

[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 4

[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 – “The Street Samurai” Spade – DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION
- 2 – “Angry” Angus Andrus
- 3 – Mike Gionet
- 4 – “The Japanese Jumpin’ Bean” ONO HEZONFAIA
- 5 – “Dangerous” Devin Houlihan
- 6 – “Master of Pain” Axel Hardaker
- 7 – “The Revolution” Josie Saito
- 8 – Ide-Name

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

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

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[Here we are, the empty arena which houses the not so empty Blood Sport IV wrestling ring located in the very center of the twenty one hundred square foot South Hall of the Odeum Expo center. From the angle where the camera is positioned, we see the massive bloody DERP Banner stretched over the basic, piped entrance arch, backlit by two separate light sources. Two more red banners hang from suspension cables that read out "ILLINOIS INSANITY. A single light from high above illuminates a lone figure populating that ring, seated in a folding steel chair. That figure is the DERP Youtube Champion, "The Street Samurai" Spade. We find him wearing faded blue jeans, motorcycle boots, a black "NEVER SAY DIE" T-shirt, a black and blue motorcycle jacket and the Youtube Championship on his shoulder. He shoots the camera a sly grin.]

Spade: I step over the Trash Man and into the fire as I go up against one of the unsung legends of modern professional wrestling- "The Revolution" Josie Saito.

[Leaning forward, Spade tilts his head slightly as he shifts that red and gold championship on his shoulder a bit.]

A little known factoid, back in KAWF Leon Corella hand picked Josie Saito to be a member of a faction he was building at the time. She was his second draft pick, right behind Big Mike Foyer and sure, some may think that he was just trying to get the sexiest woman on the roster at the time to be in his little club, but the truth of the matter is that Leon saw something in her that no one else did at the time.

[The Samurai slowly nods his head a bit. He leans back and crosses his arms over his chest.]

While most saw a pretty asian girl with a chip on her shoulder, he saw great potential and with minimal prompting and direction from him, Josie became a one woman Revolution that has changed the way professional wrestling views female talent everywhere she goes. Hell, if it weren't for women like her, I'd be too male chauvinistic to take this match. Heh, I'd be saying stuff like, "I'm not fighting a

chick. Go to hell and stuff this belt up your ass Delaney." But not now, not after Josie and the women who have come since her, turned the wrestling world on it's ear.

[A smirk creases his lips.]

She's an icon in this sport, having achieved more in her first two years than most men do their entire careers. Any man that's ever dared to tell her to get her ass back in the kitchen and make them some pie, has paid for it with chunks of their careers and life spans. Josie is perhaps one of the top ten wrestlers in the world and I consider it an honor and a privilege to step into the ring and face her, not as a man versing a woman, but as a wrestler versing another wrestler.

[He strokes his chin, tilting his head to the right a bit.]

Change is inevitable. Sooner or later, the world of wrestling has to wake up and realize that women can be just as capable in the ring as men. You wanna' know a key reason why men even have a problem facing women in the ring?

[Another short lived smirk...]

...because nobody wants to be caught with an erection in the middle of a wrestling ring. Hello?

[Leaning forward, Spade reaches out and briefly knocks on the side of the camera as if it were a door...]

TACK TACK TACK

[...then lowers the arm into his lap and leans back in his chair.]

...That's what cod pieces are for, dumbasses! They are there for both your protection and discretion. Yes, Josie is a beautiful woman. Will I probably be a bit excited looking at her in her ring gear? Probably, but that's the nature of the beast. A fighting woman is every bit a part of the male fantasy. It's sex and violence all in one tightly wrapped and often leather and spandex clad package.

[Spade shrugs his shoulders, then lifts his leg, propping his ankle on his knee.]

I mean who doesn't get excited by the hot blond Valkyrie chick, riding her armored horse into battle with barely any armor covering her sexy, toned body and a nasty looking sword or spear in her hand? The sex is there- the beautiful scantily clad woman. References to masculinity are there- the horse and her weapon. The nature of the image itself, the woman riding into battle, is the violence.

[A small smile crosses his face.]

That's the psychology behind our love affair with women who fight. There's that image working against women and then there are the shit heels who have a problem with losing to a girl.

[The smile turns sour, his face slightly wrinkled with a frown.]

...It's mother f***ers who think like that who are ultimately keeping women down in professional wrestling. If Josie were to beat me in that ring, I'd take it hard for sure.

[He holds a hand up from his lap with a passive halting gesture, open palm facing the camera briefly.]

Now it wouldn't be because a girl beat me, but because I had been defeated in the first place. The men who won't step into the ring and give women like Josie the time of day often sight their values of being raised to honor, cherish, respect, and revere women, that it's wrong to hit them and all it is really, is just a sack of shit excuse that roughly translates to- "I'm afraid of what would happen to my image if I get beaten by a nice pair of tits and ass."

[Spade shakes his head, a disgusted look crossing his face.]

Josie and the other women in the locker room and watching at home, forgive me for using as blunt a phrasing as that, sweetheart, but I had to hammer this point home. Those men don't have respect, otherwise you'd see more guys just shut up, nut up, and show some it by actually step into the ring to face female competitors on a regular basis.

[His head tilts back, the arms crossing across his chest once more. Contempt slowly writes itself into his features as he takes a brief fraction of a second to contemplate his next words.]

Does this mean I condone violence against women in general? To that argument I say that in a wrestling ring, all bets are off. We both signed wavers before we signed contracts and both Josie and I know the deal going into this. It doesn't matter if you're a man who is built like a f***ing freight train from hell, or a gorgeous woman with an amazing rack, we're in that ring to put numbers on the scoreboard and prove who is the best. If she's better than me, so be it, I'll train harder and whup her ass next time we meet in the ring. What I condone is competition against women. What I don't condone is disrespect and mistreatment of women

[Anger starts to boil across Spade's face, redness showing up in his features.]

You want to know what real violence and disrespectful mistreatment towards a woman is? I'll tell you what it is! It's when a man who comes home from a long day at work and starts beating the hell out of his wife because she burned dinner or said no when he asked for a mouth hug while watching the Six O'clock news, then at bedtime, drags her to the bedroom and instead of a goodnight kiss, he rapes her and goes to sleep beside her like nothing ever happened. That my friends, is what we should be pissed off about. What happens in a wrestling ring may stretch the bounds of legality to it's limits, but that scenario I painted right there is the real crime.

[Stopping for a moment, the Samurai takes in a deep breath then exhales in an effort to calm himself.]

I'm not going to the ring to humiliate and violate Josie Saito. I'm facing her as a fellow wrestler and those of you who take issue to intergender wrestling need to recognize that you are all guilty of the very offense you think you're trying to stop. Anyone can do anything they want to do. To say a woman can't wrestle any opponent standing before her, is just as bad as slapping her in the face for [hand quotes] "speaking out of turn."

[That trademark grin crosses Spade's face, a familiar twinkle in those dark brown eyes.]

Josie you have my respect, but you're going to have to work alot harder to win my Championship. Make no mistake, you're as beautiful as you are deadly in a wrestling ring, but I... never... say... die.

[Leaning forward, he reaches past the camera lens.]

...See you in the ring, baby.

[Spade winks at the camera as he flicks the switch.]

THIKT

[Fade to black.]

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2 – “ANGRY” ANGUS ANDRUS

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[Black. Static. Cut. Blip. Fade in.]

[We find ourselves located at a bar on 121 South Villa Avenue in Villa Park, Illinois, a mere 2 miles from the Odeum Expo Center where DERP will be holding it's next 'Bloodsport' event.

A medium shot of the bar is seen. At first glance, it appears to be your average, run-of-the-mill pub with a classic Irish green sign that reads 'Mahoney's Pub.' Expected neon light beer fixtures hang in the windows.

Fade into the interior of Mahoney's Pub, which seems dead at the moment, although it is only 11:32 in the morning. Much like the exterior, the pub is what you'd expect: HD TVs, darts, electronic bowling, table shuffleboard and outdated music hissing from the electronic jukebox. As the cameraman enters, it is abundantly clear from both the bartender and few patrons, he is not welcome.

A man is seen at the far end of the bar, sipping a Whiskey Sour. This man is Angus Andrus. Angus is still wearing his black 'Blow your mind -- smoke gunpowder' t-shirt from his DERP debut weeks ago, only with much more blood than one might remember. His blue jean shorts now have speckles of Cowboy Mike's blood and vomit on the sides. The look in his bloodshot hazel eyes is that of pain and sorrow as he clutches the whiskey in one hand, and what appears to be a leather lucha mask in the other.

To his left is the sexy Fabiana Richcoast, sitting on a bar stool. She's scantily clad in a tube-top, battling to the death in order to contain her abundant fun-bags, and a mini-shirt -- oh, that mini skirt: Eighties pink and an inch away from revealing her midnight snack. She gently dabbles her nose, most likely removing the remnants of a big line of coke taken off of Mahoney's bathroom sink.

To Angus' right is Mr. Melon, his noticeably short, extenuated manager slash ring announcer with long, haphazardly dyed orange and green hair. He's still wearing the t-shirt he sported at 'Bloodsport: Episode III' with the 'THE KING NEVER RESPECTED ME!' phrase written on the front. He has on sloppy,

decrepit black sweatpants and an idiotic home-made paper crown atop his two-tone balding pinhead. He sips a Diet Cola through a straw while dividing a pile of money into four sections.]

MR. MELON: Thirty-five... forty... forty-five...

[Behind the trio appears to be another familiar face from Angus' DERP debut -- his then-opponent, 'Cowboy' Mike. Not much has changed since we last saw him -- still scrawny and still bloody -- some dry, some fresh.]

After a moment, Angus requests a refill from the nearby bartender, who obliges. The camera begins to creep closer to the tail-end of the bar where Angus and crew reside.]

ANGUS ANDRUS: [to the cameraman, somewhat subdued] You made it. I'm glad. I'm assuming you got the money I sent you [looks to Mr. Melon].

MR. M: I sent it! I swear!

[No response from the cameraman, obviously.]

AA: Your silence speaks volumes, Mr. Cameraman, you. Here --

[Angus swipes the fourth pile of money Melon is counting and hands it off-camera. Melon stirs.]

AA: -- take this.

MR. M: Wait, what?! That's my share of the DERP pay-off!

AA: Take his [points to 'Cowboy' Mike]... he know's the deal.

[Melon shoots an insidious look towards Cowboy.]

MR. M: [smirking] Yeah, that's right... he know's the deal.

[In one swoop, Melon snags the pile of cash originally designated for Cowboy.]

AA: See? It all worked itself out. Speaking of ol' Cowboy --

[Angus takes another sip of his adult beverage, then looks behind him at the incapacitated 'Cowboy' Mike, who is slumped in a corner.]

AA: Remember him? You know, 'Cowboy Mike.' Huh? See, YOU may remember him as my debut DERP opponent... but I know him as the little fanboy who's been following me for months. MONTHS!!! Ever since I returned from my run in Japan. Kid's been asking me to be in my little family of misfits non-stop. [Looking back] Ain't that right, mark-boy?

['Cowboy' Mike nervously nods his head.]

AA: Oh, yeah... [raising the lucha mask] put this little diddy on, tell the nice cameraman your new name and say the thing we practiced.

[Angus tosses the mask to 'Cowboy' Mike, who cautiously catches it -- flinching, as if dodging a severe right hand.]

'COWBOY' MIKE: [shivering] Y-yes, sir --

[Angus angrily clears his throat.]

CM: Sorry -- I mean, lo siento.

['Cowboy' Mike dons the leather lucha mask, which is white with orange flames down each side, and timidly looks to the camera.]

CM: Hola, mi nombre es 'El Flunkee Fuego' y me gusta tener mi culo pateado por el Señor Angus Andrus.

[Angus sarcastically applauds. Melon giggles so hard he snorts. And Fabiana rearranges her abundant cleavage.]

AA: Very good, El Flunkee, very good! Hey... muy bueno.

[The now-dubbed El Flunkee Fuego cracks a fearing smile.]

EL FLUNKEE FUEGO: Gracias, señor, gracias.

[Angus chuckles, then looks at the camera.]

AA: I've been bringing him to my indy shows lately.

[Melon chimes in, making himself visible to the camera.]

MR. MELON: Yeah, just kicking the shit outta him before a match... to get in an opponent's head, you know?

[Angus slaps Mr. Melon, who takes it like a cream puff.]

AA: [to Mr. Melon] Are we in a wrestling ring, Melon? Huh? No. If there's no mic, there's no mouth. We clear?

MR. M: [off camera and whimpering] I thought we agreed that since you have El Fire Fag [referring to El Flunkee Fuego] you'd stop being so nasty to me.

[Angus scoffs, then sips his whiskey. Fabiana giggles as she applies her red lipstick.]

AA: [to the camera] So, I guess you want me to talk about DERP and my next match and the whole bit - - correct?

[No response.]

AA: Great. Well, listen, I'm an all around the world and I-I-I kinda guy, you know? I've wrestled in Mexico. I've wrestled Japan. I've wrestled the States. And I've made enemies in every single one of them. That's why you gotta keep moving and create your own friends along the way.

[Angus downs the last of the whiskey, shooting a look at the camera and then back to his crew.]

AA: That way, you're always home -- and you're always daddy.

[Angus and Fabiana Richcoast exchange a lusty glance.]

AA: Now, where does that put Angus in ol' DERP? Hmm. Good question. Well, it's been awhile since I've wrestled in the States. A few years now. And after coming off nasty -- bloody feuds with men like Akane Tokushima -- Shoji Kobayashi -- Hiroki Yamamoto -- one has a tough time not being typecasted as a 'glorified spot-monkey' by those outside Japan.

[Melon pokes his head in.]

MR. M: [fast-talking 1930s style] He also wrestled in Mexico as El Diablo Fuego. CLLL to be exact. Until he was unmasked by El Rey del Sexo -- the very same mask the schmuck over here [points to El Flunkee Fuego] is wearing! I think there are some deep rooted issues within the whole making him wear --

[Angus shoves Melon from view.]

AA: I said ONLY on the mic, Melon! [to the camera] Now, where was I? Oh, right -- DERP. Bloodsport. Episode Four. A Four Corners Death Match, right? I hear fans are bringing the weapons. You know what the boys in Japan used to call that? Vacation.

[Angus claps a thunderous clap, startling the room.]

AA: I hope those guys get creative -- the fans that is. As for the wrestlers? Well, I personally don't know much about them. I've heard things about Angel Martinez. High flying Puerto Rican guy, right? Lives in Jersey now or something. Yeah, I used to run in similar circles when I did my run in Mexico. And his name popped up a few times in Japan, too. I'm sure he can fight. I'm sure his head hurts a lot after a stiff ass chairshot, too... so.

[Thinks.]

AA: Joshua Black? Please... seems like a guy who shoulda stayed in Phoenix and went for the big house and the white picket fence with that wife of his... and left the 'garbage wrestling' to us grown-ups.

[Mr. Melon laughs, spitting out his Diet Cola.]

MR. M: Sorry, boss.

[Angus wipes his shirt.]

AA: As for Axel Hardaker... I hear the guy's a former war vet who decided to become a professional wrestler. Hmm. I can assume a man like that has, as I'm sure he would put it... seen some stuff. Well, so

have I. So have I. Maybe not on an Iraqi battlefield... but I'd be willing to bet a Japanese Death Match tournament comes pretty damn close. And if you disagree... go to Japan and find out yourself. You'll lose a lot of blood.

[Melon nods, as if experiencing such matches himself.]

AA: So, I guess the only message I can send is this --

[Angus pulls a cigarette out of his pocket and lites it. The bartender shoots him a disapproving glance, which is completely dismissed by Angus.]

AA: Martinez -- I'll see what Mexico and Japan did for you during your time there. Hardaker -- better hope a fan doesn't bring a land-mine as his weapon for the evening. Black -- start practicing your chair swings, cuz we're in for a trashy 'spotfest' in Villa Park, Illinois. Cause, DERP -- Angus just got angry.

[Hard fist to the table!]

AA: El Flunkee -- SAY WHAT YOU MUST!

[Camera pans wide. All four 'misfits' are in frame. Mr. Melon sits dejected in his chair, Diet Cola in hand. Fabiana Richcoast, for no reason, bounces in her bar stool. And Angus points to the abashed El Flunkee Fuego.]

EFF: Eso es todo por ahora. Esperamos que tengas una tarde gloriosa y un futuro aterrador. ¡Buenas noches!

[Angus smiles.]

AA: That is all for now. We hope you have a glorious evening and a frightening tomorrow. Goodnight!

[The quartet remain in full frame, oddly waving to the camera.]

[Static. Blip. Static. Black.]

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3 – MIKE GIONET

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[The camera fades into Lions Field Park in Villa Park Illinois. While the leaves are off the trees signifying winter is here, the sun shines brightly on the horizon. Sitting on a park bench is Mike Gionet after a morning jog. He wears a grey sweatshirt, navy blue and white striped jogging pants and red converse sneakers. He smiles taking in his surroundings before looking into the camera.]

Mike Gionet: I know in life, we can be dealt some very tough hands. It's about dealing with what we have the best we can. When I had to move 3000 miles away from my school, my friends, the only life I knew....

[Mike stops mid-sentence as he looks away for a moment remembering what he left behind showing a sense of sadness on his face.]

MG: I could have thrown it all away. Could have turned to drugs to alcohol to God knows what. In the end I just knew it would be all worth it. With the adversity I faced I knew someday this dog would be thrown a bone. I didn't do so well my first bout here in DERP so I had to go back to the drawing board and refocus. I not only took out one but both of my opponents to shoot up that leader board and earn myself a #1 contendership bout for the YouTube Championship against "Trashman" Tyrone Heat.

[Mike leans back into the bench as he brushes the sandy blond hair from his eyes. He closes them carefully thinking what he wants to say.]

MG: Heat, I know you were dealt a bad hand in your YouTube Championship belt. You fought valiantly to get out of the hold and the referee made a poor judgment call on his part. I know that is only going to make you that much more violent and intent on trying to win our match. You are a powerhouse and at times beat respect into your opponents. I respect that. Just understand that I am going to be no pushover Tyrone. I am digging deep within my heart and soul for this opportunity. I know you fight for what is near and dear to your heart. In sports, in wrestling, in your life. Just understand that I am going to give you the fight of your life in that ring.

[Mike leans forward towards the camera with his forest green eyes demanding the viewer's attention, namely his opponent.]

MG: I promise to show you respect in that ring and all I ask in return is to show me the same. Don't even think for a second that it is a sign of weakness because I am coming out there to get my shot. To be on my path to winning the YouTube Championship from Spade. You leave a little crack of an opening and I will smash that window of opportunity wide open. You give me an inch and I will run around the world to become the best at my craft. My perseverance will never be extinguished and my ambition cannot be silenced.

[Mike stands up from the bench and straightens himself out. He nods to the camera bidding goodbye before throwing the hood over his head. The camera watches as he jogs off before fading to black.]

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4 – ONO HEZONFAIA
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[Open in the locker room. ONO HEZONFAIA sits leaning forward on one of long benches, mulling over his recent battles.]

The background is not silent. The Odeum Expo Center is a living thing when a crowd fills it, murmuring and breathing.

And here's this pasty-skinned fat dude in a Hawaiian shirt trying to give a pep talk whilst gesticulating broadly with a hip flask in his hand.]

Syn: "See, this match is so ludicrous, it plays to your strengths. You go do your silly EX TREEEEME thing, you just..."

[ONO raises one palm to shush his manager, then stands up. He looks directly into the camera. The overdone broken English is gone, but he still has a very pronounced accent. He speaks very methodically, not quite stumbling over every syllable, but not quite linking them naturally either.]

ONO: "That belt... meant glory to me. Just holding it meant I was a big man. Not just a middle worker clown, working for other clowns. This title means something to me, not just some jewelry around your waist.

"Johnny Marvelous... Maybe this match is a joke. Maybe you see me as a joke. Maybe you think that I am going to fail, maybe you HOPE that I am going to fail."

[ONO pauses momentarily to glance toward his manager. Syn just takes a slug from his container and motions for ONO to continue. ONO does so, gradually accelerating and raising his voice.]

ONO: "Well, maybe I hope I'm going to fail too.

"Because I want my belt back. I want my glory back. And I think I know what I am willing to do to get that belt around my waist again. I think I know what it would TAKE to get that belt around my waist again, and keep it there."

[ONO pauses, raising his arms to chest height, looking at his palms.]

ONO: "And maybe I'm not sure I want that kind of blood on my hands. Maybe it's better if you take me out of the picture, so that I can lose and go home with a clear conscience."

[ONO drops his hands and looks into the camera again, his face dead serious for once.]

ONO: "But I will be DAMNED if I am going to roll over and make it easy for you. If you and your relatives believe in something they can pray to, tell them that this would be a good time to start.

"Because I'm coming for my belt. And you're the one I have to destroy to get it back."

[The Hokkaido hotness turns his back to the camera.]

ONO: "Even if I must wear silly hamster costume to do it."

[Camera dissolves out as Syn silently toasts his charge with a look of impression, and another hundred calories of his beverage of choice. Last minute shout from ONO HEZONFAIA.]

ONO: "EXXXXXXX TUREEEEEEME!"

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5 – “DANGEROUS” DEVIN HOULIHAN

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[Simple as shit. It's him, Devin Houlihan, standing in front of the traditional DERP banner. Devin has one angry motherfuckin' look in his eyes.]

DEVIN: Tried winning myself that twenty-four seven title... DIDN'T FUCKIN' HAPPEN!

[Eyes glow a bit brighter...]

DEVIN: Tried beatin' a WOMAN for my shot at the YouTube Championship... DIDN'T FUCKIN' HAPPEN!

[Smile turns a bit more evil...]

DEVIN: And now... On episode FOUR... I get to stand in the ring again with Ide-Nama?!?!? With ROB SHARPE as my partner??? Is that old sack of shit even CLEARED yet after Spade squashed his knee like a grape?!?!

[Deep breath...]

DEVIN: They've always said a man is at his most dangerous when he's got nothing left to lose...

Well in that fuckin' case...

[Grunts...]

...ITS ABOUT TO GET DANGEROUS UP IN THIS FUCKIN' BITCH!

[Fade Out.]

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6 – “MASTER OF PAIN” AXEL HARDAKER

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[Sitting in a folding chair out in the dim light of late fall, Axel Hardaker seems out of place. Of course, decked out in the last bits from a remnants sale at the Army Surplus store, his face painted up like the US flag, he doesn't really blend anywhere. Looking intently into the camera lens, he whisper-shouts--]

AH: Hate ... is good.

[Now let that sink in. On second thought, don't, this guy's not the best role model.]

AH: Hate throws the world into contrast. Lets you know what's important. How can you know love if you don't know hate? All you know then is a strong feeling in one direction with nothin' to balance it. Sweet without sour ... like bad Chinese food.

Hate makes what you love special and, contrary to popular belief, it's not love's opposite. In a lot of ways love and hate are the same thing; strong emotions. The opposite of which are a void of nothin'. The opposite of hot is cold but cold is nothin' but an absence of heat. The opposite of something ... is nothing...

[Chuckling, Axel itches his nose, letting a tiny patch of skin tone poke through the blue makeup at the tip.]

AH: Listenin' to me you already figured this out but, y'know ... I'm not your typical guy. I revel in the idea of the norm... Nuke-you-lar family, pickup trucks, liquor before beer and patrols marching up and down every border amid the buzz of America's ubiquitous electric fence. American bug zapper ... just fire 'er up and watch as those jumping beans become fireworks, pure fireworks. Love the idea...

But no ... I'm not typical. I like numbers. I'm ... athletic. I'm the ideal that the rest of you should shoot for. True, I'm not perfect. I got beat, albeit just barely, by some kid name of Mikey Gionet. I could be embarrassed or ... I could just say that he grew up in this business and I grew up in a much nastier one. That one slash in the "L" column, in the larger scheme, is meaningless. I'm still learning and Mikey? Mikey's probably already peaked...

[Cackle cackle, Axel lets his (to him) clever insults get the best of him and his pitch rises to a tittering. He sounds, for a moment, like a toddler who's had too much sugar.]

AH: But those aren't the only numbers I like. Like ... 10. That's the number of inches around of my right wrist.

[Holding up his right meathook, it's fingertips wrapped in gauze, Axel turns it so that everyone can get a good look.]

AH: Average wrist on the average man is about 6 inches around. At the peak of his boxing career Mike Tyson got his up to 8. Meat doesn't tend to accumulate at the wrists ... some bodybuilders, not the real athletes who can actually do shit but those morons who take HGH and only do exercises that build mass instead of generating lean muscle have thicker wrists. Unless you're like me...

See, I do everything I can to train my hands. Finger curls, crush grips, bending nails, bending bars, mountain climbing or just ... hanging from hooked fingers. My hands, each one, is a hair over 400 pounds in terms of grip strength and a hair under the recordholder, a fat tub who's two of me. Bone crushingly strong. 400, another good number. Also ... 250.

250 is the strongest human jaw on record.

[Pause. Let that sink in.]

AH: Now ... when the jokers I'm fighting next in DERP get up in the morning ... let's say they don't watch these segments. Let's say they have better things to do and have no idea what they're getting into. Imagine the shock of watching a man grab them by their 6-inch wrists and feeling, for all the world, like they're getting their hands bit off by dogs.

You don't get in the ring thinking about fighting a guy with hands stronger than jaws. But there it is.

[Reaching out of the camera, Hardaker shows his left hand. Focusing in close, we see the calloused, almost scaled mitt has an oversized muscle where the thumb meets the palm. It's not that he has unnaturally large hands, he's just developed them like an Amish farmhand until they look like they were just grown bigger.]

AH: These hands, they got me in trouble when I was in the service. Day one of boot camp I'd only recently discovered that you could actually train your hands, your fingers. Day 1000 in the middle east ... I was feelin' mean in a way your average man never does. Everyone's dead ... Jonny, Ralph, Amir (our damned interpreter), Antonio ... more guys than I can name. Hajji just keeps comin' out of doorways and it happens so many times that ... you just don't know what to do, when the next attack's gonna come. Then ... my come to Jesus moment.

I never knew his name. Soon as he was in custody and the EODS had their way, he got whisked off, probably to Poland's black site ... seems like that was the water-boardery du jour at the time. I see this Haj ... creepin' towards a crowd. Weepin' people, women, children. A funeral. I broke rank. Sergeant shoutin' at me, callin me AWOL, sendin' some of my own boys after me. All I can see is this guy, typical man-robe-slash-turban ensemble you saw all over the region ... but I couldn't see his right hand.

Sumbitch is hidin' his right hand ... and power-walkin' for a crowd. I was on him in a heartbeat and the boys have their sidearms on me, point blank ... Beretta, standard issue at the time. Beretta 92...

[Lost in what might be a flash of humanity (and PTSD) Axel grips the focused-on hand. There's a snapping sound, flesh-on-flesh, then the gritting sound of the gauze on callus.]

AH: They're screamin' at me to stand down. Got Haj between my legs from behind, squeezin', and his hand's in mine, that right hand. I'm yellin' back at 'em, but they don't hear. Too many boys snapped already, they think I'm just another statistic. Meanwhile ... Haj, he hasn't been groomin' regularly. He's bleedin' like hell from his own dirty fingernails goin' in his palm. Bleedin' all over a deadman switch.

The boys don't listen, so I start tearin' off Haj's layers. Show 'em the vest. Miracle I didn't pull a wire and blow everybody's shit up. They listened then. Haj's hand got duck-taped shut on that switch and it

took the Boomers almost two hours to get the vest on him. I'm guessin' after all that his hand never worked again. That day I got the nickname that'll stick with me 'til the day I die. Became my callsign. "Hyena".

[Running his hands through his white-bleached hair, Axel's eyes squeeze shut and, for a moment, all we see is the US Flag he's painted his face to be.]

AH: Didn't like the name. Still don't. After the tape went on and I let go ... I started laughing. Couldn't stop. My hand ... crushed another man's hand to pulp and, after, I laughed my ass off, shrill and crazy-like. Laughed 'til I got real tired. Wonder why I call myself the "Master of Pain?" The alternative's bein' named after some freaky dog-weasel that eats bones on the African savannah. This name I chose for myself. Hyena died in Fallujah, on my last mission as a Ranger, just days before my orientation at Blackwater.

I made a lot of connections, keep makin' 'em today. People see what I can do and they wanna bite off a piece for themselves. People wanna feel the hate so they can know what love really is. Come in from the cold so that their nothin' can be somethin' again. Always pays to have a man on the inside who knows what's what ... am I right?

[He's hinting at something but not letting on what it is. Disturbing.]

AH: I'm Axel Hardaker ... and I approve this message.

[Aaand apparently he's not going to shed any light on his true meaning. Figures. Fade to black.]

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7 – “THE REVOLUTION” JOSIE SAITO

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[Fade in.]

[The scene opens to XSport Fitness gym. The place is buzzing with activity but our attention is drawn to a female figure, racing along on the treadmill. As the camera zooms closer, we realize that she's DERP's very own Josie Saito. The woman known as “The Revolution” is clad in a white tank and black sweats, completing the look with Nikes. Her long, black hair is pulled back and styled in a bun, sweat glistening off of her lithe form.]

[She's clearly in “the zone”, a look of determination on her face as she listens to her iPod, seemingly oblivious to any and everyone else. Suddenly, her glance moves towards the camera and she presses a few buttons on the treadmill, the machine slowing before stopping.]

Josie: Before you even say it, I know.

[She grabs a nearby towel and wipes her face before stepping off of the machine.]

Josie: I've been hearing it all week, from the media. The fans. Everybody telling me that I'm in for the fight of my career tonight.

[She frowns, fixing her gaze on the camera as she shakes her head.]

Josie: And looking at this thing on paper, I can see where they're coming from. Spade's not only a talented athlete and one of the top wrestlers in DERP. But he's also coming into this match with a decided height and weight advantage. Plus, he's the champion, so he's got a Hell of a lot of momentum.

I'm definitely the underdog tonight. Fortunately, that's not a position that scares me. In fact, I've been there before and have surprised my doubters each time. Just look at my history. When I was just barely a child, I came to the States with no money, family, or real support. And I used my own abilities and skills to become a real force in this business.

[That determined look returns, a glint in her eyes, her jaw set.]

Josie: Hell, just a few months ago, people were claiming that I'd sink with the level of competition in DERP, that a woman couldn't possibly match with the male competition here.

[A slight smirk graces her lips at that.]

Josie: But look at me now. I'm in a position that many of the other men would kill for. So, I'm used to having the odds stacked against me and then beating them. So, while Spade's got a Hell of a lot going on for him, I'm not someone to underestimate or sweep under the rug. History speaks for itself.

And while he may be the champion, I can guarantee that Spade's nowhere near as hungry or determined as I am. See, I haven't been busting my ass and clawing my way up the rankings here for fun. No.

[She shakes her head emphatically.]

Josie: There's a method to my madness and all roads lead to the Youtube Title. Now that I'm close enough to that prize to taste it, you had better believe that I'm going to do everything in my power to win it. So, if any of you thought I was a problem before then I guarantee that you haven't seen anything yet.

And Spade? I've got nothing but the utmost respect for you. But, in a few hours, all of that goes right out of the window. And it's just me and you. So, I'll give you a word to the wise. Get ready, because tonight is gonna be Revolutionary!

[Fade.]

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8 – IDE-NAMA

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[We're in the corridors of the Odeum Expo Center, where Yosuke Namashita is on his own approaching the camera, approaching in a downright unfriendly manner with a look of condemnation written on his face – and the subtitles earning their money this evening]

Namashita: Houlihan, you dirty bastard, we can't seem to get away from you. We fight you in DERP and you keep getting the best of us. We fight you and your brother in UWL, but we can't get rid of you. So now we fight you and Sharpe again, here in DERP, and all because you keep finding new ways to screw us. Well no more, you son of a whore, as tonight we put you in the ground.

Ideura: YOSUKE!

[Takeshi Ideura runs up to Namashita, stopping his tirade before it goes on too long]

Namashita: What?

Ideura: You're better than this.

Namashita: I may be better than this, but that doesn't mean I shouldn't do it.

[Ideura indicates the cameraman needs to back up a few paces, so he can talk to his partner]

Ideura: You need to stop letting Houlihan get to you, before it makes you crazy. We both know we can beat him no matter who the partner is, we just need to focus on how.

Namashita: How to beat him? How about I ram my boot in his face, how about that?

[Ideura throws his arms wide in exasperation]

Ideura: There's no reason not to, there...

[Ideura is lost for words for a moment, and paces around trying to find the words]

Ideura: You're angry that he's managed to get one over us in the past, and I understand you want to tear his head off. I want to gain a victory over him as much as you do, but I don't fly off the handle.

Namashita: Don't you judge me!

Ideura: I'm not judging you, I'm telling you to focus.

Namashita: ...

Ideura: Houlihan may be a thorn in our side, and continues to be one with Rob Sharpe or his brother as his partner, but you shouldn't let that be the focus of your attention. We have another shot at him, after all, and your anger needs to be focused for when the bell goes. After all, you're being encouraged to swing chairs in this one, and I know how much you look forward to that.

Namashita: Encouraged?

Ideura: No tags necessary, chairs legal – I think that sounds like a match we can both enjoy.

Namashita: Chairs legal? Even...unprotected shots to the head?

Ideura: The fans wouldn't have it any other way.

Namashita: And all I have to do is keep swinging until the pair of them stop getting up?

Ideura: No, no – we can do MORE than that. No tags means it's two-on-two the whole match, so we can show them what it means to be a cohesive unit. After all, if Sharpe is only in the match because the lesser Houlihan isn't, we can say we're the better team. Then we can prove it, by showing what we can do when we work together.

Namashita: I still get to swing chairs and ram my boot in Houlihan's face?

Ideura: Of course. Just remember, there's two of us and two of them – so why don't we think of talking out both of them, and if our luck is with us that means we get to take out Houlihan last. That should make you feel better.

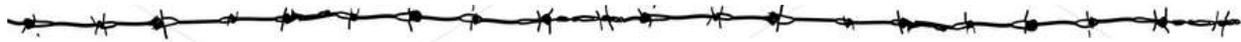
Namashita: Damn right it will.

Ideura: Well, with that in mind, perhaps we should think about the most creative way you can ram you boot in his face. You want him to be surprised, don't you?

Namashita: The look on his face will be worth it.

Ideura: Glad you agree. Let's go...

[FTB]



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