

[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

VOLUME 3

[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 EDITION:

- 1 – Big Mike Foyer
- 2 – “Dangerous” Devin Houlihan
- 3 – “The Street Samurai” Spade – DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION
- 4 – “The Punishment” Daniel Everett – DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPION
- 5 – Mike Gionet
- 6 – “Too Good” Johnny Marvelous – DERP 24/7 CHAMPION
- 7 – ONO HEZONFAIA , the “Japanese Jumpin’ Bean”
- 8 – “The Revolution” Josie Saito
- 9 -- “Master of Pain” Axel Hardaker
- 10 – Angel “Syko” Martinez

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

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1 – BIG MIKE FOYER

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[The scene opens upon Big Mike Foyer, sitting on the bench seat of his front porch, feet crossed and propped on the porch rail with a cold bottle of DERP-wieser in his hand. He sports a white dress shirt with folded sleeves, blue jeans, the belt and massive BMF belt buckle, cowboy boots, gold framed sunshades, and his favorite folded straw cowboy hat. The evening sun is setting off camera, it's orange and violet glow bathing his bearded face. He takes a swig of his beer, sighing softly. It's then that we notice around his neck the MBC Olympic Trophy sitting beside him for drunken bowling, the small figurine atop the three tier wood/gold/emerald frame holding a bowling ball in one hand and a six pack of beer in the other. He slips his thumb into the collar of his shirt, lifting up it's Gold Medal counterpart which he wore around his neck.]

BMF: You know, I remember my Dad tellin' me I wouldn't be worth a damn in life and here I am, sittin' on the front porch of my very own ranch, drinkin' a cold DERP-wieser and baskin' in tha' glow of my accomplishment as the only Olympic Athlete in my entire family.

[He beams with pride, lifting the trophy up off the wooden planks and setting it down in his lap.]

Championship belts come and go and moment's are fleetin', but I'll have this sumbitch forever. It'll sit in my trophy case in tha' den, proudly displaying to the world that I am an Olympian. Anybody else says differently and they are gettin' an empty beer bottle broke off in their ass.

[Setting the trophy back down, the big man takes another healthy swig from the beer bottle.]

...and even though post match, I got knocked on my ass, I have concluded my business with the Mongoloid over at tha' Tri-State Wrestling Federation. Long and short of it is, Fat boy trimmed down and picked up some ass-kickin' pointers somewhere along tha' way. He put up one hell of a fight, but I still pinned his ass in the middle of the ring one... two... three.

[He held the beer bottle up as if in salute.]

Cheers Mongo, ya' lost the match but you finally got some goddamn respect.

[This time, Foyer downs the entire content's of the bottle, then tosses it with a clatter into the nearby metal trash can. Reaching down beneath his chair, he flips the lid and pulls out another DERP-wieser, twists the cap off and takes yet another hit.]

Now I step into the ring with a man who cost me my shot at the DERP 24/7 Championship back at Delaney's Big Ass Extreme Wrasslin' Bash. A man who I came out and said didn't have tha' tools ta' beat me and he proved my ass wrong, but only by tha' skin of his teeth.

[BMF pulls the cowboy hat from his head, showing his hair which had grown out considerably since he shaved it at the Bash.]

I shaved off my long hair because of him, though give it a few more months and I'll have it all back, provided I can kick Everett's ass like I should have back at the Bash.

[Placing the hat back on his head, Foyer shifts in his seat and takes another swig from the bottle.]

Thing is, "Punishment", I now respect you in the ring and that is both a good thing and a very bad thing for you.

[Another gulp of beer travels down his throat and with that bottle finished now, Foyer tosses it into the trash can.]

I'm achin' bad for a championship. I ain't held one in the last 8 years I've been an active, professional wrestler and it's about high time I did. I've lived in tha' shadow of men smaller than me for a long f***in' time and I damn sure don't wanna' be there any more!

[Rising from his seat, the imposing frame of BMF steps slips one leg over the rail, followed by the other, hopping down on the lush green grass on the ground below.]

I am the biggest, baddest mother f***er in DERP and I'll be good goddamned, if I'm walkin' out of that arena a loser in a match that is my specialty.

[He points his finger down at the ground.]

They call our show, Blood Sport...

[BMF's gaze narrows ominously.]

...Well like tha' song says, if you want blood, you got it. Blood on tha' streets, Blood by tha' buckets, every... last... drop...

[His arm lifts with a finger pointed directly at the screen.]

...Everetts... YOU'VE GOT IT!!! I'm gonna' leave you in pieces in the middle of that ring. The things I

do to people in a Death Match, they usually give a guy 30 to Life with no parole!

[That arm now lowers down to his side, Foyer's fists clenching tightly as his nostrils flare angrily, his head lowered, giving him a more hulk-like appearance.]

But in a wrestling ring, it's perfectly legal. Oh yeah, you have my respect, but in this environment. In the twisted nightmare of barbwire ropes, broken glass, light tubes, and razorwire tables, motherf***er, you don't want it, because when I respect someone, I don't toy with 'em, f*** around with poses, or any of that bulls***. You want my respect in any other match but a Death Match...

[He steps right up to the camera, getting face to lens with it.]

...In a normal match, I'll give you your props and treat you like you're somebody. In a death match, respect from me means that I have no problem setting your ass on fire and choking you out with barbwire while you burn! There won't be enough tables for me to put you through... enough weapons to break over your back... There won't be enough of walls to put your head through.

[Foyer's face quivers with rage, reddening as he speaks through tightly clenched teeth.]

They will have to change the canvas out on the ring because the damn thing will be soaked... in... your... blood....

[Grabbing the camera up, he pulls it in even closer.]

...At Blood Sport Number 3... Dan Everetts... the final page in your life story gets written...

[The camera is thrown aside, the scene going wildly erratic before ending with a crunch and static. Fade out.]

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2 – “DANGEROUS” DEVIN HOULIHAN

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[FADE IN.]

[Devin Houlihan is busy sitting on a steel folding chair, a bare brick wall behind him. No frills, props, or special effects. Just a very angry and frustrated white male in his young twenties, with black jeans, a black shirt and black combat boots. Oh, and a chain wallet too. He stares at the floor, rubbing his palms together, searchin for the right words.]

“D”DH: Man... I thought high tailin’ it outta Arizona and comin’ back east was gunna be my savin’ grace. I figured gettin’ back to my kind of people in my kind of company would help breed the success and glory I’ve been searching for along. So far?? No such fuckin’ luck.

[Shakes his head.]

“D”DH: From day one here, on this “Hardcore N@ Tour”, it’s been nothing but headaches and bitter pills to swallow. I’ve been passed over and overlooked, and I can’t even argue cause with how I’ve been stinkin’ up the joint... I’d fuckin; pass me over too!

[Sighs and sits back in the chair, finally looking up at the camera.]

“D”DH: But this is the land of second chances... And this week I got mine I’d say. Despite sucking worse than Romney’s election campaign, I got my chance to be a number one contender for YouTube Championship!!! And all I gotta do is beat up some little girl....

[A sly smile.]

“D”DH: Not just any little girl though. “The Revolution” Josie fuckin’ Saito!!! A girl bound and determined to dominate the wrestling industry, taking dahn competitors of all genders along the way. Thus far, in DERP much like TSWF, she’s been getting’ the job _DONE_. Well... at least hopefully until _THIS_ week that is!

[Nods.]

“D”DH: Cause Saito... While you’ve certainly had your success and a great run... Lady Luck is _BOUND_ to shine her love in my direction sometime soon. There is too much talent in these gawd damn bones to keep up this losing streak. Will EPISODE THREE be the night I turn the corner???

[Pause.]

“D”DH: I sure as fuckin’ hope so....

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

[FADE OUT.]

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**3 – “THE STREET SAMURAI” SPADE
DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION**

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[We open upon a simple scene atop a gravel covered rooftop with a great view of Dayton, Ohio, the Dayton Aviation Heritage National Historic Park in plane view. Seated upon the gravel with his back against the hip level roof railing, is the Street Samurai Spade. He's decked out in a hand-tooled leather duster, a silver neck chain, gray T-shirt decorated in skulls and crosses, black jeans, motorcycle boots, gradient black and blue sunshades, and fingerless gloves. Gleaming in the golden orange hue of the evening sun as it fades off in the distant horizon, is the DERP Youtube Championship. With a cool demeanor, the Samurai addresses his opponent, the "Trash Man" Tyrone Heat.]

Spade: You know, Tyrone, out of anybody who came into the DERP Gauntlet for this championship, I felt like you had the strongest chance of kicking my ass. I know of you and what you're capable of in the ring. We're both martial art's saavy fighters, me a self-taught Kung Fu and wrestling nut and you a hardcore MMA style fighter. We both have an uncanny sense of the ring and our surroundings, which makes us very hard to surprise and even harder to predict what move we're coming up with next.

[That trademark grin crosses Spade's face.]

...The two of us are going to put on one hell of a match.

[He patted the belt on his shoulder.]

You're my gut check, Trash Man. You are going to make or break my reign as the DERP Youtube Champion, before a thousand head strong crowd in the city of Dayton, which we have a great view of behind me.

[Spade briefly looks out through the piped railing at the sprawling city scape around them.]

I don't doubt your heart or dedication one bit. You've got mad skills at your disposal, one hell of a physique, and from what I've seen of you so far, you strike me as one of the more intense people I've ever seen. The only question here is, will it be enough?

[He shrugs his shoulders.]

I've faced all types in the hallowed grounds of the squared circle. From Puro-style to Hardcore blood, guts, and nuts wrestlers. I've fought former MMA fighters, and seven foot tall psycho bastards. I've even had the luxury of wrestling a nutjob in a cow suit called Mad Cow. I didn't win 'em all, but one thing did happen, regardless of whether I won or I lost.

[Spade's head tilts slightly as he looks back towards the camera.]

I learned and grew stronger for it. That's the only real weapon I have against you, Ty. You're younger, stronger, and tougher than me and maybe that'll be enough. The thing is, can you get past the arsenal at my disposal? I can come from any direction, fight on the mat just as well as I can standing, and I'm pretty damn good at turning just about any situation to my favor with just one mistake on my opponent's part.

[Drawing a knee up, he grips the railing and pulls himself to a stand.]

While I don't know you very well, I've read up on your past and I know you're a man who stands for two things- respect and justice. Alot of people in professional wrestling look at the concept of Justice as if it's a hokey and dated concept. I still believe in it myself.

[A wry smirk crosses his face.]

Afterall, if there were no justice in the world, Shootfire Pro Wrestling would still be alive and kicking.

[The smirk gives way to a look of understanding on The Samurai's face as he leans his lower back

against the roof railing.]

You're a man that came from a hard patch of neighborhood in the Chicago projects and from nothingness, you made something of yourself. Yet even as a college graduate with honors to your name, you shot for a higher bar. You want to succeed on every level.

[Spade swept his hand out in a grand gesture towards the city vista behind him.]

You want your name to be known and spoken with respect. You want to be able to give those you care about most everything they've ever wanted. You're a hard working man who has chosen a difficult, but ultimately rewarding path in life.

[A smile crosses his face.]

I'm not going to stand out here on the roof of this hotel and cut you down with cheap trash talk. Not only are you worthy of the respect you stand for, but I consider it an honor to defend this title against you.

See you in the ring, Trash Man. I'm looking forward to making the wrestling fans here in <city name> bow down to the awesome that we are going to give them.

[We fade to black as the wind picks up, blowing his hair and coat about, the wind's sudden howl picked up over the microphone.]

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4 – “THE PUNISHMENT” DANIEL EVERETT DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPION

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[We're backstage, where Daniel Everett is sitting with his eyes facing towards the ground on a steel folding chair wearing a hoodie with the sleeves cut off and a pair of training shorts, with the Deathmatch Championship belt lying at his feet]

You know, for a company that seems to have a problem with the fact I know more than just bleeding and brawling, you sure seem unable to prove your garbage brawlers are any match for me.

You want to argue that point? Fine, let's begin with me taking out the entire field of your tournament to crown the first Deathmatch Champion and prove that a little talent goes a long way, last time I was on your show I brutalised Josh Manning to retain this title and prove that I wasn't a one-night wonder.

[Everett looks up, fixing the camera with a stare]

It's up to you to try and take this belt from me, and so far you've got nothing.

So who are you putting up against me for the next match? Big Mike Foyer, the waddling tub of guts who the last time I faced him I damn near came close to gutting him with barbed wire. Oh, don't get me

wrong, the fat bastard could stand to lose a little weight for his own health, but I don't think any HMO on earth would approve of having me treat him like a slab of pastrami at the deli counter.

The question that must be on Foyer's lips, apart from maybe why he hasn't seen his feet since 1996, is what I'm going to do to him this time.

[A smirk crosses the corner of Everett's mouth for a second, before disappearing]

Foyer should concern himself with something else, though. He couldn't get the job done when I'd already been through a couple of the more "creative" matches the DERP management cooked up for me, and this time I'm fresh, rested, and don't have any need to be patched up between matches like I did before. More than that, I know what type of match is coming, rather than being told about it when I was making my way to the entranceway.

So with that in mind, what have they concocted in a way that makes the match seem competitive, as well as guarantees Foyer some time to sit down and catch a breather? Well, naturally it isn't a five round catch-as-catch-can exhibition, because the wise and knowledgeable fans would shit all over the match just like Foyer would shit his pants sooner than he'd be able to reverse a wristlock, so presumably they had a handful of darts to throw at the Post-It notes on the wall and came up with...a Barefoot Light Tube Cabin Dumpster Deathmatch.

[Everett shakes his head slightly]

Yes, they really want to highlight the garbage brawling aspect of this match by having a dumpster as the centrepiece of the whole matchup...

Just think, Foyer, they've thrown you a bone with this one. There's no ropes for you to run because you'll get a gut full of glass and, to run, your feet would be shredded to pieces with the tacks and pieces of glass on the mat, and you even have a dumpster to hold yourself up by if you find yourself short of breath – which will presumably be when you've run your own personal half marathon that the rest of us call walking down to the ring before your theme music finishes.

However, you should probably think a little harder about what the match also means. After all, last time it was just barbed wire ropes and you damn near qualified as Halal – this time there's so much more for you to explain to the triage unit when you come up short for a second time. You'll be oozing blood from every laceration the glass gives you, your flesh will be pierced by the tacks on your feet and any other part of your body that lands on them, and you will have taken a heavy beating from my hands and my elbows and my knees. The long and the short of it is when this match is done, you're going to be 355lbs of ground chuck that people will claim is "hardcore", but in actual fact it's an idiot that stepped into what they thought was a battle only to find it was a massacre.

That's your future, Foyer, finding out that the people who supposedly support you and your "hardcore" style won't give a goddamn about you, they just want to see someone get battered and bleed in the most graphic way possible, and while you may think this match is playing to your strengths it almost doesn't matter. For one thing, I will break you down and defeat the gruesome pulp that used to be my opponent to assert my dominance, but to each and every one of them watching they just want to see somebody, anybody take so much punishment they feel it is their right to chant "HOLY SHIT" when it happens.

You're going to suffer, Foyer, you're going to bleed and you're going to be broken down into as many pieces as I see fit. And when all that is done, you shall be put out of your misery and defeated. But don't worry, it will prove your "hardcore" credentials in the end, won't it? That's what matters most.

[FTB]

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5 – MIKE GIONET

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[The camera cuts to an interview area where there is a blue DERP backdrop. In front of it stands Mike Gionet. He is wearing a red t-shirt, black jogging pants and blue sneakers.]

Mike Gionet: As I looked around the arena at my first DERP match I felt this electricity in the air that made the hair in the back of my neck stand up. I could hear it in their cheers. This was the feeling; this was the sound that I have longed for, acceptance.

[A smile forms on the face of Mike Gionet reminiscing that very moment. He nods laughing to himself.]

MG: I know you guys can be a very critical audience. I won't lie I was scared to fail. Falling flat on my face, to the point where I would not have been brought back to this place.

[He sighs looking down as he thinks intently. He slowly makes a fist.]

MG: But I knew deep down I knew if I didn't push beyond my doubts I would never get anywhere. I know I am going to have those days where it feels so paralyzing that I can't take that step forward but maybe with having that foundation under me, it won't be so bad after all.

[Mike clasps his hands together moving them back and forth looking into the camera very matter of factly.]

MG: Look I get it, I am new to wrestling, and I am new to DERP. Entering into uncharted waters is seriously intimidating. One would think that after what I have been through in my young life I would have been used to this by now. It never gets any easier. I am not seeking your sympathy I am not seeking out any handouts. I just want that God honest shot to succeed in a business that I was immersed in growing up. That love with all my heart.

MG: At DERP's next show I have been given that chance. While I did well in my last three way dance, the outcome could have been a little better. That sweet taste of redemption might be all I need to turn this all around. To have this hand raised in victor could propel me.

[Mike puts his hands through his hair with a very hopeful look in his green eyes. He smirks looking back into the camera.]

MG: I might be just starting out but I am not naive enough to think that you two don't want these 43 points just as bad as I do. This win will shoot one of us to the top of those rankings and bring us one step closer to gold.

MG: Axel Hardaker, I know you are starting out here and want to truly make a good impression. I get that and can respect that. But don't think for a second that I am not going to give it my all. I may have not gotten the victory last time but it was so close that I could taste it. I am not taking you lightly nor will I take our opponent Joshua Black lightly.

[Mike shakes his head back and forth emphasizing his point as he points to the camera.]

MG: I know that loss in that three way dance is eating at you. Has kept you awake at night because you expect everything to be handed to you. You made the wrestling team in your freshman year, you got the girl. I know you expect the world and have a massive chip on your shoulder. Unfortunately with all the things your father taught you one wasn't humility. In Dayton Ohio, I'll make sure you taste some of that humble pie. My winning ways will start in Dayton and this spirit will be ignited. Because I lived without fear and will reach heights far greater than I ever thought possible.

[Mike looks into the camera with a focused look on his face before we fade to black.]

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**6 – “TOO GOOD” JOHNNY MARVELOUS
DERP 24/7 CHAMPION**

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[Fade in from black.

The sounds of a police siren can be heard whirling by and soon after the flashes of red and blue lights can be seen outside the open window which has been cracked open and looks out over a desolate wasteland of humanity. From this window the bums huddled around the lit garbage can fill which bounces light off of their dirty faces and showing their sad expressions can be seen, they turn to look at the passing police car with only a moment's glance before stuffing their faces back into the warmth of the fire. In the distance screams of a woman can be heard echoing through the alley ways, her voice powerful enough to even bounce past the heaps of garbage left behind by the low rent eateries that line this street. Taped to the many windows of these low rise shops are the dozens of political signage "Vote Romney!" "Obama 2012!" and so forth make for an overload of red and blue for the brain, causing most to look away.

One could say this a glimpse of hell, others would call it Dayton, Ohio.

The camera rolls past the open window and over to one person standing over all of this, the 24/7 title slung over his shoulder gives it away before his face does, Johnny Marvelous looks out the window with a smirk on his face.]

MARVELOUS: I should be looking over my shoulder, I should be ducking in a corner in fear of someone, anyone, bashing me over the skull and taking this title. Even any one of those poor Ohio'an bums could come up here and try to take my title from me if they could pull themselves away from that

garbage fire long enough to do so... it's like at any moment, I could be attacked.

This title is just a target for the holder, and that thought is enough to make any normal person crack under the pressure. Me? I'm not like anyone else. I love it, I revel in it and thrive under the pressure. I have been waiting for anyone and everyone to take their shot at me. Needless to say, the fact that I still have the title up here on my shoulder shows you they have all failed.

That waitress was close... almost lost it to her.

[He cracks a smirk.]

MARVELOUS: But, here I am now... in Dayton. Looking down at what I can only image is the best and the brightest a shithole like this has to offer. Not with a single challenger in sight, I think it is safe to say that I will make it another twenty four hours with this title still up on my shoulder where it belongs. Is it me or does DERP pick the absolutely worst places in the world? DERP gets like a Groupon-thing for these shitty places, right?

[Marvelous just shakes his head at the scene outside.]

MARVELOUS: Did I say safe for another twenty four hours? I have to be in Ohio for another twenty four hours? There is no God, I am sure of it now. If I wasn't so... me, I might be tying a rope or a belt or something around my neck right now for a quick escape out of here. You know what sucks even more than being in Ohio? Wrestling a match involving Legos in Ohio. Now, I'm sure someone like ONO enjoys the idea of a Lego or as he might say 'regio match' as much as the next kid, but me? I gave up playing with Legos when I was five.

A word to the Ohio fans, though... try not to eat the Legos, they may look like delicious candy but they're plastic and you shouldn't shove plastic down your throat. Speaking of shoving things down their throats, Angel Martinez. I really have nothing else to say about the guy, other than that factoid.

[That gets a hand gesture.]

MARVELOUS: But, let's bring the conversation back to me. Because let's face it, I am the only thing worth talking about in this mutant-freak-traveling-carnival-side-show of a promotion. When I leave, and I will leave just as soon as one the big promotions offer me a contract worthy of my status, I will leave behind in my wake a wasteland of untalented hacks who think that you fans somehow deserve dumping buckets of blood in that ring for. Sad, isn't it? You can honestly stand there and say the people of Ohio who paid two to three dollars each deserve to see me lose a quart of blood?

Really?

Have you seen them out there?

[He points to the open window.]

MARVELOUS: I could drop a shit out this window right now and draw a better class fly than what you see out there. I'd almost rather be back in Buffalo...

[Wait for it.]

MARVELOUS: ... just kidding. I'm still not clean from Buffalo. This is my pledge to all of you fans in Ohio, I will not bleed in that ring for you and I when I do win, I am going to take my twenty four seven title here with me out of the building and onto the first bus out of this hell hole. You are going to have just have to sit there in those seats in your own filth and the only thing you can do about is yell boo. You think ONO or Angel have a chance? Honestly, do you think those two clowns have a shot against me?

If you answered yes, might as well move to Ohio and join the rest of the idiots.

[With that Marvelous shoves his hand into the camera and we fade to black.]

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7 – ONO HEZONFAIA

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[We are traveling at a pretty decent velocity on a stretch of abandoned highway. Wind's blowing pretty good, but the sky is clear blue.

Motorcycle engine noise whines beneath our hero, ONO HEZONFAIA, decked out in red leather riding a bike straight out of anime fantasies.

ONO is no longer the DERP 24/7 champion. That belt meant the world to him. ONO needs the wind in his face and the road speeding beneath him, to help clear his head and focus forward. That belt shall return to ONO's waist.

Syn is evidently filming this hanging out the window of a pickup truck. He shouts out some words of encouragement to his charge. They can juuust about be heard over the wind.]

Syn: How ya holding up, sport? Got your head straight and ready to go kick some ass in the Lego pit?

ONO: WHY AM I EVEN RIDING A MOTORCYCLE?

Syn: Oh, come on, you're the one who asked for a new image makeover. Said you wanted to look like Akira.

ONO: What? No! I said I wanted to look like a kirra! A hit man, a tough guy, a kirra!

Syn: Ohhhhhh, a KILLER. I wondered about that, I hadn't pegged you as an anime fan. But it's always the ones you least expect. Well, kid, you look badass out there.

ONO: I DON'T KNOW HOW TO RIDE THIS THING!

Syn: Well, I'm not sure how to... I got it! There's a flock of sheep in that field coming up on the left. Aim for them, they'll give you a soft landing!

ONO: I don't want to... AAHHHHH!

[The truck swerves, bumping ONO's motorcycle off the road. ONO rams through a thin rail fence, takes a massive front flip off the bike, and plummets into a clump of very startled sheep.]

Syn: Good aim! Let me grab a ladder out of the back and see if you can do it again!

[ONO HEZONFAIA moans his displeasure, the sheep bleat their annoyance, and the motorcycle engine slowly dies away.]

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8 – “THE REVOLUTION” JOSIE SAITO

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[Fade in.]

[The scene opens to the arena, mere hours before the show is to begin. The area is darkened and the ring freshly erected. It's here that we find Josie Saito. “The Revolution” is performing a series of rolls, warming up for the night's match. She's clad in a black, “BAJ” T-shirt and sweats, completing the look with tennis shoes. Her black hair is tied in a ponytail and falls down her back.]

[She tumbles from corner to corner at rapid speed before suddenly rolling through and to her feet in the center of the mat. Sweat glistens lightly off of her body as she places her hands on her hips, facing the camera.]

Josie: So, we get to dance again, huh, Devin?

[She smirks.]

Josie: Last time we stepped foot in this very ring, I was smashing you through a flaming table and taking you out of our elimination match.

[A look of satisfaction crosses her face as the memory flashes in her mind.]

Josie: Well, tonight, you can expect a repeat. You see, the method I choose to put you down with may differ, but the result will be the same. You'll still be left staring up at these lights.

[She makes a brief nod towards the arena's lights.]

Josie: Don't get me wrong. This is far from personal. Because I honestly know very little about you. But this match is too important and the stakes are too high for me to walk away with anything less than success.

[She walks towards the ropes, bracing her hands on them, eyes narrowed.]

Josie: A shot at the Youtube Championship is something most of the backbiters and misfits around here would kill their own mothers for. So, you can guarantee that I'll be doing everything in my power to win it.

You should be very worried, Devin. You've already gotten a taste of what I can do and it left you humbled and humiliated. So, just imagine how much more worse it can get, when the pot gets sweetened with a prize this good. You'd better bet that it will make what happened at the last show look like a cake walk.

[The smirk returns as she leans forward.]

Josie: So, I hope you're playing things smart and preparing, much as I am. Because you're going to need every trick, tactic, and move you know to even hope to stand a fighting chance against me. Because I am coming for you full force and I'll be damned if I let anyone or anything stop me. See you soon.

[Fade.]

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9 – “MASTER OF PAIN” AXEL HARDAKER

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[Seated in a black metal folding chair beside a square card table a man garbed in black cargo pants, white A shirt (printed with large block letters) and blue camo bulletproof vest runs his fingers through the nearly white buzzcut hair that caps his painted face. Said paint is a rough approximation of a U.S. flag.

On the table is a bowl of mixed nuts. The stranger eyes it cautiously before thrusting his hand into it and rummaging about.]

?: I like this place. Not Ohio, per se, but I tell you ... something nice about getting in the middle of some good, old-fashioned, American concrete. The wall behind me ... not a load-bearing wall, but some nice cinderblocks, probably stand up to a mid-sized sedan going about 30. Outer wall of the building's got some serious rebar poking up out of the foundations and a poured base that rises up a little. Someone wanting to bring that down, heh, well he'd better either be in a tank or packing some ordnance ... two pounds of C4 and, yeah, after that you got a new driveway.

[Palming a few walnuts the stranger lets Jackal-like barking kind of laughter escape him.]

?: Not that that's me. I'd never admit to packing ordnance. Besides ... I'd be a fool to carry it on me. Only piece I keep of my caches is a geotracker just in case I forget.

Oh, but I'm being rude, would you like a nut?

[Extending the nuts towards the camera he laughs again.]

?: Kidding. Kidding ... even if you were stupid enough to take food from a stranger painted up worse than a Reno whore it'd never get through the TV screen. We're a few years off transporters, y'know.

And I'm no whore, much to the ladies' chagrin. Mama was a whore. Worked in Reno. She's on my mind a lot lately. Daddy was a John at the brothel and their arrangement was all nice and legal, safe and clean. He fell for her 'cause she was a classy dame with a lot up top--

[He points, not at his head but at his chest before cupping imaginary mammaries.]

?: --and she jumped to him 'cause he knew how to skim off the top and take the house unseen by the burly gentlemen and their taskmasters. Daddy dealt Blackjack at one casino and stuffed his pockets, y'see, and when he wasn't at work making his own tips he was counting cards elsewhere. They were lovely people. Still are, I'm told, 'though ... a little boring.

[Yes, he's bored by criminals. Doesn't bode well, does it?]

?: See, I just spent a lot of time out and about keeping the world safe from some damned towel-headed terrorists--

[Note: Yes, he did just say "terrorist" while leaving the "or" out.]

?: --and when Hajji started bitching and moaning about our secret meetings being too intense I signed on with a "contracting firm". Y'know ... Uncle Sam writes a contract givin' us free reign to go hog wild and we provide security as we see fit. Great deal ... if a little restrictive.

Enlisted, killed some people. Special forces ... killed some people. Sent Blackwater my resume and killed a lot of people. Made my millions. Came back home. Tried some stuff. Used that "gutter fighting" they shove down your throat when you're a Ranger and tried my hand at a few kinds of combat sports. Boxing pissed me off. Can't move my fingers. Couldn't stand it. MMA pissed me off as I got disqualified EVERY FUCKING TIME ... in the first round, sometimes the first minute.

WHY THE FUCK CAN'T I PUNCH SOMEBODY IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD, REF!? Why? Kid's got a head and I got knuckles. If he didn't want to get sacked then he probably should've worn a cup, right? You get the idea.

It was a sad state of affairs. I was starting to lose confidence ... me... Then ... professional wrestling. No rounds, no extraneous gear, just some dumbass and his cousin in a striped shirt. That striped shirt, that right there is the real key to victory. If he ain't wearing glasses just do whatever. If he is wearing glasses? Smash his glasses. If, by some miracle, you have a referee with eyes to see then just sign with a league like DERP where the tiny little list of rules used in wrestling has already been thrown out the window.

[A third cackle as our mysterious stranger still hasn't thought to introduce himself. He's just been rolling his walnuts around, three of them, when, abruptly, he gives them a squeeze and they explode dramatically. Shards go in every direction as he dumps the nutmeat and shell shrapnel back onto the table and he starts picking through the bits for his snack.]

?: So here I am, scheduled for my first professional wrestling match. The fine folks at the Keening Academy got pissed half a day into training, I did some drills at the Kombat Korner and polished up a bit at the F.O.R.G.E. State Athletic Commissions pretty much all recognize my right to compete. So now ... all I gotta do is figure out how to crack a few nuts.

It's easy, really. Easier to crack three than two, two than one and so on. See ... the trick with three is that there's virtually no way to avoid the fracture points in the shell. So, if you can wrap your hand around all three nuts it's pretty much a foregone conclusion that you're getting through the shell.

[Two more nuts leave the safety of the bowl; walnuts again.]

?: Two? Two can take a little working around but they can still be used against one another. You play one nut against the other, aim for the seam, and--

[A light crackling as one nut obliterates the other.]

?: See that? I barely squeezed. Of course ... all this goes right out the window if you're strong enough to crack the nut, singly, with your bare hands...

[He demonstrates, picking out a single nut and pinching the seam between his thumb and middle finger. It pops in half as if cut.]

?: But then ... there are different kinds of nuts, aren't they? Your average walnut needs about 150 pounds of force directed along it's seam to cause a split. You know ... approximately. But ... what about the Brazil nut?

[Picking through he finds a pair of the oddly-shaped and dark brown nuts.]

?: Triangular with rounded edges and no easily discernable seam, the Brazil nut requires in excess of four hundred pounds per square inch to be applied to it's corner in order to be opened properly. Even with a nutcracker the Brazil nut is a brutal adversary. They're very high in protein, fat and frustration and, let me tell you, they are easily the tastiest nut this side of heaven. Dip one in dark chocolate and try to keep it in your mouth as long as possible while you chew. There's a lot of saliva pumping out the whole time so it's a challenge but, man oh man, the flavor just redoubles every second.

Now ... back to my original lesson. Here we see two nuts, ill-shaped to be worked around and with no seams to stress in order to open them. No tools available it's virtually impossible to get at that nut meat. Of course if you're dumb enough to be out in the forests of Bolivia, where these things mostly grow, you're unlikely to get into the outer shell which looks more like a coconut. However, if you're like me, you can put them, flat side to flat side, forming a rectangle out of two, and do this--

[Straining, our new friend squeezes with all his might, gritting his teeth before a trickle of blood starts out from his palm. Squeezing still harder his expression changes to one of sick pleasure before--]

K-KRAK!

?: Ahhh ... here we are.

[Dropping one nut he wedges a fingertip into the other, pulling the side off before splitting the whole thing apart and removing a cream-colored nut partially covered in a light brown skin from the nut. It's popped in his mouth and rapidly chewed and he licks up the blood on his palm as a garnish. It's ... not pretty.]

?: Mm-mm-mm. Heh, but you're probably wondering "why the hell is he talking about nuts at a time like this?" and it's a good question, or would be, if I weren't using the nuts as an allegory. My opponents tonight are two and my greatest weapon tonight is not in my hands but in theirs. The toughest nuts are easy to crack when they come in pairs. That's not to say that I'm going to kick them in the balls--
--although I am--

--but rather that each man is going to be used against the other by me. Hell, I might even get an announcer or two involved. Maybe ... maybe I'll let some fat kid in the front row take a swing at little Gionet Junior. Just give that kid a frying pan and see what develops. I bet there's a stunt granny with a hooked umbrella just chomping at the bit to castrate little Joshy Black.

Don't worry folks, it's all just part of the show! You're not actually hurting anyone ... that

matters. And, more importantly, you'll be aiding a veteran in yet another hard-fought victory for America. I'm Axel Hardaker ... and I approve this message...

[Fade to black as Hardaker leers at the camera, lowering his chin and showing his over-white teeth. End.]

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10 – “SYKO” ANGEL MARTINEZ

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[Carpet. That's what we see.]

Male: You got the stuff?

Female: Yeah, I brought it. You got the money?

Male: Of course. Let's see it.

[And onto the carpet.... come the small colorful plastic building blocks. Lots of them. All shapes, all sizes, and a few yellow people.]

Andi: That's racist!

[Sorry. Let's pull back the camera to get a better idea of what's going on here. Kneeling next to a tipped over, large rubbermaid bin formerly filled with Lego, is the "Lucky Star" herself, Andi Takata. Standing nearby, her partner in the Burning Star Express, Kaoru Asaka. She looks as pleased as ever, which is to say, not really much at all. And of course, their manager, and DERP's own Angel Martinez.]

Kaoru: Who're you talking to, Andi?

Angel: Never mind all that shit. I've gotta figure out what the hell I'm going to do about this match.

Kaoru: Seems simple enough. Take lego. Take your opponents. Smash opponents into lego enough times that they stop wanting to get up.

Angel: Well since you've got it all figured out, how about you wrestle instead?

Kaoru: Delaney doesn't pay enough.

Angel: Yeah, because those ACE checks are just rolling in, aren't they?

[Kaoru goes to retort, but.... well, has nothing.]

Angel: Yeah.

[Angel picks up one of the yellow people. THE LEGO ONES.]

Angel: Legos and ladders. Seriously, I don't know where Delaney comes up with these gimmicks.

Kaoru: I'd guess lots of drugs.

Angel: And you'd probably be right. But that doesn't change the fact that's what I've been put in. And what's worse, I've got two opponents. One, a lunatic who doesn't know any better, willing to break himself into tiny little pieces to win.... and the other, some jerkoff who thinks he's better than he really is.

Kaoru: Sounds familiar. Reeceeeal familiar.

Angel: Shut up. And just to add onto the importance of this match, is this setup to get a real champion around DERP, with the top 7 in points getting some kind of a shot. You know where I am? 8th. Fucking... 8th. And these two knuckleheads are both ahead of me.

Kaoru: Well then, it sounds like a 'win and your in' situation.

Angel: No shit. Just one thing wrong with that simple equation.

Kaoru: The fact that Ono is too stupid to know when to quit and Marvelous is too smart to get caught up in the nonsense?

Angel: How do you know all that? I thought you didn't care for DERP's style?

Kaoru: Doesn't mean I don't watch. It's like driving slow past a car wreck.

Angel: I suppose that's a fair point.

Kaoru: That and Andi thinks Namashita is cute.

[Kaoru gets a Rubik's cube sized chunk of Lego's thrown at her head, which explode away in true Lego fashion.]

Kaoru: OW! What the fuck, Andi?!!

Angel: Dear god, of all the-

Andi: He's very dynamic!

Kaoru: I don't get it either.

Angel: No. Just... no.

Kaoru: Could always be worse. Could be Ono.

[Angel seems to have a facial tick caused by that statement.]

Angel: So the plan is you two are going to give me a fucking stroke before my match even happens, right? Because that's the vibe I'm getting here.

Kaoru: You're worrying way too much about both Andi and this dumb match. Look, you know Ono, right?

Angel: I know about as much as anyone else about him.

Kaoru: Then you know he's not the brightest bulb in the box. I'm sure you can out-think him, if not out-wrestle him, because besides that.... *ahem* spring-loaded fuck-plex..... which I feel dirty even mentioning.... he doesn't really WRESTLE much, does he?

Angel: He's got SOME wrestling skill..... but he sure as fuck ain't me, I know that.

Kaoru: And Johnny Marvelous.... I mean, noone even knows who the hell he is, who trained him, or anything about him really. I think he did all of about 3 moves on the last show. Are you really about to let some rookie kid get the rub over you?

Angel: What are you fucking kidding me? No! Fuck no. Seriously, I'm not going to let some piece of indy trash beat me, I'm a superstar, I don't put anyone over, especially not no snot-nose punk kid backyarder like Johnny fucking Marvelous.

Kaoru: And really, legos and ladders? Are you sweating hardcore matches all of a sudden? As much as you've ran your mouth about being in all differnt types of matches in your career, all of a sudden you're sweating plastic bricks?

Angel: Well, when you put it that way, I probably am over-analyzing this shit. I am still a bit tender from getting smacked about with bags of concrete on the last show.... but that's nothing major or anything...

You know what? You're right. Fuck these motherfuckers. I'm not only the best wrestler in that ring, I'm the best in the company. Ladders? Pfft. Easy. Legos? Whatever. How hard can it be, really? I go in, I win, I get my points, and get the fuck out of Shithole, Ohio with a title shot. And let's face it, I'm the only man worthy of putting the belt on in all of DERP.

[Kaoru rolls her eyes much like those of you watching.]

Kaoru: Glad to see you're not underestimating your opponents or anything....

Angel: I'm more worried about the legos than those two, if I'm honest about it. But it's an even playing field.

[This is when Andi, who's been sitting on the floor this whole time, pipes up.]

Andi: It's dangerous to go alone! Take this!

[Andi goes to hand over what is a very good replica of the Wooden Sword from The LEgend OF Zelda. Kaoru grumbles, either because Andi is ridiculously childish, or perhaps because she's a Moblin.]

Angel: The kid's got a point. I can be artistic and creative about this. And I'm nothing if not creative. Thanks, kiddo.

[Angel takes the 'sword' from his young protege, and musses her hair. She smiles because she dun good.]

Andi: Maybe you can say hi to Namashita-kun for me?

[And as awesome as the sword looked, it looks even more awesome falling apart when Angel whacks the blue-haired one with it.]

Andi: Ittaaaaaai! What the crap!?!!

Angel: Sorry. Reflex of you asking me to hook you up with those retards.

Andi: Kaoru! Tell Angel it's okay!

Kaoru: Eh, I'm with him on this one. Better to not get involved with that bunch.

[Andi looks very displeased with this situation and POUTS CUTELY.]

Andi: Well... well.... YOU BOTH SUCK.

[Takata kicks her mentor/manager/trainer in the shin HARD, and walks out while Angel grabs at his leg.]

Angel: SonofaBITCH she kicks hard....

Kaoru: I'd get used to it if I were you. Gonna be a lot of that in your match. And if you thin that's bad, just wait until you fall on those.

[Pointing to the legos, obviously.]

Angel: I'm thrilled.

[Oh, sarcasm.]

Angel: Now can you go make sure your partner isn't looking for wrestlers on Craigslist Casual Encounters?

Kaoru: She's a big girl, you know. 21 and all that. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad thing....

[Dead, awkward silence for the next 7 seconds.]

Kaoru: I'll go straighten her out.

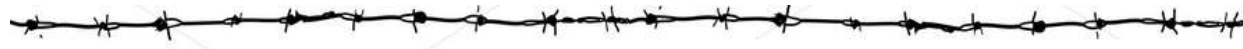
[Little bit more urgency there, eh?]

Angel: Yeah, you do that.

[Kaoru takes off out of Angel's office, as the man himself kicks at the pile of Lego on his floor. We fade

down with one last thought spewing forth from the mouth of Mr. Martinez.]

"Fuckin' crazy ass kids these days...."



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