

## AFTER HOLDEN/RICKY vs. SUNFLOWER CARTEL

The final bell rings and the Sunflower Cartel exit the ring, making their way back up the ramp. Between the ropes, Ricky Tenet and Holden Nobody meet in what was their corner, swapping words between them that the cameras can't quite pick up.

**Eryk Masters:** An impressive effort from both Ricky Tenet and Holden Nobody tonight.

**Jason Johnson:** It isn't easy for two talents who aren't used to teaming with each other coming together as a cohesive unit, even for experienced veterans, but these two were on a similar page the whole time.

Holden shakes his head and pats Ricky on the shoulder, prompting a nod and a fistbump from the younger Tenet. The crowd begins chanting for both men, that verbal seed planted in the balcony before spreading throughout the arena.

*"PLEASE COME BACK! PLEASE COME BACK!"*

**Jason Johnson:** Well, I'd say that they impressed the Pinnacle tonight.

**Eryk Masters:** The SHOOT crowd has always appreciated effort from younger talents, Jason, and we're looking at two of the most promising rookies that we've seen in a long...oh, what is this, now?!

The cameras cut to The GÓÐŞÉŇĐ himself, Arthur Pleasant, walking down the ramp, a microphone in his hand. Flanked to his left by DEPRAVITY, there is a knowing swagger in each carnal step, one that draws the full attention of both Holden and Ricky as they step into the middle of the ring.

**The GÓÐŞÉŇĐ:** My sincerest apologies for ruining this little...hehe...*MOMENT*...of yours.

The fans' chants for Holden and Ricky turn to a symphony of jeers, all directed at the two grueling fiends making their way to the ring.

**The GÓÐŞÉŇĐ:** Fear not, though. I come not empty-handed, but bearing baskets of fruit. Fruit from the tree of *knowledge*! Rejoiiiiiiiice!! (*looking out to the audience, his hand pointed at Holden and Ricky*) What better gift is there for a couple of underdeveloped saplings such as these here boys? Hm?

*"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"*

Pleasant's mouth is practically salivating at the reactions from both the now hostile crowd and Holden and Ricky.

**Eryk Masters:** Awww, this is some bull...

Holden steps to the ropes, climbing and pointing down at Arthur. He fires off some choice words for him, as well as DEPRAVITY, drawing a smirk from both. They stop at the halfway point of the ramp, Lou slumping to her knees at Pleasant's side. He places a cold hand atop her skull, grinning wide.

**The GÓÐŞÉÑÐ:** Ohhhh Mister Nobody. My, my, MY! All the attention that you have sought from us over these past few weeks, and that which you've stirred elsewhere, one has to wonder how it is...

Ricky walks up behind Holden, trying to keep him back, but Holden storms out of the ring, marching toward Arthur and DEPRAVITY.

**The GÓÐŞÉÑÐ:** DON't be rude, my child. Please, let me finish. It's in your best interest to take heed in my words.

Holden stops at the bottom of the ramp as Ricky bails out after him, marching over to back up his partner this evening.

**The GÓÐŞÉÑÐ:** You see, my child, the eyes of this great congregation; this magnificent contribution to society, were once set upon you as one to embrace. You, Mister Nobody, were... *are...* a lost ship adrift at sea in search of a welcoming harbor. But, well, unfortunately for you and everyone you hold dear, *THAT* ship has sailed. Now...

Ricky taps Holden on the shoulder and nods, both men readying themselves for another battle.

**The GÓÐŞÉÑÐ:** ...we look toward a prodigal son.

Holden turns to Ricky, both men looking confused at Arthur's insinuation.

**Jason Johnson:** ...a prodigal son?!

Holden pulls away from Ricky, staring daggers at him.

**Holden Nobody:** What the hell is he talkin' about, Ricky?

**Ricky Tenet:** I...Holden, listen...

Ricky holds his hands up and steps back, his focus torn between Holden and Pleasant. DEPRAVITY laughs and waves at both men, her sickening smile matching Arthur's.

**The GÓDŞÉŇĎ:** A young man who understands the same pain and torturous feelings of trying to grow from within his father's shadow, pushed and prodded in directions not of his own choosing. Yes, my child. Search within yourself to know with whom I speak of.

**Holden Nobody:** ...you son of a bitch...!

**Ricky Tenet:** I...he's lying, man! He's full of it!

Holden backs up against the barricade, keeping the three - Ricky, Arthur, and Lou - where he can see them.

**Eryk Masters:** What's...?!

A large, hulking figure clad in flannel and overalls emerges from behind the barricade, his face covered in a flesh-like mask.

**Eryk Masters:** THAT'S SAMMY ROCHESTER! WATCH OUT, HOLDEN!!

Sammy brings a chain up from the floor and hooks Holden around the neck, dragging him over the barricade and into the crowd. Holden struggles and kicks, drawing Ricky over to help. DEPRAVITY leaps from her knees and blindsides Tenet, leaping onto his back and throwing wild crossface punches as he covers up.

Arthur laughs and drops his microphone, marching over to help Depravity attack Ricky. He boots Ricky in the gut as Depravity climbs off of him, Sammy wailing away on Holden in the front row as fans scatter. Arthur grabs Ricky by the back of his head and hurls him into the ring steps face-first.

**Jason Johnson:** We need security out here!

Depravity howls with glee and dives onto Ricky, slamming his face into the steps again and again, smearing it against the grating on the steel until red streaks appear. In the front row, Sammy hoists Holden high over his head and drops him at the bottom of the ramp, casually stepping over the barricade before continuing his assault, whipping Holden with the chain across his back.

THUNDERWOLF and COREY LAZARUS charge out from the back, rushing to the aid of the rookie team. Corey kicks off of Sammy's back and barrels toward Arthur and Depravity as Thunderwolf boots Sammy in the face, breaking Sammy's battery on Holden.

**Eryk Masters:** The Last Vanguard are here to even the odds!

Corey lunges at Arthur, connecting with a wicked elbow to the side of his head that sends the GØDŠĚŇĐ reeling. Lou looks up just in time to dodge an incoming soccer kick, scrambling away while Lazarus checks on his son.

Sammy grabs Thunderwolf by the throat and lifts him off his feet, but Wolf spews a cloud of blue mist into his face, blinding the giant and forcing him to break his hold.

DEPRIVITY leaps onto Corey's back and attacks, a pair of crossface punches landing before Lazarus flips her off of him, drilling her with a knife edge chop across the face as she rises. Arthur charges in and knocks Corey down with a clothesline, his boot finding its way across Corey's throat.

**Jason Johnson:** And here comes security. FINALLY.

Holden pulls himself up and picks up the chain, ready to strike Sammy as guards swarm him, kicking and screaming. Thunderwolf, too, is separated from Sammy, both he and Nobody forced against the ring apron.

Arthur savors the reddish hue covering Corey's face as he chokes him with his foot, but it's short lived as Ricky Tenet climbs to the ring apron and charges, drilling Arthur in the face with a dropkick. Ricky leaps to his feet and readies a following attack before security engulfs him and his father.

**Eryk Masters:** Some law and order being restored here.

Thunderwolf and Holden both roll into the ring, Holden wiping blood from his nose as security swarms Sammy, a dozen men desperately trying to hold the giant back. Soon, Ricky and Corey join them, Ricky wiping blood from his face while Laz catches his breath.

Arthur and Depravity rise and walk back up the ramp, both smiling at the chaos they've caused. Sammy forces himself back to his feet and Holden hits the ropes...

**Jason Johnson:** Holden Nobody with a SUICIDE DIVE...!!!!

Holden's body crashes into Sammy's, dropping the monster to the floor along with half of the security guards around him. Holden pulls himself to his feet and wipes the blood pouring from his nose, flinging it from his fingers at Sammy before he's tackled against the barricade by two guards.

Ricky smiles as Corey and Thunderwolf point up to Arthur Pleasant, Wolf holding the ropes open, inviting him back to the ring. DEPRIVITY sits cross-legged at the top of the ramp, Arthur hovering over her, dragging his fingers across the side of her neck. Pleasant laughs and waves before he snaps his fingers, prompting Lou to jump to her feet and follow him back behind the curtain.