FOR IMMEDIATELY AFTER LAZ/ARTHUR IS CUT OFF

Arthur stands up and slaps Lazarus across the face, again and again, sending a big elbow into the World champion's face that sends him reeling back. Corey spits and pounces at Arthur, peppering him with right hands before locking him in a clinch. He throws knee after knee toward Pleasant's face, many of them blocked, and forces the ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ into the corner. The referee rushes in, issuing a standing 5-count.

1! 2! 3! 4!

Referee: Get him off the ropes!

Lazarus shoves the referee away, knocking him down the mat before going back into it with Arthur in the corner.

Eryk Masters: That's a fine right there.

Jason Johnson: It may be a fine, Eryk, but it's not like he can't afford to pay it!

The referee gets back to his feet just as Arthur breaks free, poking Corey in his good eye. Pleasant whips Corey around, trading places, and starts hammering down on the World Heavyweight champion in the corner. The referee marches back in, trying to get in between champion and challenger.

1! 2!

A stray shot lands across the referee's jaw from Arthur, sending the referee scrambling through the ropes and to the apron. He barely catches himself, watching on in shock as Arthur continues sending fist after fist to Lazarus. Corey starts fighting back, the two men forcing the match into more of a hockey fight than anything else, and the referee shakes his head.

Referee: Nope. Not tonight!

The referee calls for the bell, much to the timekeeper's surprise.

Eryk Masters: He's calling for the bell?!

DING DING DING

The ref turns to Samantha Coil, telling her something as Lazarus and Arthur continue duking it out in the center of the ring, both men starting to waiver and their strikes getting sloppier.

Samantha Coil: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has officially declared this match a **NO CONTEST**!!

“BOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!”

Jason Johnson: I'm not sure I agree with that one…

Eryk Masters: Yeesh! I can’t remember the last time a World Heavyweight Title bout ended in a no contest!! Fans aren’t gonna be happy about this one!!

Arthur nails Corey with a backhand that rocks him, but Lazarus catches him off guard with a surprise mule kick to the chest that sends him down.

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!”

Chance and Hannah Kelser. Sammy Rochester. DEPRAVITY. The DeMONSTRance floods from the back.

Eryk Masters: Oh great…here THEY come…

Jason Johnson: NOT…GOOD.

They charge down the ramp, a stampede of grotesquerie hurling itself into the ring in service of its prophet. Corey can barely manage to get to a knee before Chance drills him in the face with a spinning roundhouse kick.

Eryk Masters: CHANCE WITH THE BENEDICTION!!

Lazarus is offered little quarter as DEPRAVITY pounces on him, dropping her fists to his face and head with feral precision. Arthur stumbles to the floor, ripping the microphone from Samantha.

The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ: *(breathing heavily into the mic after all the fighting)* **Sit down, Samantha. Your services are no longer needed tonight.**

Corey manages to shove DEPRAVITY off, his brow busted wide and pouring crimson juice over his good eye. He scrambles to his feet, trying to make distance, but backs directly into a DEVASTATING clothesline to the back of the head from Sammy that shakes the ring posts.

The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ: You ever feel like you're fighting an uphill battle, Corey?

Lazarus starts to crawl toward the ropes, desperate to pull himself up, but Hannah cuts him off with a boot to the side of the head. Corey swings wildly in defiance, only hitting air as Chance kneels beside him, cold and indifferent.

The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ: Well, that's because you are. Every step of the way, you are fighting uphill. Why is that, I wonder? Hmm? Is it an image you have to keep up? Is it a reputation as a tough guy that you don't want to see tarnished? Come on, Hollywood 'Kid'. Enlighten us!

Chance swipes some blood from Corey's face, licking it delicately from his gloved fingers. He savors every moment of it as DEPRAVITY slides out of the ring, unearthing a steel chair from beneath. A commotion grows within the crowd…

The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ: No? No words? You won't enlighten the masses any? That's a shame, Corey. Because it's been right in front of you this entire time. The answer. The WORDS. All you had to do was heed them. But, instead, you just continued fighting. Uphill. On ice. With no traction on the bottoms of your feet.

Eryk Masters: RICKY TENET!! RICKY IS HERE TO SAVE HIS FATHER!!

…a rabble that EXPLODES as Ricky Tenet shoves a fan out of their front seat, launching their unfolded chair like a heat seeking missile into the back of Arthur's head. The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ's sermon ceases as Tenet pounces on him, a blitzkrieg of blows coming from all angles to the fallen Pleasant. Ricky changes focus and dives into the ring, immediately tackling Chance and feeding him elbows and fists galore.

Jason Johnson: Watch out, kid!!

In his primal rage, Tenet ignores the gargantuan monster until it's too late. Sammy RIPS Ricky from with an iron grip on the back of his neck, raising him high before slamming him FACE FIRST to the canvas. DEPRAVITY rolls in with the chair, placing it over Corey's face before playfully slapping Sammy, pointing at the father and son.

Eryk Masters: He's not…no, no, NO…!!

Jason Johnson: A SECOND DIRT NAP ONTO THE CHAIR?!?!

Sammy lifts Ricky up again and slams him face-first to the chair, forcing Ricky to headbutt the steel into Laz's face. Tenet spasms after the impact and then rolls away from his father, his own face now a crimson mess. Arthur crawls into the ring, licking his chops…

…and then Ghost's "Lachryma" cues up and the Pinnacle goes wild.

Jason Johnson: It looks like help is about to arrive!

Eryk Masters: HERE IT COMES!! HERE COMES THE THUNDER!!

All eyes turn away from the massacre unfolding in the ring and to the entrance stage…a barren wasteland devoid of life.

The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ: Hahaha. *(Checks on the back of his head for blood)* **No, no. It's not there. That salvation you're looking for? It's not there, nor will it ever be so long as you choose unwisely.**

Eryk Masters: What does…can we get a…wait, what? I'm getting word that there's a commotion in the back?!

Jason Johnson: Get a camera back there right now!!

The cameras cut backstage as wild footsteps echo through the halls, shouting heard from all angles. Down the corridor we hear his voice…

Dustin Kelser: Someone get me the fuck out of this!

The camera rounds the corner to find THUNDERWOLF bound to a railing by one of the loading docks, his arms spread and handcuffs connecting each wrist to the cold steel behind him. Blood masks his face, his clothes tattered and torn, as he screams.

Dustin Kelser: Get these cuffs off! Get them fucking off of me!

A rash of security rushes in, frantically searching for a key to the cuffs as the feed goes back to the ring. Back to Arthur Pleasant's wicked smile.

The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ: This is it, Mr. Icon. The moment in which THE LIE reveals itself to you. Where the unfortunate reality of your situation finally becomes all too real for *you*. I mean, what did you think was going to happen? You just show back up here, win the World Title, and think THE LIE will erase your 'search history'? No, my child. THE LIE is about to expose you for the rot you really are.

Pleasant nods to Sammy, who then hoists Lazarus up to his feet, holding his arms behind his back. Ricky struggles against the grasp of both Chance and Hannah as they drag him to his knees, holding his arms out wide. DEPRAVITY taunts Corey, just outside of his reach as he kicks at her, desperately trying to escape the ever-tightening grip of the monster he's bound by. Arthur kneels before Ricky, holding the dazed Tenet by the chin.

The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ: Child, I am sorry that it has come to this. I truly am, *(he chuckles and leans close to Ricky's face)* **but the sins of the father *must* be visited upon the son.**

Arthur smiles as he rises, backing into the corner. DEPRAVITY goes to the floor and rips the World Heavyweight title from the timekeeper's table, haphazardly tossing it into the ring.

Eryk Masters: …no…!

She follows as Chance and Hannah bring Ricky to his feet, dragging him like a life-sized doll to their pastor. Chance picks him up on his shoulders and passes him to Pleasant, turning him upside down in the process while Hannah helps steady it.

Jason Johnson: …where the HELL is security?!?!

DEPRAVITY unfolds the chair and then snatches the World title like a sack of garbage from the mat, placing it atop the chair so that its center plate faces the lights above. Finally, some semblance of order looks to return as a plethora of SHOOT security begin rushing the ring…

…but it's just too late.

Eryk Masters: NO, NO, NO…!!!

Arthur leaps from the middle rope with a Cradle Tombstone to Ricky, driving the son of the World Heavyweight Champion through the title and.

Jason Johnson: GOD DAMMIT!!!

Narcolepsy. A career-threatening move that no one has seen Arthur Pleasant execute in years. With the added impact of Ricky's head crashing down upon the thick faceplate from the SHOOT Project World Heavyweight Championship on TOP of the unfolded chair, people shriek with soul-crushing concern.

Arthur crawls over to Ricky's carcass as Corey kicks and screams, tears falling from the father's face and mixing with the blood that still flows. Pleasant casually brushes his hair from his face, ripping one of the now-deformed side plates from the World title belt. Holding it up for the whole audience to see, Pleasant just laughs.

And laughs.

And *laughs*.

Eryk Masters: This is one of the most sickening acts of violence I've ever seen from Arthur Pleasant.

Jason Johnson: Considering all the acts of violence we've seen from him already, that's quite the statement.

Pleasant kisses the shiny gold side plate with "The Last Damn Icon" etched into the gold piece before pulling the microphone up to his lips again. He calmly whispers into it, while caressing his hair that has blood seeping into it from a surefire laceration..

The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ: Goodnight, sweet prince. Praise me…

He lowers himself to Ricky's downed frame. His narrow, evil-filled eyes just catch sight of Corey Lazarus from across the ring.

The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ: …praise *be*.

Pleasant stuffs the foam of the microphone into Ricky's mouth—the gagging echoing out throughout the Pinnacle in between wet, junky coughs. He rolls out of the ring, DEPRAVITY and the Kelser twins soon to follow. The ĠÓḌṢÉṆĎ looks to Sammy and nods, causing the masked behemoth to drop the Hollywood Kid and casually exit the ring himself. Security surrounds them, flanked now by a smattering medical personnel, as Corey inches his way to his son.

Eryk Masters: This is…I don't…

Corey sobbingly clutches his son's hand, the father's tight grip not returned. EMTs dive into the ring, one desperately trying to pull Lazarus away while another checks Ricky's vitals.

Jason Johnson: I do, Eryk. This is… fucked up

The deed is done. The DeMONSTRance have proven their point.

Again.

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