

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 5

[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 – Axel Reed
- 2 -- ??????????????????????????????
- 3 – “The Street Samurai” Spade – DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION
- 4 – “Raunchy” Ray Reeves
- 6 – Big Mike Foyer – DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPION
- 7 – Mike Gionet
- 8 – “The Punishment” Daniel Everett
- 9 – “Japanese Jumpin’ Bean” ONO HEZONFAIA
- 10 – “The Revolution” Josie Saito
- 11 – The Opposition Party
- 12 – Angel “Syko” Martinez
- 13 – “The Trashman” Tyrone Heat

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

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1 – AXEL REED

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[We fade into an excessively messy room. Trash can is overflowing, clothes everywhere, the works. In the center of the room is a couch and one of those tacky coffee table’s everyone seems to own, however, this particular coffee table is covered in random litter such as a Dunkin Donut Mini’s Box, an empty Icee cup, 4-5 empty pill bottles (not all illegal), and other various objects. (You can probably tell I’m just listing things off my desk at the moment, it’s actually pretty disgusting. I need to clean up around here.) On the couch is long time wrestling veteran, turned cancer crime fighter and up until now retiree... Axel Reed. The DERP camera crew is likely hating life at the prospect of actually being here and not on a superior location like watching Josie Saito working on that sweet little ass in the gym(perverts), but with their shitty budget they’re lucky this won’t air in black and white.]

Reed: I’d be a liar if I told you I expected to end up in a place like DERP at this stage of my life. The little hole in the wall joint with spastic announcers and wrestler’s that drop the F bomb every other word in a meager attempt to leave their “mark” on the wrestling landscape. Half of the roster is fully blown sociopaths that belong in padded cells, while the other half enjoys playing the name drop game as they spout off random letters to companies and past wrestler’s that nobody knows and even less care about ... And the fan base? The fans appear to be more infatuated with blood and chainsaws than they are actual wrestling talent.

[He shakes his head from side to side.]

Reed: You see, I could fall into the comfort zone like so many of you already have in order to get my foot in the door. You know, ramble endlessly about the 27 galactic unified super cheese dick world title’s I’ve won in my career, my time in japan, my wife, my car, my dog, my house, my three legged cat

... but I won't. It's simply not necessary and it's a role that's already been filled by "Ambien" Angus Andrus, with alarming success too if I might add.

[He sits up from the couch because something on tv has peaked his interest. The road runner is trolling the coyote again and it has him laughing. Some things never get old.]

Reed: From listening to me thus far, you'd probably assume I hate DERP. My response to that would be a) of course you do and b) it couldn't be further from the truth. I wouldn't have wasted my time coming out of retirement and joining this place if I viewed it as nothing more than a dead end shitbox. Is she perfect? No. Does she have unlimited potential? I believe so. You could almost say DERP is the Sara Jessica Parker of the wrestling world – the ultimate butter face. Smoking ass body... BUT... a face no amount of makeup can make look good. Allow me a moment to elaborate on that point

[Reed clears his throat before delivering what he believes to be an ingenious point which is honestly nothing less than random blabbing.]

Reed: This place possesses the thing that use to make America so great: Freedom. There are literally no constraints and you get exactly what you put in. If you fail you have nobody to blame but the man or woman staring at you in the mirror. And while it sounds like a noble idea on paper... there are very few places with the testicles and creativity to even try and pull it off.

[He pauses.]

Reed: Case in point, do you think a guy like Axel Hardaker would be given the opportunity he has here somewhere else, much less a title shot?

[Axel shakes his head from side to side again.]

Reed: Look, I've been around the block more than once and have had my lion's share of wannabe hardasses to deal with, but I'll make a legitimate effort to avoid this guy... he's straight nuts. He's as likely to rape you in the ring as he is to pin you, just to say he did it. I'm already missing half of my colon and I'm not all that eager to part ways with another part of my body on behalf of a RPG wielding maniac. To be brutally honest, DERP simply doesn't pay enough.

Angel Martinez, a guy that's paid his dues more than anyone and everyone combined no longer has to deal with a never ending congo line of politically charged dickdo's holding him back. The amount of time I spent with Angel, Teddy, and Andrew were some of the best and fun years of my life; however, I don't think my liver ever fully recovered from it. I can honestly say I'm proud of the guy for still going this hard all these years later.

Mike Gionet, one of my personal favorites. Young, chip on his shoulder, charisma like an Angus promo... but a disgusting amount of pure wrestling talent. This is a guy that can catapult DERP to the next level if he keeps his head on straight and has proper guidance. I've seen enough flash in the pan talents come and go but this guy has the goods hidden somewhere inside of him; somebody just needs to pry it out of him.

Josie Saito... easy on the eyes, not so easy in the ring. Another fantastic talent, but much like Hardaker I'll steer clear of this one. At the tender age of 40 I don't belong in the ring with an attractive Asian

woman, I'm all for equal rights – but I've already tested my boundaries in life. I just beat cancer so I'm not all that anxious to add a heart attack to the list. I'll admire her from afar...

I could go on and on for the next four hours dissecting the DERP roster while occasionally providing a verbal blowjob here and there, but none of it will be relevant if I'm unable to win my first match. As I said earlier, you get what you put in here. If I win I get to advance on my merry way, if I lose...

[He looks around at some of the surrounding garbage.]

Reed: Losing really isn't an option. Don't get me wrong, I'm not expecting to waltz into the ring and for it to be a cake walk this week; I'm certainly not that naïve. I haven't wrestled in quite some time so to say there may be some rust present would be a gross understatement. I'm not going to look past my opponent, Ray Reeves, either. That's despite not knowing a single thing about him other than the fact he's a young up and comer looking for a spot. The friction comes in because we're both looking at the same spot in a winner take all debut match. So for me to go into this thing overconfident could very well prove to be a fatal mistake... there's fewer things more dangerous in this industry than a young guy trying to make a name for himself. They're willing to take any and all risk no matter how idiotic some of them may be, they feed on the adrenaline the crowd gives them like sharks at a feeding frenzy... so I'll be going into Bloodsport with both eyes _wide_ open.

I'll show up ready, and I'd expect nothing less from Reeves. At this point it's kind of just a let the chips fall where they may type of situation.

[Brief pause.]

Reed: I wouldn't have it any other way.

[Fade to.....]

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2 – ??????????????????????????????
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[Darkness. You hear nothing but dull static and white noise.

A woman's voice, hauntingly distorted to conceal identity, cuts through the noise, audible but nearly blending in at the same time.]

VOICE: There you all sit... so complacent. So carefree. So... safe.

You fought so gallantly to protect an institution you so loved. From people who didn't want your product within their state lines. From men who wanted to burn it down from the inside out. From the naysayers who said it would never last. Then you started taking it for granted.

What you were so passionate for in the beginning just became something so... routine.

But that's just the way most of us are as humans. We forget that we're responsible for our actions. Every little one.

I acknowledge that, though. I acknowledge my sins... only because everything I did, I understand that I did it with intent. Without any regrets. Without any remorse. The only guilt on my shoulders... is the guilt you perceive in your eyes.

Where you believe I've done you wrong? I believe I've shown you that there's a better way... if you change your thinking.

But as I learned... a lot of you are stubborn. Very stubborn. Therefore... I will always be your enemy. I will always be your greatest threat. I will always be your greatest fear.

In the end, all of that negativity merely just masks your jealousy of my liberation.

[With the word "liberation," the voice and the background static blend into one unbearable, shrieking noise, rapidly increasing in volume. It reaches something of a crescendo... then cuts to a sudden dead silence.]

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3 – “THE STREET SAMURAI” SPADE DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION

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[The scene is a simple, classic wrestling staple. A non-descript room with a backlit DERP Banner stretched on a wall directly behind "The Street Samurai," Spade. We find him attired in a sleeveless black muscle shirt, blue jeans, a black bandanna with blue and white flames, and a leather bracer and wrist-watch combo on his right wrist. His long dark brown hair hangs loose and free from the confines of that bandanna. On his shoulder rests the brushed silver DERP Youtube Championship. Spade's face, however, did not carry it's usual jovial spirit.]

Spade: So let me get this straight. Last week, Josie Saito took advantage of a distraction, locked me up, and pinned me 1...2...3... front and center for god and everyone to see.

[A deep frown crosses his face as he pulls the Youtube championship from his shoulders, holding it in both hands. He looks down upon the belt, his eyes zeroing in on the name plate that read in big, bold letters "Spade".]

...yet I'm still the champion.

[He briefly closes his eyes and shakes his head slowly, then looks back up at the camera.]

I was beaten by a tougher woman and somehow I'm still champion. Really?

[A look of confusion screws his features, his lip twisted slightly with one brow furrowed and the other sharply angled, his eyes squinted slightly.]

I can't call myself a champion after something like that. Josie Saito may have taken advantage of the situation and used a distraction against me, but so what? I shouldn't have been looking at the streaker in the crowd, I should have been paying attention to the thorned Rose that was in the ring with me.

[Spade sighs and shakes his head, looking briefly back down at the belt and then back.]

If I wasn't booked in a match tonight, I'd be handing this belt to it's rightful owner, Josie Saito. She made me, one of the best guys in DERP, look like a complete and utter fool and for that, she should have been rewarded.

[He shakes his head, his brow furrowed as a look of contempt spreads across his face.]

I'm ashamed of myself right now. I didn't give Josie even a tenth of what I'm capable of in that ring, even though I said I'd give her everything I've got, but that changes tonight. No more jokie jokes and fucking around, tonight I am up against two top flight competitors in the game, The Trashman and Mike Gionet.

[Spade places the belt back upon his shoulders.]

Tyrone has faced me twice and lost both times, so I'm sure he's going to shift gears and change tactics. Trashman's is going to give me the fight of my life because I know he doesn't want to go home a three time loser against the same man. That kind of thing eats you up inside and can really do a number on a guy's mind.

[Criss crossing his fingers before him, The Samurai tilts his head slightly to the right.]

Thing is, Mr. Heatwole, if they gave belts out for manning up and trying again, you'd be a champion. In my eyes, you're a strong man with alot of heart and sometimes that's worth much more than any championship. Don't focus on what you don't have, focus on what you do- Integrity. I may have beaten you twice now and looking to do it a third time, but I respect you for your intensity, drive, and strength of character. You're one of the good guys and I hope you stay that way man, no matter what happens.

[Spade smooths his chin beard a bit, his head listing a bit to the left.]

Then you have Mike Gionet. I don't get why he's getting the rookie treatment here in DERP, as I've seen the man's name in lights many times. Gionet is one of the biggest names in professional wrestling and while I really dig Ryan Delaney and how he thinks, I can't, for the life of me, fathom why MG is as under promoted as he is. The man has wrestled for multiple promotions with a career spanning the better part of a decade if not more.

[He shrugs his shoulders, one hand gripping the championship belt as he hooks a thumb in the belt loop of his pants.]

Ah well, tonight, Gionet has a huge opportunity here in the land of DERP-osity. If he can beat me and The Trashman in this very ring and secure himself the Youtube Championship, then he'll instantly become the biggest name in DERP. You see, Mike, that's what I love about this place.

[The Samurai gestures to his left, as if indicating the DERP Arena itself and all of the wrestlers working under it's banner.]

You can go from 0 to 180 miles per hour in one match if you do well enough and a championship is only as good as the man who holds it. Mike, right now my title doesn't mean a whole lot, but beating you and the Trashman with no questions or bullshit finishes in a man to man wrestling match would redeem both me and this championship in one fell swoop.

[Spade's dark brown eyes smolder from a fire that burns deep within his very soul. He stares hard into the camera, grit and determination.]

Derp-a-holics and wrestlers alike, I promise you that I won't leave Blood Sport 5 without the Youtube Championship in my possession. I have to win this. I have to prove to myself and all of you that I am worthy of being a champion. The odds are stacked against me, but my life has been all about defying the odds.

[The briefest of pauses.]

Almost six years ago, literally every bone in my body was broken in a two hundred mile per hour Nitro bike crash. I should be dead, but I'm not. A year of rehab, physical therapy, and hard work later, I came back to professional wrestling better than ever. While every inch of me may hurt like hell during a sharp weather change, pain is as much of an illusion as weakness.

[That trademark dangerous grin of his crosses the threshold of his lips, casting his features into a devilish light.]

Gionet... Heat... If you guys can top a Nitro Bike hitting a pot hole and throwing me into a brick wall at two hundred, then you're leaving with the Youtube Championship. I'm not coming at this half-assed with a "Good luck and God Speed to ya". You're getting the full on, balls to the wall Street Samurai that everyone has been waiting to see for a very long time. I'm coming to that ring to kick your ass and leave you flat on your backs for a tap out or the Uno, Dose, Thres motherfuckers.

[He points his thumb at his chest.]

This is the Samurai of old. The man with one word for his name and that name is Spade. Hear it and remember it, for it's what the announcer is going to say when the match is over....

[Bending back, Spade cups his hands over his mouth and starts to yell at the top of his lungs.]

HERE IS YOUR WINNER AND STILL... DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION.... THA'
SSSSSTTTTRRRRREEEEEEETTTT SSAAAMMMUURRRAAAIIIII.....

[He stops there, uncupping his hands from his mouth and straightening up. He tilts his head forward and looks directly into the camera, his eyes wild as if suffering from some form of mania or

dementia. Spade's voice returns to a normal tone.]

...Spade...

[Pulling the belt from his shoulder, The Samurai holds the belt out for the camera which zooms in on the gold and silver center piece, his name in bold print upon the name plate. Fade to black.]

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4 – “RAUNCHY” RAY REEVES

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[FADE UP!!!]

[Standing dead center, smack dab in the middle of the shot, wearing nothing but a blue bath robe, is one stunning example of an All American male. From the long flowing brunette locks to the baby blue eyes, this man has them movie star quality good looks that are a true rarity in society. With his hands on his hips, an arrogant gleam in his eye, the stunning male gives a wink to the camera, and fills the air with the sweet sounds of his soothing voice!]

???: Hellllllllloooooooooo ladies!!!!

[Snickering.]

???: I would apologize over wearing nothing but this here robe in a time such as THIS, but what do you expect when you show up, unannounced on a man's door step???? Besides, I doubt there are any real COMPLAINTS being filed right now.

I mean...

How could you NOT be enjoying this???

[The beautiful specimen continues to show off his beauty, going through the classic series of muscle man poses, that cocky arrogant smile never leaving his face.]

???: Now while I could stand here all day long and make all the females fall over themselves, drooling worse than Pavlov's dogs... I DO have better things to do with my life, so I will get on with things... Like, for instance, who exactly I am....

[Pause, with that smile just dripping arrogance.]

block of wood with a carving knife, the camera moves in close, stopping when only he resides within the frame.]

BMF: We had one hell of a party down at Club 3T in Villa Park, Illinois. You know it's good when you damn near burn the building down.

[He smirks a bit, flicking a large piece of wood from the block.]

But Party time is over now. I'm all healed up and so is my opponent, Dan Everetts. You know, I'll let him have this much - He went through alot more hell winning the belt than I did in the first place. I can't exactly remember the numbers, but I know he beat a couple guys in Death Match conditions. All I did was throw his ass in a dumpster.

[He stroked his bearded chin with the dull back edge of his carving knife, then resumed is focused, steady whittling. We notice a small shape beginning to take form from the wood block.]

Still, win's a win, but that don't mean I'm takin' him lightly. Tha' man's beaten me before and always seems to push me to my past my limits.

[BMF blows shavings off his carving, which oddly is looking more and more like a small atom bomb or fish of some sort. He purses his lips a bit, his brow slightly furrowed.]

I'll say he's earned the nick name at this point. You almost think it's a Punishment to be put in the ring with the guy.

[Mike let out a dry chuckle.]

All kiddin' aside, Dan, I got somethin' to prove at BSV. People are sayin' my win over him's a fluke, that he threw himself in the dumpster and gave me the win and while I might let it go if it was just a couple people sayin' it...

[He frowns, giving a slow shake of his head as he takes a small break from whittling. He puts the wood block down on a barrel sitting beside him. Mike then leans with his back to the fire engine red painted wood wall, arms crossed over his chest.]

...but everyone's sayin' that I got lucky and that he should've beaten me for the title. You know what I say to that?

[BMF tilts his head back...]

GWWWAAAAHK!!!

[...Then whips his head to the side and spits a massive loogey from between his lips onto the ground.]

P'TOOEY! *SPLAT*

[Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, Foyer smirks at the camera.]

I won because Dan The Man over there ran at me like an idiot and jumped. I won because of his

stupidity, not because I got lucky. You want luck? Try Street Samurai Spade's [Hand quotes] "win" over Josie Saito. That was fuckin' luck of the draw defined.

[He rolls his eyes and shakes his head with a disgusted look on his face.]

Danny E, if you dare agree with those sons of bitches and say that my win over you is a goddamned fluke... I'm gonna' beat the fuck out of you so badly that your momma's gonna' cry and swear revenge on me when she sees what's left of your face! I'll hit you so hard, that great grand daddy Everetts pops out of his grave, comes back to life, and dies all over again just from the sheer trauma I inflict with my fist hittin' your face!

[BMF snickers.]

Hell your future kids will come outta' their Momma's womb bruised and disfigured from the force of my size fourteen and a half boot cavin' your damn skull in, and that's bein' generous enough to say that some girl is gonna' open her legs up and say, "Have at it big boy" when you're face has a permanent "Everlast" stamp in it from the heel of my wrestlin' boot!

[He pulls his hat from his head and holds it over his heart, his head lowered as a sad look crosses his face.]

Those poor poor children'll be drooling and talkin' gibberish n' shit. Son, I weep for future generations of Everetts, all because you chose to believe your loss to me was a fluke and nothin' more. Just like any wrestlin' match, nobody beats you. You beat yourself and that's what happened Dan. You beat yourself in front of god and everyone and if you think about it, makin' your opponent beat himself is perhaps the best kinda' win for everybody because when you beat yourself, you only have you to blame.

[Placing his hat back on the top of his head, BMF points his finger at his chin.]

I won, bottom line. I'm the champion...

[The big man points his finger at the camera briefly.]

...you're not. I'd tell you to stay home and beat yourself some more but that can get a bit sticky on the books and it'd disappoint the fans for certain. They're payin' to see me kick your ass, not for you to stay home, beating yourself.

[An evil, mischevious grin had spread across his bearded face at this point. Sensing the joke has worn thin, he finally moves forward.]

As stimulatn' as that topic may be, I'd rather focus on the facts. I'm bigger, stronger, and tougher than you, bottom line. You're the quicker man and you've got a few nifty tricks up your sleeve, but all I have to do catch you and...

[Rearing his fist back, he smacks it loudly into the opposing open palm.]

...BAM, it's all over for you Danny. You're left a bloody mess on the canvas and I'm walkin' away as the Death Match champ.

[BMF shoves off of the barrel and walks right up to the camera.]

This time, there'll be no room for jokes, callin' people out, and throwin' down the fluke card. I'm gonna' leave you as you left me at Delaney's Big Ass Extreme Wrasslin' Bash, in a pool of your own blood and shame. There's no easy out in this match. Do or die, there is no try.

[Big Mike pulls the belt form his shoulder and, holding it both hands, he hoists it high in the air over his head. Behind him, we see the young man who was riding the chaotically thrashing painted bronco now walking the broken, tamed horse to the stables. From here it's just a simple fade to black.

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7 – MIKE GIONET

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[The camera pans to an Atlantis Gym after hours. The lights are dimmed amidst an array of abandoned machines and benches. To the left sits Mike Gionet in a Red DERP tank top, black Adidas jogging pants and grey Sketcher sneakers. He has his hands clasped over his head with his eyes closed mentally focusing before speaking.]

Mike Gionet: Every now and again we have to reflect. As a man you have to look yourself in the mirror and evaluate who you are. I ask myself if I am good enough to lace up these boots. I ask myself if I have put enough time in the gym, if I have trained enough in the ring to be here. I ask myself if I am deserving of this golden opportunity DERP has granted me.

[Gionet opens his forest green eyes for the first time letting out a sigh as we know see him looking in the mirror in front of him.]

MG: For the first time in my life, I can sincerely say yes. I have had to go through a lot in my short time here. I have to jump feet first out of my comfort zone and take men on in hardcore bouts and in some cases two men at once. I've won some and lost some but every match I've taken something from to grow. Now at Blood sport 5 it's a three way dance for the YouTube Championship.

[Gionet places his elbow on his knee as he lets his chin rest on his fist.]

MG: I know people think I should be bitter at how my last match turned out. That I won in the center of that ring and despite it my one on one match with Spade turned into a three way with Heat. It's not how we deal with success that marks a man, but how we handle adversity.

MG: Heat had a valid case on wanting that rematch and he got what he wanted the right way I can respect that. We might not see eye to eye with everything Tyrone but I can see your passion with how you handle business. I know you will stop at nothing until you can lay claim to being YouTube Champion.

[Gionet stands up and straightens himself out giving his opponents his undivided attention.]

MG: As for our YouTube champion Spade, I'm not going to pretend to understand what your life was like because I can't. All I can go by is the here and now. You have done everything in your being to hold onto those 15 pounds of gold. While your reason is sound, your principle is lacking. Why go to such extreme length Spade? Is your talent alone not enough?

[Gionet shakes his head not of hatred but of disappointment and pity for the YouTube Champion. He looks back thoughtfully into the camera.]

MG: I don't feel you fear dying like many people do I think you fear of not being important. That when you look in the mirror you will feel less than you really are. At Bloodsport 5 when I win that YouTube title it will be a crowning achievement of what I've worked my whole life for. Every hour in that gym, every night in that ring, every night I looked in that mirror and doubted myself would be all worth it in the end.

[Gionet looks into the mirror for one last time before turning to his left. As he disappears from the camera's view, the lights are turned off as we fade to black.]

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8 – “THE PUNISHMENT” DANIEL EVERETT

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[Daniel Everett is sitting inside a ring at a training facility, his arms draped over the ropes as he faces the camera, as he wears a hoodie and pair of training shorts]

I won't jibber jabber about what happened, as that's what so many other people do so often you wonder if they're trying to find their brain so they can actually say what's on their mind.

Last time out, I walked down to the ring holding the Deathmatch Championship, but when I left the match it was around the waist – or it would if the strap was twice as long - of that tub of guts Mike Foyer. The thing about that is, no matter what he'll say otherwise, is that he never beat me.

I've said time and again that I have an advantage over so many garbage brawlers because I actually have tactics other than “find object, hit opponent, repeat” – and that's why I lasted through so many of them to earn the belt in the first place. What did Foyer do? Step to the side.

[Everett sarcastically claps his hands]

Congratulations, Foyer, you won the belt because of outside interference from Isaac Newton...and if I need to actually tell you who Isaac Newton is, you're a bigger sack of crap than I expected.

You didn't do a damn thing to say you were the better man in the match, you had half a second of good fortune and that's all you had. So not only are you a poor excuse for a wrestler, but you're also a poor excuse for a champion.

[Everett rolls out of the ring, grabbing the camera and holding it to his face]

The problem you have Foyer is the fact that I get a rematch clause, and I'm cashing it in at the earliest opportunity to prove just that. You don't get to get comfortable with the belt, because when somebody fucks with me and mine they find they have hell to pay, and hell doesn't wait before it comes banging at their door.

[Everett shoves the camera back into the cameraman's hands]

So now all you get to think about is how badly I want to prove you don't deserve to hold that title, and what I am going to do to prove it.

Your near future is going to be filled with the realisation that you got lucky. Once. And the thing about luck is that it doesn't stay with you forever, it comes and goes – and when it goes you know all about it, as you find yourself having a bad day.

Don't focus too hard on the stipulation either, because I'm not interested in it one way or the other. What I want is to destroy you, humiliate you, to prove that I earned that title when I went through so many and so much to hold it. Most of all, I want to prove the difference between you and I – that I have the talent to win the title, just like I had the bad luck to lose it. And, you need to get this straight in your head now, I lost the belt, you didn't win it.

You will be my lasting message to everyone, Foyer – I will turn any hack brawler into a pile of hamburger if they give me reason to destroy them, and you sure did by fluking your way to what you don't deserve. And when that happens, when you lose the belt back to its rightful owner, you will know you lost to the better man – because that's what a champion is.

[FTB]

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9 – “JAPANESE JUMPIN’ BEAN” ONE HEZONFAIA

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[We're goin' to the roller rink today. Hope that's okay with you. The little one by the side of Highway 131, about halfway to Milwaukee, with the tarred roof and the concrete rink floor. The one with the rental skates that still smell like other people's feet from thirty years ago, and the seventeen-year-old girl behind the counter who smiles nervously when you buy a dollar hot dog from her.

Take a look over here, leaning against the cinderblock wall and checking out Stacia's butt as she skates past. That thick-waisted hottie from Hokkaido, ONO HEZONFAIA, suckin' on a Slurpee and thinking that those cheap sunglasses mean Stacia doesn't see him looking.

ONO: *slurrrrp*

[Onomatopoeic refreshments aside, let's now pay attention to the fat man with an ugly shirt. The guy that's gesticulating fervently with his hands.]

Syn: "You gave 'em hell, kid. You had your Rocky moment, went out with the gods of hellfire, and you brought 'em fire. You just have to do it again this week. Hell, you knew what you were in for when you decided that the 24/7 belt was the brass ring on the merry-go-round that you wanted to grab for."

ONO: "I saw this movie, Rocky. He did not win."

[ONO puts down the Slurpee on a conveniently placed table, and sets himself up at the right angle to reach out and sling Stacia around the barricade and into his arms, once she comes around again.]

ONO: "All I need is one chance, one opportunity. One punch. One suplex. One moment to take over. One one, two, three.

"And with one, two, three, then once more Two, Four, Seven, is still mine."

"I was taught the mastery of the Tube, underground in London. The art of Lunchbox combat from the Spooky Kids. And the warfare of the strap and the chain by the mighty Yapapai."

[ONO slides his cheap shades up onto his hair, smiles and reaches out his hand JUST in time for Stacia to pass him by and wave. She saw that move coming.]

ONO: "Angel Martinez is a dead man. Next motherfucker's gonna get my metal."

[The Japanese Jumping Bean picks up a glass bottle of {YOURBRANDHERE5DOLLAZ}. He opens the top, takes a sip. Ahh, the refreshment that only product placement can provide.]

ONO: "Dead man Syko, you are strong. You are crazy. You are scary. But I am..."

[ONO confers with his manager momentarily. '... Nebarizuyoi?' '... Stubborn? Tenacious? Bullheaded?']

ONO: "EXXXX TUREEEEEEEEMU."

[The two men sip their respective beverages in tandem as they wait for Stacia to skate by one more time

so they can check out her butt. Roll some B-stock of roller disco, it's {YOURBRANDHERE5DOLLAZ} time.]

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10 – “THE REVOLUTION” JOSIE SAITO

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[Fade in.]

THWAP

THWAP

THWAP

[That sound you hear? Is a very irate Josie Saito, attacking a sports bag with rights and lefts. We are in the home of the young woman. More specifically, her personal gym, an area littered with work-out equipment and exercise paraphernalia. But our attention isn't drawn to the yoga mats or treadmill. It is instead drawn to Josie's sinewy, lithe form as she dances around the bag, lashing out with taped fists.]

[“The Revolution” is clad in a tank top and boy-cut shorts, her feet bare but taped. Her long, black hair is pulled back and placed in a ponytail, the sweat glistening off of her body indicating that she's been at this for some time. There's an intensity in her eyes and a snarl etched on her lips as she sends the bag shivering with impact.]

Josie: Kasey Houlihan, this is not your time!

[Without warning, she suddenly stops and spins, facing the camera and shooting it with a hateful glare.]

Josie: After everything that happened at the last show, I should be getting my rightful rematch for the Youtube Title tomorrow night! Spade and I had taken each other to the limit and were putting on one Hell of a wrestling clinic. And, if it wasn't for that stupid time limit, I can guarantee that I would be standing here with championship gold around my waist!

[She places her hands on her hips, quite indignant as a bitter noise escapes her lips.]

Josie: You'd think DERP would give me, him, and the fans what they really want. Instead, he's wasting his time in a triple threat match with men not nearly as deserving as me. And I'm stuck wrestling against Kasey Houlihan.

[She pauses a moment.]

Josie: Yea, I asked myself the same question. And I still have no idea who the bitch is either. All I do know is that she's prolonging the inevitable and keeping me away from the Youtube Title. So, as a result, she can expect to die.

[She leans in closer, her eyes glaring holes through the camera.]

Josie: I know she had nothing to do with what's keeping me from Spade. But she's in the way. And I don't suffer fools or obstacles well. In all honesty, her best bet would be to just not even show up at the arena tomorrow. I'm sure there are better ways for her to make a splash in DERP than underneath my heel. Because, if she shows her face, that's exactly what's going to happen!

I don't care if she's wrestled in Japan , Moscow , or wherever. No man, woman, or beast will keep me from getting what's mine. So, Kasey can decide to bring herself down to that ring if she wants to. But I can assure that it won't end well for her. See, she may have fought some of the best in this business but she's never fought anyone like me, especially when I'm not in the mood for foolishness. Hell, she can ask her idiot brother about me. I'm sure he's got stories to tell!

[She folds her arms across her chest, eyes darkening.]

Josie: Tomorrow night, I'm going to decimate DERP's little diversionary tactic. And after I've stepped over her rancid carcass, I'm finally getting what I deserve, even if I have to take it!

[Fade out.]

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11 – THE OPPOSITION PARTY

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[Driving bass and electric guitar blasts from nowhere as we fade in on a cheaply constructed wood set with painted city backdrop and ugly oak laminate desk. Spinning around to face front, in a big and tall office chair, is Axel Hardaker. Axel might look somewhat respectable in his navy suit and red striped tie but his face is still painted up like a US flag.

To his right, occupying a similar office chair, is brand-spanking-new ally of Hardaker, Angus Andrus. The Angry one has opted to not alter his appearance in any way. Sporting the same old dingy white t-shirt with a faded Sharpie message and cut off sweatpants seems perfectly adequate to him.]

As Hardaker grins from ear to ear he addresses the camera.]

AH: HELLO! Welcome to the “War Room” with Axel Hardaker and Angus Andrus. I'm your host

Axel Hardaker.

AA: And I'm the Angry one known as Angus. You may have heard of me...

AH: I have, of course, heard of you, Angus--

[Hyena-like cackle. Ugh, unsettling.]

AH: But I've often wondered, as I'm sure have all our viewers at home--

[Okay, nobody believe they have viewers. This is a fake show. Okay, maybe public access...]

AH: What makes Angus Andrews so angry?

[Angus scoffs at the mispronunciation of his name.]

AA: Nutjobs never get it right, and this man standing beside me takes the term to an entirely new level. Would you say, Hardaker?

AH: Nutjob? Why do you say that? Because I routinely crack nuts with my bare hands? That takes skill you know. George Washington cracked walnuts with his bare hands.

AA: Listen, Axel, I wouldn't go comparing yourself to George Washington. Last time I checked our nation's first President wasn't busting skulls in a sleazy hall in Pittsburgh... although I'm not a history buff... so who knows.

[Angus looks off screen looking for a history book that is most likely not lying around in a location like this.]

AA: [yelling off camera]: Melon, you're a history buff... Washington ever bust skulls?

[Angus awaits an answer... nothing. He then turns his attention over to the menacing Hardaker.]

AH: As fate would have it I am a history buff. Look it up, Washington was a wrestler. So was Lincoln. If they were alive today you can bet they'd be rolling around the ring same as us. Hell, old Honest Abe and I were even the same height; six-foot-four-inches. And just like him ... I cannot tell a lie!

[Angus nods as if buying Hardaker's historical knowledge, not picking up on the inaccuracies.]

AA: Sounds right to me.

AH: Here in the War Room we ask the hard-hitting questions ... the ... violent questions, about the big issues of the day! Is President Obama actually a "terrorist"? Do the liberals on capitol hill have plans to make "Soylent Green" a reality for America's seniors? Yes, he does, and it's all part of Obamacare's "Medicare Reform"! Does Ryan Delaney wear old lady bloomers under his old man wrestling tights!? YES!

With us tonight is a member of the "Liberal Elite", Mort Edlestein. Mort, I understand that you're a

history teacher or some such?

[Totally off-cue, a nondescript and bespectacled man dashes in, sweater vest askew.]

ME: Oh, sorry about that! Nobody gave me the heads up to take my seat for the introduction. Wait ... where's my seat?

AH: How thoughtless of me. Here you are...

[A sour look crossing Hardaker's face, he hands Mort a steel chair. He looks longingly at Axel's big and tall.]

ME: I ... what am I supposed to do with this?

AH: Well ... either you can sit in it or you can take it and waffle me in the head. Personally, I don't think your liberal ass has the _stones_.

[The reticent Angus glares at Edlestein with an ominous look, anticipating his decision and praying he opts for the latter choice.]

ME: I, uh, hah! You got me there. Wow. Okay--

[Mort unfolds his chair and plops down to Angus' dismay: no steel to the braincase for this little session.]

ME: By the way, it sounded like you were attributing "I cannot tell a lie", the old quote about George Washington chopping down the cherry tree, to Abe Lincoln.

AH: Well he was "Honest Abe".

ME: Both presidents were known for being honest but the cherry tree, and quote, are Washingtons.

[DEATH GLARE! Hardaker isn't big on being contradicted.]

AH: Melvin--

ME: Morton.

[ANOTHER DEATH GLARE! Mort falls silent, Hardaker leans forward, hands on the arms of his chair. Clearly intimidated, Mort looks at Angus, pleadingly.]

AA: Don't correct him, Melvin. That's the very last thing you wanna do, you hear?

[Big gulp from Morton as Angus adds a THIRD DEATH GLARE.]

AH: Y'know what? It's okay.

[Yet his posture doesn't change and his tone is strained.]

AH: Because it fills me with _hate_. And I like hate...

[Axel looks to his partner.]

AH: Like my partner over here. You know what I hate?

AA: What?

AH: You!

AA: Thanks! I hate you too.

[Both laugh. Mort looks to be petrified with fear.]

AH: And y'know what I like about you?

AA: Nothing?

AH: That's right!

[And they cackle again, uncontrollably, Axel's voice rises in pitch until he sounds like a hyena yet again.]

AA: Refreshing to hear my friend in hatred. The feeling is completely mutual!

[Yet another chuckle, only this time roaming into disturbing territory and fading into a happy sigh by Hardaker.]

AH: And that's why we get along. Now, you, Mort ... liberal loser that you are. Say, you did sign that waiver before the show, right?

ME: I did. Your assistant, what was his name? Mewaitlon? He told me it was a requirement to appear on your program.

AH: That is great to hear. Y'know, Mort, you're really good at this. You're annoyingly precise with your language and you keep us on our toes! I think I'd like to shake your hand.

ME: Now? That seems like, I mean, we haven't really gotten into the discussion just yet--

[Angus smirks as if aware of an impending doom.]

AH: It's fine. We'll get it in the editing room.

[Shrugging, Mort extends his hand. Eyes growing wide as Axel's palm and fingers make contact, he smiles sheepishly.]

ME: Wow, Axel, I've never felt such a ... rough hand, and it's incredibly thick--ow, wait, that's. Wow, that's firm.

[Pause. Axel grins wide, then any mirth fades from his smile and his expression's much more just the baring of teeth than anything friendly.]

ME: Ow! Oh GOD! YOU'RE BREAKING MY HAND!

[Angus begins to become overly excited as his partner inflicts pain on our 'host.']

AH: JUST LIKE WASHINGTON YOU MEWLING NANCY-BOY GUN HATING LIBERAL NAZI LOUSE!

[Clawing, desperate, Mort fairly falls from his uncomfortable steel chair in his efforts to free his hand.]

ME: OUCH! You're hurting me!

[Angus quickly rises from his seat and approaches the vulnerable Mort, who's eyes are filled with pain and confusion. Angus snatches the now unoccupied steel chair and with great fury raises it above his odd hairdo head. Their guest cringes in anticipation as a vicious swing comes hammering down.]

CLANG!

AH: HOORAH! Keep 'em comin'!

ME: NO! AGH! My back! WHY!?

AH: You signed the waiver! You knew this was comin'!

AA: YOU KNEW THIS WAS COMING!!!!

ME: What!? I thought it was just permission to--

CLANG!

ME: GAH! Permission to record what I said!

AH: You really should learn to read contracts. Now your little liberal lawyer friends can just go hang when you ask if you can sue. The answer is--

CLANG!

AH: -no...

THUMP!

[That last "clang"? That was a headshot. The thump? Mort's lost consciousness.]

AH: Ahhh, tsk, such a shame. I thought he'd last a little longer than that.

[Axel finally releases Mort's hand. It's printed white with the pattern of Hardaker's over-thick fingers in white and otherwise beet red.]

AH: So when you wake up just go complain to your doctor 'cause we don't give a shit! Hey, Ang, could you have your boys chuck this trash out on the curb?

AA: No problem. [yelling] Melon! Fuego! Clean this shit up, will ya?!

AH: Love it. Love everything about it. Love the hate.

[Deep breath, look to camera.]

AH: And now our final thoughts.

[Axel and Angus now turn to the camera.]

AH: While Mort's removed to an "undisclosed location" and you people at home are struggling to make heads or tails of what you've just seen, just think on this.

You think you know what's what? You don't. Because we haven't told you yet. DERP's still a pretty new playground and the tag division is just in it's infancy. We aim to see it grow 'cause, otherwise, well, we won't have too much to do. First thing's first 'though; it's time to establish dominance ... with a tactical strike.

AA: And let's just say that these... what's there names?

[Axel mouths the name to Angus.]

AA: Oh, right... Renegades... have no idea what we have in-store for them this Bloodsport... but when they find out... they're gonna wish they never, NEVER did. Am I right Axel or am I right?

AH: Indeed. And now I'd like to close with a short reading from the band STYX and their song "Renegade."

[Axel pulls a folded piece of paper from a pocket in his vest.]

AH: Ahem. Ach-achem! ACH-HEM!

[Excessive. That was just excessive.]

AH: "The jig is up the news is out they've finally found me/The renegade who had it made retrieved for a bounty/Never more to go astray/This will be the end today of the wanted man.

[Angus shows his disapproval for such a terrible track.]

AA: You and I are gonna get along just fine.

AH: Terrible track for a terrible team although there is some truth there. Come Bloodsport we will see the end of the wanted men.

[Both men leer into the camera as we fade to black.]

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12 – ANGEL “SYKO” MARTINEZ

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-pfft noise static-

[Oh look, something from Bloodsport.]

[The part noone liked. Angel Martinez on the top rope, just as he takes off across the ring with his Coast-2-Coast dropkick.]

I told you.

[Impact.]

I told each and every last one of you.

[The ref reluctantly, slowly counting to 3.]

I TRIED TO FUCKING WARN YOU.

[And Angel Martinez, standing tall with the 24/7 Title, as trash and god-knows-what-else comes flying into the ring.]

ARE YOU LISTENING NOW, DERP?!

[And those images, fade into another image. One of your current 24/7 Champion, the man they call Syko, sitting in what appears to be his office, at his desk. The belt is being held under his chin as he leans forward.]

Or. Do. I. Have. To. Speak. Slow-er. And. Loud-er. For. You. Re-tards?

I walked into that corrupt shithole, CHicago, Illinois, with a purpose. A gameplan. I laid it all out on the table for you. I told you it was coming. You saw it coming. And yet.... you couldn't do anything to stop it, could you?

I took your sweet innocent 2nd-gen child, Mike Gionet, and I beat him like I beat his old man.

I walked into that 4-man fans bring the weapons match, and I took those 50 fucking points right out from under your noses, by using WRESTLING.

And then to put the cherry on top, I took your golden child, your insipid, retarded, special needs japanese golden child, and I took the one thing that meant the world to him.

[Angel pulls the belt up in front of his face, letting it swing and dangle, like the carrot on a stick.]

You mad?

[Angel chuckles quietly to himself, leaning back in a very nice leather chair.]

I guess some of you are. Too bad.

Tyrone 'I Have No' Heat, mad that I hand him a win on a silver platter. Would rather jaw with me than get a win. Got exactly what he wanted. A loss. And then Delaney goes all soft and hands you points and a title shot you didn't earn.

[Ahh, a mocking slow clap.]

Bravo. Way to go, Delaney, you sure showed me. I give someone a gift, we send refs to school. You give someone a gift, and everything is right with the world. Tell me, Ryan, do they teach how to count to 3 at that school? Because when my foot was on ONO's neck, that ref struggled getting his job done. It's 1-2-3, not 1..... 2..... 2 and a half..... 3. I guess I shouldn't be surprised there's manipulated officials in the state of Illinois.

Paul Barker, mad I won a match using a simple roll-up. I can't help it that you booked me against 3 morons. There's a wrestling show going on out there, you should try watching it sometime. Axel HArdaker is the master of pain? Bullshit. He's the master of getting his shoulders put to the mat because he'd rather stand around and clap like a dope than getting the job done. You and that goofball Angus Andrus were in cahoots and you couldn't get it done together. YEAH, I took a DDT after the match, but that's a tiny price to pay to watch you two lovebirds come together. Opposition Party. Right. Seems the only thing you're opposed to is getting wins against quality opponents. Let's face facts, the only thing Andrus can beat is his own traveling gas-can, and we saw what happens to Hardaker out there. YOU guys are a joke, but you'll expose yourselves in time. I don't even need to bother.

Who else is mad? Johnny Marvelous, mad I stole his thunder after he laid down like a bitch. A bunch of you idiot fans are mad. Sick to your stomach that here I am again on top. Ryan Delaney, mad because I'm showing up his roster, taking his belts, and using the chaotic nature of his own creation against his own creation... The list just keeps getting longer, doesn't it?

And just like I'm at the top of the list when it comes to points, and you can check the standings if you don't believe me, at the bottom of the list of people that want my head on a platter....

[Angel leans back in again, with a smirk a mile wide.]

Why, that would be you, wouldn't it ONO?

Yeah, I sure did ruin your night, didn't I? You fight your ass off, you bleed for all these idiots, you put on your little furry bullshit suit and you have your cute little match with your cute little exploding doghouse crap, and you finally get your hands on THIS....

[There goes that swingin' belt again.]

And then here I come. Welcome to the world of 24/7, dickface. I took your title. I took your face off. And if you had a bitch, I probably would have taken her too. I can just picture you about an hour afterwards, cursing my name in that fuckin' moonspeak of yours, vowing revenge, and telling anyone who would listen to your incoherent ramblings how I'd be a dead man the next time you saw me.

[Angel stops the belt from swinging by laying it down over his desk calendar/day planner.]

Just like this belt is in plain sight on my desk for the world to see, Ono... I'm not going to be hard to find in Green Bay. We don't have to wait for any match, or any refs, or sanctioning bodies. We don't even have to wait until we get in the building. I see you coming a mile away. Rushing in, just dying to get your hands on me, and this chunk of metal.

Fools rush in. And fools get their heads removed by those that are smarter than them. There is NOTHING you can do, to get this back, Ono, short of pure fucking murder. Sure, they've decided to slap us in the ring together, as the right thing to do, but we both know you can't beat me. Not in the ring. Not in the back. Not anywhere on this shithole planet we live on, brotha. You'll try though. I know you will. Because idiots don't learn from their mistakes. You throw in some tubes, some lunchboxes, and some chains? Just more ways for me to outsmart you. More tools for me to make use of. More ways to make sure that THIS....

[Tap tap.]

...never meets your hands again. At the end of the night, ONO.... this dead man will keep on walkin'. And he'll still be 24/7 Champ, chump.

You mad?

You should be. But don't say I didn't warn you.

Now fuck off.

[Angel leans back into that comfy chair again, laughing to himself as the chair spins around and fading into-]

---pfftstatic---

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13 – “THE TRASHMAN” TYRONE HEAT

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[Black screen.]

TH: Time was to be a man, to get respect, you gotta take a whoopin' and not just give it. Now it's by hook or by crook...

[Fade in. Close-up on Tyrone Heat, his head draped in a dark red towel that frames his face, his eyes barely visible in the shadow.]

TH: I give respect, fight it fair, fight it technical, and Spade skates. Spade says he didn't have shit to do with what happened. But he don't say much, now does he? Nothin' said public, that's for sure. Spade? All else aside, son, you got that strap on you right now 'cause of a bad call. Somebody handed you a win and you _took_ it. You didn't have to take it. You could've been the bigger man...

Then, one more Bloodsport later, I got me Mikey Gionet... Mikey, you and me, we went 'round and 'round, beatin' the shit out of each other and the people were eatin' it up. Then ... some jackass decides it's his business to take a win from you and hand it to me. Bein' a bigger man, bigger than _Spade_, I didn't take it. I gave you a chance to recover and I gave Angel Martinez an earfull for stickin' his nose in.

So how does the second generation wrestling prodigy repay my kindness?

[Tyrone cocks his head one way then the other, popping his neck very thoroughly.]

TH: While I let him recover ... he creeps up behind me, his goddamned guardian angel, and with no goddamned irony in his heart he crucifies me with a backslide.

This a hardcore fed, man, takin' me down with a backslide ... that's like pissin' a man's shoes. You done pissed on my shoes, Mikey.

[Grimace.]

TH: So now you, Spade and you, Mikey, you get to see a side of Tyrone Burnside Heatwole that ain't been seen since my days comin' up in Chicago. We gon' take it TO THE STREETS!

Both of you punks talk the talk, like you got honor, but you don't know SHIT! Honor is comin' up in the hood and doin' right by yo' moms 'cause she ain't got nobody else. Honor is doin' six months fo' cripplin' a man dare put his hands on her and not battin' an eye. Honor is earnin' what you have and takin' what the world won't give you but doin' it straight up. You don' let some sucka' in a striped shirt tell you you won by tapout when you know it ain't true! You don' take a win by rollin' a man up when he saved you from some asshole who jumped you from behind.

[Nostrils flaring, Tyrone paces in place, the towel dangling from his dome swaying with his moments.]

TH: See, I had an epiphany, moment of clarity, what the fuck ever you wanna call it. See, DERP, from the ground up, from the very start, DERP is rotten to the damned core. Delaney holds the carrot out and like a bunch of trained donkeys we chase it. If he wants us to have a bite, we get it, if he don't then we don't get shit. All under the guise of some kinda fair play that don't fuckin' exist.

I ain't followin' the damned carrot no more, Delaney. I was yo' advocate, yo' avatar, steppin' in so you didn't get yo' hands dirty. But you are dirty, Delaney, dirty as a homeless man's ass. Squeaky wheel gets the grease, so when I set straight all the people you got hypnotized like sheep you played lip service; told me what I wanted to hear. You wanna make it look like you're the good boss ... but I ain't buyin' it.

[Beat. Heat grits his teeth.]

TH: You sure as hell got a plan for Bloodsport, somehow, some way you gonna keep me from that title, keep me from my prize. 'Cept, only thing is, I ain't playin' yo' game no more. This ... is my game. Blood and fire and some real goddamned danger in that ring. I catch a whiff of yo' ref' bein' shady, I'm-a lay his ass out. You dumb enough to come down to the ring, Delaney ... I'll lay yo' ass out too!

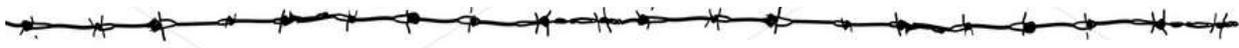
From now on ... this my game...

[Dropping the towel down from his head, Heat reveals a new hairstyle. His beard's turned bushy and he has just a single broad strip of hair for his mohawk.]

TH: I said it before and people didn't listen. "Hell will rain", but it wasn't true 'cause I wasn't willing to do what it took. Now it is gon' rain but it ain't righteousness that drives me; it's vengeance! Two men in the ring, men just 'cause they each got what passes for a dick in the white man's world flappin' around 'tween they spaghetti legs, two men that done wronged me! I talked the talk and I walked the walk, bein' the sportsman, bein' the one man in this hardcore world that the kids could look up to! Emulate! Do as I do, children, 'cause Tyrone is a righteous man who's bringin' fire and brimstone on them sinners! My aim was to punish the punks that make victims of their opponents and I felt good about it 'til I fought two of their victims and they each FUCKED me!

Now they gon' find out, everybody gon' find out what's up. See, I still believe what I believed but I also believe in settin' right what's wrong for myself. What's right ... is takin' that title. What's righteous is my vengeance. The hell will rain, the blood will spill and, at the end of the night, when they BURNIN' for they sins, they will all know that THEY CAN'T TAKE THE HEAT!

[Puffing at the chest, eyes shrunk to pinpoints in his rage, Tyrone stares holes in the camera lens as everything fades to black.]



THOUGHTS? REACTIONS? SPEAK YOUR MIND RIGHT HERE:

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