

*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 6**

*[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 – “Too Good” Johnny Marvelous
- 2 – Ide-Nama
- 3 – “The Street Samurai” Spade
- 4- “The Revolution” Josie Saito
- 5 – Kasey “The Renegade” Houlihan
- 6 – “The Trashman” Tyrone Heat, CURRENT DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION
- 10 – Angel “Syko” Martinez, CURRENT DERP 24/7 CHAMPION  
 ONO HEZONFAIA  
 “The Street Samurai” Spade

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

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

**1 – “TOO GOOD” JOHNNY MARVELOUS**

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

[Fade in from black.

Marvelous. Johnny Marvelous. That’s who. Johnny Marvelous is standing with some other guy, but enough about the other guy. Marvelous is rocking a black t-shirt under a black leather jacket, his hair is perfectly groomed backward and he is wearing a pair of sunglasses high up onto his head because honestly it’s not too bright where the two of them are standing. Despite looking awesome, Marvelous does not seem to be in too good of a mood right now. Marvelous seems to be on the move, while the other guy is busy carrying luggage, lots and lots of luggage.]

MARVELOUS... and after you’ve shined my boots, then you can take my shirts to the cleaners and make sure they get the blood out this time. I have no idea where any of these assholes have been and the thought of their blood being on my shirts? Gives me the creeps.

[Marvelous pauses.]

MARVELOUS: Got all that?

[The guy in the back tries to speed up as Marvelous continues to walk – where’s he going anyways? As the guy catches up still hauling the luggage and nearly out of breath he is able to answer Johnny.]

GUY: Yep, got it.

[Marvelous doesn’t even turn around.]

MARVELOUS: Really? You haven’t written down a single thing.

GUY: Memorized it.

[This causes Johnny to stop dead in his tracks and spin around.]

MARVELOUS: Let's have it.

[The guy takes a deep breath.]

GUY: First, I borrowed you twenty bucks so you could get pancakes. You always get pancakes on Mondays because they keep you quote extra fucking awesome all week long end quote. Secondly, you need me to call the hotel in Los Angeles and make sure you are not on the same floor as any of the other wrestlers because they all attract skank rats.

MARVELOUS: ...and?

GUY: Oh, and to make sure you have extra sheets just in case one of them is on her period.

[Marvelous smirks at that one. Without saying a word, Marvelous motions for the guy to keep on speaking.]

GUY: Then while you are taking your nap I am to go get some real Mexican food, not Taco Bell, for the both of us. You want a steak burrito with no lettuce, because lettuce is for pussies. This means I should get extra lettuce on mine. After that I am to figure out which room Ryan Delaney is staying in and take a Mexican fueled shit right in front of his door because only a true asshole would put you into a match with five other retards.

[Marvelous nods at that one. The guy just keeps on going.]

GUY: Then I am to go get my shine box and shine your boots, then take your shirts to the cleaners and get the blood out.

MARVELOUS: Not bad, in fact you could almost say that I'm impressed. Oh, I think the spot of gravy on my shirt is from Foyer sweating on me.

[Marvelous stops again walking and turn towards the guy and produces a eight by ten picture of himself which is pre-signed folds it up and stuffs into the shirt pocket of the guy. This of course, causes the guy to give off the biggest smile possible.]

MARVELOUS: So, you're the President of my fan club?

GUY: Yeah.

MARVELOUS: How many members do you have again?

GUY: Well, I am not too sure. But, I do have a blog which gets over five hundred hits per month and I contribute to a number of internet wrestling news websites.

MARVELOUS: You don't get out much, do you?

[Marvelous prevents the guy from answering that question as he points towards the ground which is where one of the many bags that the guy is carrying must have fallen. This gives time for Johnny to reach into his jacket and produce his cell phone.]

MARVELOUS: You know what really irks me? Here I am, clearly the best wrestler that DERP has signed up, regulated to a hockey death match against five guys who are beneath my ability. First off, what the hell is a hockey death match? Are we to watch hockey until one of us dies? Are we given hockey sticks to beat the hell out of each other? Are we supposed to wear skates to the ring? It's great they never explain us these things.

[The guy interjects.]

GUY: They did a hockey death match in Japan a couple of years ago...

MARVELOUS: That's great, don't ever cut me off again. Second, ONO again? I was very clear when I told him to yiff in hell, yet he's still around. Martinez? Fine, I guess I wouldn't mind taking back the title from him... you know, the title I made more important than every other title in the company. You're welcome for that. But these others? God help me. I already schooled Gionet in Buffalo. Axel Reed was relevant... fuck, never. I heard he was something important when I was in middle school, but shit ever heard of career advancement fuckwad? And then there's that other one...

GUY: Spade.

[Marvelous looks shocked. His eyes grow wide.]

MARVELOUS: Dude.

GUY: Did I cut you off again?

MARVELOUS: Dude.

GUY: What?

MARVELOUS: Not cool.

[Marvelous swings open his hotel room door.]

MARVELOUS: Not appropriate. The correct term now is African American.

GUY: No, the guy's name is Spade.

MARVELOUS: Dude!

[Marvelous just points to his room and the guy starts taking the luggage into the room out from sight of the camera.]

MARVELOUS: I let you upgrade me to first class, I let you bother me on the plane with your questions, I almost remember what you name is, and this is how you repay me? This is the type of person I have running my fan club? You think you know somebody, then they show you their true colors by saying

something like that. I just can't believe it... I just... you need to go before you turn my sheets into a hood for your meeting later.

[The guy looks in shock as he steps out of the room and Marvelous pushes past him and shuts the door. The guy sulks for a moment and then begins to head off.]

MARVELOUS: Whoa! Where are you going so fast.

[The guy looks back at the closed door which opens up and a heap of clothes greets the guy's face which mostly falls to the floor. The door once again slams shut before the guy can even get a word in.]

MARVELOUS: You've got things to do... and go get your fucking shine box!

[With that we fade to black.]

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

## 2 – IDE-NAMA

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

[Takashi Ideura and Yosuke Namashita are stood on the corner of Hollywood and Vine, looking up towards Mount Lee and the Hollywood sign, the only two Japanese people in Hollywood at this time who aren't tourists – well, not officially, anyway...]

Namashita: This is more like it! We're not freezing our asses off over on the east coast, we're here in the sun for a few days, and get to take it easy.

Ideura: It is a refreshing change, I have to say.

Namashita: This is the life!

Ideura: Don't get too comfortable, though...

Namashita: Aww, why do you have to go spoil my buzz? Look where we are! We're where the beautiful people play, instead of a place where the ugly people work! We've got a few days to enjoy ourselves, rather than have some surly dickhead assume we're Chinese!

Ideura: And we told him three times that we weren't...

Namashita: We can tell our families and friends back home we've been to Hollywood, and only half of them can say the same.

Ideura: The same Hollywood that ruined every film of ours?

Namashita: Not all of them. They haven't touched Battle Royale...but that Hunger Games crap was such a rip-off I thought we were in Hong Kong.

Ideura: You didn't see what they did to Gojira.

Namashita: Mazā...what did they do?

Ideura: You don't want to know. It was bad.

[Namashita steps away for a moment to swear loudly in Japanese, drawing a few glances from passing tourists]

Ideura: Besides, the show isn't here – it's miles away.

Namashita: At the beach?

Ideura: No, not the beach.

Namashita: Kuso...

Ideura: A place where they once filmed a Bon Jovi video...

Namashita: I hate Bon Jovi!

Ideura: Me too.

Namashita: Tokubetsuna sainō no nai ka nari no shōnen kuso ttare...

Ideura: careful, somebody might work out what you're saying. They don't like profanity in this country – almost as much as they don't like nudity.

Namashita: So that's why they never remade In the Realm of the Senses?

Ideura: I guess so.

Namashita: I hope nobody hears us, we might give them ideas.

Ideura: That'd be a first...

[Namashita grunts in agreement and nods, before looking around]

Namashita: So, our match...

Ideura: I was wondering when you'd ask.

Namashita: And now you give me shit when I take an interest...

Ideura: Well, there's one thing – we won't be facing anyone named Houlihan anytime soon.

Namashita: Ah yes, the Houlihan clan. We put them in their place GOOD last time.

Ideura: Damn right, we finally proved our point. And it felt good to do it, showing that we always were the better team – it just took a while before being the better men won out. But when it did...we beat them.

Namashita: I wish I could frame a photo of my foot in that bastard's face...

Ideura: You have the video on your phone, isn't that enough?

Namashita: Nah!

[Namashita then takes out his phone, watching the footage once again, since his mind was on the subject]

Ideura: So, The Opposition Party?

Namashita: The Opposition Party? Is it that guy that is whihning about a fake racist in another wrestling company? Is he spreading himself a bit thin facing us?

Ideura: Shinjirarenai...

Namashita: What?

[Sensing an explanation would take all day, Ideura drops it]

Ideura: Never mind...

Namashita: I just asked.

Ideura: Let's just say it isn't than person and leave it there, and focus? It's not an ignorant radio host, although I can't say how ignorant the wrestler we're facing will be.

Namashita: You could guess.

Ideura: I'll leave those comments to other people. My main concern is we're going to be rolling in broken glass and having rocks thrown at us in the match. It'll be just like that night out in Shinjuku when you didn't want to pay in the hostess bar.

Namashita: Hey! They jacked up the bill by ten times what I owed!

Ideura: You could've just run, you didn't have to throw beer bottles at the bouncers as you left!

Namashita: I needed to slow them down! You can never find a cab in that area at that time of night!

Ideura: You gave them even more incentive to chase you!

Namashita: Live and learn...

Ideura: We need to be careful, as we run the risk of being cut every time we touch the glass, so if you don't want to look like day-old okonomiyaki we should consider something...something a little less like our usual wrestling gear. Something that can take landing on some glass.

Namashita: Is this why we're in Hollywood? We're getting new threads? Gucci? Armani, maybe.

Ideura: ...

[Ideura looks dumbfounded]

Ideura: Not for the match, it would be a waste of a good suit. But if you want to get a suit, we can do that. There's plenty of places around here.

Namashita: It beats Uniqlo, that's for sure!

Ideura: It'll be messy...the match, I mean, not your suit. Sometimes I wonder if they make these matches up to see how little we can actually wrestle in a match, which makes no sense to me – but that doesn't mean we should turn up and do the bare minimum.

Namashita: Damn right! If they want to play with broken glass, they better expect that I'll play too!

Ideura: Got your interest?

Ideura: No, saw some hot girl walk past, wanted to act tough. But I'm still up for beating some manners into the two guys we're up against, see how they like it when I play with glass – it's been a while.

Ideura: Did you ever pay the damages for that?

Namashita: I said I'd take care of it when we got back.

Ideura: And will you?

Namashita: Let's see if they remember, eh?

[Namashita slaps his hands together and laughs]

Namashita: Anyway, are we going up to the Hollywood sign?

Ideura: In a short while.

Namashita: Great!

Ideura: You know it's haunted?

Namashita: Really?

Ideura: Some actress jumped to her death from the "H", apparently.

Namashita: Cool...



Ideura: I thought that might appeal to you...

Namashita: Damn right!

[FTB]

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

### **3 – “THE STREET SAMURAI” SPADE**

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

[We open up at an empty children's playground early in the morning. Seated on an oldschool wooden swing, is "The Street Samurai," Spade, sporting an old tan "Afro Samurai" T-shirt, with the star character standing front and center in a Jodan-Gamae stance, blue jeans, hiking boots, and a pair of wrap around shades. He has his heavily tattooed arms hooked in the chains of the swing, fingers interlaced before him with his forearms resting against his thighs. He starts of by shaking his head and letting out a small sigh.]

Spade: Boy did I blow it last week, but you know what? Maybe it was a good thing I passed the buck on to Trashman for a little while. He definitely busted his ass and worked hard to get what he now has.

[A small smile crosses his face as he lifts his head up.]

...I'm actually cool with losing it. Sometimes a man needs a humbling every now and then if he's to keep things in perspective and believe me...

[He briefly leans in towards the camera.]

...I was losing perspective. You see, This Samurai has a bit of an ego and if it gets fed a little too much, that ego starts to swell and soon, the Samurai starts thinking of himself as an Emperor and well... that's not good for either the business or the sports side of things. So I lost the title to a man who didn't have his ego inflated and wasn't metaphorically caught with his pants down.

[Unclasping his hands, Spade lifts them up and slaps them together for a sincere round of applause.]

Congratulations Ty, if anyone was going to wrangle that son of a bitch off my waist, it was either going to be you or Josie Saito.

[He nods his head, hooking his thumbs in the chains of the swing.]

So this episode of ye' old Bloodsport, I'm in a Six man elimination Rumble match. So let's do a headcount of who is in this upcoming contendership match for the Youtube Championship....

[Holding one hand out before him, Spade ticks of each name with the raise of a finger.]

...You've got me, which was a given. Angel Martinez, also a given, Hell of a competitor and a guy if you can overlook the mean streak in the ring. Ono Hezonfaia, who I think is SERIOUSLY over due for his time in the sunshine. Axel Reed, new guy, don't know him too well, which could make him the wildcard upstart in this shindig. Mike Gionet, who took it hard to me and Tyrone in that Triple Threat and probably would have walked home with the belt if he didn't blow himself up so quick.

[For the sixth man, he pops a thumb on his opposing hand.]

Then finally, there's "Too Good" Johnny Marvelous... All around prick and egomaniac, making him the least favored guy in the match but hey, I've had my ass kicked by an asshole or two in my time, so it's fair game to say he has a shot at this too.

[Spade drops his free hand into his lap, curling the opposing thumb back around the chain.]

Now Johnny Marvelous barely edges himself into this competition as he's been here for a little bit and deserves a shot, but Axel Reed.... hmm... no offense man, but I seriously don't think you've been here long enough to be put in a match like this. I've always been the type that thinks a newbie should prove his chops in the ring a couple times before he's invited to a dance.

[He taps his chin a bit and shrugs his shoulders.]

Ah well, maybe you'll come out on top and stuff my opinion where the sun doesn't shine. That was kinda' how I made my mark in the business when I first hit the scene anyways. Got put in an impossible situation, against some of the most talented guys that company had to offer, and boom... Shock and Awe man. I ran that ring left to right, knocking anybody and everybody down like I was a flying monkey on crack. This was despite the fact that every single one of them ran my ass into the dirt, trying their damndest to make me feel lower than a big steaming pile of mastodon crap.

[The Samurai chuckles a bit, unhooking his arms from the swing chains and leaning forward on the seat, elbows propped to his knees.]

Axel, this is a huge chance for you and win or lose, that isn't what it's all about. Make those people in the stands happy they came here. Show them why it was such a great idea to purchase a ticket to a DERP event and make Delaney happy he signed you on and booked you in this match. The outcome isn't as important as the journey itself, even if it's nice when you do win.

[Spade's face lights up with a smile.]

Thing is, there's also a pretty juicy opportunity waiting for the guy who can pick it up here in this six man rumble. The DERP Youtube Championship has become a sacred institution onto itself here in Delaney's Extreme wRestling Promotion. While my reign with the belt was fairly long, I don't think it was me who gave that belt it's meaning. The Championship definitely carries a certain spirit with it that sets that title, and those who go after it in a different bracket than the rest of the locker room.

[He runs his fingers through his chestnut brown hair in an effort to slick it back and get it out of his face.]

Even without a title shot being dangled in front of us like a carrot, you know something? Just being in the ring with a phenomenal range of talent like this is pretty rewarding by itself. The man who wins this match, woووoo.... that dude is going to have something to brag about for awhile.

[Another chuckle escapes Spade's lips, followed by the shaking of his head.]

Heh heh heh heh, Oh man, I hope Johnny Marvelous doesn't win it. Could you imagine how much more obnoxious this guy would be with something he could actually brag about, rather than the normal shit he talks? Lord have mercy on us all if I screw up that badly this week!

[He looks around at the playground around him, a smirk playing across his lips.]

You know, DERP is alot like this old children's playground.... Sure there's a few rusty nails sticking out here and there, paint peeling on the jungle gym, and of course the pavement under the monkey bars probably hurts like hell if your grip slips and you fall on it, but even if the playground is dangerous, kids still come to get on the hand carousel and ride the saw horse. That's part of the appeal of DERP.

[Kicking his feet on the ground, Spade starts to push the swing back and forth.]

No matter how brutal and dangerous it may be, it's a wrestler's paradise because not only do you have blood, guts, and nuts, as the Deathmatch Champ, Big Mike Foyer likes to put it, but you also have the most unique collection of talent under one roof. We go out there, sell ourselves to those fans and give them more show than they could have asked for.

Sure there's barbwire, thumbtacks, and tables... Sure there's alot of blood staining the canvas each and every night, but it's our blood, mixed with our sweat and our tears, and we give it all and more to make this place worthy.

[The intensity in his face is at an all time high as he grips those swing chains.]

...DERP just isn't the playground of professional wrestling, it's a place where wrestlers of all shapes, makes, and types can hang their hat and say "Honey, I'm home!"

[He chuckles.]

Just make sure you don't call ol' Delaney Honey or he'll box your brains out. Ry may be alot of things, but "sweetheart" ain't one of them. No sir.

[The Samurai is all grins as pushes himself off the swing seat and starts walking across the playground. The camera follows him as he passes by a rusty hand carousel and some old, worn spring horses. This clearly was an antique of a playground....]

I've got a pretty tall order ahead of me... just how am I going to beat four of the best guys DERP has to offer and "Too Good" Johnny Marvelous?

[...He strokes his chin as he approaches the children's jungle gym, the pain nearly gone and the bars so heavily rusted you might need a tetnus shot just looking at them.]

Guess I couldn't count on them to sit on their duffs and let me pin 'em...

[He shook his head with another chuckle as he walks up the wooden steps of a large slide. It apparently had some upkeep, as Spade slides down the dented but mostly smooth surface. Landing feet first, he's back on his feet and resuming his walk.]

...Could hang out at ringside and play with my 3DS while waiting for everybody to shitkick each other into oblivion, then pick up the scraps...

[A smirk crosses his face, followed by yet another shake of his head.]

Naaaaah. That's no fun and besides, I know I'm not smart enough to play that way. That just isn't how the Samurai conducts his business.

[As he passes a see-saw, Spade notices his favorite black duster and picks it up, slipping his arms through the sleeves and hefting it onto his shoulders.]

Fast, dumb, and full of... fun... yeah, that's how I roll!

[Another chuckle as he now nears the edge of the playground, careful to step around a large community sandbox with a beachball, a bucket, and a rusted metal Tonka truck in it. Spade actually stops and arches a brow at the toy truck.]

...wow... that's been there awhile...

[Shaking his head to relieve himself of the momentary case of ADD he continues walking until finally reaching a black, tricked out '99 Honda Civic 2-door coupe that's decorated in blue and white flames that run around the entire vehicle, and sporting one hell of a body kit, mongoose style dual hood scoop, and a custom spoiler. Stepping around the vehicle he pops the driver door open, there he stands, arms propped on the top of the door.]

You know, I don't consider myself better or more deserving than anyone else in this match. Everybody here is just as hungry and eager as me to snatch that gold, but to beat me, they'll have to cripple or kill me and Street Samurai.... never... say... die.

[Spade taps his fist to his chest, right over the heart, and slips into the driver's seat. With a modest rumble, the old '99 Civic starts up and with the tell-tale sound of hissing followed by a mechanical squeak, we can instantly tell it wasn't just pretty. It was Turbo charged. With a spin of those front tires throwing dirt and gravel, he speeds off onto a small paved road. With a high pitched roar, he's gone before you even have a chance to blink, the car hissing with each shift of the gears.... Fade out.]

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

#### **4 – “THE REVOLTUIN” JOSIE SAITO**

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

[Fade in.]

[The Grand Olympic Auditorium. The show is to begin in mere hours and the DERP crew goes about erecting the ring. They work in unison, putting the finishing touches on the set. But our attention is drawn to a lone figure, in the shadows, watching their handiwork. As the camera zooms closer, the shapely figure is revealed as “The Revolution” Josie Saito.]

[Josie is clad in a black, hooded sweatshirt, open to reveal a white “BAJ” tank top, and black sweat pants. She completes the look with Asics tennis shoes, her black hair pulled back and styled in a messy bun. With arms folded across her chest, she coldly regards the DERP crew, her gaze taking in every move. Suddenly, she turns to face the camera, grave expression on her face.]

Josie: It’s about time that I finally got what I deserved. No more distractions or senseless wastes of my time!

[She swipes her hand dismissively through the air.]

Josie: Tonight, I rightfully get my return match for the Youtube Championship. Of course, I had to beat the Hell out of that Houlihan person to get it. But you can’t help what needs to be done for the greater goal.

[She shrugs and lets out a small sigh.]

Josie: As vindicated as I am, there’s still a part of me that wishes that it was Spade that I was facing tonight. After all, there was a lot left unsaid after the way our last match ended. And a return encounter would certainly answer the question of which is us is actually better.

But, at the end of the day, my focus is the championship gold, not wagers or petty conflicts. So, it doesn’t matter who the title holder ended up being, Spade or this Trash Man, they were still going to have to deal with me. And after seeing how I handled Houlihan, I can guarantee that’s not something either would be too eager to do.

[A smile plays on her lips, brimming with confidence.]

Josie: I’ve watched you, Trash Man. You’re good. I’ll give you that. Strong. Tough. Determined. But you’re also young, willful, and prone to rash thinking. And that’s where a woman, with my experience and intelligence, holds the advantage. See, I have my focus where it belongs, and that’s on taking that belt and solidifying my status as a champion. I’m not here to be a role model or “punish the unjust”. I’m here to win and win big. Period.

Plus, I’ve got the kind of momentum that a wrestler would kill for. No one and nothing has been able to derail me yet. And believe me, Delaney has tried his absolute best. So, you see, Trash Man, my victory would have been a foregone conclusion, regardless of what man or woman held that belt. But I’m sure you’ve heard similar boasts from many of your other competitors. The only difference is that, when I say it, it’s fact.

[She pauses and looks up, seeing that the crew is finishing up.]

Josie: Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ve got some work to do.

[With that, she turns and walks off, making her towards the ring as the scene fades.]

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

## 5 – KASEY “THE RENEGADE” HOULIHAN

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

[Fade In.]

“I get it. I really do.”

[There she is, Kasey “THE RENEGADE” Houlihan, standing in all her six foot tall punk rock glory in front of the traditional black and gold DERP banner. Wearing ripped blue jeans, a green St. Patty’s day shirt, and blue Penguins beanie on, Kasey usually looks very comfortable but today her body language speaks a different story—a angry one.]

KASEY: On the last episode EVER of ACE’s “Bewitched”, I lost my cool and snapped. All the anger and frustration had boiled up to a point where it just couldn’t be fuckin’ contained anymore, and you, LAAAA FORZA.... \_YOU\_ were the scapegoat.

[Accepting sigh.]

You didn’t REALLY deserve the ass beating you got handed. You won the match fair and square. It wasn’t YOUR fault my partner was a worthless putz that makes even the likes of Caleb Foley look iconic.

[Shrugs.]

So, last week, when you hopped the rail and decided to get some revenge...

I juss smiled.

[Soft giggle.]

Why? Cause damn girls... that was \_MONTHS\_ ago! \_MONTHS\_! No one really even remembers what the fuck ACE was let alone that meaningless match! But YINS did. Yins remembered and remembering hurt SOOOOOO MUCH...

You juss had to go out there and do sumptin’ about it.

[Louder laugh, as a smile slowly forms.]

That’s a compliment to me. That’s a way of saying that I am so amazingly special that I really got under your skin that BAD that months later... you STILL are swearing for revenge. In my opinion, that’s just incredible! That’s me WINNING right there, bitches!

[Confident nod.]

But, LLLLAAAA FORZA... Hopping over that railing and laying the smackdahn on this crazy bitch didn't really solve any problems... just created new ones.

[Troublemaker's smile.]

Cause while YOOOOUUU may feel justice was served and that's that...

...now MY heart yearns for VENEGEANCE!

[Pause. Very serious look on her face now.]

And vengeance will be MINE. I won't need to wait MONTHS. I won't have to hop over railings an attack broads after they've just busted their ass in the ring for twenty minutes.

[Shakes her head no.]

Nah...

Ima walk straight up to you cunts in the middle of that ring, and punch both of you straight in the fuckin' face. This match isn't about winning or losing to me. It's about getting the justice I deserve, paid in FLESH! Yins wanna poke the crazy bitch with a stick??? Well this is what happens when that crazy bitch takes that stick and beats you over the head with it!

[Starts nodding, as a big grin spreads across her face.]

Welcome to DERP, you Italian sluts. Sorry your welcoming party will be filled with blood and guts instead of glitz and glamour. But that's what happens when you fuck with a RENEGADE! See ya in the ring, girls! Might wanna leave them skimpy whore outfits yins call ring attire at home.

[...brief pause.]

...less you wanna bleed like a stuck pig!

[Fade Aht.]

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

**6 – ‘THE TRASHMAN’ TYRONE HEAT  
DERP YOUTUBE CHAMPION**

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

[Fade in on a scowling Tyrone Heat, showed from the shoulders up, eyes focused on something below the camera's view. Tyrone's better groomed than last we saw him; thick beard trimmed and mohawk clearly defined.]

TH: I ain't gonna claim it was easy. I ain't gonna say it was fun. There were things I thought I'd never do to get what I wanted, places I thought I'd never go. At the end of the day I had to choose between being a good man ... and being a champion.

[Zoom out to show Tyrone from the waist up; hands out, palms turned up and holding the Youtube championship belt. After speaking he shuts his eyes hard before looking up to the camera.]

TH: Shoulda beat Spade the first time; shoulda never given the ref the chance to screw me. Shoulda beat Mikey Gionet the first time around too but I was still tryin' to be good. Good man goes no-where in Ryan Delaney's Pee-yay. Good man takes the fall...

[Gritting his teeth, Tyrone shakes his head.]

TH: BAD man ... bad man takes the gold. And that's what I did. Good man eats his vegetables. Bad man takes his pound of flesh. That. Is what. I did... Every man in this place wants a hunk o' tin to wear 'round his waist, to tear it up and be called the best. Now I got mine. Ain't no man can say he better than Tyrone Heat now. Now I got two equals and a whole lot of biters wantin' my piece of the prize. It's the nature of the game and, one day, somebody gonna get lucky enough to take it off me. Somebody gonna bite off their pound of flesh. When it happens, I guarantee, they're gonna leave bloodied, broken and scarred. When this strap leaves me it's gonna be with a whole lotta hellfire, pain and sufferin'.

[Flinging the belt over one shoulder Heat bares his teeth again, an involuntary snarl that doesn't disappear when he speaks again.]

TH: And it sure as hell ain't gonna be one and done, son. Or should I say "daughter"? Josie Saito? Oh hell no. Old Tyrone would'a sweated slappin' a bitch around, would'a wondered what his moms would think. New Tyrone just gotta wonder why that bitch is dumb enough to step to him. Josie, I see you. You're tough. Put you in a lady's division and you'll beat all the bitches hands down. BUT ... you rise to the top and start testin' strength with the best man in the company? You're screwed, girl.

Think about it, Josie, you ain't no six foot bodybuilder bitch. You can't match strength with me. You got skills but your skills don't eclipse mine so how you gonna overcome that size difference? You ain't no contender you're a goddamned VICTIM and when you're splattered all over the mat the only one to blame is yourself. Yourself and maybe yo' moms for tellin' you that you can do anything a man can do but better.

[Softening slightly, it seems almost as if Tyrone regrets what he just said. Grabbing at his own face, hard, he tugs downward on his beard and lets his hand fall across himself to grasp the edge of the belt.]

TH: You ain't. Better. Than me, Josie. At best ... you're the same. Same skills plus power and size ... that makes me a bully. I don't like bein' the bully, Josie. Makes me feel bad. You make me feel bad, Josie. Now I'm gonna make you feel bad. You're gonna find out just how high a price you gotta pay, bitch, 'cause come Bloodsport ... Hell. Will. Rain...

[Fade to black as Tyrone flares his nostrils. End.]



^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

**10 – ANGEL “SYKO” MARTINEZ**  
**CURRENT DERP 24/7 CHAMPION**  
**ONO HEZONFAIA**  
**“THE STREET SAMURAI” SPADE**

^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*^\*

[2:30 PM. We are in the parking lot of the Grand Oly. Pulling up into a spot now, near the back entrance, is a blood red candy-painted 1964 Impala SS, and thanks to the fact there is no top, we see the man hitting the switches out here in L.A. is DERP's most wanted, Angel Martinez. As the hydraulics go back where they're supposed to go, and Angel turns the car off, our ever intrepid .... whatever Food "Don't call me Dennis" Stamp is... runs over to the car, mic in hand, and cameraman in tow.]

Stamp: Angel! Angel! Yo!

[Without skipping a beat he runs right up to the door. This is probably not the smartest thing he could have done and others would do well to take note. When you run up on someone with a 24/7 title out in the parking lot as they pull up in their car, screaming like an idiot? They're going to do what Angel does to poor ol' Stamper, which is, immediately hit him with the door like they do in the movies. Foodstamp buckles over, but before he can even react, Angel is over the other side of his door via leaping out of the drivers seat. Martinez grabs Foodstamp's arm, yanks it behind him, and smashes dude's face into the top of the closed car door.]

Angel: YOU want a piece, motherfucker?!

Foodstamp: NAH, you dick, let go!

Angel: The fuck you want then, puto? I ain't got no time for fuckin' games.

Foodstamp: I...wanted... to... talk...

Angel: So talk!

Foodstamp: This really fucking hurts, you know, it's throwing off my thought process!

[Angel yanks Stamp back to a full stand, and no longer seems like he's going to stab the man and take his wallet. Just kidding, Stamper doesn't keep a wallet.]

Angel: Your retard drool was starting to fuck up the paint anyway. Speak, motherfucker.

[Angel goes and pulls his Rolling Suitcase out of the back of the car. Foodstamp gets what he paid for.]

Foodstamp: You've had some trouble keeping that 24/7 title around your waist, lately, and the party doesn't stop, tonight, it's 6 way madness, 69 fuckin' points, are you stoked for this?

[Angel stares at Foodstamp.]

Angel: Is that even a complete thought you just had? Are you that fucking burnt? This is what you come running up to me with? You made me put a dent in my fucking lowrider.... FOR THAT?

[Angel rears back like he's gonna smash Stamp, but instead, thrusts his rollie bag into Stamp's chest.]

Angel: Take that. Give me this--

[SNatch!]

Angel: --goddamn microphone, take my bag to my fucking locker, and pray to god not a hair of it is disturbed by the time I get there.

[Angel points in the direction of the building. Stamp goes. Head down, carrying the bag against his chest.]

Angel: That's right, puto. Take a walk, carry my bags. That's what you're good for.

[Angel wastes no time turning right to the camera right after.]

Angel: Now YOU, you cocksuckers watching this at home, I just gave you something else to bitch about. YOU should be fucking happy, now you can run to the internet and tell everyone what a scumbag I am again. Isn't this so much fucking FUN?

[Sarcasm is dripping.]

Angel: Stamp is a stooge. He shoulda never held the belt I now bring some god-damned credibility back to. What I did to him is put him back in his place. Last show, I came, I saw, and I did the same fuckin' thing. One man left tall, and it wasn't Johnny Come-Fucking-Lately..... or Johnny Come Fucking Early, from what the 400 pound rat in Green Bay told me. It wasn't ONO Hezagoner, because I'm having so much fun making him your god-damned martyr.... IT wasn't anyone in that main event, it sure wasn't the fucking ref...

Yeah, Ref School. I guess to Delaney, that means putting LSD in their water bottles about 4 hours before the show.

LONG story short, I'm still the fucking man. I shouldn't have to elaborate further, but I gotta deal with bullshit fucking reporters that would be more skilled at making a bong out of the microphone that coming up with some kind of journalism.

So being as I've dictated the terms of the 24/7 Title, and now the DERP media, I'm going to dictate how this show goes down tonight. I'm going to dominate. I mean, have you seen me lately? That's what I do. That's what I always do. I don't sweat smacking around ONO. I don't worry about people who call themselves Marvelous when they're mediocre. I'm going to put them down like I put them down already. Axel Reed? I'll kick him back into whatever rift in time and space he crawled out of recently. I've already shown that Gionet's a little bitch, and Spade?

Really? Fucking Spade? Mr. Fair-play DARES to step into a Hardcore Hockey Deathmatch? BRO DO YOU EVEN SKATE?

Maybe Delaney has finally come to his fucking senses. If he hands me 16 thousand points before his weird tourney thing, he won't even have to bother. He'll just have to hand me the title. I'm a champion,

born and bred, as sure as the LA Kings are holding the Stanley Cup. Tonight, championship caliber hockey comes back to LA, as YOUR MOTHERFUCKING CHAMP, is in the house....

And tonight we make it a three-peat. Go fuck yourselves.

[Angel flips off the camera, and turns to head inside..... ]

[BUT INSTEAD.....]

\*BLAAAMM!!!!\*

Spade: How d'ya like that one, champ?

[Instead of casually sauntering into the building, Angel Martinez instead finds himself walking face-first into a rapidly accelerating metal door, courtesy of one "Street Samurai" Spade stepping out for some fresh air. Syko staggers back, grabs his face in surprise ouchies, and tries to make get his eyes facing the same direction again.

Angel shakes the stars from his vision, seeing red and balling his fists. Spade realizes he's stumbled into a fight, so he takes the initiative while Angel's still reeling a bit. He gets a running start for the WILDKARD DDT RIGHT IN THE PARKING LOT!!!!]

Spade: Hey Stamp. I know he's got a spare ref's jersey in that bag you're schlepping. Check that front pocket. No, that's his jockstrap, the other pocket. Yeah. Feel like a change of clothes? No, don't take that shirt off, we don't need to show the public your appendectomy scar that you tell everyone is a bullet wound. Just put the... JUST PUT THE DAMN REF SHIRT ON ALREADY SO I CAN PIN THIS MAN!

[Foodstamp is suitably intimidated into a rush job, gets one arm through the neck-hole and his head shoved through the arm. Whatever, he's wearing zebra stripes, he's now a DERP referee. Probably as much certification as any of the others get, anyhow. Okay, Mister No-Money-In-The-Bank, do your job!]

OOOOOONNNNNNNNEEEEE!!!!!!

TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!

[Ain't no teasin' here, folks.]

THREE!!!!

[Spade hops to his feet, Referee Foodstamp awkwardly raises his arm in victory!!!!]

\*CLONK!\*

[Y'all knew that wouldn't be the end of it. That right there was the sound of ONO HEZONFAIA's very non-Japanese manager Syn popping Spade in the back of the head with his metal hip flask.

... Spade didn't go down. Just kind of pissed him off. And now Syn has his full attention. Which can be pretty scary, as you'd well know if you've ever had him stare you down over the last porkchop. Seriously, just let the dude have it. It's not worth the Indian burns he'd give you in retaliation.]

Spade: Dude, that stings... seriously... who hits people with a hip flask anyways?

Syn: Well, seeing as how this blunt object seems to have failed in its duty as a device of cranial trauma, perhaps it might find more effective use as a momentary distraction?

ONO: SPURINNNNGGGG LOOOOOOAAADEEEEEEEEEED FUUUUUUCKUPLEEEEEEEEXU!

\*SHKWAP!\*

[As indicated by the above dialogue, the Street Samurai has just been elegantly driven ass-over-teakettle backward into the parking lot concrete with a bridging Spring-Loaded Fuckplex from ONO HEZONFAIA. Let's see if he can pick up the spare.]

Foodstamp: ONE TWO THREE NEW CHAMP!

[So let's review our scene here. You've got Angel Martinez and Spade down in the parking lot after being introduced to our good friend Mister Concrete, ONO HEZONFAIA giving your friendly neighborhood Foodstamp the stinkeye, and Syn going through Angel's pockets for loose change and call girl phone numbers. Foodstamp decides to quit while he's ahead, tugging the now stretched-out ref shirt off of his torso and ambling in the general direction of the local convenience store.]

Syn: Soooo.... We gonna do this?

[This fat dude in an ugly shirt is clearly half-lit, but what the hell, the good-lookin' Asian guy in shiny pants over there starts to beatbox and dance around the two 24/7 Champions Emeritus while his manager

throws down on his behalf. At least I think he's dancing. He might actually be teabagging them, it's hard to tell in this lighting.]

ONO: \*Boom shBoom shBop Shiggety Shiggety Bom Bom BOOOOM.\*

Syn: Hey ONO! Who's the master in the air? That's ONO!  
Hit a bastard with a chair? That's ONO!  
Comin' out from nowhere? That's ONO!

ONO: \*Shuggety floop shuggety floop shuggety floop floop floop floop Bom BOM  
chkachkchkachkachkachaBom.\*

Syn: Yo ONO! Gonna grapple in the ring? Yo ONO!  
Gonna do your Judo thing? Yo ONO!  
Slap him in a chicken-wing! Yo ONO! Take the mic.

[Syn pulls a pair of cheap plastic sunglasses from his breast pocket and proceeds to lay down a beat for the Japanese Jumping Bean. Proceed to wish you had subtitles. Because of course you're hearing his thick accent, not just reading this, right? Right.]

ONO: ONO wanna fight, ONO go tonight.  
ONO make you bark like a dog, bitch, bite.  
ONO gonna make you fall over, onto the floor...  
then kick your ass out the door.

Syn: \*Bm chk chk chk chkawow bzz wicka Bom Bom b'dom Bom\*

ONO: My shiny pants gleam, that's how you seem  
to be bitin' on my hook, left cross, downstream!  
Gonna shout that Spring-Loaded Fuckplex scream,  
'Cause now I am on fire everything is...

Syn: \*Bowp Bowp Bowp\*

ONO: EX TUREEEEEEEEEEME!

[The pair slap a high-five. As Syn goes rummaging through Angel Martinez's gear bag to pull out the actual title belt, he asks a question.]

Syn: Sounded good, but kinda generic. You sure you didn't want to shout out Angel by name and personalize it a little bit?

ONO: Naah. You know how hard it is to freestyle rap in your second language? I couldn't come up with anything to rhyme with Martinez. I had a hard enough time rhyming 'Dead Man' with 'Bed Pan', but I decided not to do that verse.

Syn: Hold on, I think they're starting to wake up. Let's get with what you got while the gettin's still good. Now skedaddle!

[ONO finishes his song and dance, grabbing his belt and beating feet as Angel starts to recover from the initial attack. Seeing this ONO decides to run off with his shiny while he can...]

Angel: Motherfucker.... how the hell did he...

[Angel notices Spade getting up after his Springu Loaded Fuckplex experience, puts two and two together in his mind, and starts putting the shoes to Spade out on the asphalt.]

Angel: That's how you want it then, son?! We can roll like that, puto! Setting me up, you fuckin' shit... you and that Foodstamp....

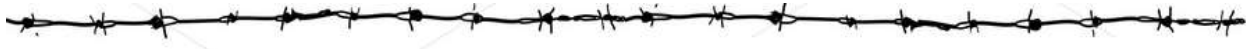
[The thought of killing Foodstamp.]

Angel: He's dead.

[Angel leaves Spade behind to recover, presumably to go find Foodstamp and cut a bitch. Spade gradually gets to a knee, then stands dusting himself off with a groan. He looks around at the fallout, and half of Syko's gym bag dumped on the asphalt.]

Spade: Easy come... eeeaaassy go.

[And with a chuckle, the Street Samurai plods his way toward the building, shaking his head.]



THOUGHTS? REACTIONS? SPEAK YOUR MIND RIGHT HERE:

[The Official DERP Website!](#)