



## SHOW OPEN

## SUPER MALAK ODYSSEY 12

Two chairs face each other, each with spotlights shining down on them. In walks Malak Garland. As if on autopilot, he takes a seat in the chair to the left and begins looking around at the dark emptiness around him.

**Malak Garland:**

cOnOr? Are you there? Am I back at the main menu again? If I am, it certainly has changed a great deal.

Suddenly, a photonic version of Malak appears in the opposite chair. To his shock, the fleshy, physical version of Malak gasps deeply.

**Malak Garland:**

What-in-the-metamorphoses?

**Holo Garland:**

Greetings, Malak. I am you and you are me. Don't get it twisted. I'm aware that I'm a holographic projection of you so don't worry. I don't plan on replacing you or anything like that. I'm just here for the most truthful talk of your entire existence. If you only knew what this point in time meant for you.

Malak listens intently to his hologram.

**Holo Garland:**

You're a selfish prick. You are scum of the Earth. You're the reason why so many people hate the internet community. You epitomize laziness, scheming and worst of all, hate. That's why you've been put through these trials. This has been your odyssey and you've discovered some truly SHOCKING truths, haven't you?

Malak sits back and crosses his legs.

**Malak Garland:**

I won't lie. The old me would have, but I won't. I have.

**Holo Garland:**

Let's rehash those, shall we? Let's start with Jocleyne.

The hologram snaps his fingers and a think-cloud appears, recapping the epic action that took place in Broccoli Kingdom.

**Malak Garland:**

I saved Jocelyne but she was never pregnant with my child.

Holo Garland snaps his fingers again and another think-cloud appears, recapping the wild western Malak just endured.

**Malak Garland:**

Same thing with Teresa. Lies. It was all a big sham I told the world in order to gain sympathy and make Pat Cassidy look back. What's the point? I'm aware of what I've done. It's not the first time I lied to drive the narrative of the story and it won't be the last, either. I-I'm sorry, I guess. Whatever.

**Holo Garland:**

But are you? Have you truly owned it?

**Malak Garland:**

It cost me my championship, amongst other things. I think I've suffered enough.

Holo Garland claps his hands once to show one more think-cloud. This one shows the reunion Malak just had with

Cyrus Bates at MAXDEF after overcoming a surprisingly game Thuston Hunter.

**Holo Garland:**

It felt like you had lost all your friends at one point, too.

**Malak Garland:**

But Cyrus was there for me, every step of the way. He looked out for me when I didn't even know it. He's a true friend who will never turn on me, no matter what. Seemingly the only one left.

Holo Garland nods in agreement.

**Malak Garland:**

So then now what? Where do I go from here?

**Holo Garland:**

I don't think you should think this is anywhere close to being over. You're still stuck in your way of being an ignorant, falldown, faithless toolbag.

Resentment kicks into Malak.

**Malak Garland:**

Am not.

**Holo Garland:**

Are so and the fact that you'll sit here and argue with a fake hologram of yourself proves it.

The holographic version of Malak flickers a few times, revealing cOnOr fAkE, the main menu gremlin intermittently.

**Malak Garland:**

cOnOr?

Finally, the hologram dissipates and shows cOnOr fully.

**cOnOr fAkE:**

You've played this game long enough. This odyssey might be ending but Malak, your real life odyssey, well, that's just beginning. Take the tools you've learned from this adventure and now it's up to you where you go from here. Will you be successful? Will you find out what you need to know about yourself?

cOnOr stands. Malak stands. The chairs disappear.

**Malak Garland:**

I'm prepared to do whatever it takes. I'm over 25 years old now and my brain has fully developed.

cOnOr extends a hand that cannot be reached no matter how hard Malak tries.

**cOnOr fAkE:**

Shit guy, shit.

ZWWWWWWWWWWORRRRRRRRRRP!

**cOnOr fAkE: [Voice fading]**

Lots to unpack here. Lots to unpack, indeed.

Emptiness.

Nothingness.

**Womanly voices:**

Malak, open your eyes. Open them.

## **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS vs. ARCHER SILVER**

After the usual show opening, The DEFIANCE Faithful are going WILD all throughout the DEFIANCE Wrestle-plex!

And coming up on The Commentation Station, Darren Keebler and Lance Warner both greet the camera!

**DDK:**

Welcome to the post-MAXDEF edition of UNCUT! From right here in the DEFIANCE Wrestleplex, I'm "Downtown" Darren Keebler and with me is Lance Warner!

**Lance:**

Thank you, Darren! We were treated to major spectacles! Conor Fuse giving everything he had, only for Henry Keyes to keep hold of the FIST of DEFIANCE! Brock Newbludd defeated his best friend, Pat Cassidy to retain the Southern Heritage Title, but at what cost? RCR defeated three other teams to hold on to the Unified Tag Team Titles and Lonnie Luck defied the odds to keep the Favoured Saints Title!

**DDK:**

That's right! And speaking of teams, it was The Lads who defeated The Honor Society in a gripping eight-man tag team match shortly before the newly-named Headmaster Black and the rest of The Honor Society excommunicated Ned Reform! That's a crazy tale, but to kick off tonight's show, we have Butcher Victorious in action!

**Lance:**

That we do! Let's take it to ringside!

To Quimbey we go!

**Darren Quimbey:**

The following singles match is scheduled for one fall and is your opening match! Introducing first...

The DEFIatron goes black... then a cartoon silhouette of Butcher appears on the screen. He holds out one empty hand, and like Mjolnir to his Thor, The Stick flies into his hand! The cartoon silhouette holds out his right hand and like the Stormbringer to his Thor, The AMP megaphone flies into his grip...

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

A HUGE pop for Butcher Victorious, standing on the entrance ramp with both The Stick and The AMP in each of his hands! Wearing a sparkling brand new blue and yellow jacket, blue trunks and yellow kickpads, he points towards the ring and takes in the reception from The Faithful! He gestures to the Mic Dropz Energy holster belt around his waist! Behind him, "The Ray of Sunshine" Janna Ray is dressed in black pants and a "Shake Hands or Throw Hands With The Lads" shirt! The two raise a can of Mic Dropz to the sky!

**Darren Quimbey:**

Representing The Lads AND The Butch Vic Clique... from Austin, Texas, weighing in at 223 pounds... sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy, he is "**THE MICROPHONE FIEND**" **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**"

Butcher starts heading down the ring and his music drops.

**Butcher Victorious:** *[with The Faithful repeating]*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE STICK... AND THE AMP!

He taps his head with The Stick.

**Butcher Victorious:** *[with The Faithful repeating]*

BUTCH VIC HAS THE SKULL THAT'S THICK...

He and Janna Ray both hold up a drink.

**Butcher Victorious:**

AND BUTCH VIC HAS THE DRINK WITH A KICK! This match is sponsored by Mic Dropz Energy! Say it loud and say it proud with Mic Dropz Energy!

The music resumes as he and Janna hit the ring!

**DDK:**

What a match Butcher has in store here shortly when he takes on Archer Silver! We have seen Silver on a complete warpath these past few months! His anger issues, though, led to him possibly costing himself the Favoured Saints Title, leading to Lonnie Luck retaining!

Butcher and Janna remain at ringside as the music fades out.

♪ I'm a bad motherf\*\*\*er! ♪

♪ "The Sh!t" by Danger Mouse and Jemini The Gifted One ♪

The opening trumpets to the arrogant start to blast throughout the arena. Stepping out on stage, a tall man under a silver coat with gold trim! Basking in the jeers of the New Orleans Faithful, arms wide open, he then starts a slow walk towards the ring with some shadowboxing thrown in.

**Darren Quimbey:**

And his opponent, representing Les Enfants Terribles... being accompanied to the ring by High Flyer, from Seattle, Washington weighing in at 239 pounds... he has asked to be referred to from here on out as **"THE PRINCE OF PRICKS"...** **ARCHER! SILVER!**

A sadistic smile can be seen from under the hood, but his eyes aren't visible to The Faithful. In a classic Les Enfants Terrible shirt and jeans for the occasion, High Flyer walks alongside Archer acting in a "cornerman" type of role as he makes it down the ramp. Archer climbs up the steps, through the ropes, then sits on the top rope facing his opponent. The hood comes off and Archer holds the jacket as Carla Ferrari gets ready to the ring the bell.

**DING DING**

Both men hit the ring and lock up, but the uber-aggressive Silver takes a knee to the stomach of Butcher and then muscles the Human Headlock Machine into the corner. He lands another knee and then a second shot before Carla Ferrari warns him against repeated attacks in the corner.

**Archer Silver:**

SHUT UP!

That earns him some jeers right away from The Faithful... but when he turns around, he gets... you guessed it... **HEADLOCKED** by Butcher to a huge cheer from the NOLA fans! Butcher sticks his tongue and wrenches on the hold tightly with Archer trying to fight his way out! The taller Silver lands a couple of jabs and leans back to the ropes before he's able to sling Butcher off of him. He hits the ropes but when he comes back, Butcher lands up and over the other side of Archer. The Prince of Pricks turns around and gets rocked by a headlock takeover on the mat!

**DDK:**

Butcher taking the young man to school tonight! We've been seeing Archer Silver channel this newfound rage quite well in recent months, but Butcher appears to be using it against him to make a mistake!

**Lance:**

That he is!

The headlock stays on as Janna Ray cheers on her fellow Lad. High Flyer starts booing him alone as Butcher is on his feet! He still has one arm on him and lifts up his own leg to hit a facebreaker knee smash to Archer! He hits the corner as Butcher rushes towards him and starts laying the ten punches in the corner!

*ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE! SIX! SEVEN! EIGHT! NINE!*

Butcher leaps off of the corner as Archer is staggered and then SMACKS him with a discus punch as the crowd counts TEN!

**DDK:**

A little twist on fellow Lad, Punch Drunk Purcell's "Hitting The Bag" combo, it seems!

With Archer stunned in the corner, but still upright, Butch Vic goes for a saito suplex. Archer snaps to life and hits a pair of elbow to the back of the head before he pushes him into the corner! Butcher is staggered but when Silver charges in, he catches a boot to the chest! The Prince of Pricks is reeling when The Microphone Fiend jumps to the middle rope. He gets ready to attack, but sees High Flyer there!

**High Flyer:**

Just wanted to tell you... MADE YOU LOOK!

He jumps off the apron, but Butcher looks too late and Archer SMACKS him with a big roundhouse kick that catches the Texan flush in the ribs and sends him tumbling out of the ring, landing on the apron, then finally the floor!

**DDK:**

What a cheap shot there from Silver! High Flyer getting involved to help his tag team partner!

*BOOOOOOOOOOOOO!*

While Janna Ray is chasing High Flyer away, Archer takes a moment to antagonize The Faithful!

**Archer Silver:**

This stupid mohawked bitch is your hero?! THAT guy? The one I just kicked in his goddamn head?!

Silver ignores Carla's warnings to keep it in the ring and rolls out to the floor to go after Butcher. He picks up Butcher and then RAMS him back-first into the ring apron. He turns around and SLAMS him into the guardrail next, knocking it back a step! The Faithful continue jeering Archer before he takes hold of Butcher by his mohawk and faceplants him on the mat outside the ring!

**Lance:**

Dirty tactics all around! Never expect anything less from a Silver! Over forty years of Silver lineage to show that!

**DDK:**

Indeed! Archer gets Butcher back into the ring!

Once he throws the Lads member back into the ring, he follows him in. Just as Butcher tries to sit upright, Archer zooms off the nearby ropes and lands a super STIFF soccer kick right between his chest! Butcher is coughing for air as Archer runs over and goes for the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Butch Vic kicks... out. Archer is not pleased by the official's count!

**DDK:**

What a brutal soccer kick there by Silver, but Butcher was able to kick out first! We know firsthand Butcher can take tremendous punishment and come back from the brink!

**Lance:**

That he can! But Archer can dish it out as well!

Silver picks up Butcher and delivers a number of hard body blows to his midsection, sending him back into the corner. Once he's there, Archer flies in and rocks him on the side of the jaw with a big flying elbow! The blow rocks Butcher and Archer follows up with a number of vicious stomps! He continues whooping Butcher in the corner before he then grabs the ropes. The athletic Silver jumps up and hits a corner slingshot into a double foot stomp onto Butcher, then starts talking trash while his feet are pressed into his chest!

**Archer Silver:**

What rhymes with "BUTCH VIC IS RUNNING OUT OF OXYGEN?!" Huh? Got a rhyme for THAT, dumbass?!

**DDK:**

Standing On Business! And as he always does with this move, he's going to take up Carla's five-count!

Silver leaps off of Butcher at the count of four, but the damage may already be done! Butcher is coughing up for air a second time and Silver drags him out of the corner to go for a second cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO!

**Lance:**

Butcher kicks out again! He's got these people, though!

*BUTCH VIC! Clap x2*

*BUTCH VIC! Clap x2*

*BUTCH VIC! Clap x2*

Once again, Butcher tries to stand, but Archer goes crazy and slaps on a high and tight sleeper-style choke! He starts shaking Butcher's neck violently and tries to cut off the air supply to The Microphone Fiend!

**DDK:**

Great strategy by Archer Silver tonight! He's been on a tear here and he's been literally taking the wind out of Butch Vic's sails!

**Lance:**

He's almost got him! Carla's checking that arm to see if it goes limp! If it falls three times this one's done!

With The Strong Style Nepo Baby still holding onto the choke, Carla grabs Butcher's left arm once... it falls...

Carla lifts it twice... it falls...

A third time... BUT NO! He holds up his hand and The Faithful go crazy!

**DDK:**

I can't believe it! Butch Vic is still in this!

With Janna Ray at ringside leading The Faithful in cheering on The Microphone Fiend, he starts to stand, but Archer falls backwards to try and lock in a hold... but Butcher rolls OVER him into a pinning predicament!

**Lance:**

NO! REVERSAL INTO A PIN!



ONE!

TWO!

Silver lets go of the hold and both men meet up on their feet, but it's Butcher that SMACKS Archer with a STIFF Hard Out Headbutt on the jaw! Butcher shakes his head in pain, but Archer goes stumbling backwards into the corner not knowing where he is!

**DDK:**

That was NASTY! That Hard Out Headbutt is always so brutal!

Butcher does his best to try and catch his breath on the other side of the ring as Janna Ray slides in a can of Mic Dropz! Butcher takes a drink and starts chugging it down as The Faithful cheer him on! After he gives the can back, he FLIES across the ring and he rocks Archer with a huge flying uppercut in the corner! Silver gets knocked out of the corner as Butcher climbs the middle rope. This time, he finds what he's looking for when he comes off with a flying European uppercut and takes Archer off his feet!

**Lance:**

That Mic Dropz Energy really fired him up! He's back in this AND he's got Archer on the ropes!

**DDK:**

Butcher follows that Hard Out Headbutt with that flurry of flying uppercuts!

As The Microphone Fiend gets back to his feet, he quickly gets snatched by Butcher and then hit with a Blizzard suplex into a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

**DDK:**

NEW one by Butch Vic, but he kicks out of the suplex!

Archer tries to get up, only to get kicked back to the mat when Butcher comes running and SMACKS him with a running enzuigiri to the side of the head! High Flyer is shocked at ringside as Butcher climbs up to the middle rope again. He looks out to The Faithful!

**Butcher Victorious:**

BUTCH VIC... SAYS WATCH THIS!

He LEAPS from the middle to the top rope in one smooth go and comes crashing down with a flying elbow drop! Archer Silver now hurts inside as he clutches his ribs!

**DDK:**

Butch Vic hits the Mic Dropz DROP! That could be all!

Butcher hooks the legs of Archer!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The third-generation star kicks out in the nick of time!

**Lance:**

That was a close one! Butcher almost had him there, but I think he might be looking to take this one home, Darren!

**DDK:**

I agree! He's looking for Butch Vic's Greatest Hit!

Janna cheers on Butcher from ringside and he goes for the kill with the headlock driver, only for Archer to suddenly snap and push him into the ropes! When Butcher comes back, Archer catches him and DRIVES him down violently on the return with a wicked running STO!

**Lance:**

What a counter!

**DDK:**

Archer hits the bullseye with that running STO just like Sonny Silver used to do, called the Lumina!

Silver hooks the leg tight!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

The Faithful are BUZZING as Butcher kicks out again, shocking Archer Silver. He stands up and gets nose to nose, looking down at Carla Ferrari!

**Archer Silver:**

NO! THAT WAS A DAMN THREE! ONE! TWO! F[censored] THREE!

Carla holds up her referee's shirt, telling Archer that she has the authority in the ring! He comes close to getting in her face again, but High Flyer tells him to focus on the match!

**Lance:**

Archer needs to stop this and focus on the match! Carla Ferrari isn't your opponent! Butcher Victorious is!

Sucking his teeth, Archer shows restraint by not putting his hands on Ferrari. He turns to face Butcher, only to get caught by surprise when Butcher hits a flying headlock takeover and turns into a high and tight cradle pin!

**DDK:**

THE BURNS BEATER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

**DING DING DING**

♪ "Microphone Fiend" by Erik B. and Rakim ♪

Archer powers out just a hair too late as The Faithful EXPLODE (not literally, that'd be all sorts of bad). Butcher rolls

out of the ring and rejoins Janna Ray at ringside!

**Darren Quimbey:**

HERE IS YOUR WINNER... **BUTCHER VICTORIOUS!**

Silver is practically FUMING! He punches the mat repeatedly, almost ready to punch THROUGH the canvas! High Flyer enters the ring and tries to get his cohort under control! Instead, he gets up and chases Carla Ferrari out of the ring!

**Lance:**

Archer has nobody to blame but himself for that loss! Those who underestimate Butcher Victorious do so at their own peril! The Human Headlock Machine pulls out another huge win following that victory at Maximum DEFIANCE! He's on a roll!

Butcher climbs out of the ring and Janna Ray even carries Butch Vic on her shoulders! The powerful former rugby player holds him high as they head back up the ramp with Butcher clinking together two cans of Mic Dropz Energy before guzzling both down!

**Lance:**

Pretty sure he shouldn't be shotgunning those!

**DDK:**

I agree... but what a match and what a way to kick off UNCUT tonight! Butcher with the win!

Silver and High Flyer are both beside themselves while on the ramp, Butcher is still banging Mic Dropz Energy cans while on the shoulders of Janna Ray to the delight of The Faithful as the show moves on!

## **Un Acuerdo De Caballeros**

### **MAXIMUM DEFIANCE**

#### **NIGHT ONE**

As Kerry Kuroyama and Ami Troy celebrate victory in the ring, Victor Vacio storms through the curtain backstage. He's trailed closely by his masked trio: Gerardo Villalobos, Hugo "Lips" Gonzalez, and Corey Nunez.

**Victor Vacio:**

¡Put a madre!

Vacio vents into the void with his head hung low. The cut on his forehead, courtesy of Scott Douglas, has begun to bleed and trickle down his furrowed brow. He doesn't wipe it. He doesn't acknowledge it.

Christy Zane intercepts him, stepping carefully into his path.

**Christy Zane:**

Victor... can I get just a word on what happened out there?

No response... No surprise.

Vacio and his Fallen followers don't break stride. Christy doesn't give up though.

**Christy:**

Scott Douglas... he --

Victor halts abruptly at the sound of Douglas' name and Los Caídos follow suit. He turns his head, looking over his right shoulder, clearly fuming. No words. Only the sound of deep and angry breath, in and out, heavy yet controlled.

After a long beat, he shakes his head in derision and keeps walking.

**Christy:**

ok ...

She lowers the mic, quietly defeated, and gives the signal to cut. The camera operator lowers the rig slightly, expecting to power down but then ...

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

So that's it, then?

Victor stops again. So do the others. Lord Nigel removes his black bowler cap and tucks it under his arm, his expression is one of forced, plastic & practiced concern.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

And so, the man who once found value in nothingness – who then found value in control – discovers that control can be fleeting. Fickle. Temperamental.

Villalobos steps between the old small man and Vacio, puffing his chest out.

**Lord Nigel Trickelbush:**

Well, hello.

Vacio places a hand on Villalobos' arm and the big man melts back.

**Victor Vacio:**

Di lo que quieras decir, viejo... say what you've come to say. Be quick about it.

Nigel smiles widely, lips stretching strangely.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

All you've done up until now... with Scott Douglas... it's been *masterful*. Awe inspiring in every way.

Tilting his head, Nigel seeks to connect with Vacio on a personal, human level. It's awkward.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

It's an accomplishment I must admit that I once sought. Something I have to say I did not believe could be done. But... you see... You've only gone HALF-way.

Vacio's eyes narrow.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

You've bound him by honor. Which is an avenue I hadn't thought to tread. Honor is weakness. It's committing on principle instead of practicality. You can exploit it, Dear Victor.

**Victor Vacio:**

Habla claro.

The old man chuckles, doffing the cap back atop his head with a sweeping motion.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

You've bound him by honor. Don't you see? It's time you bound him by BLOOD.

Wincing, Vacio rubs his chin.

**Lord Nigel Tricklebush:**

Let me help. I've... done this before.

Victor Vacio stares hard at Nigel Tricklebush. That familiar contempt simmers beneath the surface but he says nothing. A beat passes.

Then, finally...

A slow, menacing nod.

Vacio turns and walks out of the frame, Los Caídos silently falling in behind him.

Nigel Tricklebush watches them go, a crooked, satisfied grin creeping across his face.

Cut to black.

**THIS.**

**IS.**

**UNCUT.**