

[Three o'clock in the morning, channel flipping, and bored outta one's mind... so let's try the public access channel! Always some crazy shit on this late on that type of channel, right? As PCTV comes onto the screen (Channel 21 on Comcast, channel 47 on Verizon FIOS), it's not what one would expect... There isn't some unattractive lady cooking food, or a redneck hunting deer, or even a wing nut preaching God's word... Instead, the screen is filled with the following disclaimer:

WARNING* *WARNING* *WARNING

The following program is going to contain crude language and extreme violence. Officials at Pittsburgh Community Television do not condone this form of entertainment, but under the guise of 'freedom of expression, it remains PCTV's duty to broadcast all

forms of entertainment. With that said,

PLEASE do not try this at home!

These are _PROFESSIONALS_ at work!

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!

[Well, shit... with that type of disclaimer, you're certainly sold on whatever's coming up next. Music begins to pick up as the screen goes black momentarily. The first image on screen is... wrestling superstar, and local celebrity Ryan FUCKING Delaney! But he's not having fun... he's being crucified and left hanging on the ring ropes! Black Sabbath's "Into the Void" really picks up, as this haunting still image fades....]

*Rocket engines burning fuel so fast
Up into the night sky they blast
Through the universe the engines whine
Could it be the end of man and time
Back on earth the flame of life burns low
Everywhere is misery and woe
Pollution kills the air, the land and sea
Man prepares to meet his destiny*

[Footage just flies by. First up is Marime's double back hand spring launch into a handspring double kick onto Nagashima, which lead to Marime winning the first ever DERP match. After that very quickly comes Latimer punching the chair into O'Reily's face, instantly breaking his hand... as the shot morphs into the next show where Latimer has his cast wrapped in barbwire and is going to town on O'Reily!]

*Rocket engines burning fuel so fast
Up into the night sky so vast
Burning metal through the atmosphere
Earth remains in worry, hate and fear
With the hateful battles raging on
rockets flying to the glowing sun
Through the empires of eternal void
Freedom from the final suicide*

[The clips continue to roll by, as now one gets to witness Tyrone Heat's "Trash Compactor" on Joshua Black INTO that trash can in slow motion, followed by Player One hopping on the back of "Nuts" Baloney.... only to be driven backwards into a table for his efforts! The love for tables isn't over yet, as the next clips starts with Kian Konga lowering the shoulder, flipping Twinkletoes up and out of the ring through the flaming table!]

*Freedom fighters sent out to the sun
escape from brainwashed minds and pollution.
Leave the earth to all its sin and hate
find another world where freedom waits*

[Now on the screen is the Singapore cane armed midgets chasing the Perfectly Perfect Alliance from the ring, even dragging a few of them by their ears, as next Joshua Black barely makes the ten count in the fatal four way, proceeded by a shot of El Pollo Loco first eating fried chicken, and then diving twenty feet off the top of the bleachers onto PPD (who was 69'ing each other) through a table!]

*Past the stars in fields of ancient void
Through the shields of darkness where they find
Love upon a land a world unknown
where the sons of freedom make their home
Leave the earth to Satan and his slaves
leave them to their future in the grave
Make a home where love is there to stay
Peace and happiness in every day*

[And as the song finally dies down, moving into the instrumental ending, a few still shots come across the screen. First, Bullzeye holding his DERP 24/7 Championship right after the battle royal, his head on a swivel, waiting for someone to come out of the woodwork! Next up is a shot of the referee giving Twinkletoes Twilliger the DERP Steel City championship, and then, it ends with a still shot of what you would called a "DERP Family Photo" It took place at one of the bar-b-que's outside the DERP Arena before the show, and includes all members of the roster, all students of DART~! and a numerous bunch of DERPaholics! As the song finally fades to absolute quiet, the following logo appears on the screen:



[The logo remains on the screen for a good thirty seconds, before it fades away, as a shot of the official DERP studio, lovingly referred to as the "Bear's Den" where the one and only Ryan FUCKING Delaney is busy standing in all his gothic glory, holding a DERP microphone, a smile plastered on his face stretching from ear to ear!]

DELANEY: Oh my fucking God, folks! HERE WE ARE!!! The _VERY_ first episode of Extreme TV brought to you COMMERCIAL FREE by the great folks at Pittsburgh Public Television! This is a day some thought would never come... this is a day others felt could not come fast enough! But no matter what... This is the day that DERP officially hits the airwaves! And my oh fucking my do have I put together one helluva inaugural episode!

[Nods with a devious grin on his face.]

DELANEY: From house show number five, this past Wednesday night, tonight you will get to see a tag team match that will be talked about for _AGES_ if I have my way! Oh yes, you will see COW AND CHICKEN team up with "THE TRASHMAN" TYRONE HEAT, battling the PERFECTLY PERFECTLY ALLIANCE, consisting off JOSH MANNING, and the STUDD BROTHERS, Max and Lance, otherwise known as the Perfectly Perfect Duo, the most hated tag team in all of wrestling.

[Smile grows ear to ear.]

DELANEY: And in case you were wondering, OH FUCK YES the DERP STEEL CITY TAG TITLES are on the line in this one!

[Pauses...]

DELANEY: And if somehow, you thought we couldn't top that... That if somehow that match set the bar just too fucking high for anyone to surpass.... You'd be wrong for the other match I've selected for this week is none other than the DERP STEEL CITY CHAMPIONSHIP match between challengers BULLZEYE and "ALL ACTION" DENNY LATIEMR, and the current champion TWINKLETOES TWILLIGER!!! Oh, did I mention that this match is STAIRWAY TO HELL match where first pinfall wins?!?!?!?!]

[Nods and smiles.]

DELANEY: Oh yes, tonight is going to be one night to remember! And when it's all said and done, there is no way is hell yins guys won't be..... DOWN WITH THE DERPNESS!!!!!!

PRFFFFFFFFFTTT!!!! WEIRD STATIC TRANSITION NOISE/VIDEO!!!!!!!

[The Who's "Boris the Spider" begins to play, as DERP highlights begin to roll.... The music's soft in the background, allowing a voice to speak clearly over top of it...]

VOICE: Part of being the madman behind the madness of DERP is being able to celebrate one's favorite holidays how one sees fit....

[Shots of Wilkes caning Nagashima, Bullzeye caning Bateman. Slow motion footage of Faiths' 630 Senton onto the Mighty Quinn!]

VOICE: So, on All Hallow's Eve.... DERP will bring to the world its very _FIRST) pay-per-stream broadcast, right off the official DERP website!!!!

[Now we see the dog pile on WAD, costing them their DERP contracts. See Cow and Chicken holding up their tag titles high, followed by Twinkletoes holding his title proudly.]

VOICE: For only TEN DOLLARS, any DERPaholic out there can purchase the stream, and have their own DERP Halloween party in the comfort of their own home if they cannot or do not want to make it to the DERP Arena that night!

[Now on to the screen comes Black's consecutive belly-to-belly suplexes on Ric Beauty, followed by Latimer first messing with O'Reily at ringside, dumping out his beer....

VOICE: For that TEN DOLLARS... you get a DERP STEEL CITY TAG TITLE MATCH and a DERP STEEL CITY CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH...

[.....\]

VOICE: And you also get a special TO BE ANNOUNCED DERP 24/7 TITLE MATCH! Plus so many other great matches your fucking head will explode!

[...and then, it all ends, with one thing left on the screen...



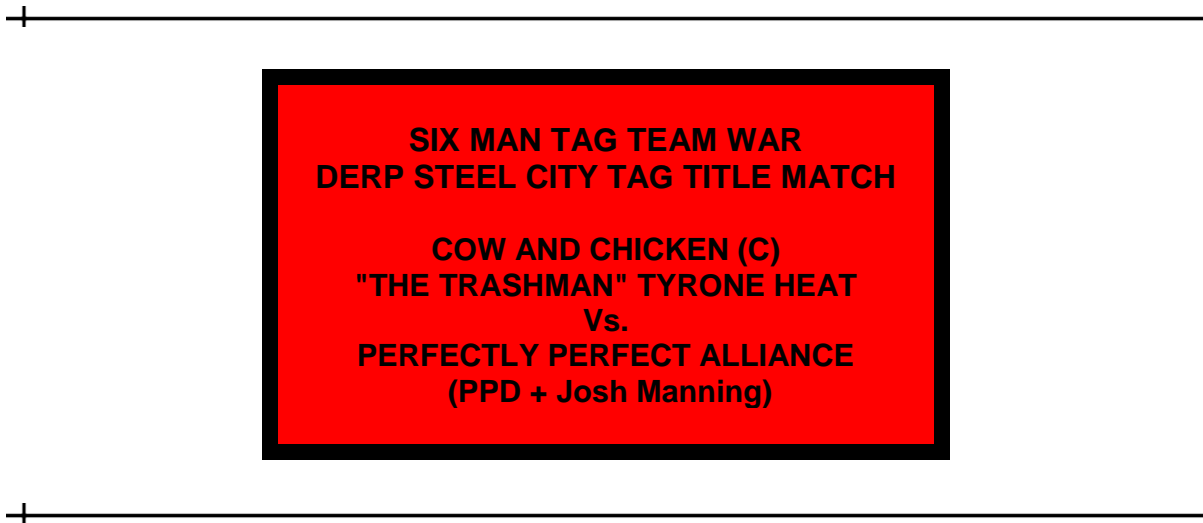
*ORDER YER STREAM BY SEPTEMBER 30TH,
RECEIVE FREE DERP SHIRT WITH PURCAHSE*

PRFFFFFFFFFTTT!!!! WEIRD STATIC TRANSITION NOISE/VIDEO!!!!!!!

[And it takes us right back to Ryan FUCKING Delaney...]

DELANEY: Now, the VERY FIRST MATCH ever to be aired on DERP Extreme TV... the SIX MAN TAG TEAM WAR for the DERP STEEL CITY TAG TITLES!!! Before the match started, the Perfectly Perfect Alliance had some stern words for Delaney, Cow and Chicken and anyone else willing to cross their path! Would the tag team champs be intimidated? Will Tyrone Heat fit in and help lead his team to victory!?!? LET'S FOUND OUT NOOOOW!!!!

[Following graphic appears on the screen...]



[And then it disappears, leaving you the viewing back in the ring, with all six men on either side talking trash as RANDY ARDVARK begins the ring introductions!]

RA: Ladies and gentlemen, standing on my right is the team accompanied to the ring by OMAR.... and consisting of the most hated tag team in wrestling history, the PERFECTLY PERFECT DUO and their most recent sidekick, JOSH MANNING!!!!

[The crowd lets out a very loud round of boo's! Some goes as far to even throw empty cups into the ring, a few even finding their mark!]

RA: And standing to my left... We have the team consisting of "THE TRASHMAN" TYRONE HEAT... and his partners are the former BSCW legends.. the beloved barnyard animals.... And CURRRRREENT DERP STEEL CITY TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS.... COW AND CHICKEN!!!!

[The crowd roar as an "Eet Mor Chikin!" chant breaks out instantly, echoing throughout the DERP Arena! Cow and Chicken both wave, as the "Trashman" holds up the golden trashcan Loco has graciously given him at the beginning of this match.]

**** DING, DING DING ****

[Moo decides to star things off for his team, as PPA continues to have a conference in their corner. The ref tries to speed things up, but Manning shoos the ref away. Moo just shakes his head, and lets out a

“MOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!” and charges PPA! HE TAKES DOWN ALL THREE MEMBERS WITH A TRIPLE CLOTHESLINE!!!!]

RD: I don't think “Da Cow God” cares who the fuck starts off the match for PPA; he just wants to get this shindig going!!

[Moo is quite pleased, as he turns around... Lance is the first one up! Hip toss for him! Josh is next! He takes a swing at Moo... BUT MOO DUCKS!!! He grabs Manning, and lifts him up... ATOMIC DROP!!!! Manning hops, grabbing at his lower back, and lands on the ropes... BIG BOOT FROM MOO SENDS HIM RIGHT UP AND OVER!!!]

RD: Manning hit that concrete floor HARD, much to the crowd's delight! Moo seems in charge of things here..... NO!!!! LOW BLOW BY MAX STUDD!!! Now the crowd is jeering at the top of its lungs!

[The low blow settles “Da Cow God” down, as Max turns him around, laying into with rights and lefts. He then whips Moo into the ropes... Moo comes thundering back, Max with the leap frog...]

RD: NOOO!!! MOO CAUGHT HIM!!! SIT OUT FUCKING POWERBOMB!!!! Fans let out a collective: MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

1...

KICK OUT!!!!

RD: But it's still early and there IS a reason why the PPD are one of the best tag teams in wrestling history! With a bell clap using his legs, Max breaks the pin attempt!

[Both men get to their feet as Moo grabs Max by the wrist, and begins to twist his arm, as he drags the Studd brother to his corner. “Da Cow God” tags in his little buddy, El Pollo Loco...]

RD: And he's going right to the top rope! What a way to make a fucking entrance!

[Moo hands over Max over to Loco... The chicken leaps, grabbing Max...

RD: SOMERSAULT NECKBREAKER!!!! FROM THE TOP ROPE!!! OHHH MY GAWWWWDDDD!!!! LOCO WITH THE COVER!!!! NOOO!!!!

[Lance into the ring breaking up the count with a boot to the head before Loco can even hook the leg! He continues laying into Loco.... But Moo gets right back into the ring, grabbing Lance by the scruff of his neck... and throwing him into the corner!!!]

RD: Now Manning's in the ring, as this match is beginning to turn into a clusterfuck!

[Manning goes to land an elbow onto Loco... BUT HEAT GETS INTO THE FRAY WITH A HIP CHECK!!! He sends Manning right back into the ropes, and stays on the attack.... Big clothesline takes both men up and over the ropes to the floor below!]

RD: Again Manning is on the concrete floor, but this time he's got company! Heat with a hard whip into the nearby guardrail!

[In the ring, Moo puts Lance up on the top rope, giving him a few stiff rights for good measure. He then hooks up..... SUPERPELX!!! Moo drops Lance with a superplex as... LOCO COMES DOWN WITH A SLINGSHOT LEG DROP!!! Lance rolls right out of the ring, feeling the pain as the crowd just roars.....]

RD: Cow and Chicken just taking it right to the PPD!!!

[HOW THE HELL DID THAT HAPPEN HEEL POP!]

RD: Max out of nowhere with nasty chair shot to Moo!!! He got that chair from Omar at ringside!!!! Max now tries to smack Loco.... NO!! Loco jumps out of the way!!!

[Max seems angry and tries again... SPINNING HEEL KICK!!! MAX EATS THE CHAIR!!! And Moo comes out of the corner... KNEE DROP!!!]

RD: And Cow and Chicken regains the momentum!!! I guess the Max forgot that you just CANNOT hit that chicken with a chair!!! Loco makes the cover, as Moo stands guard....

1...

MANNING BEING WHIPPED AROUND RINGSIDE INTO GUARDRAILS....

2.....

AND LANCE IS STILL ON THE FLOOR....

BUT OMAR CAN STILL PULL OUT THE REFEREE!!!!

[FUCKING BULLSHIT HEEL POP!]

RD: Omar with the assist there! Max got that shoulder up, but dunno if it was in time or not! And you'd expect the barnyard animals to be livid right now, but they're not at all!

[Cow moves over and begins to try and get Omar's attention, as Chicken runs off the ropes... Cow catches him, military press style... AND TOSSES LOCO RIGHT INTO OMAR!!!!!! Moo lets out a powerful "MOOOOOOOOOOO!" as the entire arena erupts!]

COW AND CHICKEN! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

COW AND CHICKEN! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

COW AND CHICKEN! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

COW AND CHICKEN! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

COW AND CHICKEN! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

COW AND CHICKEN! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

RD: El Pollo Loco being a human dart right there, folks!!! Talk about self-sacrifice!!! Moo is just basking in the fans love!

[AND NOW THEY'RE ON THEIR FEEET BOO'ING!!!!]

RD: Lance into the ring with a Singapore cane!!!

[CRRRAAACKKKK!!!]

RD: That shot sends Moo stumbling into the corner! Lance gives Max a love tap, trying to get him up, as he turns back to Moo...

[CRRRRAAAACKKKKKK!]

[CRRRRAAAACKKKKKK!]

[CRRRRAAAACKKKKKK!]

RD: Welts instantly forming on Moo's chest there!!! He's just taking a beating right now!!! BUT HEAT NOTICES THE DOUBLE TEAM!!!

[CRRRRRRRAAAAACKKK!]

RD: And he takes a cane shot for good measure! I bet he's happy he tried helping out!!! Now Manning gets into the ring, as PPA begins to take control of this match!!!

[The Studd Brothers grab Moo, as Manning grabs Heat, and they whip them at each other....
SMMAAAACCCCK! They collide head on in the center of the ring and drop to the mat!!! The fans roar with displeasure, being very audible with their opinion of the PPA!]

COCK SUCKERS! COCK SUCKERS! COCK SUCKERS!

COCK SUCKERS! COCK SUCKERS! COCK SUCKERS!

COCK SUCKERS! COCK SUCKERS! COCK SUCKERS!

COCK SUCKERS! COCK SUCKERS! COCK SUCKERS!

RD: The DERPaholics are certainly not pleased right now! And the Studds seem to be reveling in it, as they bark at the ringside fans!

[As PPA has their attention on fans on the other side of the ring, Loco gets to his feet, and climbs to the top rope, behind PPA.]

RD: The crowd can't contain itself! It begins to cheer, as Loco leaps off the ropes.... BUT LANCE TURNS AROUND JUST IN TIME!

[CRRRRRAAACKKKKKKK!]

RD: CANE SHOT TO THE FLYING CHICKEN!!! Lance and Josh roll Heat and Moo out of the ring, as Max hooks the chicken's leg!

1...

2.....

KICK OUT!!!!

[THE CHICKEN LIVES FACE POP!]

RD: He kicked out!!!! A normal person would be almost dead, but this chicken lives!!!!

[Lance and Josh exit the ring to the apron where they belong, as Heat and Moo return to the apron in their corner. Max meanwhile is busy... slamming Loco's knee into the mat! Once, twice, three times!!!! And then just begins to stomp away on it, before tagging in his brother Lance!]

RD: Order seems to be restored here, but now the Perfectly Perfect Alliance is back in charge of this match, as they now double team El Pollo Loco!!!

[The Studd brothers each grab a leg... AND TRY TO RIP LOCO IN HALF!!! Moo's had enough, and enters the ring, charging the Studd brothers!!! DOUBLE DROP KICK SENDS THE BIG MAN FLYING BACKWARDS!!! The Studd brothers charge... DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE SENDS MOO TO THE MAT!!!]

RD: All Moo did was take the punishment FOR Loco!!! And Loco's back to his feet, as Lance and Max turn around..... DOUBLE SUPERKICK!!!! The chicken was almost beheaded there! Lance knocks Heat off the apron! Max with the cover!!!!

1...

2.....

SHOULDER UP!!!!

[WE LOVE THAT SPUNKY CHICKEN FACE POP!]

RD: Moo's back to his feet! Lance moves in.... SCOOP SLAM!!! Moo just flattens the Studd brother!!

[Max takes his chance, going for a clothesline! Moo just catches the Studd brother... SIDEWALK SLAM!!!!
The crowd roars as Moo helps Loco to his feet!]

RD: Now Manning enters the ring.... HEAT INTERCEPTS!!! Hip check knocks Manning back into the corner! Heat moves in and unleashes a vicious series of kicks!

[Meanwhile, Moo has Max on his feet. He whips him into the ropes; Moo takes him down with a drop toe!
Loco comes running... LEGDROP!!!! Loco gets up and bounces off the ropes from the opposite direction,
as Moo gets up only long enough to land a elbow drop... AS LOCO HITS THE CHICKENSAULT!!!

RD: THAT'S THE COW AND CHICKEN COMBO!!!!!! That's a barnyard staple right there my friends! And
the crowd just loves it!!!

EET MOR CHIKIN! EET MOR CHIKIN! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

EET MOR CHIKIN! EET MOR CHIKIN! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

EET MOR CHIKIN! EET MOR CHIKIN! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

RD: Lance is to his feet, hoping to quiet the crowd...

[Moo just scoops him up, gut wrench style... RUNNING POWERSLAM!!!!!! THE STAMPEDE!!!!!!!]

RD: And the fans are cheering even louder now Heat locks Manning in a cobra choke with arm trap...
THE PUNK CHOKER!!!!!!! Loco makes the cover!!!

1...

2.....

RD: OMAR!!!! FUCKING OMAR DOES IT AGAIN!!!! The referee is just pulled out of the ring!!!!

[KARMAS A BITCH FACE POP!]

RD: Denny Latimer is up from his seat at ringside... AND OVER THE BARRICADE!!!

[Omar doesn't see him, as "All Action" approaches from behind... Omar turns around, and just about shits himself!!! Latimer gives him the finger wag, and just picks him up into a fireman's carry... AND HEADS TO THE BACK!!!! Omar squirms and struggles, but Latimer just cinches the hold tighter!!!! The DERPaholics let out a huge round of applause soon as Latimer hits the back!]

RD: Latimer just carrying Omar away from ringside!!!! I'm not sure if anyone else other than PPA really cares!!!!

[Back in the ring, things have been returned to seminormal. Heat and Moo are again on the apron, as well as Lance and Josh, leaving Loco and Max in the ring, as the legal men. Well, Moo's not exactly on the apron...]

RD: And Moo gives Loco a present!!!

[Loco takes the chair and instantly tosses it at Max, who catches it... AND EATS A DROPKICK TO THE CHAIR!!! Max drops to the mat, chair landing on him, as Loco gets to his feet. He runs at the ropes closest to Max, leaps to the top rope... manages to stop, catch his balance, and turn around.... SOMERSAULT LEGDROP!]

RD: NOOOOOOOOO!!!! Max moved at the last second!!!!

[Loco flops around in massive pain! Max grabs the chicken by his leg and moves towards his corner.... MAKING THE TAG TO JOSH MANNING!!! Manning with an elbow to the leg, before he pulls Loco up right, and goes behind...]

RD: German suplex!!! And Manning holds on... NOTHER SUPLEX!!! Now with his back towards the corner, Manning picks him up again... RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!!! LOCO CRASHES INTO THE TURNBUCKLES!!!!

[The crowd is not pleased at all, as Loco hit the turnbuckles hard chest first and upside down before crumpling to the mat. Manning slides Loco out from the corner, goes for the pin...]

RD: MOO ENTERES THE RING.. LANCE HEADS HIM OFF!!!

2.....

SHOULDER UP!!!!

[WE LOVE THAT PESKY CHICKEN FACE POP!]

[Moo knocks Lance down with a nasty head-butt, before returning to the apron as Max pulls Loco to his feet, and scoops him right up and sends him right back to the mat with a fall away slam! Max walks over and drops a leg across Loco's throat!]

RD: The PPA remaining in control here! Loco just HAS to be fucking exhausted! He needs to make a tag, or he's going to continue being a glutton of punishment! Max pulls Loco up to his feet again...

[And with a gut wrench, pulls Loco into a pile driver position, but chooses to walk over into his corner!?!? ONLY SO JOSH AND LANCE CAN EACH GRAB A LEG!!! Spike pile driver on Loco!!!]

RD: Just brutal!!! So fucking brutal!!! Loco's neck could easily be fucking snapped with a move like that!!! Max goes for the cover, as the other four men instantly hit the ring!!!

1....

RD: IT'S JUST A WILD BRAWL IN THE RING!

2...

RD: Moo has Lance down, but Manning and Heat are still trading chops!

3!?!?!?!?

RD: NOOOO!!!!!!! BUT LOCO SAVES HIMSELF WITH A FOOT ON THE ROPES!!!

[HE'S THE GOD DAMN ENERGIZER CHICKEN FACE POP!]

[But late is better than never, as Moo delivers a big boot right to the side of Max's head, sending the Studd brother right out of the ring! "Da Cow God" turns around as Lance gets to his feet, and just charges, taking him right back down with a shoulder block! Manning has Heat staggering near the ropes...]

RD: But Heat connects with a double palm thrust to the throat! Manning instantly begins to choke, as Heat grabs him by the waist.... BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX.... OVER THE TOP ROPES!!?!?!?!?! OH MY FUCKING GAWWWWWWWWD!

[Manning for the umpteenth time tonight finds himself flung to the outside and crashing hard into the concrete floor. "The Trashman" smirks, proud of his deed as the fans roar with approval.]

TRASHMAN! TRASHMAN! TRASHMAN!

TRASHMAN! TRASHMAN! TRASHMAN!

TRASHMAN! TRASHMAN! TRASHMAN!

TRASHMAN! TRASHMAN! TRASHMAN!

TRASHMAN! TRASHMAN! TRASHMAN!

RD: Both Moo and Heat make their way back to the corner, as Loco's the only one left in the ring! Max appears at the ring's edge, slowly making his way into the ring!

[Both men seem exhausted and very out of it, thus need to make the tag. Moo and Heat both have their hands outstretched as far as can be, calling out to Loco as loud as they can, trying to help Loco as much as possible! Max gets to his feet and grabs the chair!]

RD: Max is going prevent Loco from making the tag with that chair!!!

[TAKE THAT, YA FUCKIN JAGOFF FACE POP!!!]

RD: Max tried to whack Loco, and again Loco just kicks the chair right back into his face! Ya just cannot hit the chicken with a chair!!!!!! AND NOW HE ROLLS TO THE CORNER AND TAGS IN... THE TRASHMAN!!!!!!

[Tyrone picks up the chair Max used, and sits up in the center of the ring. He grabs the staggering Studd brother, and whips him into the ropes... COBRA CLUTCH!!!]

RD: Heat has it locked on in the center of the ring... AND THEN DROPS MAX RIGHT ON HIS HEAD!!!!

[The crowd roars, as Max lays flat on the mat. Tyrone gets up, eyes wide with excitement, as Lance Studd now hits the ring! He's got himself a steel chair! Tyrone ducks the first shot, and as Lance turns around, kicks him right in the gut...]

RD: And disarms Studd immediately.....

[THHHUUUDDDDDDDD!!!!]

RD: Then bends the chair over his skull! But before Lance can drop to the mat, heat grabs him and puts him into the air with a military press!!! What fucking strength, mang!

[To the delight of the crowd, Heat even takes a few steps with Lance high into the air and with taking one look at Max..... DROPS LANCE WITH THAT MILITARY PRESS DVD!]

RD: TRASH COMPACTOR! TRASH FUCKING COMPACTOR!!!! Heat trying to make the Studd brothers conjoined twins!!!! He kicks Lance out of the ring, and drops down for the cover....

1...

2.....

[COME ON ALREADY HEEL POP!]

MANNING WITH A DIVE OUT OF NOWHERE!!!!

RD: Manning keeps the PPA's hopes alive, cause Max is not moving one bit yet!!!

[Heat and Manning get to their feet about the same time, and Heat is just steaming. Manning recognizes this instantly... and high tails it out of the ring to the apron! Heat doesn't seem to mind, continuing this approach. Manning keeps screaming "I'M NOT THE LEGAL MAN DUMMY!"]

RD: Heat standing nose to nose with Manning and he looks like he means motherfucking biz'ness yo! Manning doesn't seem to be backing down though, so good for him..... SHOVE BY JOSH!! And Heat just shakes his head, and turns away... NO!!! HE BLASTS MANNING WITH A RIGHT!!!!

[The crowd just ROARS with total joy as Manning flies from the apron and crashes into the guardrail, ribs first! Heat looks on, smiling for at least a split second....]

RD: MAX SNEAKS UP BEHIND WITH THE ROLL UP!!!

1...

2.....

KICK OUT!!!!

RD: And now Lance is to his feet, as well as Max and Tyrone!!! Now Moo and Loco enter the fray, no regard for any rules! I fucking love this!!! This match is degenerating into a total clusterfuck!

[Cow gives Lance a big boot, as Loco gives Max a dropkick to the jaw! Tyrone takes a moment to stretch out his neck, crack his knuckles, and exit the ring!?!?!]

RD: Heat doesn't care about the match it seems, he just wants to fucking hurt Josh Manning!!! No wonder why the fans love that guy!!!

[Heat charges Manning, giving him a running forearm shot, before hooking him for a suplex... NO! Heat decides instead to just drop Manning across the guard rail chest first! He then grabs the ringside steps, and lifts them high into the air... dropping it right across Manning's back, whose' still hanging on the guardrail!]

RD: The fans liked that one!! Heat seemingly just trying to smash Manning's ribs into a thousand pieces!

[Back in the ring, Moo lifts Lance Studd up and drops him with a brain buster!!! Loco then whips Max at Moo who catches him with for a sidewalk slam.... Right as Loco comes off the ropes with a slingshot leg drop!]

RD: BEEF AND POULTRY!!! AND ALL OF IT RIGHT ON TOP OF LANCE!!! The Studd brothers are both out, as Loco goes for the pin....

[The ref doesn't make the count, as Loco looks very confused. Moo quickly explains to Loco and puts to Heat, who is now about six rows deep, busy throwing chairs at Manning who continues to run in the opposite direction of the ring! Cow and Chicken shrug, as Loco screams..... "MOOO, GET THE TABLES!!!"]

RD: They can't win the match, so they might as well just punish PPD right?!?! I can get behind that line of thinking!!!

[In the crowd, Heat grabs Manning by the arm, and takes him down with an arm bar! He then stands up and drops a knee right on it!! And another!!! Heat then grabs a chair, and puts Manning's arm right in it... DOUBLE STOMP TO THE CHAIR!!!]

RD: Heat is just vicious! Just fucking vicious! Manning's arm just has to be broken!

[With the fans roaring, Heat pulls Manning from the floor, and locks on a arm bar, as he drags Manning back towards the ring, where now the barnyard animals have set up a few tables in the ring. Two of the corners, opposite each other, have a table leaning against them, and there's another one set up dead center in the ring.]

RD: Moo whips Lance into the ropes, and catches him on his way back... SPINEBUSTER THROUGH THE TABLE!!! And the crowd explodes with joy! In the one corner, Loco has Max up on his feet and gives him few elbow shots...

[Loco backs up a few steps, and leaps... landing on Max's shoulders... CHICKCANRANA THROUGH THE TABLE!!! Now the crowd is just deafening!]

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

RD: The Studd brothers are both lying in the middle of broken tables! The match firmly in control of Cow and Chicken! But they can't win this with Heat still outside... or can they!?!?! THE REF STARTS A TEN COUNT!!!!

1...

[Meanwhile, Heat has made it back to the ringside area, and basically whips Manning over the guardrail by his bad arm! Somehow, Manning lands on his feet, and stumbles back first against the ring!]

2...

RD: Very rarely there is a ten count in DERP but one has to be conscious for a match to continue!!!

3...

[Heat climbs over the rope but gets caught by a charging Manning, who gets him with a nasty knee lift! Manning continues the assault, gripping Tyrone up for the SAC TOWN BOMB!!! Manning somehow gets "The Trashman" up for a pump handle sit out power bomb!]

4...

RD: The only sign of life in the PPA right now is Manning and he's certainly worse for wear, damn near wrestling one armed it seems now!

5...

RD: Finally Lance begins to stir, rolling over, but the one that matters Max is still just sucking wind! Manning makes his way to the ring steps, and begins to survey the ring....

6...

RD: The barnyard animals are daring Manning to get into the ring!!! Loco even begins to walk around the ring clucking!!!! And Max Studd is beginning to move!!! He's got a hand on the ropes!!!

7....

RD: What's Manning up to!?!?

8....

[Quickly as he can, Manning hops of the ring steps and runs to the corner where Max is laying... and pulls the Studd brother out of the ring!!! The ref screams at Manning, as Manning helps Max to the standing position... as the barnyard animals exit the ring!!!!]

RD: The DERP Steel City Champs certainly aren't pleased with that move! They're giving Manning chase, who's trying to run for both him and Max! Giving up, Manning dives into the ring as quickly as possible!

["Da Cow God" and Loco both enter the ring right after Manning, and catch kick after kick for their effort! Manning is doing most of the work, but a wobbly Lance Studd helps out as well! Quickly the two decide to lift Loco up...]

RD: AND DOUBLE POWERSLAM HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE RING!!!! LOCO HITS THE FLOOR HARD!!!!

[Lance chuckles, as Manning gets “Da Cow God” up on his feet and whips him into the ropes. Josh and Lance go for a double clothesline, but Moo ducks it, and hits the ropes again. This time Lance and Josh change things up, and catch Moo with a double hip toss!!! Lance gives Max a playful slap to get him going, instructing him to grab the remaining table out of the corner and set it up towards the center of the ring. Quickly Lance and Josh roll Moo up onto the table as Max climbs the ropes....]

RD: And he lets out a mocking “MOOOOOOO!” before leaping..... LEGDROP!! A LEGDROP FROM THE TOP ROPE THROUGH THE TABLE!!!!

[The crowd’s not pleased at all, even those table fanatics! It sounds as if everyone in the entire DERP Arena is booing PPA, who is now bowing in the ring, further infuriating the fans! Max hooks the leg, which changes things for the fans now have some fun at his expense...

FUCK-ING DUMBASS! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

FUCK-ING DUMBASS! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

FUCK-ING DUMBASS! CLAP, CLAP, CLAP,CLAP,CLAP

RD: The ref explains to Max he can’t pin Moo cause Heat’s the legal man!!! PPA is infuriated!!! Manning immediately exits the ring, and goes to retrieve Heat who’s leaning up against the guardrail!

[Manning approaches, as Heat dips down and literally throws Manning across the ringside area with a single leg throw! Manning crashes into the guardrail! Upon seeing this, the Studd brothers elect to exit the ring and go after Heat as well!]

RD: Each Studd brother gets themselves a chair, as they approach Heat from opposite sides! Heat stands tall, waving both men on....

[The Studds approach and each go to swing....]

RD: Heat moved!!! Max and Lance only connect with each other’s chairs!!!! Max quickly reloads, but Heat catches the chair, kick to the gut!!! Lance swings, but again Heat moves.... And catches Lance with a chair shot of his own!!!

[With both Studd brothers on shaky ground, Tyrone drops his chair and grabs each Studd by their hair... and begins their craniums crashing together! But Tyrone doesn’t let go!]

RD: What is “the Trashman” up to!?!? He grabs both brothers in a sort of a headlock..... AND SUPLEXES THEM BOTH!!!!!! Fuck if I know what kinda suplex that was, but it ended with both Studd’s being dropped on their god damn heads!!!!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

RD: There not much a man can say about that other than oh my motherfucking God, Heat has some massive power in those bones!!! And he doesn't waste any time, choosing to roll Max right into the ring, instantly going for the cover...

1...

2.....

KICK OUT!!!!

[BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!]

RD: Fans not pleased at all, totally expecting this brutal battle to be over! Heat pulls Max to his feet by the hair.... AND MANNINGS BACK IN THE RING!!! He's got the golden trash can!!!!

[SM MMMMM AAAAA ACCCKKKKK!]

[SM MMMMM AAAAAA AKKKKKKK!]

[SM MMMMM AAAAAA ACCCCCKKKKKK!]

RD: Three shots with the can, and Tyrone's still standing! Manning must have no power left in that arm, as he pauses, obviously in intense pain.... AND THAT PAUSE IS ALL TYRONE NEEDS!!!

["The Trashman" grabs the can off Manning, and just blasts him with it! Manning stumbles a few steps, as Tyrone reloads... and finally knocks him flat to the mat! Max pulls himself up using the ring ropes, and charges at Heat!]

RD: But Moo intercepts with a running lariat, backing Max into the corner!!! Moo begins to lay into Max with heavy right handed chops....

Moo!!!

Moo!!!

Moo!!!

Moo!!!

Moo!!!

Moo!!!

Moo!!!

RD: "Da Cow God" moo's with each shot, as does the crowd! Max's chest is beat red, as Tyrone signals to Moo, having removed Manning from the ring....

[Moo goes ahead and whips Manning towards Tyrone... who catches him military press style!]

RD: Here is comes..... TRASH COMPACTOR --- ONTO THE GOLDEN TRASHCAN!!!!!!!!!! The cover!!!!

1...

2.....

[FUCKING GOING TO RIOT HEEL POP!]

LANCE STUDD DIVES ONTO THE REF!!!!

RD: Lance out of nowhere keeps the PPA alive!!!! Moo and Heat look infuriated! Loco, finally back to his feet, looks very dazed on the outside!

[Moo is the first one to Lance, who hits him with some heavy clubs, and then lifts him up for a power bomb.... NOOO!!! LANCE HURRICANRANAS MOO RIGHT OUT OF THE RING!!!!]

RD: How they HELL did Lance do that!?!?! Incredible move by the Studd brother there! Just as impressive, he catches himself on the apron, and gets to his feet..... BUT FALLS VICTIM TO HEAT'S HIP CHECK!!! Lance flies off the apron, right into the guardrail!!!

[THE RIOT IS SO ON HEEL POP!]

RD: ROARING ELBOW!!!! Manning with loaded elbow bad knocks Heat into next week! Tyrone falls to the mat, as Manning rolls Max onto Heat.....

[CANCEL IT! CANCEL THE RIOT FACE POP!]

RD: LOCO LEAPED TO THE TOP ROPE OUTTA NOWHERE, AND DROPPS MANNING WITH A TPP ROPE BULLDOG..... AND HE DROPPED MANNING RIGHT ON THE PIN ATTEMPT!!!

[Heat seems out of it still, as does Max and Manning. Moo and Lance are both barely moving on the outside. This match has been an all-out war. Loco rolls Max over, and pulls Heat onto him....]

RD: and for added measure, loco springboard off the top rope... CORKSCREW SENTON!!!! Loco hooks the legs, as Heat holds the shoulders down!!!

1....

RD: LANCE IS UP AND TRYING TO GET INTO THE RING!!!!

2....

RD: MOO CATCHES HIM FROM THE TIGHTS....

3!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

AND TOSSES HIM RIGHT BACK TO THE FLOOR!!!!!!

RD: THAT'S IT!!!! THIS MATCH IS OVER!!!! All

[Crowd is just INSANELY loud, cheering and whistling as loud and as much as can be! Everyone in the DERP Arena is just impressed at the spectacle they have just witnessed! PPA regroups at ringside, as "Da Cow God" and Loco stand in the ring, arms raised. "The Trashman" mouths off a bit to some of the fans at ringside, obviously pleased with the night's affair!]

RD: All six men just laid it all on the line here, and it's finally over!!!! Though I hate to even mention it... but Heat was the legal man on that pin! Doesn't that mean he's at least PART of the DERP tag champions!?!?

[The ref grabs the DERP Steel City titles, as Moo, Heat and Loco all stand in the ring, happy but not totally able to show it after a fight like that... The ref goes to hand out the titles.....

PRFFFFFFFFFTTT!!!! WEIRD STATIC TRANSITION NOISE/VIDEO!!!!!!!

[Then only thing on the screen is all sorts of Steeler highlights.]

VOICE: Are you READY for some _FOOTBALL_!?!?

[More Steeler highlights. Harrison beating people up. Polamalu intercepting passes and running them back. Mendenhall breaking off runs for megayards. Ward catching touchdown, Ben throwing them.]

VOICE: Are you ready for some... _FANTASY FOOTBALL!?!?

[The highlights continue, featuring some of the big super plays from the Super Bowls. Parker's 75 yard run. Randel El's TD pass to Ward. Harrison's 100 yard return. Santonio's incredible catch.]

VOICE; Well, lucky for you... DERP HAS THE ANSWER!!!!

[The highlights go into hyper speed, before stopping on a Steeler logo.... and then Delaney steps out from screen right, dressed in a Heath Miller throwback Steeler jersey, smile plastered across his face.]

DELANEY: You see, folks.. DERP has it's _OWN_ fantasy league! That's right! And anyone of you can sign up to play along with your favorite DERP superstars... including myself!

[Nods.]

DELANEY: The league is set up on Yahoo, with the league ID number being: 260234 and the password is... derp! The LIVE DRAFT will be held on Sept 6th at 10 PM EST! THAT'S THIS TUESDAY!!!!

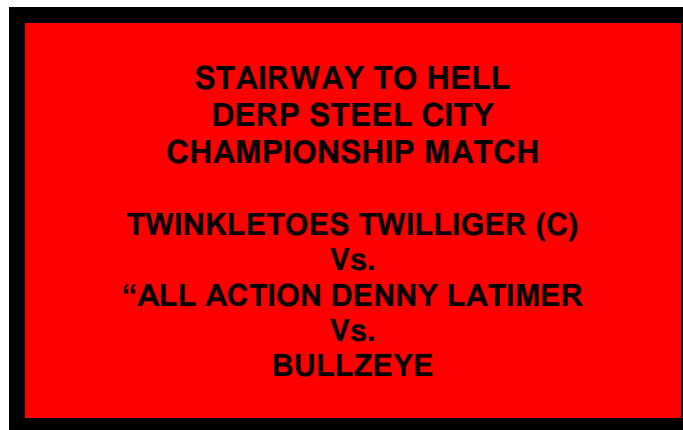
[Chuckles.]

DELANEY: And to add some _EXTRA_ incentive... IF a fan wins the league, they can pick a _DERP DREAM MATCH_... and if a _WRESTLER_ wins... <more laughter> They can demand a title shot against _ANY_ DERP champion they want!

PRFFFFFFFFFTTT!!!! WEIRD STATIC TRANSITION NOISE/VIDEO!!!!!!!

RD: So... who are the tag champs!?!? Did Cow and Chicken successfully defend their titles for the second time? Or did Tyrone Heat continue to play by his own rules and demand a piece of the action!?!? I guess yins will have to tune in NEXT WEEK to find out because the ONLY thing we got time for now.... <sinister smile> is our STAIRWAY TO HELL fatal three way for the STEEL CITY CHAMPIONSHIP!!!! Yes, Twinkletoes was the last man standing in the championship battle royal, but Latimer and Bullzeye are some of the fiercest competitors in DERP! Can the "King of the Cruiserweights" legitimize his title reign by winning tonight? Or will we already be crowning our second DERP Steel City Champion!?!?! Only one way to find out, let's go to the ring!

[Follow image then appears on the screen...]



[The graphic fades, replaced with the DERP official ring announcer, Randy Aardvark, standing inside the DERP ring, mic in hand.]

RA: Ladies and gentlemen... DERPaholics of allllllllllllllllllllll ages, it is now time for tonight's _MAIN EVENT_! It features a SIXTY MINUTE TIME LIMIT and is a STAIRWAY TO HELL TRIPLE THREAT MATCH FOR THE DERP STEEL CTIY CHAMPIONSHIP!!!!!!!!!! First fall WINS and a fall can ONLY be scored after the object above the ring has been retrieved!!!!!!

[Crowd roars with approval! Unbelievably unexcited for the carnage that is about to ensue!]

RA: So, introducing the participants... First, already standing in the ring, accompanied by Elbitz and four of the skankiest dressed woman this side of Pennsylvania... Standing 6'5" and weighing in at 527 pounds.... He is the "KING OF THE CRUISERWEIGHTS"..... TWINKLETOES TWILLIGER!!!!

[The DERP Steel City Champ looks a bit confused when Randy announced his height and weight and begins to argue before Elbitz reminds him of his duties as champ. Twinkletoes immediately stops and begins to wave at the crowd.... Who only boo in return, much to his surprise it seems!]

RA: The second participant in tonight's main event....

[Soon as Randy pauses, "The Saints Are Coming" by The Skids hits the arena PA]

#I cried to my daddy on the telephone, "How long now?"#

#"Until the clouds unroll and you come home." The line went.#

RA: He stands 6'1" and weighs in at 231 pounds.....

["All Action" Denny Latimer steps from behind the curtain, a vaguely arrogant sneer on his lips. He slicks back what's left of his hair with his good hand, and raises his casted arm high into the air, causing the fans to cheer even louder!]

#But the shadows still remain since your descent, your descent#

RA: ..."ALL ACTION" DENNY LATIMER!!!!!!

[He stops to poses for a photo with a fan, as well as slapping a few high fives... and even letting a busy blonde sign his cast!!!! Smiling ear to ear, Latimer carries on swaggering towards the ring.]

#The saints, are coming#

#The saints, are coming#

#No matter how hard I try, I realize there's no reply#

[Latimer rolls under the bottom rope, retreats to a corner and starts cracking his neck. Twinkletoes looking unimpressed.]

#The saints, are coming#

#The saints, are coming#

RA: And, the final participant for tonight's main event...

[The arena lights fade as smoke being to fill the entrance way and first, twangy guitar notes of "Little Crazy" by Fight play over the speakers. The drums "kick in" fireworks explode around the entrance way in beat with the drums. A shadowy figure emerges from the smoke wearing black wrestling pants.]

It's all right, It's all right

It's all right I'm just a little crazy

It's all right, It's all right

It's all right I'm just a little crazy

[His red, shoulder length hair is wet and is just there. Bullzeye takes a second to soak in his surroundings, as the crowd begins to boo extremely loudly before he heads down the aisle, basically dragging the DERP 24/7 championship along the ground.]

*## Under my skin, and into my bones ##
I'm feeling sanity begin to make it's home ##
Into my vision and through my mouth ##
Somebody's working me to get me all strung out ##*

[He ignores the fans as he heads down the aisle. Bullzeye slides head first into the ring before crawling into the corner and just sits there motionless.]

*## It's all right, It's all right ##
It's all right I'm just a little crazy ##
It's all right, It's all right ##
It's all right I'm just a little crazy ##*

[Bullzeye is wearing his black wrestling tights and has both his wrist taped in white tape along with his red wrestling boots as he waits for his introduction...]

RA: From Hells Kitchen, New York weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds

...

BBBUUULLLLLLZZZEEYYEEEE!!!

[Bullzeye reaches up and uses the top ropes to get out of the corner. He then walks to the center of the ring and points directly at the bullseye in the center of his chest, before handing over his DERP 24/7 championship. The crowd slows booing Bullzeye, and begins to let the wrestlers know exactly what they want to see!]

WE WANT BLOOD! WE WANT BLOOD! WE WANT BLOOD!

WE WANT BLOOD! WE WANT BLOOD! WE WANT BLOOD!

WE WANT BLOOD! WE WANT BLOOD! WE WANT BLOOD!

WE WANT BLOOD! WE WANT BLOOD! WE WANT BLOOD!

RD: And here we goooooooooo!!!!!!

^* DING, DING, DING *^

[All three men stand in the ring, exchanging glances at each other. Each also make sure to take a gander at the barbwire baseball bat hanging high above the ring! Not to mention taking a look at the ladders now set up along the ramp way! The seconds seem to tick on forever, as finally Bullzeye grows weary and charges at the champ!]

RD: Leg lariat by Bullzeye... but Twinkletoes catches him... PUMPHANDLE SUPLEX!!! Bullzeye driven hard to the mat, as now Latimer starts in on the champ!

[Latimer charges at Twinkletoes, who's standing over Bullzeye, and catches him with a chop block!!!! Twinkletoes stumbles, damn near falling over, as Latimer gets right back up... and delivers another chop block!]

RD: That one takes the big man down!!! Did you feel that entire RING shake!?!?!

[Latimer stays on the offensive, quickly grabbing Twinkletoes tree trunk of a leg... and twists as hard as he can with an ankle lock!]

RD: I like Latimer's strategy here! Twinkletoes's chances of retaining become much slimmer if he doesn't have a fucking leg to stand on!

[Bullzeye gets to his feet, and nods as he sees Twinkletoes toes squirming in pain, as Latimer tries to snap his ankle! Bullzeye takes off running to the ropes and comes back, executing a baseball slide dropkick on the champ!]

RD: The challengers double teaming the champ here! Latimer still has that ankle lock on and shows no signs of giving up until he really DOES break Twinkletoes' ankle!!!

[Bullzeye gets to his feet, and runs to the ropes once again, and leaps to the top rope with ease, leaping back with an ASAI MOONSAULT!!! He lands right on Twinkletoes, slamming the champ's face into the mat!]

RD: And still Latimer has that ankle lock on!!! Twinkletoes is hurting all over; the big man doesn't know what to do!!!

[Bullzeye runs to the ropes behind Latimer, and bounces off...]

[YOU GOD DAMN JAGOFF HEEL POP!]

RD: SPINNING HEEL KICK TO LATIMER!!! Bullzeye clocks "All Action" and breaks the hold! Bullzeye quickly pulls Latimer from the mat!!!

[He gives the man a few hard rights before hooking for a suplex... and dropping him onto Twinkletoes! The champ was trying to get back to his feet, but that ruined all progress he had made! With both opponents down for a bit, Bullzeye rolls out of the ring!]

RD: He grabs the closet ladder and just heaves it into the ring!!! It narrowly misses Latimer on impact, but as it falls it lands across both men!

[Bullzeye isn't done with just the ladder! He digs underneath the ring, and pulls out a few more weapons, including a fire extinguisher, a bag of tacks, and a sledge hammer! He gets all his new treasures inside the ring! He goes to roll in himself...]

RD: But has his progress halted by a fan!?!? NO!!! That's Bateman!!!! WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING HERE?!?!?

[Bateman grabs Bullzeye by the shoulder, and spins him around... and punches him straight in the face! Fletcher and a DERP ref quickly make their way over the guardrail as well! Bateman proceeds to whip

Bullzeye right into the guardrail. Bateman grabs the sledgehammer and gives Bullzeye a solid thump to the chest! Bateman then backs up a few steps...]

RD: ENZURGURI!!! Bullzeye is out of it, but Bateman doesn't look done yet!!! He grabs a chair... EAR RINGER!!! Bateman spins and slams the chair's edge right into the side of Bullzeye's ear! Bateman really wants that 24/7 title _BAD_!

[As Bullzeye slumps off the guardrail, Bateman rolls him up with a small package!]

1...

2.....

3!!!!

RD: AND DURING TONIGHTS STEEL CTIY TITLE MATCH... We have crowned a new DERP 24/7 CHAMPIONSHIP!!!!

[Fletcher gets the goods (the DERP 24/7 title belt) and joins Bateman as they exit through the crowd! Bullzeye pops to his feet, and eyes filled with rage... takes right off after Bateman!!!]

RD:" WHAT THE HEL!?!?! BULLZEYE'S LEAVING!?!?! He's chasing after Bateman!?!?"

[In the ring, where Latimer and Twinkletoes are back to their feet, they seem to really not even notice Bullzeye's absence. Twilliger gets himself ahold of the ladder, as Latimer arms himself with the fire extinguisher!]

RD: Twilliger approaches, trying to use that ladder as if it were a spear!

[Latimer takes a moment to inspect to inspect the extinguisher... and pulls the pin!]

RD: Latimer just dousing the champ with the fire extinguisher!!!! A cloud of chemicals engulfs the champ

and most of ringside!!! A few begin to cough, numerous more being to complain about burning eyes... but Latimer does neither, choosing to use the hose to swing the extinguisher... and connect right with the champ's dome!

[As the smoke dissipates, Latimer grabs the ladder Twilliger drops, and turns into a human helicopter!!!]

[CLLLLAAAANNG!!!]

RD: Twinkletoes catches the ladder right across the jaw!

[CLLLAAAANNG!!!]

[CLLLAAAANNG!!!]

[CLLLLAAAANNG!!!]

[A few more shots sends the big little man back into the corner, where Latimer continues to spin...]

RD: This has been quite effective for Latimer, but he's getting dizzy!! Another shot! And another!!! And... LATIMER FALLS RIGHT OVER!!! He lands right on the ladder!!!

[The crowd is roaring with approval of the carnage already! Twinkletoes is slumped in the corner, already bloody as can be. Latimer is lying on the mat, waiting for everything to stop spinning. They finally do, as he gets back to his feet, and goes to sit the ladder up in the center of the ring.]

RD: Latimer's got the ladder ready to go, but chooses to wait a second... Getting that steel chair, proceeding to smash it right over Twinkletoes' head! Satisfied, Latimer moves to the ladder!]

["All Action" begins his climb! One rung after another! He reaches about half way, as Twinkletoes arm slips off the top rope! Latimer's near the top, as Twilliger other arm flops down, giving the big man an incredibly forward lean...]

RD: Latimer's at the top! He's got his finger tips on the bat!! Now he's just got to figure out how to unattach it from the cable!!!

[As Latimer fumbles away at the clasp, Twinkletoes lean becomes too much and he stumbles forward out the corner, recklessly... and crashing right into the ladder!!! Latimer crashes hard into the mat, as the entire DERP Arena lets out a collective groan!]

RD: I'm not sure Twilliger's even conscious right now, but he came up big there!!! Latimer crashes hard into the mat! Now both men are down, sucking wind!!!

[Twilliger crawls his way to the one corner, pulling himself up with the ring ropes. Latimer uses the ropes as well, but in the center of the ring. Quickly, Latimer decides to regain control of the ladder... and charges at Twinkletoes with it, raised in the air!]

RD: With the ladder as a spear, Latimer connects! AND KEEPS CONNECT! Just using that ladder as a dart almost, Latimer keeps grabbing Twinkletoes! Chest shot, shoulder shot, HEAD SHOT!!! Latimer is just taking it too him!

[STUPID FAT FUCK HEEL POP!]

RD: Twinkletoes halts Latimer's momentum by giving the ladder a big boot! He grabs the ladder now for himself...

[Latimer's recovered from his stumble, as Twinkletoes comes charging with it, and slams it right off Bullzeye's skull! Twinkletoes then drops the ladder onto Bullzeye, and calls for the "TWINKLING TRIPLE FLIP MOONSAULT!"]

RD: Twilliger bounces off the ropes, and comes back... LEG DROP ON THE LADDER!! Latimer is just mushed underneath!! The fans are not pleased at all!, the ones closet to the ring hurling insults at Twinkletoes!

[the "King of the Cruiserweights" pays no attention, electing to roll Latimer right out of the ring, before sitting up the ladder for himself in the center of the ring. He stands in front of it, and stares up at the barbwire bat!]

RD: What is he hesitating for!?!? OH!!! I bet the fat fucker doesn't think the ladder will hold him! Only one way to tell!!

[Twilliger takes his first step up the rungs of the ladder with extreme caution, fearing the worst. With nothing bending or snapping, Twinkletoes moves up another rung... and another! He pauses again, and begins to bounce a little, really testing it!]

RD: So far, so good for Twilliger! And I'd be a liar if I said I thought the ladder would support him! He's almost at the top now!

[Twinkletoes goes to reach out, trying to get a grasp on the barbwire bat, but suddenly... something shifts!?!?]

RD: Maybe we spoke too soon! Look at Twilliger's face! He doesn't look so comfortable on that ladder now!

[Many fans quickly point out the kink in the one ladder's leg! It continues to slowly get worse, as Twilliger is unsure of what to do!!!]

RD: He's stuck in no man's land....

[EVERY MALE IN THE AUDIENCE GRINGES POP!]

RD: LADDER GIVES WAY!!! THE LADDER GIVES WAY!!! And Twilliger lands on the ring ropes... CROTCH FIRST!!! He's in horrific pain... AND THEN THE FUCKING ROPES GIVE WAY!!!!!! Twilliger falls to the floor!!!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT! HOLE-LEE SHIT!

RD: I can't believe he broke my ropes!!! Thank gawd neither of these men really rely on the ropes for flight because they are now rendered fucking useless!!! Only Bullzeye would be really affected by all this, but he seems to have abandoned this match fucking completely!

[Latimer rises to his feet at ringside, and decides to grab a frying pan from one of the fans at ringside as he moves over to where Twilliger is sprawled on the floor. Latimer simply lays the pan on Twinkletoes head... and gives it a helluva thrust kick!!!]

RD: Latimer takes a few steps back... and jumps onto the frying pan!!! The crowd roars, as Twinkletoes spasms in pain!

[Latimer gets right back to his feet with all the momentum on his side. He wastes no time and goes right to Twilliger to pull the big man to his feet...]

RD: TESTICULAR CLAW!!!! The fans roar with disapproval!!! Twinkletoes has the family jewels in a vise grip, as he grabs that frying pan...

[CLLLLLAAANGGGG!]

RD: He dents it right over Latimer's head!! At least he let go of the family jewels!!! The champ whips Latimer right into the guardrail!

[Twilliger raises his arm in the air, and shouts "TWINKLING ELBOW!" as he runs as fast as he can towards Latimer.. and connects with a splash! He then turns around, and hits Latimer with a back elbow! He pauses, waiting for the crowd to cheer and gets only boo's! He looks very confused, but quickly grabs Latimer... and catches him with a big body slam to the floor!]

RD: And now Twilliger is calling to his Twinkettes.... HE'S ASKING FOR A TABLE!!!

[The four very skankily dressed woman instantly pull a table out from under the ring, and carry it over to Twinkletoes for further instructions. He has them lay it across the ringside area, so that one side's on the guardrail and the other is on the ring apron!]

RD: Soon as the tables ready, Twinkletoes pulls Latimer up off the floor... and slams his head off the table!!! He then rolls "All Action" onto the table! I wonder what the champ has planned here!?!?!]

[Twilliger turns around to the ring, and climbs up onto the ring apron by the grace of God, holding on dearly to the broken top rope, which offers very little support. He shouts "TWINKLING TRIPLE FLIP

MOONSAULT” and waddles down the apron....]

[SERVES YOU RIGHT FAT FUCK! FACE POP!]

RD: LATIMER MOVED!!! Latimer rolled off the table at the last second, as Twinkletoes belly splashed nothing but table!!!

[Twinkletoes seems to instantly turn a shade of blue, as he obviously knocked the wind out of himself. Latimer wastes very little time, and finds another ladder nearby, heaving it into the ring. He rolls into the ring, the fans still cheering!]

RD: First order of business, Latimer tosses the bent ladder out of the ring, and then sets up the one he just brought in! And he begins his climb!

[Elbitz has moved in to help Twinkletoes gather himself and desperately yanks on Twilliger’s arm, trying to get the champ back into the ring before Latimer’s reaches the top! Twinkletoes must be in there somewhere because he seems to be hearing Elbitz and is climbing into the ring, even with his eyes still dazed!]

RD: Latimer’s again at the top of the ladder, messing with the clasp!!! Twilliger’s in the ring, but still flat on the mat!!!

[ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME!?!? HEEL POP!]

RD: Twilliger doesn’t even get to his feet and he knocks the ladder over!!! Latimer slams into the ropes, chest first, and is flung backwards into the mat, his head just SLAMMING off the mat!

YOU FAT FUCK! YOU FAT FUCK! YOU FAT FUCK!

YOU FAT FUCK! YOU FAT FUCK! YOU FAT FUCK!

YOU FAT FUCK! YOU FAT FUCK! YOU FAT FUCK!

YOU FAT FUCK! YOU FAT FUCK! YOU FAT FUCK!

YOU FAT FUCK! YOU FAT FUCK! YOU FAT FUCK!

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RD: All Twinkletoes did was roll his way into the ladder and with his substantial MASS he was able to knock the ladder over!! These fans are not pleased at all, as Latimer is just staring at the stars!

[Twinkletoes on the other hand, finally gets himself to an upright position and takes a moment to take it all in. Again, he goes and kicks Latimer out of the ring and to the floor, before returning to the center of the ring....]

RD: But he doesn't know how to get down the bat!!! He ponders over the solutions... He tries jumping!!! He can almost reach the bat! He tries again... still just short!!!

[Twinkletoes shouts out to Elbitz, who heeds the call and enters the ring. The two begin to talk things over...]

RD: What is Twinkletoes up to now!?!? He is certainly plotting something here!

[By hand motion alone, it seems like Twilliger is trying to convince Elbitz he needs to climb the ladder to get down the strap! Elbitz is shaking his head emphatically "no!" Twilliger pauses... and it seems like another light bulb goes off!]

RD: Now Twinkletoes is bending over, trying to get Elbitz to climb on his shoulders and get down the bat that way! Elbitz hesitates... BUT DOES IT!!! He climbs aboard Twilliger's shoulders!!!

[Twinkletoes lifts Elbitz high into the air, and positions himself right under the bat! It's still not the easiest task in the world, but Elbitz clearly is putting everything he's got into undoing the clasp. Twinkletoes has his focus square on Latimer, whose busy crawling to the corner, trying to use the ropes to get up!]

RD: It looks like Elbitz is going to be able to retrieve the bat!! He's tugging on the Bat, trying to pull it off the clasp!

[Twinkletoes begins to Elbitz to hurry up, Latimer's moving, time's running out. Latimer continues to get his feet in the corner rather slowly.]

[BOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!]

RD: Twinkletoes plan worked! Elbitz has the bat!!!

[KARMA'S A BITCH FACE POP!]

RD: FLYING CROSS BODY TO ELBITZ FROM LATIMER!!!! He had to be playing possum!! Soon as the crowd began to boo, he just came to life and quickly scaled to the top rope!!!!

[The crowd is now in a frenzy, as the bat has been retrieved meaning falls are now a possibility! Elbitz rolls out of the ring, clutching his back in pain. Twinkletoes steadies himself on a knee, as Latimer stands up, securing the bat for himself!]

RD: Twinkletoes is begging Latimer to think of the Twinkettes!!! The girls do their best pouty face!! BUT LATIMER DOESN'T CARE!!! Twinkletoes's skulls meet the barbwire bat head on!!! The champ drops to the mat, as Latimer goes for the first pin attempt of the match...

1...

2....

SHOULDER UP!!!

[NOT HAPPY BUT WE GET MORE TIME TO HURT YOU NOW HEEL POP!]

RD: And that's why Twinkletoes was able to survive that fans bring the weapons! That is some resilience right there! He's been pretty much fucking bleeding since this match began, and he's still got that fight left in him!

[Latimer doesn't seem fazed, getting himself back to his feet, bat still in hand. He goes to bounce off the ropes, but remembers they're snapped! He stops and just turns around, and with a shrug, runs back at Twilliger... and slams the bat right into his gut!]

RD: Latimer is just ruthless! He leaves the bat stuck in Twilliger, and he pulls him to his feet! THE BAT JUST HANGS THERE!!! FUCKING GROSSSSSS!!!!

[Latimer chuckles, as he backs up a few feet, and slams Twilliger into the mat right on the bat with a drop toe hold!!! "All Action" raises his arms, as the fans cheer, enjoying seeing the big little man in pain and bleeding like a pig!]

RD: But Latimer's not done! He takes a few steps back again, getting right up next to those ropes, and charges back at Twilliger.... BODY SPLASH!!! That bat has to be damn near lodged inside Twinkletoes by now!

[With the fans on his side, Latimer kicks Twinkletoes over and rips the bat out of him, furthering the damage! Blood just begins to pour out of the champ's belly, as Latimer drops an elbow, going for the cover!

1...

2.....

KICK OUT!!!!

[MAD RESPECT BUT FUCK YOU, DIE ALREADY HEEL POP!]

RD: And again Twinkletoes beats the three count! The crowd can't believe it, and neither can Latimer!

[Rather than pout, Latimer simply gets to his feet, and decides the ladder seems like a good friend right now! He scoops it up and suplexes it right onto Twinkletoes! Twinkletoes flops around like a dead fish some more, as the ladder remains laying on him as he comes to a rest on his back.]

RD: Latimer is pacing himself here. He knows he could be in for the long haul here!

[Wiping the sweat off his brow, Latimer moves over towards Twinkletoes, going for the ladder.... But Twilliger throw it right into his face! The crowd jeers, as Twinkletoes follows that with a kick the balls! Latimer instantly hunches over and falls to the mat!]

RD: And just like that, it's back to even! Though, I say Twinkletoes is certainly worse for wear, with that crimson mask in full force! But he's the first one to his feet, and now he's got the ladder!

[Perhaps trying to one up Latimer, Twinkletoes body slams the ladder right onto the Latimer! Without hesitating, he grabs the barbwire bat and turns around...]

[CLLLLLAAAAANNGGG!]

[CLLLLLAAAAANNGGG!]

[CLLLLLAAAAANNGGG!]

[CLLLLLAAAAANNGGG!]

RD: Twinkletoes just repeatedly whacks that ladder with the bat! Latimer twitching each time! He discards the bat, as he backs up a few steps, shouting out "TWINKLING 450 SPLASH!"

["The King of the Cruiserweights" runs as fast as he can at Latimer, and leaps as high as he can, nailing a... running leg drop!!! Twilliger shoves the ladder aside, going for the cover!!!]

1...

2.....

KICK OUT!!!!

[WE KNOW YOU GOT IT IN YOU DENNY FACE POP!]

RD: Now it's Latimer's turn to kick out! Twinkletoes instantly gets in the ref's face, but that's not going to get him anywhere! Wisely, he gives up and turns his attention back to Latimer!

[Twilliger pulls Latimer up to his feet, and gives him a few European uppercuts before whipping Latimer hard into the corner! Twilliger charges in as fast as he can... but Latimer gets his feet up, catching Twinkletoes in the jaw! Latimer hops up to the middle rope, and leaps off... ELBOW SMASH!!!]

RD: Twinkletoes is stumbling around, but he's like a weeble wobble – he just won't fall down! Latimer takes his time, waiting for Twilliger to turn around..... DROPKICK!!! And the champ falls into the ropes!!!

[Twilliger is caught in the ropes, all his weight leaning into them! Somewhere a stage crew member fears the ropes snapping, as Latimer grabs Twilliger legs... and begins to lift! He's trying to flip Twilliger up and out of the ring..... AND HE SUCCEEDS!!!]

RD: The big man topples to the floor, as the fans approve!!!!

HERE WE GO, DEN-KNEE, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, DEN-KNEE, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, DEN-KNEE, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, DEN-KNEE, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, DEN-KNEE, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

HERE WE GO, DEN-KNEE, HERE WE GO! CLAP, CLAP

RD: Latimer grabs the barbwire bat and makes his way through the ropes to the outside! The ref follows, knowing here in DERP... in this kind of match... falls count anywhere!!!

[Latimer quickly makes his way over to where Twinkletoes is sprawled out, and again slams the barbwire bat right in Twilliger's gut! He leaves it there, electing to go under the ring, and pulls himself out a table! He leans it up against the guardrail, and then turns around, pulling Twinkletoes to his feet!]

RD: "All Action" goes to whip Twilliger into that table!!! BUT THE CHAMP GRABS THE ROPES!!!! He won't let go!!!

[Latimer tries to rip Twinkletoes off the ropes, but can't seem to do it as Twinkletoes gains the upper hand... with a punt kick to the Latimer's groin! Denny instantly hunches over, which allows Twinkletoes to grip him right up!]

[GOD DAMN YOU FAT FUCK HEEL POP!]

RD: POWERBOMB THROUGH THAT TABLE!!! Denny falls victim to his own table!!! Twilliger crawls over and flops on Latimer to make the cover!

1...

2.....

SHOULDER UP!

[WE HAVEN'T GIVEN UP FAITH FACE POP!]

RD: Somehow, somehow Latimer throws that shoulder up! The DERP Arena is standing in amazement!! Both men are just spent it seems, as Twilliger rolls off Latimer! The champ has to begin to wonder what exactly it's going to take to put "All Action" the fuck away!

[Twinkletoes calls out for water, which he receives... by means of the DERPaholics whipping as many water bottles as they can at the champ! Twilliger quickly curls up into the smallest ball he possibly can, as the water bottle barrage continues!!!]

RD: Twinkletoes regretting making his desires audible I'm sure!!! Finally the water war stops, as Twilliger uncurls himself and stands up! What's he doing now!?!?! He's tearing apart the guardrail!!! He gets a section loose and tosses it into the ring!!!

[Half the fans in the arena cheer the move, and other half jeer, knowing Latimer's going to be in some pain soon if Twinkletoes has his way! The champ moves over to Latimer, and pulls him to his feet and rolls him right into the ring. Twinkletoes goes to shout something else, but stops... and grabs a few chairs himself and tosses them into the ring, hitting Latimer dead on, before rolling in himself!]

RD: Latimer is barely conscious! I wonder how Twilliger can even see under that crimson mask! But he's up and walking around! He's got that guardrail now, sitting it up right in the middle of the ring!

[Twinkletoes pulls Latimer to his feet and whips him right at the guardrail! Latimer and the guardrail topple over! Twilliger stays on the offensive, waddling over to Latimer and pulling him to his feet again! The two stand pretty much over the guardrail, as the big little man hooks Latimer for a suplex...]

RD: But "All Action" blocks it! He's fighting with all his might! He's now slugging away at Twilliger's kidney!!!!

[Denny manages to break the hold... and punt kick Twilliger right in the family jewels! The crowd explodes as Latimer finally gets some revenge for all the crotch shots he's received, but he's not done yet! Denny hooks a leg behind Twilliger's head...]

RD: LATIMER WITH A ROCKER DROPPER!!!! He slams Twilliger face first into that guardrail!!! He just broke the champ's face! He had to of!!!!

[The crowd is going wild, as Latimer drags Twinkletoes off the guardrail and hooks the leg. The crowd is so enthusiastic they're evening counting along with the ref's count!]

1...

2.....

SHOULDER UP!!!!

[WHAT IS IT GOING TO TAKE HEEL POP!]

RD: And Twinkletoes gets the shoulder up! The champ gets the shoulder up! His face has to be fucking broken but he STILL gets that shoulder up! Just fucking incredible, folks! I can't believe he's even still moving!!!

[Latimer stands to his feet, sucking wind and not sure how to proceed. He stumbles over to where the bag of thumbtacks is still laying from early in the match! Latimer dumps the entire bags contents out over the mat, before deciding to help Twinkletoes to his feet.]

RD: What does "All Action" have planned right here!?!? He's got the champ up on his feet, and grabs him by the head.... FACE PLANT!! He just went running holding onto Twilliger's head and just slams it right into that pile of tacks!!!!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

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D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P! D-E-R-P!

RD: The fans are roaring, as Twinkletoes face is just embedded with tacks! But Latimer doesn't got for the cover, he must have other plans!

[He must because first Latimer picks up the guardrail and tosses it into the corner, making his way to the ladder remaining in the ring. He carries it over to Twinkletoes and drops it right on him... and then opens it up and closes Twinkletoes legs in the ladder!!!!]

RD: The fans are buzzing, as Latimer's getting back to his gameplan: take Twinkletoes feet out from underneath him!!! He grabs one of those chairs.....

[CCLLLLLLLLAAAANNNGGGG!]

RD: He just smacks the hell out of the ladder with the chair!! Twinkletoes instantly twitches in pain!

[CCLLLLLLLLAAAANNNGGGG!]

[CCLLLLLLLLAAAANNNGGGG!]

[CCLLLLLLLLAAAANNNGGGG!]

[CCLLLLLLLLAAAANNNGGGG!]

RD: Latimer is just going OFF on that ladder! You can tell this match has just taken him to the breaking point! He now backs up a few steps... and GIVES THE LADDER A DOUBLE STOMP!!!!

[The crowd just roars with approval, as Latimer takes a few moments to play to the crowd, feeling the adrenaline rush for sure. He removes Twinkletoes' tree trunks from inside the ladder... and locks on a Indian deathlock!!!]

RD: THAT WAS LATIMER'S PLAN!!!! Hurt the tree trunks with the ladder and try to finally chop it down with the deathlock!!! Latimer is wrenching back, twisting and turn, adding as much pressure as he can! Twinkletoes is barely conscious you could say, but from the look on his face and the flexing of his fists, he's in some pain right now!!!

[The ref gets in there, and checks on Twinkletoes who is doing very little but laying there and grimacing. The ref keeps asking him if he gives up, and Twinkletoes will have none of it!!! He spots a chair nearby, and just tries to reach for it...]

RD: If Twinkletoes can get that chair, he might break that hold! But he might have his legs snapped before

RD: That looked painful on two different levels! With these fans roaring, O'Reily clutches his right knee, screaming in pain! Heat gives him a few boots, before helping Latimer to his feet and rolling him into the ring! But I think the damage is done, Latimer's barely moving!!!

[Tyrone did what he could, but it doesn't seem to quite matter as Twinkletoes gets to his feet, and limps his way over to Denny... he connects with a falling headbutt! Twinkletoes barely throws an arm over Latimer's chest!!!!]

1...

2.....

3!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[WE ARE FUCKING RIOTING HEEL POP!]

FUCKING BULLSHIT! FUCKING BULLSHIT! FUCKING BULLSHIT!

FUCKING BULLSHIT! FUCKING BULLSHIT! FUCKING BULLSHIT!

FUCKING BULLSHIT! FUCKING BULLSHIT! FUCKING BULLSHIT!

FUCKING BULLSHIT! FUCKING BULLSHIT! FUCKING BULLSHIT!

FUCKING BULLSHIT! FUCKING BULLSHIT! FUCKING BULLSHIT!

[As the Twinkettes and Elbitz surround Twilliger, Heat pulls Latimer out of the ring. He makes sure to give O'Reily a few kicks as he passes by! The camera fades out, zooming in a close up of O'Reily who is just clutching that knee! Soon as the camera fades out...

...it fades right back in to Ryan FUCKING Delaney, who's sitting in the Bear's Den, a discouraged look on his face.]

RD: For twenty minutes, Latimer and Twilliger slugged it out. They gave it their all. They left EVERYTHING on the table and then some. That performance out there deserved EVERYONES respect... and it certainly deserved better than _THAT_!

[Takes a deep breath.]

RD: But luckily... this is MY haus where _I_ get to make the rules! So, O'Reily, you want so badly to be a Steel City Title contender? You want so badly to show the world you're better than Denny "All fucking Action" Latimer? Then I'm _personally_ giving you the chance... Knee injury or no injury... Highly intoxicated or extremely sober... I dun fucking care cause next week? It's O'Reily versus Latimer.... With the winner facing the DERP Steel City Champion at TRICK OR TREAT!!!!

[Nods, and smiles approvingly.]

RD: And with that, folks, we are out of time here with the DERPness! I hope you enjoyed our inaugural episode!!! Remember, we DERP hold two shows every other week! One on Wednesday, one on Friday, and Extreme TV will be able to seen here on PCTV, every two weeks on Saturdays at 1am!

GO STEELERS!

[Fade to black.]

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