

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - EXPLAINED



Welcome, dear **gamer**.

You will find the following "42 part" series titled CONOR'S SCREAM LAND as a Choose Your Own Adventure.

QUESTION: What is a *Choose Your Own Adventure*?

Great question!

Start with the first role play, marked as #1 right below this and click along. At various points, it will be up to YOU to decide what "The Best Pout Machine" does. Remember, write down what you've collected along the way! Items may be useful later on!

QUESTION: Shit son, this is a lot! Do I have to read all 42 parts!? How long will this take me!? I don't have all day!

Another great question! Boy, you sure are full of inquiries! Don't worry, if you navigate appropriately, you can probably get to the end within 15 or so moves. You can also book-mark and return later (write down what number you're on).

QUESTION: You're messed up.

That isn't a question. The lead character is aware he's not right.

Can you navigate through and beat the game? Or will you find a GAME OVER?

Keep in mind, this is a **SCREAM** movie parody, clearly being dreamt about by Conor Fuse.

QUESTION: Will I need to have watched the Scream movies before reading this?

Doubtful. You may miss some references here and there but you should have fun nonetheless! (Well, hopefully...) There are plenty of other references, too.

Good luck and don't forget to feedback the Game! Let the real Developer know if this was a Super Mario Galaxy or a [Sonic the Hedgehog](#) reboot! God that game was brutal. Anyway, until next time... SAVE THE DAY.

[PRESS START.](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 1

We begin in a living room, with a neon green bean bag chair in front of an old-school tube television. The NES is hooked up with numerous cartridges laying about. There's Super Mario Bros. 3 (an ultimate classic), The Legend of Zelda (another classic), Track and Field II (don't get me started) and Rad Racer (seriously, this game is awesome, give it a try), to name a few. However, above this TV sits a PanaSONIC LCD 50" 4K television, with a PlayStation 4. The windows outside show it's late at night. Probably very late, knowing when The Codebreaker likes to cue up his games. **CONOR FUSE** strolls into the picture, hands deep inside a bucket of popcorn. Since **you** have a lot to play through in this adventure, we'll get to it quickly.

Fuse collapses on the bean bag chair. So much has gone through his mind recently. Conor stabbed his other Friendship Members League members in the back, a league HE created out of the goodness of his own heart but "Black Out" Patrick Cassidy and Trash Bandicoot were ungrateful. Fuse has given The Game Boy the night off, as well. Conor needs this time to unwind and take all the stress away. It's truly a time for...

RING, RING

Conor's ears perk up. He wasn't expecting someone to call this late.

RING, RING

Thinking it's a wrong number, the youngest Fuse lets the ringing continue. Looking down at his watch, it's 2:10am. It has to be a wrong number, Conor's unlisted.

RING, RING

What's he doing with a *landline*? That's a good question. You see that NES over there? Well, if you haven't guessed, Conor likes to keep things as retro as possible.

The phone stopped ringing. Conor can go back to choosing a game. He knows he wants the PlayStation experience tonight. He already owns a PlayStation 5 (he's got connections) but not any games for it (not enough connections). So the 4th edition it is! Reaching across the floor, Fuse opens a small shelving unit. There sit his favourite PS4 titles...

The Last of Us Remastered
Little Big Planet 3
Mega Man 11
Ratchet & Clank
Fallout 76

Conor puts a hand to his chin. He doesn't know why Fallout 76 gets such a bad reputation. It's not like it was Metal Gear Survive...

RING, RING

Fuse's ears perk up again.

RING, RING

"Hmmm." He states. "I guess it's not a wrong number."

Conor rises from his bean bag chair with the game he has chosen to play. Should he answer the phone or put the game in the system?

[ANSWER THE PHONE \(AND CONTEMPLATE ON GETTING A CELL PHONE LIKE THE 21ST CENTURY\), GO](#)

[TO #5](#)

[PUT THE GAME IN THE PS4, GO TO #27](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 2

"Forget the bus." Conor states. "It's not safe there; I believe you. It also sounds like a real stupid idea now that I'm thinking about it."

Blackwood nods as the two of them walk towards the WrestlePlex doors.

Buzz, buzz.

Buzz, buzz.

Blackwood stops in his tracks, realizing Conor's cell phone is ringing. "Are you going to answer that?"

"It's Malak's and I have a feeling I know who it is..." Conor mentions but Blackwood is having none of it. The SOHER puts his left arm out and waves the phone over to him although Conor decides to answer it first. Fuse doesn't want to put anyone else in harm's way.

Click. "Yes? What do you want now?"

"Hello, Conor." The Ghostface remarks. "I'm waiting for you. Too bad more of your friends HAD TO DIE in the process."

Conor's pissed. "Where are you? This ends, now."

"Where do you think I am?" Ghostface inquires, as Conor looks directly at the imposing WrestlePlex structure. Never before has it come across so fearfully.

"Inside. You're inside. You're in there to kill Tyler. I won't let you do it. You want me? Well, I'm coming for you. No more running."

The youngest Fuse is about to enter the building but Ghostface is still on the other end.

"Why don't you put that annoying *bloke* on the phone. Is that what he likes to call people?" Ghostface asks. Conor turns to Gage but doesn't need to tell him to take the phone. The Southern Heritage Champion already wants to talk.

The former tag teamer hands Blackwood the mobile phone. "I'm going inside." Conor says, trying to whisper so his voice isn't picked up through the speaker phone. "You keep him busy."

Blackwood nods as the exchange is made. Conor enters the building while Blackwood stays in the parking lot. As The Noble Raider raises the phone to his ear, he's immediately greeted by the raspy voice on the other end.

"Why are you even here, Gage? You'll never be in the main event."

"Screw youuuuuu." Blackwood replies, as he starts looking around the parking lot.

"No matter how hard you try you'll never be the big star and you'll never, ever get the FIST."

Blackwood's starting to get pissed off. "Yeah, let's redirect this dream sequence Mr. I'm-So-Original. You wanna spoof a scary movie?"

Ghostface doesn't bite. "I'm not spoofing anything."

Blackwood's face turns red as he marches around the parking lot. Ghostface continues...

"You want to be one of the big boys, huh? Jesse Kendrix? Scott Douglas? Oscar Burns? Cayle Murray? MIKEY

UNLIKELY!? You will NEVER be the main guy! You will never be DEFIANCE'S BEST!" Ghostface laughs on the other end of the line. "You're such a shit talent, I'm dropping the lines you're supposed to be dropping on me, bitch!"

Blackwood is raging by now! His head is spinning in circles.

"Aye ya stupid baw juggler!" Gage responds. "I have busted my ass for four straight years! I helped carry this company through some hard times! Who the hell are you, ya dobber!? Hiding behind a mask and a knife!? I may be far from perfect but I will never back down from a fight! Show yourself... leave the gaming kid alone... I'll ram my knees so far down your GOD DAMN THROAT-"

The bus door slides open and Blackwood is immediately pulled inside by The Ghostface. The SOHER didn't realize he recently put his back towards it. Ghostface happily stabs away at the secondary champion, easily killing him in the process since the murderer attacked from behind. The killing sounds are muffled because Mark Shields and two escorts stroll by, Mark with a boombox over his shoulder and smoking a dart as he chats up the women.

After they pass, Ghostface leaves the bus and looks towards The WrestlePlex. Meanwhile, the scene jumps back to Conor Fuse now inside and walking down the hallway. Without Malak's cell phone, the only way to contact the killer is with the inevitable face-to-face meeting.

Conor takes his deepest breath to date.

"Where to go?" He asks himself. "Watercooler or basement? The basement has all my power-ups... but the watercooler is the gossip spot. I know it's almost 5am but someone has to be there and they'll know who's after me."

[VISIT THE BASEMENT FOR POWER-UPS, GO TO #26](#)
[NNAAA, THE WATERCOOLER, GO TO #30](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 3

The mask has fallen off the killer. Immediately, the house lights dim so this person's face is barely visible. Conor pulls himself to a knee, looking across the way at the murderer.

"I... I..." The Ghostface's voice is that of a woman, although Conor hasn't been able to put his finger on who it is, yet. It also takes The Codebreaker some time for his eyes to adjust but then he sees her... faintly.

The smaller physic.

The evil brown eyes.

The long blonde hair.

Conor can't believe it.

"Oh my god... Kristie???"

[IF YOU HAVE THE FLASHLIGHT, GO TO #34](#)

[IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE FLASHLIGHT, GO TO #40](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 4

Conor is running uncontrollably down the WrestlePlex hallway. His hands and legs are flailing around like he's some big-breasted Hollywood actress in a slasher movie and the scene is playing in slo-mo... then again, most of those statements are true right now. Most.

Fuse takes the odd moment to look behind him before turning a corner and right into...

A man standing in the hallway, wearing a Jason mask with a chainsaw. The man screams, "Have you seen my new chainsaw and hockey mask!?!?"

"DON'T KILL ME!! You've killed enough for one night!" Conor's eyes adjust as the man removes his hockey mask. Conor realizes it's not the Ghostface killer but ultimately someone just as (mentally) unstable, The Neighborhood Lunatic...

"Jack Harmen?" Conor says, reaching out and touching **JACK HARMEN**'s face as The Lunatic drops the chainsaw (it wasn't working, the battery was dead).

Harmen grabs Conor by the throat and hurls him against the nearest wall. Behind Conor's shoulder is a "MISSING PERSON: ELISE ARES" poster. Jack presses his index finger to his lips, mouthing shhh. A scream is heard, far away, in a distant part of the WrestlePlex. Harmen nods toward Conor.

"Another one. Listen, I've seen this before. You've got to go back to the start." Harmen says, releasing Conor's grip and tossing a gym bag off his shoulder. He starts rifling through it, tossing various dangerous paraphernalia out of it. Pinned hand grenades. Unused tomahawks. What looks to be a stick of dynamite even. "None of this is going to help us."

Harmen stands, holding open the now empty duffle bag. "Get inside."

Fuse can't believe what he's hearing... "What?"

"Get inside or die." Harmen says with conviction. "It's a time machine. We can start this all over." Harmen leans in. "We can try again."

Conor has no idea what the lunatic is saying. "None of this is fair!"

"You're absolutely right." Harmen says, now raising what looks to be a bloody knife pulled from his back pockets. The tip glints in the camera light as it just grazes Conor's cheek. "It is not fair. Fairness would be to rip your insides out and hang you from a tree so we can expose you for the heartless, desensitized little shit you are!"

Harmen withdraws the knife while Conor's mouth mumbles out nonsense.

"I say you have three options. Go to the ring and die." Harmen points past him to the ring. "Leave the arena and die." Harmen points the knife to the other side where there are two large steel doors. He then tilts the knife to the side so the overhead light flashes across the blade. "Or get in the bag."

Jack Harmen tosses Conor the bag. Fuse catches it by instinct.

[HEAD TO THE RING. GO TO #24](#)

[LEAVE THE ARENA. GO TO #8](#)

[GET IN THE BAG. GO TO #1](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 5

RING, RING

"Yeah, okay, hold on." Conor demands, as if he thinks the person on the other end can already hear him. "Stupid NPC calling at a time like this!"

With a game in hand, Conor marches over and picks up the handheld landline.

"Hello." He greets.

"Hello... Conor." The muffled voice says on the other end of the line. "Would you like to play a game?"

Confused, The Codebreaker glances down at the game in his hands. He holds it up to look at it more closely. "Ummm, duh pal. I've got The Evil Within here and I am about to get started!"

"Oooh. The Evil... *Within*, you say?"

Conor shakes his head like a toddler. Perhaps he believes the person on the other end of the line can see through the phone now, too.

"tHe eViL wltHiN..." The voice whispers.

"Ew." Conor remarks. "Don't talk like that."

"Sorry." The voice states. "Say... what is your name?"

Conor may act dumb, he may even do dumb things but his mom told him never to give his name or his credit card number over the phone to strangers. Sound advice for a 27-year-old grown man.

"Why do you want to know my name?" He inquires.

"Because I want to know who I'm looking at." The voice replies.

"Oh!" Conor's face lights up with excitement. He starts waving. "So you **can** see me through the phone! I knew it!"

There's a sigh on the other end. "No you idiot. I'm right outside your backyard window! I'm here to kill you!"

Fuse crinkles his face. He doesn't believe it. "No you're not. OH! Unless you're The Game Boy. Because I have The Game Boy strolling around in my backyard at the moment. He's big, he's bad... HE PLAYS NINTENDO. He will get you good!"

"Will he?" The voice inquires. "Listen, let's cut to the chase. I know your name is Conor. I know you like horror video games. My name is Ghostface and I'm going to cut you into tiny little pieces. I'm going to murder your friends, The Game Boy... your brother. EVERYONE in DEFIANCE."

Fuse walks into the kitchen. He forgot he was making another popcorn box and it's starting to burn on the stove. "Whatever, budday." Conor states. "Try getting past my Game Boy. You can kill everyone else, though. I have no friends and Tyler recently beat me on CoD so he's kinda dead to me, anyway."

The line goes silent. Perhaps Conor's already worked The Ghostface into a sense of uneasiness?

"Turn on the porch lights... again." The ghostface states.

"But I never turned them on the first time." Conor replies.

There's another sigh from Ghostface but for the sake of this dream, Conor plays along. Fuse turns on the back lights (again) and his mouth drops in horror.

"Holy tiddlywinks!" The Codebreaker takes a deep gulp. "It's real."

There, tied to a chair is **THE GAME BOY**... with his guts hanging out of him, slaughtered to death.

Laughter begins from The Ghostface. "I broke his back and then I took out his insides."

"Dude. That ain't cool. I thought we were just trying to have some fun!"

"Oh, we are, Conor. And the fun..."

CRASH. The window breaks. The Ghostface walks through it, now standing directly across from the younger Fuse and can talk face-to-face.

"IS JUST BEGINNING!!"

[RUN UPSTAIRS. EVERYONE DOES IT. GO TO #7](#)

[RUN AT GHOSTFACE. GO TO #29](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 6

"No, just keep driving!" Conor mentions, although the Uber driver has no idea what Conor was talking about, anyway.

"Jessica... that's her name." The black sedan swerves into oncoming traffic - unfortunately for both men, they are met with a sudden stop in traffic which causes the driver to hit the brakes with a screeching halt.

"Conor, right?" The driver asks again, almost unsure of the Fuse brother's mental state or first name. "You told me you'd help me find my daughter, Jessica." His eyebrows narrow as he looks into the back seat and stares at The Codebreaker.

"I know you've got a lot on your mind, thinking I'm potentially hurting you or others." A smirk appears on the driver's face for a second, as he grips the steering wheel with a white hot tension. "But what I'm telling you will not just save her, or you. It will save everyone."

Conor's lost him.

"Save The Reaper... Save the World, Conor..." The man's voice stops as he adjusts his focus back on the road, driving forward as the two settle in silence. Conor's weight of the world sinks him further into the backseat.

Finally, the car pulls up to The Wrestle Plex parking lot. Conor provides an extra tip through the app and says his thanks to the driver for not killing him and perhaps not being the killer.

"Well..." Conor continues as he exits the door. "It's been... fun."

"The brightest of lights... comes from the darkest of existences, Conor. Reality isn't always what you think it is. Destiny will require you to choose whether you will be the one to restore the *Link*... or leave it for dead." With a shrug he rolls up the sedan's window and drives off.

Conor is here. The WrestlePlex. Finally.

However, The Character Formerly Known as Player Two can't help but think the nice Uber driver needed some help. Perhaps... immediately.

"His daughter is missing." Conor gives his head a shake. "Okay. Wow."

The back of Conor's left leg is twitching again. On and off, on and off. Fuse closes his eyes and tries to think things through.

"Should I go on this side quest or get down to business?"

[TAKE ON SIDE QUEST TO FIND JESSICA, GO TO #37](#)
[CONTINUE TO WRESTLE PLEX, GO TO #41](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 7

"I gotta run upstairs." Conor snaps. "I know it's super cliché but it's done for a reason!"

Conor takes a moment and pulls a strand of hair from his head. "Plus, I'm blonde." Conor scampers up to the second floor as Ghostface starts chasing from behind. "Dirty-blondé but blonde nonetheless!"

Conor starts kicking neon green clothes on the staircase towards Ghostface, in the hopes it slows the murderer down. As Fuse arrives on the bedroom level, he grabs the closet door and throws it open, smacking Ghostface in the side of the head and knocking him down a few flights.

Conor skips back and forth in the hallway. He doesn't know if he wants the bedroom (on the left) or the spare gaming room (on the right). He finally decides on the bedroom, runs in, slams the door and puts a hockey stick underneath the handle.

"My Alexei Yashin signed hockey stick." He says, speaking to the foreign object as if it was living. "Do your best."

Hoping this buys him some time and the hockey stick can hold against the handle and floor, Conor races through his closet drawers in the hopes to find something... anything that could help.

RATTLE, RATTLE, RATTLE, the Ghostface is trying to get into the room but the door is jammed.

"GREAT!" He shouts, picking up a miniature green flashlight. "Now I need my car keys..."

If you're stunned Conor has a driver's license, you wouldn't be the first.

RATTLE, RATTLE, RATTLE, the hockey stick is trying to hold...

Conor scans the room and realizes the keys are already in his pocket!

"Oh ya!" Conor looks back and figures the only way to his Chevy Sonic is through the window and jumping off the roof.

RATTLE, RATTLE... BANG! The hockey stick gives way and Ghostface bursts through the doors!

"Alexei Yashin NO!!!" He screams, pointing at Ghostface while opening the window. "You'll pay for that one... that stick was signed by the greatest captain in Ottawa Senators history you stupid mofo!"

Ghostface pauses, looking down at the stick. The killer holds the voice modulator to his mouth. "I'm more of a Columbus Blue Jackets fan myself..."

Conor's eyes go wide. "Oh, that's cool. Hey do you think they'll trade one of their goaltenders this year? I think Joonas Korpisalo is really good. They may want to keep hi-"

"ENOUGH of the hockey talk! Do you want to lose your readers!?" Ghostface shouts as Conor looks confused, pressing his thumbs together while mouthing the word "readers?" with a sense of uncertainty. This is when Ghostface rushes Fuse so The Codebreaker has no choice but to burst onto the roof... *BARELY* escaping the knife attempt by the cloaked assassin. With ease, however, Conor slides down to the edge of the roof and jumps off, landing on his feet in the middle of his front yard with grace. If this was the Olympics, he'd score a 10. Conor turns back to wave at Ghostface but doesn't see him. The murderer has vanished.

"I better get going..." Conor puts the mini flashlight in his side pocket, unlocks the Chevy Sonic with his keys and speeds out of the driveway and down the road...

"Malak's house here I come! Also... how did I survive after running upstairs?" He wonders. "I must like playing with fire."

YOU GOT A FLASHLIGHT, REMEMBER THIS FOR LATER. YOU ALSO BROKE YOUR HOCKEY STICK BUT NO ONE GIVES AF ABOUT THAT.

[GET IN YOUR CAR AND DRIVE TO MALAK GARLAND'S. GO TO #9](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 8

"Screw this. I'm getting out of here!" Conor shouts in Harmen's face. He takes off down the hallway, dropping the bag and leaving The Lunatic standing there, motionlessly. As Conor makes his way to the end of the hall, he's about to turn the corner but Fuse needs to look back in Harmen's direction...

Conor's shocked to learn the wrestling legend is already laid out on the floor in a pool of his own blood, no Ghostface in sight.

"As if I didn't hear it." Conor remarks. Or, perhaps, Harmen was looking forward to death and didn't put up a struggle. After all, Jack's gotten old.

Conor finds the backdoor exit of the WrestlePlex and wastes no further time. He crashes into the two giant red doors and falls into the alleyway. It's started to rain. The Green One takes a moment to rub the back of his leg since it's still twitching. "I hate getting wet... and my leg is spasming!"

As Conor slowly jogs away from the building, he stumbles upon a limo parked up against the nearby alley.

The moonroof on the limo opens and through the top comes the upper torso of The **FIST OF DEFIANCE, MIKEY UNLIKELY!** A clearly intoxicated Mikey at that. He holds his alcoholic frap high into the air and proclaims "This one is for Valhalla!" Multiple ladies voices inside the vehicle laugh out loud.

At that moment Mikey catches sight of the Fuse Bro. Always up for a good time, the champion invites the gregarious wrestler to join the party!

"HEY! We got five ladies, four different flavored alcoholic fraps and we're headed for Strippee City! LETS GO FUSE BRO!"

"Great." Conor says, rolling his eyes. "Now I'm stuck in *this* situation."

Conor gives a weak thumbs up and decides there's no choice. He has to join Mikey Unlikely inside the limo for a (subjective) good time.

"Might be better off dead..." Fuse contemplates. If it's come to these thoughts for Conor, then it's definitely...

GAME OVER.

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 9

ZOOOM ZOOOOM ZOOOOOOOOOM.

Conor's neon green Chevy Sonic is pushing the limit. He's sped all the way down the street, made a few swift turns and is coming into a new residential area.

Redundantly tiny foot-high white picket fences line the neatly trimmed lawns of this urban but rustically gentrified upscale neighbourhood. Siding-covered modular homes are organized in esthetically pleasing ways. The roads even have dedicated paths for runners, which the local moms that wear hot pants use all the time. This is the idyllic peaceful neighbourhood. There is, however, one house that is bigger than the rest. It is encapsulated by a cold iron gate and has the initials M and G in gold foil attached to the front of it.

The car comes to a crashing halt in front of Malak's estate. The Codebreaker wastes no time before snapping off the engine, throwing the door open and jumping out. In his rush to get to Malak's front door, Conor's pretty sure he left the keys inside but the car is unlocked.

The gates magically open as Fuse races across the lawn and starts pounding on the oak doors.

SLAM, SLAM, SLAM, SLAM.

And even though it's past 2:00am, he can see the lights are on. No doubt, Malak Garland is awake and trolling a group of people on the internet, the tag champ's favourite late-night hobby. Conor wonders what demographic Malak is targeting this time... activists? Political gatherings? Or did he take the easy route...

Wrestling fans.

SLAM, SLAM, SLAM, SLAM.

"Hold on, hold on, I'm coming! I didn't think GrubHub drivers were so impatient." **MALAK GARLAND's** voice is heard from inside.

Conor can't stop slamming the door, even though he hears The Keyboard Warrior making his way to the entrance.

It takes Malak some time to go through all his locks but eventually the lion-embroidered front doors are pulled back.

"MALAK!" Conor cries, running into Garland and giving him a hug. "I would have texted but I forgot my phone! I'm being chased... by a murderer!"

Malak freezes at the touch of another human being. Conor got all up in his safe space without asking, which is an immediate trigger for The Source of Envy. "Yick, get off of me! I thought you were my late night Taco Bell order." Malak relays with disgust.

"He killed my Game Boy! He said he will stop at nothing to murder me and my friends!" Fuse looks behind him, ensuring no one has followed him here. It doesn't seem like anyone has... yet. "You're the first person I thought about going to and you're in close proximity! Plus, you're into trolling and all that... I thought you might have some insight!"

Malak finally gains some physical separation from The Green One. Pushing his own anxieties aside, Malak notices how agitated his good friend Conor is.

"HMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM." Malak contemplates and rubs his chin. "I know exactly what you need! Want some powdered toast?"

Without hesitation, Malak grabs Conor by the forearm and leads the two of them into the grand kitchen. Grand it is, with its sparkling white tiled backsplash and high ceiling. Malak makes haste with grabbing some toast and a powder shaker that has an image of a boy on it.

“You have to try this stuff. It is so good. It’s a TREAT! This sugary, cinnamon powder tastes delightful on toast!” Malak sells while preparing the snack.

Buzz, buzz.

Buzz, buzz.

“What’s that?” Conor asks.

Malak stops everything before digging into his pocket. “Oh, it’s just my cell phone.”

Confusion slowly crosses the Tag Team Champion’s face as he holds out his phone to show Conor. “It says the number is unlisted. That can’t be right... my phone is encoded with so much spyware, I always know who’s bothering me. I never let anyone get the upper hand.”

Buzz, buzz.

Buzz, buzz.

Malak shrugs and answers it.

“HELLO Malak!” The Ghostface is heard on the other end. Conor can hear it, too and he starts waving his hands no as if to state ‘hang up the phone now’. Of course, Malak doesn’t. He’s too curious.

“Uhhhh, GrubHub? Shanice? Shanice from GrubHub? Where is my Taco Bell? It isn’t cool to hold up someone with such life changing ability as me. I’m a social media influencer and I demand my damn Taco Bell. I want a free voucher for this lateness.” Garland says as his agitation grows.

“That’s great, Malak.” Ghostface doesn’t seem to care. “I know Conor is with you. I followed him to your home.”

Malak allows the phone to dip from his ear as his eyes immediately shoot to the locks on the windows, examining if they have been tampered with. His demeanour instantly changes to shocked and scared.

“F-f-f-f-f-f-followed!?” Malak pants as he points the exits out to Conor. “Please don’t hurt me, disembodied voice! I’m too young and supple to die!”

“Oh hurt you I will! You are EVERYTHING that’s wrong in today’s world, Malak!”

Conor is starting to look really worried.

“You only have a few minutes to get out of there before I SLICE AND DICE YOU. You and Conor are going to die!” Ghostface screams. “While Conor might be my main target, I will take great pleasure in ripping your snowflake head open, too! And I won’t stop there... I’ll hack into ALL of your social media accounts, just like I got past your phone encryption!”

For the first time... ever, Malak looks seriously pissed off. “DON’T YOU DARE TOUCH MY SOCIAL MEDIA ACCOUNTS! DO YOUR WORST TO ANYTHING ELSE BUT LEAVE THOSE BE!” Malak hangs up the phone. He’s too mad to hear what Ghostface has to say. Garland’s anger is then washed away... into a sense of worry and timidity.

“We should go hide upstairs.” Malak snaps, knowing he’s right. “Maybe even under my bed. You take the closet and I take the bed.”

Conor immediately shakes his head no. “No, trust me, that won’t work. I tried it already. We need to get out of here. I’m pretty sure Ghostface was driving... I could hear an engine running through the phone. He will be here any minute. We

can go to the Rainbow Theater. I spoke to The D earlier. I know he and Klein were practicing for an upcoming audition. The D said they'd be working there all night! Strength in numbers, are you with me?"

By now, Malak is crying. He doesn't think he can go on like this. It's finally hitting him... that conversation with Ghostface was too dramatic.

"I- I- can't... I have a phobia of theaters. Anything with stadium seating, actually." Malak cries, which is ironic given his line of work.

Conor is really trying to step up and be the more mature man. That's extremely hard for him to do but in this dynamic, anything is possible. "What if we get you your... uh... safe space going?"

Malak's eyes glisten with the tiniest bit of hope. "My safe space?"

"Yes." Conor nods. "Call Cyrus and Teresa. Tell them to meet us there."

A tear rolls down Malak's cheek. He's trying to be brave but it's so, so hard.

"Here." Malak hands Conor his phone. "You can call them. They are on my speedial. I'll come along but I can't speak to that evil Ghostface anymore. It's too much."

Conor nods and takes the phone. The duo make their way out of Malak's house and to the Chevy Sonic. Conor puts his arm around Malak as they scurry towards the vehicle.

"You do realize he's mainly after ME... right?" Conor reminds Malak.

Malak looks at Conor with a whimper, ignoring what he was just told. "Can we stop and get some Taco Bell on the way?"

YOU RECEIVED MALAK GARLAND'S PHONE.

[OFF TO THE THEATER, GO TO #14](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 10

"I almost forgot!" Conor reaches into his side pocket and pulls out the mini can of bug spray he snatched from his backyard when saying goodbye to The Game Boy. "Cha-ching!"

Conor sprays the handle and the insects die off immediately (c'mon, if you've made it this far, use your imagination).

Fuse pulls the handle and there it is... a glowing white light from inside the storage closet and many, many power-ups... from (legal) mushrooms to tiny potted fire flowers to a racoon suit... the piñata-like Game Shark, etc, etc. Conor doesn't have much time, though. He knows he has to choose quickly.

"I need to take something and get going!" He exclaims. Dropping the bug spray, Fuse knows he has room for just one item to put inside his track pants pocket. Being honest with himself, there's only two items that would fit.

[PICK THE TRUSTY LEGAL MUSHROOMS. GO TO #39](#)

[PICK THE MINI POTTED FIRE FLOWER. GO TO #36](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 11

Conor's realized there's a lot he should be scolded for over this period. Not remembering he owns a pay-as-you-go flip phone and it has been in his back pocket the entire time sure is one of them.

"I've got to answer it." He says. He flips the phone open and pulls it to his ear. "Hello?"

"Conor, **CHRIST!** Do you ever call back!?" It's Tyler on the other end of the line. Although he's furious with his younger brother, Conor doesn't register the anger. Instead, the little bro is happy to know big bro is safe!

"Hey Tyler!" Conor exclaims. "Where are you!?"

"I was on my way to the ring... but got sidetracked. Listen, there's someone after you... and me... and a lot of people right now..."

"I know, I know!" Conor shouts with some relief in his voice. He's happy to learn he doesn't have to tell Tyler the whole story, The Game-Changer already knows. "I've seen way too much shit!"

"Yeah..." Tyler can be heard breathing heavily while walking. "I'm exiting the suite level now. Dex, Max, Mason... all murdered. Looks like they were playing cards. Sky High Titans were cut into tiny little pieces in the sky high press box of all places. Well, Minute was only sliced a few times. Cortez had to have taken forever. There are a million of his remains. I saw Harmen's body a ways back, too. Decapitated by a chainsaw. Poor guy..."

"Hurry, hurry, brother!" Conor starts walking down the rampway, making sure his head is on a swivel so no one can get the jump on him. "I don't know how much more I can handle..."

It takes Tyler a good moment to reply. It sounds like he's walking down a staircase. "Yeah, don't worry. I'm coming... I've got you..."

Tyler's voice trails off like he's come across something horrifying...

"Tyler!? Tyler, are you there!?" Conor's getting worried.

"Yes. I'm here." Tyler replies. "Just passed Scrow... dead. Kristie was murdered by the watercooler, too."

CRASH!

BANG!

"NOOOOO!!!"

A plethora of sounds come from Tyler's end of the phone, as Conor stops in his tracks and assumes the worst. The little brother starts shouting for Tyler, in something that may resemble the end of a Metal Gear Solid death...

"Tyler, what happened? Tyler... TYLER!?!?"

There's nothing but static on the other end of the line...

Static...

Static...

"Hey, hey I'm okay..." Tyler picks up. "Ghostface tried to rush me. First with a knife, then a gun... missed me both times. I punched him good and his mask fell off... but he ran away. I couldn't see who it was. I have his mask, though. I'll take it with me. Meet you in the ring in five minutes."

"Okay." Conor replies.

“And Conor...” Tyler starts.

“Yeah?”

“It’ll be okay. Trust me.”

Conor begins to feel overwhelmed but he keeps a brave face. “Okay.”

The phone connection cuts. Conor sprints down the rampway and slides into the ring. “I’m tired of this.” Conor says to himself. “WHO the hell is after us!? WHAT do they want? WHY are they doing this!? HOW are they getting from place to place to place!? AND WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY!?!?”

Conor’s lost his mind. He starts shaking with intensity and his eyes dart all around the arena. He’s so wound up, he doesn’t see **TYLER FUSE** make his way down the ramp. Only when Tyler slides into the ring and walks with a purpose right towards him, does Conor take notice!

[GO TO #22](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 12

"I can't open this." Conor says, eyes locked on the insects crawling around the door handle. "There's no way."

Conor sighs, hangs his head and is about to leave but out of the corner of his eye there's a miniature powdered blue question mark box sitting there. It's the same style of box he would use in the fWo and early DEFIANCE days. Typically, it was filled with one thing...

"Mushrooms!" Conor cries. His favorite snack. No, these aren't mushrooms you smoke. These are (over-the-counter, legal) mushrooms you eat. Conor loves the taste of them. "All of the mushrooms!"

So pleased he was able to get his hands on a power-up, Conor makes sure there are no insects on the box before he picks it up and places it inside his pocket. As previously stated, this box was fun-sized, so it fits in there perfectly.

"So glad I had a few extras." Conor mentions. "Guess my power-up room is overflowing with goodies. I wasn't able to fit them all in there!"

Conor makes his way back to the elevator when he hears a voice.

"STOP!" The voice shouts from down the hall. "THIS IS UNSAFE!"

[GREAT, WHO MIGHT THIS BE!?, GO TO #39](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 13

Conor's so captivated by the bright lights, the colorful doorway and the shiny red balloons, he can't help but scurry his way over. Fuse moves towards The Fun House without picking up his feet. It's a shuffle alllllllll the way down the boiler room floor.

"Yes. Yessssss." Jestal continues to say, by now a clearer image of him appears. The clown's eyes are glowing white and he's locked Conor into some kind of trance. "Enter The Fun House. My sister and I have been waiting for you..."

Conor's almost at the doors, there's no turning back now. It's also become clear the doors are a coverup for a giant clown's mouth, which is open and Conor's heading inside. Jestal tilts his head and smiles a very creepy smile as Conor shuffles past him. The Fun House doors close behind The Codebreaker.

Once inside, it's a hall of mirrors, some make Conor look ten times taller and a hundred-times more thin, some make him look wider than George Stevens himself... it's a nonsensical maze of reflections!

Conor snaps out of his trance. "Where the hell am I?"

Fuse is cautious as he continues down the hallway of mirrors. He crashes into a few of his images, the ones where he actually looks like a proper version of himself before he makes his way past the mirror room.

Next, he appears to be inside a neon green and red room, completely with a black light that's flickering on and off. A dog barks to his left. Then the same dog barks to his right. Then it barks from the ceiling... the floor... the middle of the room!

"Gizmo, shhhhh!" Jestal's voice is heard from all directions as well. "Don't be friendly to... *Him*. He's not welcome here."

"But you invited me in!" Conor snaps. The clown's voice can be heard faintly saying "good point."

Conor walks into another room. It's a rec-room tilted at a 45 degree angle. The Best Pout Machine almost slides down to the bottom of it upon entering but catches a pool table in the nick-of-time.

"Hey!" Conor shouts to wherever Jestal's voice may be. "This room is glitchy!"

An image of Dandelion appears, superimposed on the wall across the way. She shakes her head no.

"Yes it is!" Conor argues.

Dandy shakes her head no again.

"Yes, it is!!" Conor stays with his initial point.

Dandelion's image vanishes.

Conor battles his way across the tilted floor and makes it into the fourth room. He wipes some sweat from his forehead, being extra cautious this time...

"No. I'm not doing this." Conor snaps. He looks behind him, thinking about backtracking but realizes that's not an option. "I HATE YOU TWO!" He shouts into the air. As the scene follows, Conor's found himself in the middle of...

The video game: Metal Gear Survive.

"THE WORST VIDEO GAME IN THE WORLD... I HATE IT HERE!" Conor cries for help.

Suddenly, the room goes dark.

“Just kidding...” Jestal laughs. The lights return to normal and Conor has found himself inside the arena and both feet firmly planted on the top rampway leading towards the ring, where DEFtv is filmed every week. The Codebreaker is exactly where he intended to be all along.

“Wow, thank you guys!” Conor shouts.

Gizmo starts barking again. “Shhhh.” Jestal reminds the dog. “Don’t mention it, Conor. Consider us even for the [Extra Continue](#) coin you gave us.”

And Conor awaits what’s about to come next...

[GO TO #24](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 14

A red velvet curtain parts, revealing a wooden stage. A single spotlight illuminates the oncoming footsteps. A man clears his throat and speaks in an almost shakespearean accent. "I've hath sayeth dat shit for eons. And if you hath heard, meant thine arse."

We see that it's **KLEIN**, holding an apple with a single bite taken out of it. His attire is that out of the play Hamlet. He continues, undeterred. "I hath never thought of what it meant. I thought it..." Klein smiles, the spotlight diffuses out to reveal the rest of the stage. Numerous extras line broken down and soiled couches. Some couches now soiled with the blood stains of the extras. McDonalds bags next to them as they slump over.

"Some cold-blooded shit to say to a mothafucka before I popped a cap in his ass. But I saw some shit this morning, made me think twice. See, now I'm thinkin, maybe it means you're the evil man, and I'm the righteous man, and Mr. 9 Millimeter here?" Klein steps forward, pointing the gun into the camera lens. "He's the shepherd..."

SLAM!

Klein rolls his eyes. **THE D** shouts "CUT!" before a few crew members begin to reset. The "corpses" on the couch come to life, one complaining of having to use the bathroom. "No. No bathrooms. WHO THE HELL RUINED THIS TAKE?!" Klein just comes up behind The D and shakes his head disapprovingly.

They look towards the entrance doors on the right hand aisle, seeing Conor Fuse and Malak Garland racing down the staircase.

"CUT! HOLD EVERYTHING!" Conor shouts towards them. "We are being chased by a... murderer!"

Klein starts clapping and looks over at The D, assuming this was Conor's own audition and he did very well. "Only I may say cut." The D's nose twitches.

"No, I'm serious!" Conor's voice goes softer as he gets to the staging area. "We are actually under attack by some Ghostface killer... he sliced up my Game Boy. Now he's after me... and Malak! He says he's after all of DEFIANCE!"

Conor turns around, motioning for Malak to back him up but Garland has already situated himself in the middle of the seats, legs up on the chair in front, ready to take in some of The D and Klein's work.

"Malak!" Conor shouts towards him.

Garland gives a shrug. "I think this would really calm my nerves right now. I haven't watched you guys [The D and Klein] perform but I've heard good things. I think I need to relax, Conor. This murder thing has been too stressful."

Conor's jaw is on the floor, at a loss for words. Luckily, Fuse doesn't have to say anything further as the left aisle doors fly open.

SLAM!

Everyone inside the auditorium jumps back until they realize it's **CYRUS BATES** and **TERESA AMES**.

"Oh, thank goodness. Feeling more calm by the second." Malak states. It's like he's totally given up on the life-threatening situation placed in front of him.

"Hi! We're here!" Teresa whispers with her finger flutters as they march down the staircase.

"Did you guys bring Taco Bell?" Malak asks, not paying attention to his teammates anymore. He wants to see some acting... with Taco Bell!

"Oh. No, we didn't. You could have texted me." Teresa says calmly. "I was, you know, just sitting in my car outside Jay's house..." She says as she twirls her hair.

The Stage Five clinger vibe runs deep but Conor is much more concerned at the LACK of concern from everyone else around him! The Codebreaker watches as Teresa takes a seat beside Malak and Cyrus Bates is relaxing in the aisleway. Fuse turns to the stage where The D and Klein are taking everything in.

"So?" He asks them.

"Alright everybody, back to one!" The D shouts. "Ignore the riff raff."

The D turns to the extra on the couch who tugs on his shirt. "Don't tug on this shirt. It's worth more than your face. No, fuck your bathroom break. You're not union." The D slaps him with his script. "Places everybody!"

"Hey, before you guys start practicing your audition again..." Cyrus chimes in. "Let me go get some popcorn and snacks! Who wants popcorn topping?"

"Ohhhhhh, it's no Taco Bell but I guess it will do." Malak mentions. "Can you get me some chips and dip, too? Whenever I have a bad day, I need chips and dip. It usually aids my feelings."

Cyrus puts a hand to his heart, like this really struck a chord with him. "Of course. I know how you like them."

Cyrus enters the lobby. It's there and then he realizes everything is closed (DUH, of course it's closed... it's 3:00am!) but that doesn't make Cyrus any less frustrated. He walks up to the snackbar to confirm the unthinkable.

"Wow." Is all Cyrus can say, in complete disbelief no one is there to serve him. "Just wow."

It's eerily quiet in the concession lobby. Cyrus can see the abundance of snacks beyond the service desk, but it's all locked behind glass doors. It would be too easy for him to jump the desk, break open the cabinet and help himself to whatever he damn well pleases. Instead, he's about to leave for the washroom but then he's pulled back.

"Oh, hello there." A voice says. "Would you like some service?"

Bates is looking the other way so he doesn't see who's speaking to him. The Bellicose Brawler simply puts a hand to his chin, about to give the voice a piece of his mind for having him wait for so long...

"You damn right, I can't believe you kept ME waiting this long. I'm going to be complaining to the manag-"

STAB.

Bates turns right into a knife to the side of the neck!! Blood spurts everywhere, creating a mini red waterfall as Cyrus tries to speak but can't. Instead, Bates falls to his knees. Only his eyes look up into the Ghostface killer's mask, STILL pissed he had to wait to place his order... perhaps not realizing he's dying.

"Would you like extra butter with that?" The Ghostface asks and then pushes the knife further into Cyrus' neck. All 6'4", 240+ pounds of The Keyboard Warrior doubles over and he smacks the red carpeted floor.

"Extraaaaaaaa butterrrrrrrr... gimmieeeeeeeeeeee, gimmieeeeeeeeeeee..." Cyrus gurgles.

Back inside the auditorium... Hamlet continues. Teresa leans over to Malak, realizing he seems rattled again.

"What's wrong, dear?" Teresa asks.

"I want my chips and dip. Where's Cyrus? I feel my anxiety rising up inside me." Malak states.

Ames pats Garland on the knee. "I'll go find him..."

She calmly exits the auditorium, showing a surprising amount of conscientiousness not to interrupt The D and Klein's acting even though she knows her ASMR performances are award winning compared to this nonsense.

The concession door creaks open and in scampers the slip of a woman. Ames looks around and sees nothing. There's a dark stain on the carpeted floor right in front of the service desk. Teresa walks over and looks at it.

"Hmmmmm, there's a dark stain on the carpeted floor right in front of the service desk." She says.

Still without a patron, Ames bellies up to the desk, eyeing all the delectable snacks one could choose from. She starts her order as if she was being served because she can't deal with being stood up. Thanks, Jay...

"Hmmmmm, I'll take a box of Bountiful Beauties, half an order of gluten free, non GMO, BPA free, free range free, organic, unsalted, naturally flavored popped kernels and some chips and dip please." She orders.

Nothing. Obviously.

"Urgh, the service at this place sucks." Ames pouts.

She turns away until she hears a strange voice.

"That's not the only thing that sucks here, is it now?" The shrilling voice of Ghostface echoes.

It stops Teresa in her tracks. She's too petrified to move anywhere. The potted lights flicker. Back inside the theater, The D and Klein continue their performance as a fierce female scream emanates from the lobby. Except, no one hears it and continues going about their business. A huge blood splotch splatters up against the frosted glass doors as Ghostface has his way with Teresa in the lobby.

Meanwhile, Conor is fuming no one gives a damn... Klein is STILL doing the Hamlet coming-to-life monologue (now without speaking) and Malak Garland wants his chips and dip.

The lights go out.

"HEY!" Malak cries. "I was watching that!"

"Everybody, stay on alert!" Conor snaps. "This is a code red! The Ghostface killer could be anywhere!"

The lights come back on. There, in the center of the auditorium seating, sit a dead Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames, side-by-side.

"Oh..." The D exclaims to Klein. "More audience members."

Conor has a look on his face like "you can't be serious."

Klein shakes his head with excitement inside the box.

"Yeah, killer Halloween costumes, too!" The D replies to his partner.

"OKAY THAT'S IT!" Conor screams. "I should have gone to my brother's before ANY of you! In fact... that's where I'm going now!"

Malak's ears perk up. "Oh, great. Can you stop by the 7-Eleven first and get me some chips and di-"

"ENOUGH WITH THE CHIPS AND DIP, MALAK!" Conor snaps. "We've got a murderer after us!"

Malak didn't hear Conor. He's gone back to focusing on the acting taking place.

Furious, Conor storms out of the auditorium but not before passing none other than **SCOTT DOUGLAS** who is slowly and unsurely creeping his way towards the auditorium entrance.

Conor takes a pause. "I knew you liked the cinema! Liar, liar pants on fire!" He snaps and jumps into his Chevy Sonic. It's at this moment where Conor feels a sense of guilt sweep over him.

"Maybe I should get chips and dip for the guy..." Conor says to himself. "But my brother..."

Conor has second thoughts if it's a good idea to visit Tyler or not. Conor chose Malak and PCP over his bro and there's a reason for that. Tyler's been far too angry these days and Conor didn't want to bother him...

"Hmmm..."

[HEAD TO TYLER'S HOUSE. GO TO #16](#)

[THE CORNER STORE IS MOST IMPORTANT. GO TO #21](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 15

"I can't answer this right now." Conor says. "It's Ghostface and we will go through the same song and dance again. Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on you."

Conor hurls the phone into the seats and races down the rampway. He slides into the ring and decides to stand in the middle of the canvas. The Codebreaker figures he will be able to catch anyone who tries to get the jump on him this way.

Some time passes. Conor's becoming more and more uncomfortable waiting in the darkness. As his eyes begin to adjust...

The ringside spotlights switch on. The sounds of them turning on startle Conor while blinding him momentarily. Another minute passes but Conor readies himself. He sees a figure walking out from behind Gorilla. The figure marches at a steady pace, with purpose and is heading directly for him.

"HEY!" The voice shouts. As Conor finally regains his vision, Fuse's mind comes to ease because it's his brother, **TYLER FUSE**. "Conor! Thank god you're okay!"

Tyler slides into the ring. "Conor... bodies... everywhere."

Conor shakes his head with emotion. "I know. The murderer will stop at nothing!"

"I saw Blackwood slaughtered in the parking lot." Tyler states. "Harmen near the entrance way. Kristie by the watercooler... Dex and the Mason twins up in one of those suites... it doesn't stop there, either. Kerry Kuroyama behind the alleyway. There goes my pay-per-view match..."

Tyler lets out a sigh but continues. "Vacio... Scott Stevens... LaCroix... Black Panda... over in catering. Looks like they were killed hours ago. Bates, Ames... dead at the theater."

Conor's eyes are so wide. He can barely take anymore.

"This is crazy!" The elder Fuse states. It's rare Tyler is the one to show, well... any kind of emotion but he's seemingly worked up. "Are you okay?"

Conor nods yes. "I'm okay. I'm tired and I simply want to know who is doing this and why they are..."

Conor stops. He notices something fall from Tyler's back pocket.

It's a Ghostface mask.

"Ohh..." Tyler seems a little uneasy as he reaches over and picks it up. "Someone attacked me in this but I fought them off. Knocked it off their face but they ran... never got a good look at who it was, though..."

Conor's motionless in the middle of the ring. It's only now the younger brother is noticing what clothes Tyler has on. Black shirt... black jeans... black boots.

Tyler gets the sense his brother doesn't believe the story he's explaining. "Wait, what's going on here?"

Conor slowly raises his left index finger and points it towards Tyler. It's hard for The Green One to get the words out but eventually, he does. "Y- y-... you?"

Tyler responds with a nervous laugh. "What the hell are you talking about? I told you, I found this mask-"

"No." Conor responds quickly. "No, that's not the reason."

Tyler tilts his head. "You've lost me."

"How did you know Bates and Ames were murdered back at the theater? I thought The Princess said you were here all night."

"I was!"

"Okay..." Conor tries to collect himself and takes a step back as he does. "It's fine if you know of everyone who's been killed around here, you've been here all night. But to know of attacks happening *elsewhere*..."

Tyler tries to reason with his younger brother as he takes a step forward. Conor takes another step back.

"Yes." Tyler states methodically. "I've been trying to call you all night! Why didn't you answer your pay-as-you-go phone?"

Conor doesn't buy it. "Yeah... maybe you have been calling me." Conor snaps. "But not as Tyler, as someone *else*..."

Tyler drops the mask and shakes his head. "Fine. Have it your way..."

The elder Fuse encloses on his Conor...

IS TYLER TELLING THE TRUTH? CONOR DOESN'T HAVE MUCH TIME TO FIGURE IT OUT!

[IF YOU WANT TO DEFEND YOURSELF, GO TO #17](#)

[STAND DOWN AND TRUST TYLER. AFTER ALL, HE'S YOUR BRO, BRO, GO TO #22](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 16

The Chevy Sonic comes to another crashing halt in front of Tyler Fuse's home. It's a nice, brown-brick two story home in a location outside the city. "Tyler hates people." Conor mentions, reminding himself this is the reason why the drive took so long.

Conor hops out of the car, closes the door and locks it behind him, while checking his surroundings. At this point in time, Conor can never be too sure. Ghostface had a head start and maybe he was on his way over here.

It's roughly 3:50am by now. Conor races to the front doors, surprised to find them open. Fuse jumps inside, realizing he let his guard down and doesn't even know who opened them! The Codebreaker snaps around, praying it's Tyler...

"Oh, hey Desire." Conor says, noticing it's THE PRINCESS instead. She wears a peach nightgown and is clearly in the half-asleep stage. "How did you know I was coming?"

Princess yawns, showing some disinterest as she makes her way to the kitchen. "The phone kept ringing and ringing. I figured it was you, even though the number was unlisted."

Conor follows his sister-in-law into the kitchen. As he makes his way through the hall, there's a wedding picture of Tyler and Jane (her real name) as well as a poster of The Codemaster (a former fWo associate). Desire starts making herself some tea and Conor responds to her initial statement.

"Oh, right." He starts. "Yeah that was me, I was calling nonstop on the drive up here. I left my phone at home and Malak gave me his-"

The Princess stops him. "I don't like you hanging out with that... uhhh, baby." She remarks, speaking about Malak. "Tyler and I don't think he's a good influence on you. He's very, very needy."

Conor changes the topic. "Princess, where's my brother? You have to help me! There's a killer after me... after him... after everyone! Even you!"

Desire covers her mouth and yawns. She finds the tea bags and throws two in her tiara mug. "Are you sure? Last time you thought someone was after you, you had finished a 24-hour long marathon of one of those scary video games. What have you been playing tonight?"

"Well I was going to play The Evil Within but-"

"See." The Princess blows on her tea, realizing it's way too hot to drink just yet. She leans against the countertop and tries to break into a smile. Ultimately, however, she's too tired to care. "I'm sure it was your imagination."

Conor's eyes are darting all over the place. Another person who doesn't care! Conor likes his sister-in-law, too but he can't understand how she's always off in her own little world. He can never get a good read on her. In addition, the back of Conor's left leg starts spasming. It only lasts a few seconds, on and off and then it's gone.

"Princess." He states. "Where's my brother?"

She nods. "Honestly, I don't know. He said he was going to stay late -really late- back at the WrestlePlex. Said he's training for his upcoming match against Kerry Kuroyama, I think. I don't know. I wasn't paying attention..."

She drifts off, about to fall asleep herself before Conor realizes he will get no further answers. "Okay. Thanks sis! I gotta get to the WrestlePlex... PRONTO!!"

Fuse races into the hallway and out the door... only to stop cold in his tracks and realize the horror in front of him.

His tires have been slashed.

“PRINCESS!!! KEEP WATCH!!” Conor shouts back as Desire strolls into the front of the yard without a worry. “Ghostface is here!”

...Or, perhaps, he isn't anymore. Conor hears a vehicle speeding off, away from the house. “Maybe Ghostface was looking for Tyler...” Conor mutters to himself. “Maybe he overheard us. OH GOODNESS NO! He's on his way to the WrestlePlex!”

The youngest Fuse snaps back to The Princess. “Stay inside! Lock the doors, okay!?! I'm going to call an Uber to get me over there!”

Desire really doesn't see the point in any of this silliness but decides to play along if that means she can go back to bed. “Really, Conor...” She says softly enough so Conor doesn't hear but if, by the odd chance he did, it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world. “You should get yourself a girlfriend...”

Desire closes the door and heads upstairs, back to her bed. Meanwhile, Conor pulls out Malak's cell phone and opens the internet browser. It lands on a forum page, where Malak was clearly spending time trolling everyone on the forum.

“Wrestling fans.” Conor snaps. “I knew he took the **easy** route.”

Fuse google searches for an Uber driver but then remembers how expensive they can be.

“Maybe I should get a taxi instead... hmmm...”

[CALL A TAXI, GO TO #18](#)

[CALL AN UBER, GO TO #32](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 17

"Get away from me!" Conor shouts, taking as many steps back as he can. The younger brother is leaning against the ropes. "I can't believe you're the one who's killing us all!"

Conor doesn't take his eyes off his brother, getting angrier and angrier. "Sure, I understand murdering Gage, nobody likes him. Jack Harmer, isn't he a senior citizen already? You'd be doing him a favor. Bates, Ames... they're a lot to handle. But everyone else? And me... your own brother!? We were supposed to have a bond that can never be broken! Even if we're off, doing our own thing... we'd always come back together in the end!"

Tyler's getting rallied up, too. "What are you talking about? What the hell is your issue? I didn't do anything!"

Conor disagrees. "No, you did. Since when do you wear black? I thought you wore brown and orange!"

Tyler rolls his eyes. "I've worn black since we went our separate ways, moron!"

"Shut up! Don't call me moron!"

"Don't tell me to shut up!"

"Don't tell me what I can and can't tell you!"

"MOM!!!"

Conor's breathing heavily. He looks around to see no one has come to his aid. Tyler encloses.

"Mom isn't here. She can't help you... she can't help anyone." Tyler says. Conor doesn't have much time left. "She can't-"

WHAM! Conor spears Tyler to the mat! The younger brother leaps to his feet and races out of the ring, running all the way up the ramp and straight into...

A knife to the stomach!

Ghostface stands above Conor at the top of the rampway. The world becomes dizzy for The Green One... he's wobbling around, trying to gain a sense of what's happened.

"CONOR!!" Tyler screams from the ring. He's clearly concerned beyond anything he could have dreamed. The older brother is attempting to exit the ring and come up to help his younger brother but that spear really knocked him for a loop.

"Sorry, Conor." Ghostface says, holding the voice modulator to his mouth. "You should have trusted your brother. While he's misguided, he always means well when it comes to you."

Ghostface takes the knife and pushes it deeper into Conor's stomach. The killer grabs The Codebreaker by his messy blonde hair and walks him to the edge of the rampway.

"I guess you'll never find out who I am." Ghostface says. He has Conor by the back of his Adidas pants.

"One last thing, Mr. Fuse..." Ghostface mentions. Simultaneously, Tyler tries to make it up the ramp. "Game Over."

The killer throws Conor off and into the electrical tower below. Sparks fly, Conor lands on his back and continues to bleed out...

And Tyler Fuse doubles over, watching his brother perish in front of his eyes while Ghostface laughs hysterically.

GAME OVER.

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 18

"Taxi." Conor states. "Gotta call a taxi. I've heard good things about Uber... but I'm pretty sure I'm out of jurisdiction."

Conor calls for a taxi and the scene speeds up until it arrives. This takes a long time... Conor almost contemplates calling an Uber but he calls the taxi dispatch line instead to follow-up on the whereabouts of his driver. Fuse receives a rude confirmation on the other end that, yes, the taxi driver is coming and no, the dispatcher doesn't know when it will be there-

Scrrrrrrreach, the taxi is finally here.

The driver's window rolls down. Smoke fogs out of the taxi. Peering through the haze is the corpse-painted face of a bearded Beetlejuice, complete with "GUIDE" cap. It's clearly the Escape Artist **REZIN** behind the wheel.

"Hey, bub..." he says before snorting a loogie from his nose and flashing a devilish grin. "Kabal Kab, at your service!"

Conor nods and opens the backdoor but realizes there's someone else sitting across the other side. "What the...?"

"Hi." The man greets, as Conor decides it's too late to turn back now, so he sits down and closes the door behind him.

"Oh, right, uh..." Rezinjuice clears his throat as he thinks up an explanation and it's as gravelly as crushed up gravestones. "Kabal Kab serves multiple clients in a time-sharing service. We call it Kabal Ko-op!"

While Conor's annoyed he's in some sort of time-share ride, it's clear the corpse-like cabbie is trying to cut corners and make more money by providing two separate rides at the same time.

"Where are you going?" Conor's tone is lower and more frustrated as he looks at the other passenger.

"I'm new around here. I was heading home." The man says with a friendly grin.

Upon further inspection the man is revealed to be **BROCK NEWBLUDD**, one of DEFIANCE's newest roster members. Eyes hidden between a pair of aviator sunglasses, Brock raises a red solo cup up to his lips and takes a sip of something that makes him instantly wince after swallowing.

Sensing Conor's trepidation, Brock pats the seat next to him.

"Looking for the cheapest way to get home, dude, now get in."

Newbludd's [reference](#) is lost on Conor. Nevertheless, Conor glances at the driver and then at Brock and gives a nod like if saving money was his main intention, he made the right choice.

"ARRRIGHT, C'MON, we're on the clock 'ere!" Rezinjuice croaks as he shifts the gear and slams on the gas.

The taxi peels out and streaks down the road with TERRIFYING speed! In the back seat, Conor and Brock are bracing themselves for whatever may come. Brock tries another sip of his drink, only to have it spill on his shirt when the ghoulish driver hits a bump.

"Any musical suggestions?" Rezinjuice says casually, brandishing a brick of a device with a tiny monochromatic screen known to the elder races as an 'eye-pod' generation one. "Telling you right now, it better NOT SUCK, or ya can get the hell out and walk!"

Conor computes within his musical memory that correlates to the driver's requirements. Something seems to click. "Do you have anything from the 1993 Super Nintendo classic Rock n' Roll Racing?"

Rezinjuice blinks with astonishment. "Well hey now, I think I can hook ya up!"

He selects a tune and Black Sabbath's 'Paranoid' begins to play. The cab almost seems to pick up speed.

"Gamer, huh?" croaks Rezinjuice. "Ya, I dabble..." He yanks the wheel hard right INTO a display of sPoOkY plastic jack-o-lantern Halloween decorations. They explode into orange and black smithereens as the cab careens through it. The driver's cackle implies it was intentional.

"Ya know I was actually the inspiration for Trevor Phillips in Grand Theft Auto V."

The cab dangerously rounds DEF Man's Curve, where twenty aught years ago, a young and up-and-coming pro wrestler tragically died in a fiery acrobatic accident. Some say on nights when the moon is full, his ghost can be seen swanton bombing from the edge of the cliff into the black abyss below. SpOoOoOoOkY....

"It was actually gonna be ME in the game. I did all the voice work... the stunt work... the mo-cab... the illegal substance abuse... EVERYTHING!"

The cab bursts through a fence and takes a shortcut through the infamous DEFIANCE Potter Field, where the bodies of forgotten and unknown jobbers have been buried for years in a mass unmarked grave. On nights where the sun isn't shining, some say you can hear the sounds of them tapping out in their final mortal moments. GhOoOoOoOuLish....

"But in the end, they had to tone the character down or somesuch, because my METHOD acting was apparently too PUNK ROCK for them to handle. The dude's supposed to be an arsonist! SO LET ME ARSON, DAMNIT!!"

"Hell yeah, brother!" Newbludd exclaims with a giggle as he grips the front passenger seat with a white knuckle grip.

The taxi speeds under Old Man Dane's covered bridge. Rumor has it, in ye olde Puritan days of the nineteen-nineties, so much as a dozen BRAZEN stars were sentenced to death by hanging after being accused of witchcraft and missing match deadlines. TeRrRiFfYyYiling...

"All of these references are completely lost on me." Conor snaps to Newbludd. "I know CastleVania, though. Ever heard of that?"

"You tell me, buddy!" Brock gleefully replies, before clearing his throat.

"Buhbuhbuh! Buhbopbuhbopbop! Buhbuhbuh! Buhbopbuhbopbop!" Newbludd sings, slapping the headrest in a sloppy beat as he looks at Conor.

"Ummm..." Conor says, raising a quizzical eyebrow at Newbludd, wondering what he's gotten himself into.

"It's the theme from Castlevania IV, bro!" Brock says with a laugh. "Do *YOU* know Castlevania?"

"Not sure if that's how that goes..." Conor answers in exasperation.

"YO, Punch Freshface!" Rezinjuice suddenly rasps, looking back in the rearview mirror at Newbludd. "Almost at your crib. Remember the terms of Kabal Kab... Gas, Grass, or Ass! I don't screw around, buddy!" He switches his eyes to Conor Fuse. "And then I can get you to that wrestling location..."

"That would be super swell." Conor remarks. "Because there's a mad crazy murderer after my brother and lots of people in DEFIANCE!"

Rezinjuice's eyes dart back and forth nervously. "Mad crazy murderer, you say?"

"And he's super swole, you say?" Brock asks, raising an arm to flex a bicep right in front of Conor's face.

Conor bats Brock's arm down and rolls his eyes, frustration consuming his face.

“Clean your drunken ears out! I said ‘swell!’ Super swell!” Conor says to Newbludd, who gives Fuse a shit-eating grin in return.

Disregarding Brock, Conor looks into the rearview mirror to lock desperate eyes with the zombified taxi driver. “Yes! My Game Boy was killed! Cyrus Bates and Teresa Ames have been killed! Who knows who else is dead!”

“Ah, no worries, amigo...” says the corpse-like cabbie, drumming his thumbs against the steering wheel as the taxi finally slows to a stop at a red light. “You can count on your ol’ pal Rezinjuice and the superior service of Kabal Kab to get you to where you need to go and--BLGHK!!”

SMASH!

The driver’s side window shatters as the hands of Ghostface burst in, taking the taxi driver by the neck, slowly starting to pull him out of the car! Oddly, Rezinjuice’s face shows signs of relief, even though he is being dragged to his doom.

“Oh man, PHEW, for a minute there, I thought I did something terrible after that last time I blacked out from huffing the motor oil in the boiler room! Dude, SUPER relieved to find out I’m not the killer, lemme tell ya...”

Fuse shouts from the backseat. He tries to open the side door but there’s some kind of overriding lock because the car was put into drive right before the window was smashed! Ghostface, meanwhile, whips Rezinjuice into oncoming traffic.

“Thank you for using Kabal Kab! Remember our motto... if you’re not there on our clock, then we ain’t PUNK R--”

BRRRRRRRNNNNNN!!!

The cab driver vanishes as a massive semi-trailer blares by!

Moments later, Ghostface enters the vehicle!

“BUCKLE-UP BACK-A-ROOS!” The murderer says as he lifts the voice changing modulator to his face, ensuring no one can hear who he really is.

[WELL THIS WILL BE FUN, GO TO #42](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 19

"I gotta do the unthinkable." Conor states. "It's obvious. This is my last resort!"

Realizing Fuse said some of the lyrics to a Papa Roach song, it's far too intense a moment to break out in karaoke. Instead, Conor races to the washroom. He blasts through the male doors and stands in front of the mirror. Taking a deep breath, Conor notices his hair is a little out of whack but there's nothing he can do about it right now.

The Codebreaker is about to speak but then remembers the lights are on. He runs over, flicks them off and stands in front of the mirror again.

"Okay... here goes nothing." Fuse says with an uneasy voice and closes his eyes.

"I Believe."

"I Believe."

"I Believe."

Silence. All Conor can do is hope and wait in silence.

He opens his right eye first, seeing nothing but darkness. Then he opens his left eye. Still darkness.

"Dammit." Conor says. Although there's some relief in his voice. "I guess summoning *Him* doesn't work, after all."

Conor walks to the light switch and flicks it on.

"AAHHH- JESUS, DUDE!"

THE DEACON is standing right there in front of him, **MAGDALENA** by his side.

"THE DEFCON!" Conor shouts, full of joy but still getting Deacon's name wrong. "It does work! It really does work!"

Conor wraps his arms around The Mute Freak as if he's so happy to see him, putting aside all that anxiety and the differences they've had in the past.

"Oh my God, you're here! My Game Boy was killed! Lots of DEF guys have been killed! And now the killer is after my brother! But wow, I can't believe the magic worked! I really did believe!" He turns to Magdalena. "I really did, I really did!"

And Conor gives her a hug too.

"Okay guys, I gotta go! Great seeing you! I have to take this killer down!"

The younger Fuse can't waste anymore time. He storms out of the washroom, leaving The Deacon and his manager standing there.

Magdalena looks at The Mute Freak, confused. "That's it? He's just going to leave us here like this?"

YOU GET 100 COINS FOR SUMMONING THE DEACON.

[LEAVE THEM THERE, IT'S COOL, GO TO #4](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 20

"Pub!" Conor cries out at the driver. "I gotta stop here!"

The Uber driver seems confused. "This isn't the WrestlePlex."

Conor's halfway hanging out the window by now so if the driver doesn't stop, who knows if Fuse is crazy enough to jump out.

The car screeches to a halt. Conor thanks the driver and races out towards the pub entrance. Meanwhile, the Uber driver sticks his head out the window and shouts in Conor's direction. "But I was going to give you a side quest!"

Conor pushes through the pub doors, not looking back but shouts a reply, regardless. "It's okay! You can do that next Halloween! If I'm not burnt out from this dream and the world is still a disaster, maybe I'll have another nightmare like this again NEXT year!"

The scene switches to the Uber driver. He doesn't make sense of what Conor just told him, smacking his thumbs against the side of the wheel. "Well, at least the older brother doesn't have ADD..."

He speeds off as we go inside the pub from moments ago. It's past 4:00am so the night is "officially" over but the party has just begun. The bartender Randy is half passed out behind the bar. **TRASHCAN TIM** is curled into a ball in the far right corner of the room, but **CHRISTIE ZANE**, **DARREN KEEBLER** and **LANCE WARNER** were just finishing a threesome (NOT THAT) of karaoke. Pissed out of their mind, Keebler stumbles over but laughs it off. **PATRICK CASSIDY** is the only person in the "crowd" watching as he claps them off the stage like a job well done. Cassidy is almost brought to a single tear at how beautiful the performance was. Warner, who's pretty smashed himself, helps DDK to his feet.

"I feel good, man." Keebler slurs. "I love you."

"I love you, too." Warner replies. It's that time of the hour and they're that wasted.

Suddenly, Conor sprints into the bar, stops to scan it and finds Patrick Cassidy sitting in the middle of the bar, awaiting whoever was going to do karaoke next.

"PATTY!" Conor races to him and hugs him immediately. "I know I just made you bloody and all that! I'm sorry! There's someone after me... and you... and everyone in DEFIANCE!"

Cassidy looks down at Conor, still firmly locked in the hug. "Wellwellwellwell... if it isn't little Conny Fuse."

Conor releases the hug and steps back. Cassidy glares at him but his eyes are glossy and he's a little off kilter. Conor can smell the whisky on his breath.

"You're a funny kid, man. *[hiccup]* Always with the crazy names and stuff." Cassidy giggles.

Cassidy leans forward, nearly falling over but Conor helps him and Cassidy is able to right himself. He points a single finger into Conor's chest and grins slyly.

"I know your seeeeeecret." Says Cassidy, seeming to make an attempt as speaking quietly but failing. "You beat up Timmy and me. And you did it... cause you're SAD!"

Cassidy laughs as if that's the funniest thing in the world. He slaps his knee and again nearly falls over.

"Patty, please - you have to listen," Conor pleads. "We're in real danger here..."

"Poor, sad, lonely guy." Cassidy continues as if he didn't hear him. "Beat up the only people who wanted to be his friends! And it turns out... you're not even a bad singer! That's a RIOT!!"

Cassidy barks out another round of laughter. He falls to the floor, holding his sides and sneaks in some phrases in between laughing fits.

“A Whole New World...(ahaha)...A thrilling chase...(ahaha)... MIMOSA HOLD THE ALCOHOL!!!... (aaaaaahahaha)... turning off a lightswitch.... (aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahahahahaha).”

Not getting what he wants from Cassidy, Conor finds Keebler standing beside him... although “Downtown” has no idea where he is, either. Conor grabs him by the collar.

“Donkey Kong Country Keebler!” Conor cries. “You’ve gotta help me, there’s someone after us-”

The bar doors swing open, this time revealing the Ghostface. Conor stops in horror, like an animal too scared to initiate either fight or flight. The rest of the bar doesn’t notice.

“IT’S YOU!” Conor shouts as Ghostface slowly walks into the room. “It’s me you want... take me and no one else! I know I beat up some of these guys just a few nights ago but you’ve put everything into perspective! Don’t harm them, harm me!”

Ghostface intends to but as he walks into the room, he picks up a small knife on the countertop of the bar and throws it directly into Keebler’s neck.

Bullseye. DDK doubles over and crashes to the ground. Cassidy is all smiles, thinking Darren’s passed out from drinking too much. Ghostface doesn’t mind the misplaced interpretation. He’s slowly making his way to Conor... ready to end things. However, RIGHT as he’s about to reach for his own (larger) knife, Patrick Cassidy climbs to his feet, swings around and sees the newcomer. Black Out puts his arm around the killer.

“YOU!” Cassidy barks, struggling to keep his balance. “I like your style, man. Retro. You and I should be buddies. I have the BEST taste in friends.” Cassidy throws Conor an exaggerated wink.

“Sing us a song, Mr. Scary Man. Sing us a song... tonight.” Cassidy motions to the stage.

The Ghostface surprisingly nods in agreement. He makes his way to the stage and “Monster Mash” starts playing. The karaoke machine rolls through the lyrics...

*♪ I was working in the lab, late one night
When my eyes beheld an eerie sight
For my monster from his slab, began to rise
And suddenly to my surprise ♪*

There’s one issue: The Ghostface isn’t singing.

It doesn’t matter. Cassidy nods his head and claps along, grinning like a fool. Everyone else, including Lance Warner and Chirstie Zane are passed out.

“Amazing vocals.” Cassidy states. That tear finally falls from his right eye.

Conor Fuse is furious. “I hate this song.” He says, almost forgetting what dream he’s been placed in.

*♪ He did the mash, he did the monster mash
The monster mash, it was a graveyard smash
He did the mash, it caught on in a flash
He did the mash, he did the monster mash- ♪*

SLICE.

SLICE.

SLICE.

SLICE.

The Ghostface drops the mic and races around the room at 1/10th the speed of real time, in something out of The Matrix. The killer is ripping open the necks of everyone inside the bar...

Warner, dead.

Keebler, dead.

Zane, dead.

Cassidy, yep, dead.

The Ghostface throws his large knife into the passed out bartender, Randy, across the floor. It lands directly into his neck.

It's just Ghostface and Conor now. The Codebreaker scatters back, throwing random chairs in his path to block the slow and methodically moving murderer. Conor even looks over to where he remembered Trashcan Tim passed out in the corner of the room... but Timmy isn't there anymore.

Ghostface pulls the voicebox modulator to his mask.

"Now it's you and I, Conor... time to meet your maker."

"NO!" Conor cries out. He finds a beer bottle on the floor and hurls it at Ghostface's head right when the killer was about to rush him! This buys Conor a moment. He sprints to the exit doors... and then runs as fast as possible down the midnight street.

"I can get to the WrestlePlex from here!" He shouts. "I'm faster than him!"

Conor looks back. He's already a good four blocks down the road when he sees the Ghostface exit from the bar. All the murderer does is hold up his knife, insinuating they will meet again shortly. Running merely delays the inevitable.

[ARRIVE AT THE WRESTLEPLEX, GO TO #41](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 21

"Fine." Conor comes to terms he's not going to visit Tyler just yet. Instead, he's going to get some chips and dip for Malak at the local 7-Eleven. "This could also be an opportunity to stalk up on weapons!"

Conor starts nodding heavily to himself. He has talked himself into liking this idea.

"I'm so clever." Conor states. His green Chevy Sonic speeds away from the auditorium and towards the local corner store. At 3:30am, he's the only one in the parking lot. Jumping out of his car, Conor slams the door shut and locks it this time. He takes a look at his surroundings from all angles and doesn't see the Ghostface nearby. He approaches the 7-Eleven doors... but stops.

Three men lobby outside. One of them sits on the curb and the other two are standing within arms distance. The man on the curb is short and large, very large. The man to his right is tall and thin, very thin. The man on his left is... well a regular looking dude. All of them don't seem to be past the age of twenty-one. Upon further inspection, it's "**EXTRA BUTTER**" **GILBERT ROGERS** on the curb, "**STICKY FLOORS**" **ALAN GOLDSTEIN** to Rogers' right and "**FREE REFILLS**" **BERRY CHERNOBYL** to his left. While typically known for wearing a Ghostface mask, Berry is not sporting one. All have normal clothes on... no black spandex suits that are either too small or large. All three hold large drinks in their hands.

Before entering the 7-Eleven, Conor takes notice.

"Hey guys! Whoa, big gulps, huh? Alright!" He pauses before heading inside. "Well, see ya' later!"

There's a moment of silence before Chernobyl looks down at Gilbert Rogers.

"Did you lock the theater after work?" Chernobyl asks.

Rogers nods his head yes. "Definitely. I always do."

The scene switches to inside the convenience store. Conor hurries to the chip section and starts to look things over. At first, he's flabbergasted by some of these costs.

"Convenience my ass." He says at the prices. As he tries to find sour cream & onion flavor, his personal favorite, he bumps into another man and pulls back with an apologetic look.

"Hey, sorry... my bad-" Conor stops, realizing is none other than "**BATMAN**" **RYAN BATS** or "**BANTAM**" **RYAN BATTS** as everyone else knows him.

"Oh, The Batman! How ya doing!? Have you been through a hard night of crime fighting and this is how you unwind? Say, listen, did someone throw acid on Jay Harvey Dent's face yet or naaa? Cause I'm really worried for that guy when he snaps." Conor pats Batts on the back. "Also, what are you doing here?"

Batts looks around and nods his head. "I just wanted to be part of this Halloween series you've got going on, inside your head. I continue not to be booked and it's a little frustrating."

Conor doesn't understand. He thinks Batman's had way too many Kool-Aids tonight so he smiles and tussles Ryan's hair instead. "You hang in there, little buddy! Big things are coming for ya soon! You'll take down The Jestal, I just know it!"

Fuse goes back to scanning the chips while Batts politely excuses himself.

"Nice to speak to you, Conor." Batts pauses. "I'll be right back."

Morgan Freeman Narration: "But he never came back... because Batts was a Grade A Dumbass that night."

Conor snaps his head to the ceiling and starts looking around. "Who said that?"

The scene follows Batts, making his way to the checkout counter...

"All right, I got my proteins, my rice, time to try out this chicken Tikka masala rec..."

GUNSHOTS!!!

Finally hearing the end of the commotion (Conor was too busy finding the right dip for Malak... Conor swears his friend Garland complains about everything and it puts so much pressure on him to find the right answers, even though there are none), The Codebreaker races to the front of the store, finding the checkout girl draped over the counter, in a pool of her own blood and Ryan Batts dying a slow death on the floor!

"BATS!!! CHECKOUT GIRL!!" Conor shouts, seeing the 7-Eleven door slowly wind shut in front of him. The Character Formerly Known as Player Two races out of the store to see if he can find where Ghostface is off to next. However... all Conor comes across are the kids with big gulps, slaughtered to a bloody pulp, sprawled out across the sidewalk.

"Okay..." Conor states, coming to terms with what he has to do. "I'm out of options. I have to go to Tyler's."

Conor runs to his Chevy Sonic and speeds off in that direction.

[CAN'T GO BACK TO MALAK, GOTTA GO TO TYLER'S #16](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 22

Tyler marches towards Conor in a huff. Conor's trying to work through his issues and closes his eyes, about to take whatever's coming to him-

SLAP.

"Dude, what the hell!?" Conor rubs the side of his cheek, after Tyler bitch-slapped him across the face.

"Snap out of this wimpy attitude you've got going on, man." Tyler replies. "I don't know for sure who's doing this but I know Bates and Ames were killed in the auditorium. I heard The D and Klein eventually bit the dust there, too. Patrick Cassidy, Darren Keebler, Lance Warner and a few others at the pub. Ryan Batts slaughtered to death at the 7-Eleven alongside those Screen 7 weirdos. Taxi drivers and Uber drivers... dude, there's been A LOT of murders tonight. It's all over the DEFIANCE Discord chat! Malak won't shut the hell up about it... and then you've got Mark Shields, Sgt. Safety... Kristie -well, when she was alive-, everyone keeps messaging and messaging and messaging about the murderer. And even through all this life-threatening nonsense, half these idiots are still posting shitty memes!"

Conor really wakes up to the facts Tyler is telling him.

"Oh thank god!" Conor runs up and hugs him. "I thought maybe, just maybe, *you* might have done it!"

Tyler shakes his head. "God no. I said I've been trying to call you all night. And maybe if you got yourself a decent phone you'd be hooked up to the Discord chat, getting all this information IN REAL TIME like the rest of us. Discord is LiT, they say. Whatever that means."

Tyler isn't angry, just annoyed. It's a tough task being Conor's brother. The two are so very different in pretty much everything.

"Okay..." Conor snaps. "So who's still alive and who are the suspects?"

Tyler nods again, like he's already been thinking this through. "Well, that's the thing. There aren't many people alive right now." He starts. "At first, I thought it might be Stalker... but he's too crazy. He's obsessed with his Uber business..."

Tyler starts pacing around the ring. "Then I thought it might be Malak Garland but-"

"He's way too emo." Both Tyler and Conor say the exact same thing.

Conor laughs. "Yeah. I like the guy... I know, I know, you can't stand him. But Malak's barely able to deal with constructive criticism without breaking down and needing a 'safe space'. No way he could shoot anyone."

Tyler rolls his eyes. "Why do you hang out with these people?" The older brother gets back into detective mode. "What about the new guy, GVP? I hear he's a mercenary and for hire."

"No, my flip phone can't do GPS."

Tyler rolls his eyes. "What about Oscar Burns?"

"You mean Twist and Shouts?"

"No, that's not his name."

"Yes, it is."

"No, it's not."

“He likes The Beatles.”

“Dude, seriously. Are you on speed?”

“I like running fast, yeah.”

Tyler decides to get back on track and not engage with this stupidity anymore. “Okay, it’s not Oscar Burns. I can tell by the attacker’s behaviours and speech patterns. First, the killer is not well trained in true combat. He’s running on anger and that’s the exact opposite of Oscar unless he’s putting on a submission. Second, there’s no way he’d NOT be able to end a sentence with GC.” The elder Fuse pauses and takes a long look at his brother. “So, it really only comes down to...”

Once again, Conor meets Tyler at the same answer: “24K.”

“Yes.” Tyler states. “The elite level guys. Cayle, Mikey, Perfection. I know Kendrix is against them right now but he’s a Bruv... and we’re Bros. Bros know Bruvs.”

“I had a feeling it might be them.” Conor nods, in very deep thought. “Pale Murray’s a funny one, though. He was such a spirited do-gooder before all this. Do you think they put up one of those 5G towers near his home in Scotland and that’s how Mikey & Co. are able to implement mind control?”

Tyler rolls his eyes. “Yep. You’re on speed.”

“Well, come to think of it I-”

Instantly, Tyler leaps forward and tackles Conor to the ground. The situation happens so fast, when Conor realizes what’s going on he pushes Tyler off him...

Tyler, who’s taken a knife to the back of the head!

Filled with emotion, Conor races to his feet and sees a figure standing at the top of the rampway! The younger brother looks down at Tyler...

“You saved me!” Conor exclaims, voice filled with passion, anxiety and anger towards seeing his own brother die right in front of him.

Tyler’s eyes go blank.

[GO TO #28](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 23

Conor can't believe it! In his rush to get to the MAIN floor he panicked and hit the suite level!

"I'm under so much stress! Can... barely... think!!" Conor snaps to himself. He should have known better, he's a prime elevator button pusher although this time he messed up. He messed up good.

Conor exits to the suite level. Sure, most people would say simply get back in the elevator and press the main floor this time but Conor can't trust himself, not after that. Instead, The Codebreaker's going to find the stairs and take them to the main level.

That is... until...

He turns a corner and stops cold in his tracks, seeing two twins at the end of the hall, standing side-by-side, holding hands.

"Hello, Conor." They both speak at the same time, with an uneasy sense of tranquility in their voice. **MAX** and **MASON LUCK** are wearing matching blue uniforms.

All Conor can do is try to breathe slowly while his jaw is on the floor.

"Come and play with us." Max and Mason speak again while Conor is frozen in time. "Come and play with us, Conor."

Suddenly, the image in front of Conor reveals Max and Mason laying in a pool of their own blood. Yet, this vision is short lived and then they are standing across the hallway again, hand-in-hand.

"Come and play with us." They remark. "For ever and ever and ever."

To Conor's surprise, once again the scene changes in front of him. Now Max and Mason are half-way towards him! He didn't see them walk... they just moved in a blink of an eye!

Conor covers his eyes. He's too scared to say a word!

As Fuse slowly removes his hands in front of his face...

He finds himself in a press box alongside **DEX JOY**, Max and Mason playing a three-way game of Texas Hold-em. The five cards are already laid out on the table... *[9h, 9c, 9s - the flop]*, *[3d - the turn]* and *[10h - river]*. All three are even stacked with chips and they seem to have been playing for a while.

"Hey, pally." Dex notices Conor standing in the room. "Come join."

Conor's still trying to fight off the shock of everything he saw. "I- I-"

"You won't be beating my hand." Max says to Mason. "I have pocket 7s."

Mason rolls his eyes. "You always say that and you never have them. I, however, have pocket 7s..."

"Pallys, pallys, please." Dex seems a little tired of their bickering.

Before the scene continues, exactly like out in the hallway, Conor blinks and all three men have been sliced to death. The only difference is, they don't snap back to being alive. The aftermath leaves them dead in their chairs, holding the cards they were initially dealt.

Conor breaks his horrid trance. He's no longer scared. Instead, he's intrigued. Fuse walks over to Max's hand and sees that, indeed, Max wasn't lying. He has the 7h and 7s. Conor strolls over to Mason next and he, ALSO, wasn't lying. He has the 7d and 7c in his hand. But as Conor comes to Dex's hand...

“Damn. Pocket rockets.” Conor says, seeing two aces in The Biggest Boy’s hands. “You win. Taker ‘er down!”

Conor smacks himself in the side of the head. He doesn’t know if he made this all up in his mind or not. Regardless, the images in front of him do not change. Dex and The Lucky Sevens have been killed by the Ghostface. The rest may have been an illusion... the result, however, is not.

“I can’t do this anymore!” Conor races out of the room. He finds the staircase and starts to run down it. “I have to do the unthinkable or get to the MAIN FLOOR!”

[DECIDE TO DO THE UNTHINKABLE, GO TO #19](#)

[GET BACK TO THE MAIN FLOOR, GO TO #4](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 24

The journey was long but he's finally made it. Conor stands on the top of the rampway. There's darkness all around him.

"Deep breath." He says to himself. "I don't see anyone around but Tyler has to be here, somewhere."

At that exact moment, Conor feels the back of his left leg twitching for what seems to be the millionth time. "Not again!" He says. "I have been dealing with this ALL NIGHT LONG-"

The Codebreaker freezes. It's not because he's scared, it's not because he found a Time Stopper power-up, either.

"My phone."

If you're asking yourself, "he can't be serious." Oh, he is.

"I forgot, I DO have a cell phone!" Conor cries, realizing it was never his leg muscle twitching, it was his own cell phone buzzing on vibrate this entire time! And yet... to say this is an actual phone, it may offend others. It's nothing more than an old flip phone from fifteen years ago and somehow, the gamer who needs all the newest forms of technology didn't find the need to get away from this outdated model.

Conor's about to flip it open to answer. It doesn't have caller ID...

"It's Ghostface." Conor mentions. "It has to be... uhhhh, what do I do!?"

[ANSWER THE PHONE YOU MORON. HOW DO YOU EVEN GET DRESSED IN THE MORNING!?, GO TO #11](#)
[DON'T ANSWER THE PHONE... I MEAN, YOU'VE GONE THIS LONG WITHOUT ANSWERING IT AND](#)
[SURVIVED. GO TO #15](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 25

"Hmmm... well these guys ultimately survived the UTA invasion, didn't they?" Conor asks as he opens the side door and walks inside.

"That's not the point." Blackwood mentions. It's too late, Conor's already decided to camp out inside there. The SOHER walks away and to wherever it was he initially intended. "Those blokes got fired for being so stupid..."

The scene switches to inside the bus. Conor's checking it out... there's nice leather seats, some television screens hanging in front of the odd chair...

"This place would be great to use for a large co-op game!" Conor thinks out loud. "Halo party it up!"

It's like The Codebreaker has completely forgotten about the murderer in a ghostface mask and how many have died in front of him.

"I think I'll be really happy here." He comes to this conclusion and takes a seat in one of the comfiest looking leather chairs. Conor tilts his head back and closes his eyes...

... .. time passes.

Conor opens his eyes and looks around.

... .. time passes.

Conor closes his eyes.

... .. time passes.

Conor opens his eyes.

... .. time passes.

You get the point.

"Wow." Conor looks around again, nodding his head but starting to sound a little more bored. "This certainly *is* safe..."

... ..

WELL, AT LEAST NOW YOU CAN PUT THE CONTROVERSY TO REST. IT REALLY WAS A SAFE BUS.

JUST BORING. AF.

GAME OVER.

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 26

"Basement." Fuse snaps his hands around. "I am going to need those power-ups!"

Conor gets to the elevator and only presses the second floor basement button. In an earlier [UNCUT segment](#), Conor revealed to Trash Bandicoot he stores all of his power-ups down there. Conor also revealed he usually can't help himself by pressing all the elevator buttons. Not this time, though. As the elevator music plays, Conor patiently waits for it to stop and the doors to open.

Once they do, he races towards the storage room where he hides his secret stash... only to find...

"YUCK!" Conor shouts, seeing the door handle to his power-up room is covered in insects! "How the hell am I going to put my hand on that!?"

Deep within Conor's psyche, there's a germaphobe. Realizing there's no way he's going to touch that handle, Conor's at a loss for what to do next...

[IF YOU HAVE THE BUG SPRAY, GO TO #10](#)

[IF YOU DON'T, GO TO #12](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 27

RING, RING

RING, RING

"I wanna play my game." Conor says. He strolls over and flips on the PlayStation 4, inserting the Gooberkins: Muncher Gremlins Attack 2099 disc into the system. "I can't believe Malak Garland [didn't get his hands on this thing](#). I tried to tell him I got a copy and he should come over to play but, alas, he never answered his phone."

The Codebreaker is in deep thought, coming to the realization... "Hmm. I guess didn't answer my phone, either."

Conor saunters over to his bean bag chair and throws himself back into it. "Who the hell calls at 2:10am, anyway?"

The PS4 startup screen begins and Gooberkins: Muncher Gremlins Attack 2099 is all systems go from the start. Whatever you think this title entails, you're right. It's madness from the beginning.

"I desire... playing as Corporal GooberKING IIIV." Conor chooses his character.

"I desire... using the Grouchkin Slick Master Blaster 6900." Conor chooses his weapon.

"I desire... going to the Land of Rabies." Conor chooses the location.

He leans back and lets the game load.

Loading...

Loading...

Loading...

"It sure is taking a while." Conor says out loud. Then a frown crosses his face. He remembers this game scored a 1.5/10 on IGN because the loading times are tremendously horrible.

"I'd have been better off playing Final Fantasy." Conor says, like it's too late to go back now. "Or Metal Gear Survive."

Loading...

Loading...

Loading...

DO NOT PASS GO, DO NOT COLLECT \$200. Conor Fuse said he'd almost **RATHER** play Metal Gear Survive. **HOW AWFUL IS GOOBERKINS IF HE HAS TO SAY SOMETHING LIKE THAT!?!? FFS.**

NEXT TIME, JUST PICK UP THE DAMN PHONE. This Choose Your Own Adventure series is a parody of the movie SCREAM, if you didn't "*pick that up*" already.

Goomba.

GAME OVER.

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 28

Clap, clap, clap.

Conor's eyes are glued to the entrance way as Ghostface makes his way down, clapping his hands slowly together as he does.

Fuse doesn't move. The Codebreaker isn't scared anymore and he's going to stand his ground.

Clap, clap, clap. The Ghostface is almost to the ring.

Clap, clap, clap. The Ghostface walks up the steel stairs and enters through the top and middle rope.

The killer holds the voice modulator to his mouth as he speaks in the disguised voice for a final time.

"Congratulations, Conor." The Ghostface says. "Your brother is dead... your friends are dead and now it's just you... and all of *us*."

Suddenly, spotlights in the arena turn on. They float around the empty arena chairs. However, not all of the seats **are** empty. There, in one chair, calmly sits Massive Cowboy. Then, In another chair is Roosevelt Owens. Up in the 200 level is Hurtlocker Holt. BRAZEN talents are scattered throughout the stadium seating, all sitting in WrestlePlex chairs, watching the events unfold.

"And now, Conor... your moment of truth has come." The Ghostface drops the voice changer from his face but continues talking, as his natural voice is heard instead. "It's time for you to meet your match."

And the killer slowly removes his mask, revealing his face to a shocked Conor Fuse.

"Walter... *Levi*?" Conor remarks, raising an eyebrow.

"It's Walter LEVY you stupid asshole." Levy is fuming. "WHY DO YOU ALWAYS GET EVERYONE'S NAMES WRONG!? What is WRONG with you!?"

Conor takes a step back and holds out his hands. "Whoa, no need to swear Walter Levi. I don't even know what you're talking about."

Clearly hitting a nerve, **Levy** starts pacing around his side of the ring. He drops the mask and takes a relaxing "calm your shit" breath before stopping directly across from Conor Fuse.

"This is your problem, man. You don't care about anyone else other than yourself. You get everyone's names wrong. Some 'Locker Room Leader' you are! Do you *WATCH* anyone on DEFtv? It's always you, you, you, you, you. This is YOUR dream and it's still all about YOU. Every person in your life has been killed and you're standing there like you don't give AF."

Conor nods, hearing the acronym AF makes him feel much more at ease than the actual swear word. Perhaps, Malak Garland is wearing off on him. "I... I really don't know what you're talking about."

Walter sighs again. "Okay. Let me lay it out for you." Levy turns to the electrical area, where the lighting operator would normally be. He shouts, "SPOTLIGHT!"

The spotlight switches on and finds 'Manpower' Jack Mace in the stands.

"That's Jack Mace. Remember him?" Levy states. Manpower gives a pleasantly warm smile and waves into the spotlight.

"NO YOU IDIOT." Levy screams at Mace. "Give CONOR the finger or something! [HE SENT YOU TO BRAZEN](#) after

he and his angry brother beat The WrestleFriends on DEFtv, abolishing you and Ryan Batts as a tag team forever! You're not supposed to be *happy* you're sitting in the crowd, stuck in BRAZEN. GET ANGRY! GET MAD!!! SEEK REVENGE!!"

Mace shrugs and smiles again. He's really thrilled he made it to this Scream series, just like Ryan Batts (if you found Batts, that is).

Levy hangs his head and has a conversation with himself, even though it's picked up on the mic. "God, Conor may have a point..."

Collecting himself, Levy shouts "SPOTLIGHT" and it shines on another BRAZEN star. "That's Gerardo Villalobos." Levy states. "You [beat him on DEFtv](#) and embarrassed him alongside your Game Boy. He hasn't received a main roster match since."

Conor's confused, stating "but he's the Onslaught Cha-"

SPOTLIGHT.

"Emilio Byrd. Yeah, that *Emilioooooo* shit really got his career going, didn't it? Prick."

SPOTLIGHT.

"Gulf Coast Connection. Suuuure, they're up on the main roster after their big [DEFCON](#) match with The Fuse Bros. last year but you've undermined them every step of the way. They are completely forgotten about because the focus is always on YOU."

SPOTLIGHT.

"Titus Campbell. Your most recent [BRAZEN victory](#)... even though you declared you'd never fight BRAZEN guys again. You didn't even want to deal with him. Had your *Game Boy* take him out the second the bell sounded." Levy states.

"I- I-" Conor tries to contemplate this statement from Levy. "I never meant it like that. Why are you acting like BRAZEN is of lower talent? It's awesome. Just as good as DEFtv... sometimes better!"

Levy continues to spit fire. "I don't know... maybe because THIS IS YOUR DREAM and you have some underlying issues with how you've handled things!?"

Levy moves in closer. "Either way, Conor. We are all here for The Greater Good."

All BRAZEN talent reply in unison, "The Greater Good."

SPOTLIGHT.

Levi Cole.

This time, however, Conor is the one to speak first.

"Oh, hi *Levi Cole!*"

Walter Levy is going to have an aneurysm. "NO! WHAT IN THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU? THAT'S **LEVI** COLE. I'M WALTER **LEVY!** GET MY GOD DAMN NAME RIGHT. IT'S NOT ROCKET SURGERY."

Conor is drawing a blank.

Levy pulls the gun out from his pocket. "I swear to god... I swear to f'n god-"

Suddenly, Walter stops. He grabs his chest and immediately starts choking up blood. Falling to his knees, it's become obvious (even to Conor) that Levy has been stabbed in the back... and there, standing behind him is the second Ghostface killer... because, you know, there's always two. (Except for Scream 3, of course.)

The second Ghostface drops the knife. The killer is calling Conor on for a fight.

"Well..." Fuse looks down and starts digging into his pockets. "You killed my brother. You killed my friends. You even killed Walter Levi--"

"IT'S LEVY. IT'S WALTER **FUCKING** LEV-"

The second Ghostface decapitates Walter's head with one fatal slice, making sure he's 100% dead.

"Okay. You wanna fight? Let's do this..." Conor states, still digging around his pocket.

[IF YOU HAVE THE MUSHROOM POWER-UP GO TO #33](#)

[IF YOU HAVE THE FIRE FLOWER POWER-UP GO TO #35](#)

[IF YOU HAVE NO POWER-UP, GO TO #38](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 29

"I have to charge this guy." Conor says to himself. "If I run upstairs, I'm as good as dead. Only idiots run upstairs."

Conor stops for a brief moment, contemplating if he's an idiot or not since he's been told this many times before. Tyler, The Princess, his mom once said it (although he forgave her), Darren Keebler, Angus Skaaland couldn't stand him when he was employed here, Sgt. Safety, most of BRAZEN, lots of The Faithful, etc, etc...

"Well, whatever. I made my choice... BRING IT ON!!!" Conor races towards Ghostface, almost catching the killer off guard as the murderer tries to swipe with the knife but misses. Conor rolls in-between the Ghostface's feet and then kicks him in the back upon jumping up. Conor frantically scans the living room but doesn't find anything of use... other than the PS4 game Metal Gear Survive lying underneath a coffee table leg to balance it better. He picks it up and flips it like a frisbee towards Ghostface's head. It smacks the cloaked assassin dead center in the face, making the killer stumble back and into the sofa.

"Take that!" Conor shouts, running to the backdoor exit, surprised that awful video game finally came in handy. Upon exiting his home, Fuse immediately runs to The Game Boy, who's been gagged and sliced open from earlier in the night.

"My little buddy!" Conor says and tussles The Mini Boss' head. This time, however, there is no response from the henchman (I know what you're thinking 'but The Game Boy is always so lively'! Indeed, he was...) "I can't believe you're dead! No Continues, either."

Anger starts to seep into Conor's mind as he looks back into the glass patio doors, seeing Ghostface slip on game cartridges scattered throughout the home before finally making his way outside.

"I will avenge you, I swear it!" Conor says to his fallen associate but before he flees, The Codebreaker sees a small canister on the ground beside The Game Boy's lifeless body...

"Hmmm, bug spray..." Conor picks it up and places the mini spray can into his side pocket, thinking it may come in use later. Realizing he also has his car keys there, it's a good idea to split while he still can! Additionally, there's something shiny sticking out of The Halo From Hell's side pocket.

"Oh... 100 coins!" Conor says as he reluctantly pickpockets it from his most trusted NPC. "Sorry to do this to you but you're seemingly dead and all that."

Fuse turns away while The Ghostface notices Conor is eyeing the backyard exit. They are both an equal distance away... with Conor in the middle of the yard and the murderer at the backdoor.

"Okay..." Fuse gets into a three-point stance and then sprints towards the picket fence while the murderer tries to cut him off...

Conor jumps and places a foot right on top of Ghostface's shoulder and a second foot on his head, lifting himself in one smooth motion up and over the other side.

"I'M FREE!" Conor shouts. "Free... for now!"

The Best Pout Machine takes his car keys out of his pocket and triggers the unlock for his green Chevy Sonic. It takes no time for Fuse to jump inside, turn on the engine and peel out of there... leaving Ghostface a split second behind, as the killer slams his hands against Conor's trunk before it speeds away.

"To Malak's house!" Conor screams. "He will know what to do!"

YOU GOT BUG SPRAY, REMEMBER THIS FOR LATER.

YOU ALSO FOUND 100 COINS. WRITE THIS DOWN.

[GET IN YOUR CAR AND DRIVE TO MALAK GARLAND'S, GO TO #9](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 30

"Watercooler." Conor states. "It's no question. It's the one-stop shop to get all your gossip needs. Even at this hour, SOMEONE has to be there."

Conor knows how to get there. He knows the entire WrestlePlex layout so well but the watercooler route, it's the oldest hat he's got.

Conor turns a few corners and stops dead in his tracks. As the camera swings around, he sees the watercooler down the hallway. While no one is there at this moment, Fuse is sure someone will eventually show up.

Halfway to the sanctuary, Conor can't help but see there's a pile of clothes gathered in the corner of the hallway. Upon further inspection, as Conor walks closer... it's not just any pile of clothes.

"Trashcan Tim!" He exclaims, standing overtop of the homeless one. Conor notices Tim is sleeping and rather heavily, too. Conor decides not to wake him up... and even if Ghostface was around, maybe the killer would come to the same conclusion Conor did: this is merely a pile of clothes, not a person. It only because apparent when Fuse got real close.

Back to the watercooler Conor goes. The back of his left leg is really bothering him now. It keeps twitching. And yet... the show goes on. The Codebreaker stops at the watercooler and waits. Luckily, he does not have to wait long.

"Hiya, Conor!" The perky voice says behind him. Conor turns around and there's no doubt about it, it's [KRISTIE](#) (she's part of the DEFIANCE sales department or something).

"Hey girl!" Conor snaps his hands around in a circle. "What's happening? Who is the killer?"

Kristie Bellis isn't sure what Conor means. "Killer?"

"Yeah, you know, the murderer in the ghostface mask." Conor replies. "The watercooler has all the gossip so you gotta know."

Bellis' look intensifies. She's becoming quite scared. "Murderer?"

"Yeah, silly." Conor says with a playful hit of her arm. "No need to play coy with me. Who is it? What have you heard?"

Kristie shakes her head no. Then she shakes it harder and harder, almost coming to tears. "I need to get out of here... there's a murderer!?"

"Well, yes there is." Conor is still pretty calm. "I thought you knew-"

"Hello... Kristie!" The voice says down the hall. Kristie pops her head up and there the killer stands. Ghostface raises both hands and races towards her. Conor tries to grab Kristie and pull her out of the way but she's so rattled her feet are like cement, stuck to the floor.

Ghostface reaches the duo and shoves Conor aside. Fuse screams "no" but all he can do is helplessly watch Ghostface throw his right arm around Kristie, pull his left arm out and jam the knife into her chest!

Blood spews everywhere. Ghostface rips out the knife, cleans it by closing his free hand around it and wiping it through. Then he turns his head towards Conor...

The Codebreaker is dead-to-rights as Ghostface encloses.

"Hey, pal..." Conor starts. "Since we're by the watercooler, why don't I let *you* in on some gossip."

The murderer is playing along since he has The Codebreaker DOA.

“Oh, interested? So you WANT to know who Kristie is seeing right now?”

Ghostface shakes his head yes.

“Well, she’s seeing me, okay? Yeah, damn right, big shock!” Conor is inching towards the actual watercooler while he continues to ramble nonsense. “We went to the movies last night. It was FUN. We saw that new Adam Sandler movie... uhhh...”

If you truly know Conor, he despises Adam Sandler. Anything before *The Waterboy* is good but the rest is trash. Fuse knows he only has one shot. He leans forward and dropkicks the watercooler (*Waterboy*, watercooler, how ironic). It tumbles over, spilling cold and “room temperature” water to the ground (the watercooler has two taps). Ghostface’s body language suggests he’s furious and lunges towards *The Green One* but ultimately slips on the water and crashes to the floor! This allows Conor enough time to kick it in *Full Gear* and sprint as far away from the scene as possible.

“I’m out of options!” He says to himself, only to provide himself with three options. “Is it time for the unthinkable!? I could still go to the basement! Or do I continue down this path!?”

[CONTINUE ON PATH, GO TO #4](#)

[DECIDE TO DO THE UNTHINKABLE, GO TO #19](#)

[VISIT THE BASEMENT, GO TO #26](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 31

"Congratulations. You solved the riddle." She states. The ring lights dimly flick on now that Desire doesn't have to hide who she is anymore. "I've been trying to kill you, Conor."

The Character Formerly Known as Player Two scoffs at the thought of it. "Naaa, really, who put you up to this?"

The Peach Puroresu is quick to reply. "No, really. I was trying to kill you."

Conor doesn't seem rattled but surprised as he lets those comments sink in.

"Why?" Fuse asks.

"Well, for a number of reasons." She said, brushing a hand past her face. "First, it was easy to wind Walter up. That guy has gone ballistic since you [can't get his name right](#)."

"I... can't?" Conor inquires but The Princess moves on.

"Either way, Walter... BRAZEN in general, they were [pissed at you](#) but not like I am." The Princess snickers. "Are you self-indulged? Yes, absolutely... but aren't we all? I'm picking myself off the mat and I'm worried about my hair..."

The Princess makes sure her hair is still perfect before continuing. "Anyway, what do you want out of life, Conor? You've pushed a lot of people away these past few months. Trash Bandicoot and Patty Cassidy were actually *cool* with you. Your singles career was picking up... and yet, because they got a little spotlight, you grew jealous and took it away from them."

Conor disagrees with that statement. "I didn't mean it like that. They were making fun of me because I don't drink and I can't sing karaoke."

The Princess raises an eyebrow. "Were they? Were they really? What about last year around this time... you and Tyler were such honorable wrestlers. Do you remember why you two came to DEFIANCE to begin with?"

Conor scratches his head. It takes him some time but he gets there eventually. "UTA. The UTA invasion. We wanted to put a stop to it because DEFIANCE was a really good system..."

"Exactly." The Princess leads Conor into speaking more.

"Team HOSS, they were our friends. They brought us into DEFIANCE and we helped them. We helped them stop the spread of the UTA's destruction. We, as DEFIANCE, won that war. Then Tyler and I won the Tag Team *Achievements*. It was so much fun... it was..."

"But it's over now." Desire states.

Conor doesn't agree. He shakes his head no. "No. No it's not. Tyler and I are still best friends..." The younger Fuse trails off, as he can't help but see the fallen and dead body of his brother on the outside.

"I didn't do this. YOU killed TYLER!" Conor shouts in a rare display of true anger.

The Princess looks at Tyler's fallen body. Channeling her inner Stu (Matthew Lillard) a look of regret and confusion crosses her face. "*Your parents are going to be so mad at me...*"

However, it's an act. Desire drops the look of regret right after saying those words. Eyes locked on Conor like the methodical killer she is, The Princess speaks again. "Did I kill Tyler? Or did Tyler kill himself? He's so angry with *life* right now. He feels like this single player campaign owes him something. It owes him nothing. Tyler has been consumed with Stalker and that World for far too long. He killed himself... although you two splitting apart played into it,

too.”

The youngest Fuse doesn't like that statement. He continues to shake his head no. There's a sense of frustration growing in him.

“Tyler and Conor, The Fuse Bros...” Desire continues. “Always swore they'd never go to the dark side. They'd never let the *Evil Within* take over. That's the real death here, Conor. It's not that the two of you aren't a tag team anymore... it's that you two aren't a TEAM. The Character FORMERLY Known as Player Two. Why can't you still be Player Two? Why can't you still be Player Two in a one player campaign? Is that against the rules or something?”

Conor is leaning against the ropes, visibly upset.

“You two are supposed to be there for one another. The two of you were supposed to be better than this bitterness... better than these false agendas... better than some scumbag middle-aged man trying to build an army of mindless zombies, taking apart DEFIANCE from *within*.”

The Princess starts laughing. “I have one more for you... you two were supposed to be better than that FAILED Level Eight Boss, Cayle Murray, who left DEFIANCE for a system crash, only to come back and align himself with the most devious, heinous, elitist characters this game has ever seen. Names barely EVER mentioned before...”

“No!” Conor pleads not to hear them.

“Perfection.”

“NOOOO STOP!!!”

“Jesse Kendrix.”

“NO!!!! Wait- he's not even on their side...”

“And Mikey Unlikely.”

“STOP IT STOP IT STOP IT!”

“It's only a matter of time before they destroy DEFIANCE completely. They will do what the UTA couldn't.”

Fully recovered, Desire slowly emerges from the corner she was resting in.

“And who are you to say all this to me?” Conor demands. “You sit in the background idly, not saying or doing a thing!”

The Princess is looking for another fight. A grin as wide as ever, she speaks for a final time.

“Well, that's the big secret, isn't it? Why do I get the right to be the killer? Why do I get the right to tell you what you need to hear...” She pauses. “Is it because I'm just another version of you right now? Is it because I know my husband and his idiotic brother better than they know themselves? Or is it something *else* entirely?”

Desire stands in the middle of the ring, Ghostface cloak still on, with her hands held out like she's willing to fight again.

Conor's game. “Fine. Round two, bitch.”

Conor charges at Desire. Desire ducks the clothesline so Conor bounces off the ropes and looks for a SUPERKICK COM-BO but The Princess sidesteps it. The Peach Puroresu hopes to ensure her hair is still perfect but she's met with a strong left forearm instead! Stumbling back, Desire is at the mercy of Conor as he takes her head and connects with a tilt-a-whirl DDT.

The Princess wobbles to her feet. She points at Conor with an evil glare.

“You will never figure out the final piece of this puzzl-”

BANG.

Half of Desire’s head explodes as she collapses once and for all. The man who shot her is walking down the ramp.

“MALAK!?” Conor shouts, as the Keyboard Warrior slides into the ring.

“Hey Conor, did you get my snacks yet? You sure are taking a while.” Malak’s body starts trembling, not from the result of just killing someone with a handgun he found laying in the DEFPLex hallway, heavens no. Instead, his psyche is all wound up because he doesn’t have his chips and dip yet. “I just can’t seem to get over Cyrus and Teresa dying. I need those chips and dip to comfort my mental needs.”

By now, Conor has pulled himself to his feet. There are bodies all around him... blood seemingly everywhere. At first, he’s surprised Malak Garland can’t see what he sees but then again this is a guy who cried profusely at the mere thought of someone interrupting his interview segment because he was ‘overwhelmed’.

“Sorry, friend.” Conor begins. “I wasn’t able to get your chips and dip. I ran into... uh, some problems.”

Malak looks like he’s going to cry as he brushes an uneasy hand through his silver hair.

“*Friend.*” Conor states, realizing he said the words ‘sorry, friend’ just a moment ago. “I do have a friend! I have a number of friends! And a brother! Hell, this entire dream sequence has shown I really do want the best for people! Not all hope is lost for me yet!”

Malak is confused. “What are you talking about? Did you want to get sour cream and onion chips or sour cream and onion dip?”

Clearly, Garland only cares about one thing.

“How about we get BOTH!” Conor says. This puts Malak’s mind at ease. Garland’s feeling much more comfortable and happy his chip and dip needs are **finally** going to be met by Conor.

The youngest Fuse puts his arm around Malak, as he carefully helps guide The Keyboard Warrior and Unified Tag Team Champion past the fallen bodies and out of the ring. The two walk up the rampway together.

“My goodness. I can’t wait for my chips and dip. Mmmmmmm the thought of it is making me feel so warm and fuzzy inside.” Malak says gleefully, while hugging himself.

“I can’t believe you shot my sister-in-law.” Conor replies. “Tyler and I figured you wouldn’t have something like this in you.”

“I shot someone?” Malak inquires, as the two disappear behind the curtain. “Hey, maybe we can get BBQ flavor?”

Meanwhile, Desire’s body begins to stir... even though half her head has been blown off inside the ring...

HAPPY HALLOWEEN.

THE END.

HOW DID YOU DO?

IF YOU COLLECTED...

--**AT OR BELOW 100 COINS**, you're a noob. But hey, everyone has to start somewhere.

--**BETWEEN 200-300 COINS**, you're playing on easy. Still, there's a first time for everything.

--**BETWEEN 300-500 COINS**, you're a solid player. A bit above average.

--**OVER 500 COINS**, suit up gamer, you might be better than Conor Fuse himself! Super impressed, you pulled all the "right" moves and saw the story develop the way it was initially intended.

GAME OVERS?

--Luckily, there are infinite lives. If you received a Game Over, it's fine but honestly... some of them were pretty obvious. Curious to find out where they were? Go back and see.

OTHER ITEMS TO COLLECT...

--**Flashlight** or **Bug Spray**, there's no way you would have collected both unless you somehow were able to start from the beginning again. However, you'd lose all your items IF you started from the beginning again. Get in the bag? Get bent, Jack Harmen.

--**Mushroom** and **Fire Flower** power-ups were available to use, if you were able to find them.

NEED SOME BACKGROUND?

--Hyperlinks were provided in the segment but just in case: [Prelude 1](#) & [Prelude 2](#). Prelude 2 may have seemed useless on DEFtv but the audience needed to be reminded how Conor gets everyone's names wrong. Now you know.

=:)

THANK YOU FOR PLAYING.

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 32

"Uber. Gotta go Uber." Conor smacks his head like the choice was a no-brainer. "I've heard nothing but good service. Very friendly people."

The scene speeds up as Conor calls for a driver and waits.

However, it takes nearly no time at all before the Uber arrives at Conor's feet. This immediately gives The Best Pout Machine an uneasy vibe. Tyler lives a little outside the city limits. How was the driver here so quickly... and at this hour?

The front passenger window rolls down. **A BALD, MIDDLE-AGED MAN** lowers his head so he can look up at Conor.

"Somebody call for an Uber driver?"

Initially, Conor hopes the driver won't see him but he's standing RIGHT THERE. The Codebreaker eventually raises a nervous hand. "Yes hi, it was me."

"Looks like you got places to be and mysteries to solve, get in the car kid and let's go." The man replies to Conor as the window rolls up slowly. A loud click signifying the unlocking doors are heard as the black sedan quietly waits for it's guest of honor.

"There's no turning back now." Conor says to himself. He opens the back door and slides in.

"Where to?" The Uber driver asks. By now it's clear YOU should know who he is... Conor, however, does not.

"WrestlePlex complex, please." Conor states as the Uber speeds away.

"I was just in the area." The driver says, checking his back window. "Say, you look familiar. Do I know you?"

"Oh, probably not." Conor tries to lie. "I'm not from around here. Just visiting my brother, that's all. He's a... he's a member of the ring crew with DEFIANCE. You may have heard of them?"

"DEFIANCE you say?" The man's voice lowers as the music inside of the black sedan suddenly kicks on. It's a low volume tune that can be barely made out but it seems to catch the groove of the older driver.

"My daughter used to work there... maybe you heard of her? Jessica. Anyways - about twelve months ago I got a call from her right? She had quit the promotion, was turning her life around and said she was getting out of the wrestling game all together. Kept saying how... the game... used her. Used her for all of her worth."

The men exchange glances as the Uber driver takes a swift right turn down a larger, more crowded streetway.

"Anyways... she quits right? I moved down here to be with her, spend more time with her. But just as I arrived, she..."

He pauses while Conor shoots him a look from the back seat. "She what... man?" He asks almost impatiently.

"She disappeared.." The man replied. "So... now I'm here. Driving around searching for her and hoping that she will one day show back up for me."

With a red light on the horizon the black sedan comes to a rolling stop. The uber driver's eyes look into the rearview mirror as he narrows his stare down at Conor Fuse. "I could use some help you know." The light switches to green as 'This Link is Dead' by Deftones plays on the radio at a slightly louder volume. "Conor... Save The Reaper... Save the World..."

"Kid... hey kid... wake up." Calling out from the driver's seat, the Uber driver has clearly lost his client into a dream-like state as the light switches to green and the car lurches forward. Conor looks at the driver and shakes his head. Fuse's

eyes have drifted away to the upcoming bar on the right-hand side, Kajun's Pub.

"Hmmm." Conor thinks. It's clearly after hours but the bar has been known to never play-by-the-rules before. He's sure Patrick Cassidy is in there... maybe even a few others. Conor could use the help, any help right now. However, his brother IS at the WrestlePlex and Ghostface may already be there!

"Another decision to make!?" Conor wonders.

[DON'T SAY ANYTHING AND LET THE UBER CONTINUE TO THE ARENA, GO TO #6
TELL THE UBER TO STOP AT THE PUB, GO TO #20](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 33

"I've got THIS!" Conor shouts, pulling the miniature powdered blue question mark box from his pocket.

Ghostface is waiting to fight while Conor smiles like he's been here many times before. He rips the top open and wastes no further time, throwing the mushrooms into his mouth and chomps away.

Trying to do two things at once, (eating and smiling at Ghostface) is a challenging task. A few mushrooms fall to the canvas but, ultimately, Conor's able to munch them down.

"Now I have energy! Almost TOO MUCH ENERGY." Whether he physically does or not, at least Conor psychologically does. That is half the battle! "I'm going to bury you!"

"Not before I literally *bury* you." Ghostface says, throwing the voice modulator to the side and then charging at Conor. The Codebreaker ducks and rolls to the center of the ring.

"Too slow, goomba!" Conor shouts, a line not uttered since his fWo days.

With a crack of the knuckles, the Ghostface races towards Conor for a second time but showing such agility, the only living Fuse leaps over the killer and lands on his feet.

"Too slow, too slow." Conor is jumping side to side as he waits for more action. "I told you! I wasn't lying!"

Ghostface takes a third and final charge. This time, Conor is playing possum. He pretends to leap into the air, which allows Ghostface to stop in their tracks...

WHACK.

Superkick to the head. Tilt-a-whirl DDT follows. Conor goes to the top rope and connects with a Phoenix splash!

He's not done. Like Fuse said, he's here to bury the mastermind behind the attacks.

Alabama slam. Second rope flying elbow drop...

He props Ghostface to a knee and then annihilates the murderer with one fatal superkick.

WHACK!!!

The superkick had such an impact, it knocked the Ghostface for a loop.

Conor's eyes go wide as he sees a bag of 100 coins laying in front of his face.

"Looks like you dropped this." Fuse states, snatching it up. "Mine now."

YOU GET 100 COINS.

[GO TO #3](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 34

"Kristie?" The woman says, as she collects herself off the mat. Pulling her hair back into a ponytail, the killer falls backwards and leans against the turnbuckle pad. "Who the hell is Kristie?"

Without the voice modulator, Conor comes to realize he's wrong. That's not Kristie's voice...

"DEF Mom!" Conor remarks.

"No, you idiot. DEF Mom is a redhead!"

Conor nods. He kinda forgot.

"Oh, shoot! I have this!" Conor remembers the mini flashlight from his pocket and shines it on the killer.

"Princess?" Fuse asks.

Yes. It's Princess Desire.

Suddenly, The Princess tosses Conor 50 coins. "You earned it." She states.

YOU GET 50 COINS.

[GO TO #31](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 35

"I've got THIS!" Conor shouts, pulling the miniature fire flower out from his pocket. The red and white amaryllis is no more than five weeks old... Conor's been down there every, providing it love, attention and water.

Ghostface is waiting to fight.

"I... uhhh..." Conor seems confused. "Excuse me for a minute."

Conor walks to the corner of the ring and (slightly) turns his back to the murderer, although, don't worry, he's still smart enough to keep the killer in his peripherals. "I don't know what to do. I've actually never used this power up before." He says softly.

Meanwhile, Ghostface is growing impatient.

"Okay... here goes nothing!" Conor nods to himself and emerges from the corner. He takes a running start and hurls the potted plant directly at the head of Ghostface! Conor used to be a baseball pitcher and he shows he could rival Clayton Kershaw, as the southpaw tosses the plant as hard as he possibly can...

The pot not only breaks across the forehead of Ghostface, it hits the murder so hard it knocks the individual in the cloak and mask into the ropes. This gives Conor the opportunity to race forward and land a devastating dropkick to the head!

Ghostface flips over the ropes and out of the ring. Conor decides to follow the same path as everyone else these days, readying himself to do a flip out of the ring. Nothing could be more appropriately themed than this *tope suicida*, since Conor knows he could be running into a knife, a gun, or worse.

Tope suicida! Somewhere, you can hear an announcer calling it!

Conor throws Ghostface back in the ring. The murderer has been taken down a notch... two notches... many notches. In fact, they may have a concussion.

Before entering the squared circle, Conor looks down and sees the Ghostface has dropped 150 coins.

"Damn right." He says and snatches them up. "I'll be taking these."

Fuse slides into the ring and realizes the fight is over. The Ghostface is down on a knee and takes off the mask to catch some much needed air.

YOU GET 150 COINS.

[GO TO #3](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 36

"FIRE FLOWER POWER!" Conor is so happy he chose a power-up he hasn't even used in DEFIANCE yet!

Conor places the tiny adorable potted flower into his pocket and closes the door. He looks down at the dead bugs and says a brief tribute to their sacrifice at the hands of the bug spray and then races off down the hall. He is SO excited he chose the fire flower he forgets to take the path where he initially came from. Instead, Conor wandered down a direction he's never gone before...

Fuse turns the corner and hits a wall. A brick wall.

Wait... no. It's a Stevens.

GEORGE STEVENS.

"The hell you doing here, Fuse!?" George snaps. All 400+ pounds of the big man imposingly stands across from the youngest Fuse bro. These two teams have had a long history of hatred... although it has been some time since they crossed paths.

"What's going on!?" **CARY STEVENS** walks into the picture and then, coming from the other direction, is **BO STEVENS**.

"Conor." Bo rubs his eyes, like he can't believe what he's seeing. "We've got a lot of unfinished business with you..."

"Damn right you boys do." Cary exclaims. By now, the trio are standing in front of Conor, licking their chops at the three-to-one odds.

"Guys, please!" Conor pleads. "I'm not here to fight any of you! There's a murderer after us... all of us!"

George looks at Bo and elbows him as if to say "do you believe this guy?"

Cary isn't buying it, either. "Seriously, what's wrong with you?"

Conor doesn't bother to ask what The Stevens Dynasty are doing in the boiler room. He figures they are up to no good but he doesn't care. The younger Fuse needs to get by them, to the ground floor and into the ring!

"Guys, can we settle things later?" He asks.

"Later?" Cary chuckles. "Son, we are going to settle things right n-"

Cary's head falls off his shoulders in a very impressive slice across the neck. There, Ghostface stands behind the fallen manager with a machete in his hands.

George taps Bo. "I see it you idiot!" Bo gets snappy back at his cousin. "I say we split!"

It's like they don't care about Cary being murdered before their very eyes.

"Typical Stevens." Conor says. Which one is he talking about? Does it matter?

However, Bo and George aren't able to get out of harm's way. Ghostface hurls the machete into Bo's chest and then kicks the body off the blade and into the boiler across the way. Before George can do... anything... Ghostface attempts to gash The Big Crawdaddy but misses.

... or did he?

George's massive stomach falls to the floor. The attempted strike hit its mark and went right up George's gut, leaving

all his insides hanging out... very much like how The Game Boy was slaughtered.

"The bigger they are..." Ghostface says as Conor watches George, who's already dead, fall to his knees and then face-plant to the cement. Fuse looks up but the Ghostface is nowhere to be seen.

Realizing he needs to get out of there, Conor pulls the basement map into his mind and knows how to make his way back to the normal path...

And yet... he sees something in the far off distance. He sees some bright lights... a colorful entrance door...

And red balloons.

JESTAL appears in front of the door. He gives Conor a wave.

"C'mon over, Conor." Jestal says. "The Fun House awaits you..."

[THE LAST TIME YOU TRUSTED A CLOWN IT DIDN'T WORK OUT WELL. SO GET OUT OF THE BASEMENT AND GO TO THE RING. #24](#)

[THE FUN HOUSE SOUNDS AWESOME AND WHAT THE HELL, YOU'RE ALREADY DOWN HERE. HEY, ARE THOSE RED BALLOONS!? GO TO #13](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 37

"I need to find this man's daughter!" Conor comes to the realization. Maybe... if he truly knew who she is and what she's done, he would have said no. However, remembering how many DEFIANCE stars he and his brother "unlocked" over their first three years in DEFIANCE, Conor is certain he can find Jessica, unlock her and get back to the WrestlePlex in no time!

And yet... Conor continues to stand in front of the staff parking lot entrance. Unlike the other times when it came to unlocking someone, he knew what to do. Basically, DEFIANCE management told him they signed someone new and Conor begged the production team to allow him and his brother to introduce them to the audience.

Now, times are much more complex.

And much less structured.

"I don't know where to begin..." Conor is standing there, motionlessly.

Another thought crosses his mind, the thought of what DEFIANCE athletes he unlocked back in the day.

Ultimo Phoenix. Jake "Mad Dog" Valentine. Niklas and Emelie.

Who?

Exactly.

There was also Clyde Fox (an absolute legend from PIW, Action Wrestling and GCW but DEFIANCE was going to close directly after Fox was hired. It took months to get the company back on track and they had no abilities to retain certain contracts).

"Maybe that's why I don't get to unlock talent anymore..." Conor lowers his head and presses his thumbs together. "I think looking for Jessica was a mistake..."

DAMN RIGHT IT WAS. DON'T TAKE ON OTHER PEOPLE'S AGENDAS, CONOR. SOMEONE IS AFTER YOU, YOUR BROTHER AND ALL OF THE GOOD CHARACTERS IN DEFIANCE. PLUS, YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING!

GAME OVER, BUDDY.

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 38

Continuing to dig in his pockets, Ghostface has become impatient. The murderer's foot taps away...

Conor looks up with a nervous laugh. "I... uh... I..." He had hoped to find a power-up on his journey but it doesn't seem like he found one. Then Conor's eyes go wide. "I have... THESE!"

Conor pulls out two empty hands and turns them into fists. He adds a cheesy smile.

"I can fight you myself! I can beat you with no power-ups!" Conor snaps. "After all, I beat Deacon all by myself!"

That's a lie, he [had help](#) (from The Game Boy) but at least he got The Deacon's name right this time. Maybe Conor's coming to age...

The only living Fuse waves Ghostface towards him.

DING DING

Wondering where the bell came from, Ghostface looks around, with body language conveying confusion. The murderer is supposed to be in control! Distracted by the bell, Conor hits a slingblade to the killer. Fuse wastes little time, landing a perfect release German suplex. This is followed by a sit-down hip toss and a leg drop to the head. Finally, Conor performs another release German suplex and Ghostface lands on their upper shoulder and neck!

Although previously murdered (on-camera or off-camera, depending if you saw it), the spirits of "Downtown" Darren Keelber and Lance Warner float from the roof of the WrestlePlex and into their broadcast booth. Looking something like Marley and Marley from The Muppets Christmas Carol, chained together at the arms, in black and white color... they land on their announce chairs and call the match like this was a regular DEFtv contest.

DDK:

Great to be calling the action again, even in my changed form! As we pick up, Conor's got the momentum here. He works Ghostface into a headlock. The murderer is trying to break free but Conor throws a few punches in with his left hand. Ghostface tries to claw at Fuse's face... but the killer's arms aren't getting there.

Lance:

Conor's got a solid headlock here, really frustrating his opponent. He's wrestling a much different style than he normally would. And you know what, that's smart. Keep the match slow paced, start to get your emotions under control and your mind focused on this contest. Your brother was killed in front of your eyes, so that has to account for some raw emotion, Keeps. Need to keep that under control. He hit some big moves early and now, it's getting this match on track.

DDK:

Indeed, my friend.

Ghostface eventually shoves Conor into the ropes but Fuse comes flying across with a forearm to the face! A spinning heel kick follows and then a sleeper hold!

DDK:

Ghostface with a back drop, breaking the hold. The murderer is into the ropes but Conor hits the mat and Ghostface jumps over, into the next set of ropes- another slingblade by Fuse!

This is followed by numerous stomps to the chest. Typically, Conor smiles along with the mudhole stomps of death and yet... he's much more channeling anger like his brother because of all the Game Overs he's witnessed.

Conor Fuse:

Kill all my friends, huh!? Punk!?

DDK:

Conor is relentless! He may have to pay close attention, though because Ghostface is trying to use those ropes for leverage...

Lance:

Low blow by Ghostface!

DDK:

What a cheap attack! Conor is stumbling around the floor and Ghostface comes in with a pendulum backbreaker! This is followed by a muta lock!

Conor screams out but he is close enough to the ropes to reach them! Both parties gain a vertical base... Ghostface looks for a left hand but it's blocked by Conor. Conor returns a left fist and then a hard headbutt! With Ghostface reeling, Conor connects with the tilt-a-whirl DDT, PWN'd and leaps to the top rope.

Phoenix splash.

The ghost of referee Mark Shields appears (he was late... there's a lot of hot bitches in hell) to count the three.

ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

DING DING DING

For some reason, Darren Quimbey's still alive to announce Conor as the winner.

Darren Quimbey:

The winner of this match... CONOR FUSE!!

Conor has a look on his face like "how are you not dead yet Quimbey". Meanwhile, DDK and Lance fade away.

DDK:

See you all next week at Ascension!

The Codebreaker falls back to the corner of the ring. He waits to see what Ghostface does.

[**GO TO #3**](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 39

"HEY, YOU ARE NOT BEING SAFE DOWN HERE!"

Conor rolls his eyes. "Sgt. Safety... great. Not looking forward to this NPC right now."

SGT. SAFETY it is. He comes storming through the basement and sees Conor in an unsafe area. In fact, the entire second floor basement is unsafe!

"We have an unsafe boiler room issue down here, Conor." Safety snaps. It seems like every sentence the BRAZEN talent says brings up some form of safety concern. If you'd like to treat this segment as a **drinking game** (off the record, of course), take a drink every time the word "safe" or "unsafe" is mentioned. "I need you to go back upstairs because this environment isn't safe."

Drink.

"I AM on my way back up, Jeez!" Conor snaps. "Besides, I have much bigger issues to deal with right now! There's a murder on the loose and he's after all of us! Being safe is not my concern!"

Drink.

Sgt. Safety takes in Conor's comments for immediate reflection. He raises a hand to his chin, squints his eyes together and clicks his teeth. "So, what you're saying is we have an unsafe [*drink*] environment right now!?"

Conor snaps his fingers and then points at the Sergeant. "Exactly."

"Huh." Is all Safety can say. His mind is racing to ensure the safety of everyone within this building. "Well, I have to provide some precautionary safety steps. For some reason, there's a lot of us hanging around the WrestlePlex at this late hour. We need to call for an emergency safety meeting!"

Conor's had enough of this. He's started walking towards the elevator. "Um, yeah, okay."

Safety doesn't recognize the sarcasm in The Codebreaker's voice. "Excellent. You go to the suite level and gather those who are drinking up there. I'll collect anyone on the main level. We need to promote safety more! I am super *cereal*."

Conor raises an eyebrow. "Excuse me, what did you say?"

"I am super serious." The Sergeant remarks.

Conor presses for the elevator. To his surprise, he realizes Safety has followed him all the way over here. "Oh, okay. I thought you said something else." Fuse says as he enters the elevator. "By the way-"

"HEY! YOU'RE NOT BEING SAFE!" Sgt. Safety has his head turned and immediately screams at someone down the hallway. Conor's in the elevator and can't see who it is.

"What's going on, man!?" Conor snaps.

Safety puts his hand towards Conor as if to tell him to stand back and stay in the elevator. Meanwhile, Conor is pressing the door open button.

"Sir, I need you to be more safe with that thing!" Safety screams.

"That thing???" Conor is worried. "Safety, what the hell is going on!?"

The BRAZEN star turns to Conor. "I need you to stand down, Fuse. We have a major safety violation on our hands

over here.”

Safety looks towards the individual down the basement hallway, who is making their way closer. “Sir, please... you need to carry that knife with the blade facing AWAY from your feet!”

“KNIFE!?!?” Conor is livid. Fuse tries to reach out and pull Safety inside the elevator but it’s too late...

SLICE.

The Ghostface stabs Sgt. Safety in the neck. The jobber falls to his knees, looking up at the Ghostface all wide-eyed. Safety isn’t scared he’s dying... he’s scared this murderer didn’t follow the safety protocols put in place within the WrestlePlex walls, HIS jurisdiction.

“That’s violation number 5630 of the DEFIANCE Safety Code-”

“Shut up.” Ghostface says as he drives the knife deeper into Safety’s neck, ultimately ending The Sergeant’s life at that exact moment. The murderer turns to see Conor inside the elevator. “Hello, again...”

Conor takes his finger off the door open button and the doors slowly close... as Ghostface realizes there’s only one shot to make it to Conor...

The killer races forward, reaches out... but the doors close right before he can get in there!

“Dammit!” Conor shouts. “Another one dead.”

Fuse looks over to the elevator buttons. In his panic, he realizes he hit the top level floor. Perhaps talking about the suite level with Sgt. Safety unconsciously triggered him to choose that button instead of the main floor. Conor scrambles to hit the button below that one but it’s for the 2nd level, not the main one.

The doors open up and there, standing directly in front of Fuse is a man who looks very similar to Tyler and Conor, only with buzzed brown hair. The man is wearing black and gray wrestling tights that say “JUDGE THIS” on them.

“**OBJECTION!**” The man screams! Conor leaps back into the elevator, crying. It’s none other than PIW and Action Wrestling legend, **LLB**, the wrestling lawyer. Fuse hits the elevator closed and knows there’s no turning back now... he’s going to the suite level.

[GO TO #23](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 40

"Kristie?" The woman says, as she collects herself off the mat. Pulling her hair back into a ponytail, the killer falls backwards and leans against the turnbuckle pad. "Who the hell is Kristie?"

Without the voice modulator, Conor determines he's wrong. That's not Kristie's voice...

"DEF Mom!" Conor remarks.

"No, you idiot. DEF Mom's a redhead!"

Conor nods. He kinda forgot.

"Well there aren't many women in my life, let's be honest." Conor lowers his head. "Maybe I could use one. Give up all those video games and whatnot. Tyler has a woman in his life. I mean, she's okay. Sometimes I don't get her, you know. Desire is so mysterious. She's not a succubus but she's still strange. Her and Tyler have known each other forever and as far as sister-in-laws go, she's decent. But I can never *underSTTTTAAND----*"

Conor knows who it is. He doesn't need to see her.

"PRINCESS. It's YOU. You're trying to kill me!"

The woman cackles from the other side of the ring.

Yes. It's Princess Desire.

[GO TO #31](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 41

He's made it. Conor walks into the executive-talent parking lot of the WrestlePlex. There's a few cars idly scattered about and the back of his left leg is twitching again. It's simply for a few seconds, on and off and then it stops. Conor sees cars belonging to members of the production team, the custodian crew, Kristie's inspired Daisy Duke's car is there, Mark Shields' beaten down station wagon (although everyone knows where he is right now) and... in the far distance, Tyler Fuse's black Dodge Charger!

"HE'S HERE!" Conor shouts loudly, only to furiously look around, making sure no one heard him. It's near 4:30am, the lot is abandoned and nobody is in sight... but still.

"Glad I know what car everyone drives." He says much more quietly to himself. "I'm not the Locker Room Leader for nothing."

Thump.

Conor bumps into something... or someone behind him.

"Aye ya stupid baw juggler."

Relief crosses Conor's face immediately. He knows it's **GAGE BLACKWOOD**. The Codebreaker spins around and sees the Southern Heritage Champion standing there in black jeans and his throwback "THERE IS NO TOMORROW" DEFIANCE branded t-shirt. You can buy yours soon at eFedTees.com

"Oh, just you." Conor says to Blackwood. This seems to anger the champion.

"Just me?" He snaps.

Conor looks worried. "Ahhhh." He thinks to himself. "I hope I didn't make him all bitter and angry..."

Blackwood's anger brushes over him, however. He pats Conor on the shoulder. "I'm just giving ya a hard time."

Phewf. Now able to concentrate on the real difficulties at hand, Conor's expression slowly grows intense. "Gage... you might be able to help me!" Conor starts rambling rather quickly. "There's someone after Tyler! He's after me too! Hell, he's after everyone... maybe even you! Guy is murdering EVERYONE!"

Blackwood isn't the sharpest knife in the drawer at even the best of times. He's not really making sense of what's going on. "Someone is killing everyone off?" The SOHER scratches his head.

"Yes! Yes, exactly! Whoever it is, they are after EVERYONE in DEFIANCE! Tyler's inside the arena... I feel like he would know what to do! I have to find him!"

Blackwood's still processing everything. Suddenly, he doesn't realize what the problem is. "Great." He remarks.

"Great!?" Conor snaps back.

"Yeah. Great. You said someone is killing everyone in DEFIANCE... that could open up a nice little spot for me to get into the main event scene."

Conor's (almost) at a loss for words. "That's all you care about at a time like this!?"

Blackwood shrugs. "Yeah. I want what's rightfully mine."

Even though Conor isn't the brightest himself, he's much more *clever* than The Nobel Raider. Conor's done his fair

share of manipulating before...

"Hmmm." Conor places a hand on his chin. "Well if everyone is dead then I guess there's no one to beat... *hmmm*."

Blackwood's slowly starting to realize the world Conor is painting has some drawbacks...

"That would mean no Scott Douglas to beat... again." Conor continues.

"I hate Scott Douglas." Blackwood mutters softly.

"Or Oscar Burns." Conor adds.

"I hate Oscar Burns." Blackwood adds.

"Or Dex Joy... Elise Ares... Mushighara..." Conor knows he's found the sweet spot with the next name. "Jay Harvey."

Blackwood's coming to God moment has arrived. "Aye. I see what you mean. I'll help you save who's left." He stops to make one last comment. "But if Jay bites the dust, so be it."

"Okay, great!" Conor's about to hatch a plan but then he sees...

A bus off to the edge of the parking lot area.

"That's odd." Conor's almost captivated by this majestic looking *bus*. "I never saw that before."

Conor races towards it and tells Blackwood to come along. Reluctantly, the Southern Heritage Champion follows.

As they approach, it's a Greyhound coach bus. In the front of the window is a sign...

"sAfE bUs. nO oNe WiLl GeT U iN hErE!"

It takes Conor a moment to read it... "Safe bus. No one will get you in here!" But he's sold once he does. "Super solid idea! I can't see how *this* could go wrong!"

About to head inside, Blackwood stops him.

"Aye, don't be doing that. No, no." Blackwood remarks. "I signed with DEFIANCE a few months before you and Tyler did all those years ago. It was right before you started... there was this dumb bloke, he thought it was a good idea to bring a bus into the parking lot to protect himself from the UTA invasion. He deemed it 'The Safe Bus'."

Conor doesn't get it. Maybe he's the slow one after all. "Well, was it safe?"

Blackwood tries to find an appropriate explanation. "Uh, ah, eee, it wasn't really *unsafe*. It was just... stupid."

Conor's thinking hard. Is that explanation good enough for him? Should he get on that bus?

[IF YOU WANT ON THE BUS, BECAUSE IT'S SAFE AFTER ALL, GO TO #25](#)
[DON'T TRUST THE BUS? THEN THE WRESTLEPLEX IT IS, GO TO #2](#)

CONOR'S SCREAM LAND - (Choose Your Own Adventure) - 42

"You didn't say it was a murderous robot, Fuse! A...murderbot!" Newbludd angrily shouts at Fuse, before glaring at the taxi's new driver.

"Hey metaldick! Let me out!"

The car starts speeding off as Conor and Brock try to break free from their seatbelts (which **also** has a safety lock, ensuring the passenger's backs are still pressed to their seat... Conor can't help but think maybe these safety features aren't such a bad thing after all and, perhaps, taking a taxi IS safer than riding in an Uber. This Kabal Kabs in particular has made some excellent additional safety precautions and Sgt. Safety would be enthralled! Anyway...)

"It's taken control of the electrical systems!" Brock screams as he desperately yanks at his lap belt.

"How drunk are you!? He's not a robot!" Conor barks back as he tries to break free from his own restraints.

"Shutup! Who would hop into a cab driven by a zombie at four in the morning SOBER!?" Brock quickly points out.

Suddenly, Rezinjuice appears on the front of the hood! Before the car sped off, nobody saw him get on the roof and now he's trying to fight his way back into the taxi for the big save!

Ghostface can't see where he's driving... so the killer starts swerving to the left and the right, hoping this knocks Rezinjuice off the hood! Finally, using each other's strength, Conor and Newbludd rip off Brock's seatbelt and he wraps his arms around the Ghostface for an attempted sleeper hold!

"FIND IT'S SELF DESTRUCT BUTTON!" Newbludd yells out as he struggles to maintain his grip.

CRRRRRAAASSSHH!!

Everything comes to a halt! The car crashes into a building! As the impact of the collision subsides, the taxi driver has been crushed into the windshield after being smacked into a large light post they hit first. Ghostface is knocked out, seemingly unconscious or dead while face-first in the steering wheel (still with his mask on) and Newbludd and Fuse are... okay!

"Can you open your side door?" Conor asks Newbludd. Brock tries the door but it still doesn't open.

"No." He replies. "What about you?"

Conor tries his door and then smacks his hands together. "Drats. This taxi is almost *too* safe."

There's only one way out... through the driver's window and past the Ghostface.

"Is he..." Conor takes a big gulp. "Dead?"

Newbludd leans forward to check him. "No. He's still breathing. Knocked out but breathing. I guess he wasn't a robot after all."

"Fuddlesticks." Conor unlocks his seatbelt. Since the car isn't in drive, the safety features are not on. "We have to go through him to get out of here!"

Newbludd puts a finger to his mouth to ensure they stay silent, in order not to wake Ghostface if he starts to gain some level of consciousness. Conor slowly puts one leg over the empty passenger seat and then the other. He's a slippery one for sure and ultimately does not have a problem slithering around the Ghostface and out the driver's window.

"Okay..." Conor whispers to Newbludd. "Now you go."

"I don't feel like dry-humping the dead dude...hang on." Brock whispers back and positions himself so his back is against the drivers side backdoor.

Pulling both legs in towards him, Newbludd lets out a grunt and drives both of his feet forward towards the back passenger window.

SMASH! The power behind Newbludd's feet is too much for the window and it shatters!

Wincing at the noise, Brock slowly pulls his feet back in as he watches Ghostface for any signs of life. Seeing none, Brock takes a deep breath and scrambles out of the freshly shattered window.

Newbludd and Fuse made it! They start running from the crash...

"Wait." Conor mentions. "I need to know who this person is!"

"If it's a Cylon under that mask, I'm out dude." Brock says warily.

Newbludd's expression conveys this isn't a good idea and yet, Conor walks towards the Kabal Kab, readying for the Ghostface. Fuse is almost at the car and when he arrives...

There's no one in the driver's seat.

"What the-"

Movement in the corner of his eye catches Conor's attention and he snaps to the front of the smashed up taxi. Standing in the glare of the headlights is Brock. Directly in front of him... the Ghostface killer.

"You should have stayed dead, dude." Newbludd says to the imposing killer as he absently tosses a piece of softball sized chunk of concrete in one hand.

"Because now, I'm gonna Brock out with my rock out!"

Wincing slightly from Brock's horrible line, Conor's frown quickly turns to terror as he watches Brock attempt to brain the monster with the rock. Taking an easy step back, Ghostface lets Newbludd's hand scream past his masked face before grabbing his attacker by the throat.

"NO!" Conor screams out as his legs lock up in sheer terror.

Holding the struggling Newbludd with ease, Ghostface uses his other hand to RIP open the hood of the taxi, bypassing the hood's locking mechanism with supernatural force.

"I'll see you in hell... metal... dick..." Newbludd coughs out, managing to crack a defiant grin.

Suddenly Ghostface slams Newbludd face first into the edge of the open hood, causing blood to spray across the beam of the headlights. Grabbing Brock by the back of the head, Ghostface raises it up to show Conor the gore. Sporting a broken nose and a horrendous gash on his forehead, Brock manages to lock eyes with Conor for a split second.

SLAM!

Ghostface crushes Brock's face into the engine block!

Now fully knocked out, Brock begins to slide backwards and Ghostface stops his victim from falling to the ground. Positioning Newbludd's limp body so his neck is perfectly aligned with the front edge of the hood, Ghostface stares at Conor for a brief moment.

THUD! THUDTHUDTHUD!

Frozen in fear, Fuse watches as the killer repeatedly and violently, slams the hood of the taxi down upon Newbludd. Satisfied with his work, Ghostface backs away.

... To watch Brock's body slump to the ground... sans head.

Conor watches in horror but knows there's nothing he can do. Newbludd's headless body is thrown to the side of the road and Ghostface has his eyes... back on Conor.

"The hell with this..." Realizing he's close enough to the WrestlePlex, Conor decides to sprint as fast as he can towards the arena's direction. Once he knows he's far enough away from Ghostface he looks back to see the murderer standing there... waving his knife in the air. Ultimately, Conor knows he will see the killer again...

YOU PICKED UP 50 COINS FROM THE KABAL KAB BUT FORGOT TO MENTION IT BECAUSE THIS TRIP WAS SOMETHING ELSE.

[ARRIVE AT THE WRESTLEPLEX, GO TO #41](#)