

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 7

[Slowly the words fade away, leaving in its wake soft classical background music – the very kind that annoys anyone put on hold. Accompanying the music, though, is much important blocks of text... ie, the table of contents.

APPEARING IN THIS EDITION:

- 1 – “The Revolution” Josie Saito
- 2 -- ????????????????????
- 3 – Kasey ”The Renegade” Houlihan
- 4 – Big Mike Foyer – CURRENT DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPION
- 5 – Angel “Syko” Martinez
- 6 - ????????????????????
- 7- Big Mike Foyer #2 – CURRENT DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPION

Finish Kasey’s promo
Swith out BMF’s

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

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1 – “THE REVOLUTION” JOSIE SAITO

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[The scene opens at The Saint Paul Hotel. More specifically, the rooftop fitness center, overlooking downtown St. Paul . The room is empty this early in the morning, except for one lone individual, working out on the elliptical machine. As the camera zooms closer to the decidedly female figure, we see that it is none other than Josie Saito.]

[The woman known as “The Revolution” is clad in a black, sports bra and black, workout capris, completing the look with tennis shoes. Her raven tresses are pulled back in a messy ponytail and sweat glistens off of her body, indicating that the sinewy brunette has been at this for some time. There’s an intense look on her face as she appears oblivious to her surroundings, caught up in her workout, until she suddenly turns to face the camera with what looks like a mix of annoyance and irritation. She presses a button on the machine and stops what she’s doing to focus her gaze on the camera.]

Josie: [sighs] I am a woman that can give the devil his due. Tyrone, you handled yourself well at the last show and deserved your victory. You said that you would beat me and keep your Youtube title. And you did just that.

[She shrugs and steps down from the machine.]

Josie: I make no excuses for my performance. I had every intention of defeating you, but it just wasn’t in the cards. So, enjoy this sweet moment, because things won’t look as good tonight. [smirks] See, you may have defeated me once but I can damned well guarantee that it won’t happen twice!

[She folds her arms across her chest, a dangerous glare thrown the camera’s way.]

Josie: Tonight is what I’m considering my do-over. And yes, I am well aware that this is a tag match. But to Hell with your partners. And, quite frankly, to Hell with mine too.

[She waves her hand dismissively.]

Josie: What matters is that this is my second opportunity to beat you and take that belt. So, that's where my focus and your focus should be. Because, unlike the other insignificants in this match, you have seen what I can do first hand and know the type of threat that I am.

I just hope that you're smart enough not to let your previous win cloud your judgment. Because if you think this will be a repeat of our match in California then you would be sadly mistaken. I'm far more motivated, determined, and prepared than I was that night. And I can assure you that the outcome will be far different. Because I came to DERP to become a champion and I will take down anyone stupid enough to even attempt to stop that from happening!

[A distasteful look crosses her face, a dangerous gleam in her eyes.]

Josie: Which brings me to the other men in this match. Honestly, the four of you don't even belong in what is a matter between me and the champion. If you had any sense, you would do the right thing and all bow out. But I'm sure you'll all want to show your faces anyway. So, I'll warn you now. Stay the Hell out of my way or I'll put you down like a dog!

This is my chance to rectify the mistakes of my past and I can't wait. So, enjoy these last few moments of being a champion, Tyrone. Because there's no stopping a Revolution. You either give in or get run the fuck over.

[Fade to black.]

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2 – ??????????????????
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[Static again. This time, however, the static now cuts to extremely grainy black and white footage of a single figure in a dark room. The figure wearing an oversized hooded cloak with an ominous white devil kabuki mask. The figure barely moves as it speaks, its voice hauntingly garbled and digitally twisted beyond recognition.]

Evil is necessary. Evil... is the last form of honesty.

You act "honorably" because it gives you pleasure to see others view you as being honorable. We act the way we act... simply because it's our true nature.

Yet... the world looks at us and shuns us. Why? For following our most basic of instincts?

We show you that you don't live in a world without consequence. We show you that your heroes aren't just lying to themselves... they're lying to you as well.

Who are your heroes, anyway? Men and women who willingly participate in DERP's twisted rendition of a sport that once had some self-respect.

With that said... I'll -- we'll -- give you what you want; the blood of your heroes will be spilled. You'll grow to hate the brutality you once loved. You'll come to see your hypocrisy. You'll be re-conditioned.

Whether you like it or not... I am your savior... and that's something far beyond a king... or a queen... could ever be.

[Out.]

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3 – KASEY "THE RENEGADE" HOULIHAN

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[In the backstage area of the Roy Wilkins Auditorium, standing right in front of the classic black and yellow DERP banner, is none other than DERP's official interviewer... FOOOOOODSTAMP!!!! The "Homeless Hardcore Hero" is standing tall and proud, sporting his worn and torn sweat pants with a tuxedo t-shirt, clinching the microphone with both hands. With a nervous twitch, the Stamper's one of kind voice pollutes the airwaves!]

FOODSTAMP: Are yins guys READY??? Are you!?!?! I dun think chu are cause ladies and gentlemn... I present to you... KAAAAAAASEEEEEY "THE RENEEENGAGE" HOULIHAN!!!!!!!

[Twirling his hands a bit, the Stamper awkwardly points to the left... where "The Renegade" herself does appear! Rocking yoga pants, and a black Pittsburgh Pirates, with her hair pulled back and mostly hidden under a black bandanna, Kasey looks like her crazy, joyful self as she approaches the Stamper, boasting a smile and slapping the HUGE superstar on the back.]

K"TR"H: Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaz up, Fooooood??? How's it hanging???

FOODSTAMP: Hanging little to left today. Thanks for asking, Kase, but I tell you.. We aren't here to talk about ME! We are here to talk about how you feel about LA FORZA!!!

K"TR"H: You mean them Italian bitches that keep getting on my last nerve?!?!?!?

FOODSTAMP: Yea... THEM! With what all happened in ACE and the recent evnets here in DERP... I can't imagine yins girls are the best of friends!

[Sinister smile from "the Renegade".]

K"TR"H: Oh, you wanna know how I feel about LA FORZA?!?! Well, let's start with GIOVANNA...

[Brief pause.]

K"TR"H: I want to high five her.... In the face.... With a brick... covered in SPIKES and dipped in fuckin' POSION!!! As for her lesbian twin... She can go swimming in acid in a fuckin straight jacket, while she chokes on her own puke.... Then they BOTH can go step on a fuckin' LEGO!!!!

FOODSTAMP: Well, shit, that's just MEAN!!! Legos HURT!!!

K"TR"H: What can I say!?!? I hate them cunts. I can't WAIT to rid the realm of DERP from their pathetic existence! Hey, Stamper, you know what sound an Italian tire makes when it goes flat!?!?!?

FOODSTAMP: Nope, dun think I know that sound...

K"TR"H: It goes... WOOP, WOOP. WOOP, WOOP!!!!

[The two just BURST out laughing, ecstatically and a bit over the top for how LAME that joke actually wise.]

FOODSTAMP: Haha, okay now... let's settle dahn a bit here! Now we got THAT outta the way... what's the word on your tag team partner! It's been said none other than IRIS GALLIVER will be joining you on BLOODSPORT!?!?!?

[Kasey giggles with glee!]

K"TR"H: I KNOW RIGHT!!! Isn't that just freakin' AWESOME!?!?! After DERP ate ACE, and them cunt whore douche nozzles showed up... It just made sense that I sought aht some of my ACE family to gets my back!!!

FOODSTAMP: I gotta think LA FORZA's a bit nervous heading into this one! They were lucky to escape last time... AND YOU WERE OUT THERE BY YOURSELF!!

K"TR"H: Hell yea, them dumb broads are NERVOUS!!! They know they gotta nuttin but a severe ass whooping comin' there way! But all this talk of Italian crapola is makin' me hungry! Lunch???? Tis on me!

FOODSTAMP: Like you have a choice! Spent my last change on a dime bag!

K"TR"H: SIIIIICK!!! Now turn that fuckin' camera off, and let's have some fuuuuuun!!! Time to cause some MAYHEM IN MINNESOTA!!!!

[Fade Out,]

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4 – BIG MIKE FOYER

DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPION

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[We open upon a tall hill on the outskirts overlooking St. Paul, Minnesota at night. The city bristles with activity, lit windows dotting the the many buildings as the streets below are filled with a steady stream of gold and red lights from all manner of vehicle in transit to their various destinations. We find the broad, imposing form of a six foot monster of a man standing upon that hill, back turned to the camera as he looks upon that distant city, one hand on his pocket while the other grips the DERP Death Match Championship on his shoulder. His attire consists of a black leather jacket with a massive red-eyed beast's head painted on the back, the letters BMF carved into it's forehead, blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a folded black cowboy hat. This could only be one man, Big... Mike... Foyer. He speaks with a dry, deep voice with a hint of a southern accent.]

BMF: Strange Bedfellows... that's the match I'm in. A tag team match where you have two people who absolutely despise each other paired up to face two other people who despise each other. You know, I think it's the dumbest idea in the world. What's to stop me from just wailing on Dan Everetts while Ono takes care of his insignificant problem?

[Slowly, Foyer turns to face the camera. A smirk twists his bearded face.]

...Heh, actually, the more I think about it, the more I like it. I mean I'm the DERP Death Match Champion. Points or no points, I'm at the top of the food chain and I have the strap to prove it!

[He shifts the belt on his shoulder for emphasis.]

I'm like an oldschool Nascar driver. I don't race for the points, I race to get to the finish line while every other mother fucker is choking on my dust. I'll put your ass into the wall, give you the finger, and say whatever I damn well feel like because while you can have all the points in the world, I crossed the finish line first and that is what it's all about.

[Mike's nostrils flare as he takes in a quick breath, his lips splitting with a wry grin.]

Maybe Ono will take out Martinez and I'll take out Everetts, then I'll pin his partner and he'll pin mine, leaving the two real competitors standing. So what if Ono talks funny and screams alot? The guy can wrestle and he's a competitor at heart. Angel and Danny? They are a couple of self entitled little bitches who think they should be handed everything on a silver platter.

[Slowly, he shakes his head with a disgusted sneer.]

Boys, I got news for you, nobody owes you shit in this world. What you think you're owed, me and Ono have earned.

[Foyer pulls his hand from his pocket and slaps the gold chrome surface.]

Martinez is jealous of the success of Ono Hezonfaia. He sees a goofy little Asian guy getting the accolades that he isn't and it just pisses him off. Well, Angie, what you need to do is get a straw.... AND SUCK IT UP BITCH!!!

[BMF smacks his fist against T-shirt clad chest.]

All you do is whine and piss and moan and bitch and bitch and bitch AND BITCH! Quit bitching, grow a mustache and harden the fuck up! BE A MAN!!!

[A scowl crosses his face, the ridge of his brow angled and forming light wrinkles on his scarred forehead.]

The same thing could be said of my partner. All he does is whine about almost winning... getting close to beating me... Forgive the use of an overused phrase, but son, close only counts in Horse Shoes and Hand Grenades. Danny, I say this directly to you-

I've paid you respect due for winning this title under the circumstances you got it with in the first place, but we're long since past that. I must have done brain damage to you when I took this belt, 'cause you keep repeatin' like a scratched record...

[Bringing his hand up beside his face, Big Mike points to the sky and rotates that finger.]

...Fluke... Fluke... Fluke... Fluke

[He shakes his head sadly, dropping the hand down and hooking his thumb in his belt loop.]

Well it ain't Trick or Treat 2 yet, so the belt isn't on the line, just your ass and buddy, I'ma' beat it like a drum. I'm aiming to win, but not with you in my corner. I'll take your ass out first, whether I have help or not. I don't like you, sure as hell don't respect you, and all you've done lately is piss me off more.

[The intent is clear, his eyes burning with a need for violence...]

...and when I'm done with Dan Everetts, I'm gonna' make Martinez fly like an Angel right through a table. Maybe even use the Spanish announce table for a little bit of poetry, heh heh heh...

[With a snicker, he looks over his shoulder and points towards the city behind him with an outstretched arm.]

It's all goin' down at the Roy Wilkins Auditorium in that city right there, St. Paul, Minnesota.

[Turning his head back to the camera.]

If that ain't enough, I get a two fer one night.... The Fans are bringing the weapons, we're bringing the bodies, and putting on one hell of a big ass rumble at the end of the show.

[BMF almost seemed giddy at the prospect of the match as he rubs his hands together.]

It's every man, woman, and possibly child for themselves in the ultimate clusterfuck of a fight! You know what? That sounds like a party and a half and it's lookin' to be heavier with over three hundred

and fifty pounds of Bad Mother Fucker steppin' up to the plate and bustin' skulls!

[Foyer smacks his fist into his open palm, a devilish grin on his face.]

I may even get Danny Boy twice in one night! Holy fuck yes! Wouldn't that beat all? Beat his ass in the tag match, beat his ass in the rumble, and beat his ass at the Pay Per View? TRY CRYIN' FLUKE THEN MOTHER FUCKER!!!!

[He slams both fists to his chest and roars at the camera.]

TONIGHT!!! BLOOD SPORT SEVEN!! EVERYBODY IN DERP!!! YOUR ASSES BELONG TO ME!!!! I am the biggest, baddest mother fucker ever to set foot in a wrestling ring and when it's all over and it's just me, standing on a red stained canvas with the blood of a dozen or more of my fellow wrestlers splattered all over me... You'll know it's true. You'll know me for what I am.... THE DEATH MATCH CHAMPION OF THE MOTHER FUCKIN' WWWWWOOOOORRRRLLLLLDDDD!!!!

[Ripping the belt from his shoulder, Big Mike hoists it high into the air. The hulking man beast stands there breathing through flaring nostrils and clenched teeth, his whole body shuddering like a rabid pitbull. The Camera zooms in on his face, spittle dribbling from the corners of his mouth as he stares on with wild, fierce eyes. Fade to black.

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5 – ANGEL “SYKO” MARTINEZ

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[We've been here before. Asian girls in a ring in a gym. We know them, but they're not why we're here.]

GET THE FUCK IN HERE! I ain't got all day for this shit!

[NO, we're here for this angry prick. The man who's been running amok and fucking up people's day in DERP for the last few shows. A man that none of you are a stranger to. A man who's turned into a real prick, if we're honest about it. His name is Angel Martinez, and he has called us into his office once again for some words leading into this show of shows. While he would normally be sitting in his leather chair behind his large oak desk with his feet up, this is not the case. The man is pacing back and forth, with a certain intensity that is befitting of someone who's lost their god damn mind. Is he? I'm sure he'll tell us.]

Let's not waste time.

[HE stops pacing for a moment, staring directly into the lens.]

Ryan Delaney thinks he's outsmarted me. But Ryan Delaney is a doped out moron. He doesn't know that he's doing EXACTLY what I want him to do. You fans, you're too stupid to realize he's playing right into my hands. I saw this coming down the road, because you bastards all think you're smarter than Angel Martinez.

[Grinning already?]

And you're wrong.

[And shaking his head like a disappointed mother.]

You're all so, so, so dead wrong.

[And then back to pacing. More slowly than he was before, but still pacing.]

After weeks, MONTHS of showing my absolute dominance on both the physical and mental levels, here we are, just weeks out from the big show, and...

[A mad chuckle as he stops, looking up at noone.]

...and you have handed me the very soul of Ono Hezonfaia, on a silver platter and given me the opportunity to devour it whole. A tag match.... where you have made that fraud of a man MY PARTNER.

FOOLS, all of you!

[A look of...glee?]

You really didn't think this through all that well, did you? You put us up against Foyer, who I've faced, and was damn well screwed out of a victory over by this hardcore bullshit, and someone who doesn't like him, that schmuck Daniel Everett. While they spill blood over a Deathmatch title that means nothing, because every match around here is a fucking deathmatch, I'll be looking to spill some blood myself. Who's blood? Figure it out. I don't like any of these cocksuckers. I don't give a shit about the title.... I don't give a shit about Foyer.... fuck Everett, fuck Ono, and motherfuck your fucking points. I have enough points to get myself into whatever situation I need. I still have the 24/7 belt. I don't need this match, and I sure as hell do not need to partner myself with a man that I do not respect, let alone be able to get along with for 6 minutes in the ring.

[His hand runs through his long black hair, seeming to tug as he continues to mention those around him. His voice seems to lower and calm, but only a little.]

But since Ryan Delaney, in his THC infused wisdom, was nice enough to lay out the plan for me, and expose himself for the idiot he is.... I'll let you in on a little wisdom myself. If I was Daniel Everett, or Mike Foyer, I would highly suggest knowing your god damn place, and keeping the fuck out of my affairs. Management can mix things up all they want with us, but if you dare step across that line, I will bitchsmack the reality into you that I am NOT to be trifled with. Foyer, you know damn well what I bring, and you know damn well I was not motivated in the least the last time we faced off. Put off by this ridiculous blottoletting for no reason... why would I put myself in that kind of danger? To make YOU look good? Are you out of your mind? You pick up a meaningless win, and I save myself the trouble of dealing with your goofy ass throwing cinder blocks at my head. As far as I'm concerned, I came out ahead. And while you go to war with idiots like Daniel Everett who can't see the forest from the trees over meaningless belts, I'm the man dominating DERP. Not either one of you, and it's going to be that way for a long, long time.

[The wicked smile that creeps back in over his face really should make you wonder if he's truly lost his marbles.]

And Ono.... The question isn't IF I'm going to fuck you over. I'm telling you right now, you will not leave that ring in one piece. You will not make it to Trick or fucking Treat Two. The question you need to go over with that manpurse Syn, is WHEN. When am I going to launch my foot upside your head? How. How am I going to make sure that you, my own god-damn teammate, do not make it through the night alive? Why?

[Angel stares the stare of crazy into the camera, fully convinced of his reason.]

Because I'm Angel fucking Martinez. I am the greatest sonofabitch ever to set foot in a ring. You may think you're riding high after that bullshit on the last show, where I do all the work, and I clear the trash out of this shithole, and eliminate every man, woman and child in my path, only to have YOU standing there waiting to take the glory.... but you.... YOU, ONO... you'll know your place. And you'll know who's going to put you in your place. Over...and over.... and over again.

I own your fucking SOUL, you rat bastard. And yours won't be the last I take. Fuck with me, I dare you. You, the other two assholes, and anyone stupid enough to step in the ring against me when I destroy more of your 'extreme dreams' in that little rumble at the end of the night.

I'm taking everything you hold dear, DERP. EVERYTHING! Bit by bit. And I dare you... no... I'm begging you to stop me.

I bet you can't. I know you can't. I can't be touched. Because I'm not just an Angel... I'm your mother fucking savior. And you WILL kneel before me and pay me tribute.

[Savior? Tribute? Is this dude smoking dust?]

So it is fucking written. So it shall come to pass.

[Really?]

Now fuck off.

[Gladly.]

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6 – ??????????????????????????????
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[The scene opens with a man eclipsed by a golden glow behind him. From what we can gather, he's shirtless and well built, with short blond hair and a tan complexion. He speaks with a gruff, dry voice filled with confidence and determination.]

Man: ...Many argue that Puroresu is the highest form of professional wrestling on the planet. It has

structure, strict rules, and this deep seated notion of honor and glory through personal attainment. They look at Hardcore wrestling as pure garbage with no finesse, style, or substance. In DERP, I don't see that. I see wrestlers who are just as comfortable swinging a chair as they are hitting a stretch muffler or a modified keylock.

[His head tilts forward a bit.]

There is a difference between garbage wrestling and Jisatsu. DERP practices the art of Jisatsu wrestling, which is a hybrid of hardcore and true wrestling. Anybody who steps into a DERP ring thinking they can make it just by swinging a big blunt instrument at their opponents is in for a very rude awakening.

[The man chuckles dryly.]

That is why a guy like me is going to throw his lot in with the Death Match kids of DERP.... A veteran who has called Hardcore wrestling pure filth from the earliest days of his career. I learned the difference between Garbage and true Jisatsu the hard way, on it's home turf- the Japan independent circuit.

Your Death Match Champion is a guy I'm very familiar with and I feel he's had the title long enough. He's avoided me with good reason for many years, even though...I once called him my friend.

[Finally a light turns on revealing this shadow to be none other than Leon Corella himself, black lacquered, solid gold headed sledgehammer in hand and decked out in black and gold ring gear.]

Corella: BMF, I'm not the man I used to be.... I'm not the gutless coward who bashed in your skull and destroyed your ankle out of jealous spite. I'm the man who wants to test his metal against you and take from you that which is most coveted in all of DERP.... the World Deathmatch Championship.

[A wry grin crosses his face.]

...but first, I know I have to prove myself to DERP and all who stand in it's locker room. Therefore, I'm entering the Fans bring the Weapons Extreme Rumble at the Roy Wilkin's Auditorium in St. Paul, Minnesota and doing just that. I hear you're going to be in it too, Mike.

[Leon props the hammer across the back of his neck, resting his hands on either end of the black lacquered handle.]

So what better way to prove it than to beat "The Man" under the most trying conditions possible?

[The grin proceeds to grow even bigger.]

...and if Daniel Everett is giving you such a hard time, then Mike, you're in for the impossible because I taught you damn near everything you know about professional wrestling. The last time we fought was a Texas Death Match, your specialty, and at the end of that night, I walked away with the win, while you were left bloodied and unconscious in the middle of the ring.

[The cocky smile fades as a grim, determined expression imprints itself upon the features of Leon Corella.]

Right now, you're the King of the Mountain but it won't be very long before I climb to the top and shove you off...

[His ice blue eyes stare hard into the camera as his head inclines forward slightly. Strands of short blond hair hang before his eyes, giving him the look of a wily predator. The camera zooms in on that face, every age line and light scar on his forehead showing up under the close scrutiny. Intensity burns in those eyes without waver, never once blinking.]

...and I will become DERP's newly crowned King, Big Mike Foyer, and there isn't a damn thing you or your three hundred and fifty pounds of bad mother fucking ass can do to stop me.

[The camera zooms back as Leon whips the Sledgehammer from around his shoulders. He holds it in his hand, sizing up the camera for a moment before finally rearing the weapon back and bringing it crashing down with a mighty crunch. The scene instantly cuts to static before finally fading to black.]

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6 – BIG MIKE FOYER #2
DERP DEATHMATCH CHAMPION

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[The scene opens up with the imposing frame of Big Mike Foyer standing front and center before the camera, the blood stained, barbwire patterned, black, white, and red DERP flag posted up on the brick wall behind him. His beard had thickened since we last saw him, his scalp clean shaven, and his skin well tanned from many hours spent working hard in the sun. BMF sports his full ring gear, the black and red wrestling doublet sporting silver barbwire designs and the ugliest bulldog face you could possibly imagine, heavy knee pads, fingerless gloves, and short black wrestling boots. Despite having the most prestigious prize that DERP has to offer on his shoulder, Mike has a hungry look in his eye, his lip twitching slightly in anticipation.]

BMF:I've been out of action for a little awhile... patiently waiting for another crack at Daniel Everetts. You see, Dan has a problem and that problem is that he can't take an L for shit, choosing to hold up progress by making me face him over... and over... and over again. Maybe he's hoping I'll get bored and slip up, who knows?

[He clenches his fists tight at his sides, his head inclining forward ever so slightly in a manner that forced his eyes to look into the camera from beneath the ridge of his brow.]

He cries foul and says I'm lucky everytime I turn around. I'm sure he thinks that because neither of us stepped into the ring on the last Blood Sport, that I'm duckin' him. I'm not duckin' him. I want to face him. I want to take his smack running mouth and hit it so hard it spins around to the back of his fucking head.

[BMF wriggles his fingers, his nostrils flaring with each breath as anger very slowly and gradually begins to overtake him.]

Danny boy thinks I'm not hardcore enough for DERP. He thinks I don't represent, that I ain't capable of being a champion worthy of the strap I hold....

[A sneer twists his lips briefly.]

...If I wasn't capable, I wouldn't have it now. He'd still have this precious belt around his waist and he'd be on to the next guy, because unlike Dan, I'm a fair and real man. I don't go around begging for another shot at what I've lost. I take my rematch and then, if I fail, then I take my place at the back of the line, tearing up bodies left and right until I'm back at the front of the pack to try again.

[Mike snickers.]

Funny thing... If it wasn't me who took this from you, Danny, it'd be someone else. I could see Angel Martinez damn near slitting your throat in front of the world to hold this title or Josie Saito choking your sorry ass out in the middle of the ring. We're all tough motherfuckers here and it's our mission to put bodies on floors and do it in spectacular fashion.

[Foyer rolls his neck on his shoulders, then snaps his head left to right, the soft popping of vertebrae heard loud and clear.]

The only thing is, I'm gettin' tired of beating you. I want to beat on someone else for a little while, but knowing your type, it ain't gonna' happen for awhile. I'll guess I'll have to do to you what your girl does every night you're alone with her. Pretend you're someone else and fake my way through it.

[He snickers once more and shifts that belt from his shoulder to his hand.]

...but let's get one thing straight. One thing I ain't pretending to be, is a champion. At Trick or Treat 2, fucker, You're gettin' one last shot at this belt and if you lose, get your sorry ass to the back of the fucking line. I've got better people to beat hell out of than you!

[BMF holds the belt up before the camera.]

Read the name tag... it says Big... Mike... Foyer... Pretend you're better than me all you want, but until you can take this from me, you ain't the King of the Mountain.

[The camera zooms in on Big Mike's face, his expression intense and foreboding...]

...and when you climb to the top of the mountain and fuck with the King, he's gonna' pick you up and throw your ass off it, especially when that King stands Six feet, ten Inches tall, and weighs in at over three hundred n' fifty pounds of BAD.... MOTHER.... FUCKER!!!!

[Flipping the belt back on his shoulder, BMF turns and exits stage left. The camera remains trained on the DERP banner, fading to black.]



THOUGHTS? REACTIONS? SPEAK YOUR MIND RIGHT HERE:

[The Official DERP Website!](#)