eastern languages.]

TH: This symbol right here? Japanese for "Respect". I learned some Japanese thinkin' I was gonna go overseas, season myself with a little puroresu, or Japanese pro wrestling. That's why I know what your name means. That's why I know your name _ain't_ Japanese!

And punk, let me be clear ... I _know_ that sure as _FUCK_ your name _ain't_ "Oh No He's On Fire"!

[Tyrone flings his towel aside.]

TH: I'm fightin' it. I'm fightin' to take you seriously ... "Japanese Jumpin' Bean". Tryin' to push myself towards just makin' you pay for insultin' my intelligence. I wanna write you off just 'cause you

clearly are not takin' anything in life seriously havin' taken that name! Seems to me that, with a name like that, you probably Japanese like I'm African.

But maybe I'm wrong. Keep it humble, right? Give you the benefit of the doubt. I mean ... you are actually from Hokkaido, right? Never mind that sayin' you're from "Hokkaido" is like me sayin' I'm from "Illinois" instead of "Chicago". I'm guessin' that you're probably from Sapporo, the biggest city there. I mean ... you do know where Sapporo is, right?

[Heat's expression suggests that he knows but doesn't believe that his opponent does. That is to say that his scowl deepens and he's showing ever more of his flashing white teeth.]

TH: I just keep findin' holes in you, son. Holes that I wanna stick somethin' in and twist it around until you squirm. You and that "Syn" guy. I don't much care for cartoon characters bein' in my vicinity. I barely put up with Cow & Chicken when they were buggin' me around here, Foodstamp pisses me off every time he comes within shoutin' distance and now I'm gettin' tossed in the crucible with your boy the walkin' not-really-foreign-racist-against-Asians-bad-joke-PUN! Did you come up with that name? Hm? Did you take some half Japanese guy name o' Phil Jones, tell him to squint up tight and not talk too much so people don't see through the bullshit?

Hope you can take a shot, son, 'cause on Bloodsport I think I'll splatter you up good soon as I take your boy out.

[Hands on his hips, Tyrone continues to preach, leaning towards the camera to impart some final message.]

TH: By the way ... if you're tryin' to say "Extreme" ... "Extremu" ain't it. Ain't no one word get the message of our style of wrestlin' across. Boukou kyokudo means "extreme act of violence", but, if you're lookin' for a single Japanese word that covers our style? Look no further than Gunryo Pro in the 1990's, son. In they weren't first in Japan but they were best. Their hardcore division was called "Jisatsu". Y'know what that word means, don't ya?

It means "suicide".

See you on Bloodsport, "Ono". You and your dumbass manager. When the bell rings it's Jisatsu time. You'll know when that time comes 'cause that's when Hell. Will. Rain...

[Fade.]

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8 – “DANGEROUS” DEVIN HOULIHAN

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“Thirty seven!?!?”

[The voice sounds so familiar, as the shot slowly comes into focus.]

“_THIRTY SEVEN_!?!?”

[As it does, the bright and smiling face of “Dangerous” Devin Houlihan materializes! The local Pittsburgh native is enjoying relaxing on a park bench somewhere in the Greater Pittsburgh area. Dressed in a Pirates shirt and khaki cargo shorts, Devin looks like he’s forgotten summer’s over and the fall chill has begun to set in on the Steel City.]

“_THIRY _SEVEN!?!?” I get _THIRY SEVEN_ points in this little deathmatch tour for putting you MORONS through flaming tables to help all tha nutbags get their rocks off???

I’m game.

I’m SOOOOOOOOOO fuckin’ game!”

[Cocky laugh.]

“I might not be the most hardcore crazy on this little demented side show journey. And I sure as hell dun like the idea of charing my beautiful flesh in a pathetic effort to entertaint the crowd and spread DERP’s noterity.

But realistically.. If I ever wanna leave this scooner and climb aboard the grand cruise ships, winning is the only way. So whether by figure four or chair shots... No matter if it’s thanks to pure wrestling finesse or turning trash cans into brain scramblers...

I’m gunna go aht dere and _WIN_. Motherfuckers!”

[Nods.]

“Hope you other four souls are ready... I really do...

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

[Fade.]

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

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9 – “SYKO” ANGEL MARTINEZ

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[Welcome to Home Depot, where low prices are just the beginning. Like the beginning of yet another promo from everyone's favorite Puerto Rican, who's significant other, Xian, is pushing him around the store as he sits on one of those flatbed carts.]

Angel Martinez: Mike Foyer.

Seems like you just can't get enough. When we first met in that ring in the shitbox in Pittsburgh, I'll admit, I had no idea who you were, what you were about, nor did I particularly give a shit.

[Strange looks from the middle-aged white men get cast towards the cute woman with the long purple dyed hair and her loud, obnoxious cart.]

Then I got bounced out of the first round of the tournament like the Bills from playoff contention in November. That's right, Buffalo, I went there. But unlike you, Buffalo, I don't plan on getting to the dance and losing 4 times in a row. Losing is not something I do much, and when I do, I don't take it lightly.

[Random passerby decides to pipe in.]

Random: Wide right, you Bills cocksuckers!

Angel: Is that necessary? Haven't they suffered enough? They've been beat by every NFC champion since '06.

[Random shuts the fuck up and we wheel on.]

Angel: Mike, you got your win over me. Clean and fair, I got beat. Not gonna deny you that. But did I underestimate you? Yes.

Did I not care enough to put in the proper time and research the first time? Yes, absolutely I did not give a fuck. I called you some french fuck. Meanwhile, the fuckin' frog got his ass beat and ran the fuck outta DERP like Germans were invading.

But more importantly, am I going to let that happen again? Hell motherfuckin' no.

[More strange looks as we head through paint, mostly from the old women trying to decide on colors.]

Angel: The hell you lookin' at, bitch? Stick to your swatches.

Random Woman: Well, I never.

Angel: ...and you probably never will lookin' like that, sucio blanca.

[We roll on and leave the offended in our wake.]

Where was I? Oh, right.

You see, Foyer, I've seen a million of you steakhead 'big men' around the business. Seen you come, seen you go. Seen a lot of you go, because while you may be big and physical and have the look that gets

closeted TV execs and suits wet, what you don't have is stability. What you don't have is durability. And you especially don't have longevity, not like your boy here, going on 15 years strong.

So you've got some big slams. Maybe some kinda powerbomb. Tilt-a-whirl this and that.

And?

[We make the turn into building materials. Some of this shit, you'll see during the match.]

You think as someone my size, I haven't seen all that shit by now? I used to run the roads up and down with someone your size, Foyer. Homeboy still stops by the school to help out when I ask, so yeah man, I've put in a bit of work dealing with you tall fuckers. Size don't mean shit. Skill does. And I got skills for days bro. You'll see that in Buffalo when you're taking a brick to your fuckin' knee. You won't be doin' any fancy power moves when you're on the mat, clutchin' at your god-damned leg because a slab of concrete and my foot cracked your fuckin' patella, dog. And if you think I'm above making you a hobblin' freakshow and sending your insurance premium through the roof, then you don't know me that well. If that's what I gotta do to get this win back, then you may as well start looking for a power scooter for someone your size, because you won't be walkin' anywhere for a while. That's what happens when you put me in a match with concrete and plasterboard, maaaaan! I get to work like a god-damn stone mason.

[Angel puts his hand up as we hit the middle of the aisle, causing Xian to stop. Angel finally gets up and starts getting some supplies, like a trowel, a basin, and keeps yappin' as he starts to load up bags of Quikrete.]

I don't know what your intentions are in DERP, Mike. I could really give a fuck less what they are. I'm here to do me. And to do me, I gotta do you the way it's done in the streets. Dirty. That's what this DERP shit is, man. Getting down in the muck, in a shitty place like Buffalo, and getting to the core, the heart of the fight. Something I couldn't do with a suit on. but i've cast those shackles aside, man. It's time I go back to my roots a bit. They used to call me Syko for a reason, it wasn't just some fuckin' name I got out of a crackerjack box. Last time it was Sato, and I punched that bitch right in her fuckin' tit, and she took it like a man. When it was done, it was done, and respect was earned.

[Some of the other mason-types stop and take in the promo, now that he's mentioned tits.]

You've already taken your respect. You took it at the Bash when you damn near ended my run in the first round.

Now I come to take my respect back. I ain't comin' to Buffalo, to be your bitch again in front of a few hundred people. No no no, dog. I'a put the bug in the mind of every motherfucker that buys a ticket, every leechin' fuck that watches it on youtube, and you and the rest of these hoes runnin' around DERP like anyone gives a fuck who they are. When shit's said and done, you're all gonna be sayin' the same thing.

[Angel tosses one last bag on, having made a bit of a mock seat with his bags of concrete mix, and goes ahead and sits right back down on top of it.]

'God damn, that motherfucker might really just be psycho after all.'

Think I'm lyin'? Come holla at your fuckin' boy in Buffalo. I'll be waitin' with my workboots and gloves on.

Let's pay for this shit and get outta here, babe.

[And slowly, but surely, Xian keeps pushing that flatbed cart with some extra effort, right past our camera, leaving us the view of a bunch of old dudes looking at prices on mortar mix. You don't want to see that right? Let's just ...]

[STATIC! FADE AHT NUKKA!]



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