



But Aren't They All?

February 15, 2021

Tampa, Florida

On Camera

"February 19th, 2013." Datura's voice trails off, softening on awkward syllables. It sounds coarse, as though her vocal chords are too relaxed and worn to function. That date rolls off Elizabeth's tongue like an anchor. She sits, sprawled out in her smoking chair, wearing a pair of black skinny jeans and a matching hoodie.

"I am reminded, today, of that date. Funny enough— I was facing Sophie James in a champion versus champion match. I don't

remember who won. I don't even remember if it happened. How on brand." Her eyes flutter before falling shut for a moment.

"Now, thanks to Ace Marshall, I am reliving it all. My golden years. Such a wonderful gift. Something I sorely needed at this fantastic point in life." Her sigh relays her sarcasm. She still refuses to look up to meet the camera.

"That was the last time I held a meaningful World Title. Sure, I won titles in budding, upstart companies that had grown a reliable roster and decided to build their hierarchy around my mediocrity, but as soon as stars, like Daisy Lee, came in, I couldn't compete. February 19th, 2013 was the last match I competed in with the Majestic Premier Title. Salvation 29 from the USF Sundome. My hometown crowd. How fitting." She clicks her tongue and nods her head. The movement is robotic.

"From February 20th, 2013 forward I have been chasing the feeling I got the moment I draped my arm across Hiro Tanaka's chest. The sound inside of the arena dissipated. The pain subsided. There was nothing but me, Hiro, and the referee. The only thing that felt real was the referee's hand slamming against the mat: One. Two. Three. It was the most important three seconds of my life. Nothing has ever come close." Datura shakes her head.

"And since that time, I have slowly been eroding the monument that is my name. There used to be something attached to saying you beat Datura. It meant you reached down into your chest and pulled out a lightning rod, that you listened to the screaming in your skeleton and ignored the begging, that you went to war with the risk of handicap and came out the other side stronger. Now?" She laughs.

"Who hasn't heard me stare into this little box," she pauses to reach forward a smack the camera before straightening up in her seat, adjusting her collar, and pointing her finger, "and say something to the effect of:

"This match means the world to me. This is a match I have to win. On this show, I am going to prove I deserve to be in the

conversation. I'm going to train and fight and I'll show you that my last victory wasn't a fluke. That my last loss does not define me. Something something graveyard. Something something spooky." Datura pauses and presses her pointer fingers against each side of her head. She forces pressure down and grunts. "I am trying to be more honest with all of you.

"And the truth is, it took everything in my power not to rehash that tired speech. I have reinvented myself more than anyone in this company, perhaps in this business. I have changed my entire life, cut my hair, grown my hair, dyed my hair, gotten tattoos, been hospitalized, and nearly died in unsuccessful after unsuccessful attempt to find the version of myself that would be successful...

And I'm coming to terms with the idea there isn't one." Datura shrugs, and lowers her hands from her head.

"All I ever was was a girl who, at an exact moment in time, had a higher pain tolerance than her opponent, who, in that second, wasn't afraid to claw through the pain and agony to drop someone on their head. That does not make me a good wrestler. It does not make me a contender. It just means, at some nondescript time in the past, I could take more suffering than someone else. It takes a lot more than that to compete in Supreme Champion Wrestling." She blows an aggressive gust of air through her nose.

"It's difficult to articulate how worthless I have been. There was a time, pre-Majestic, that I served as a gateway. I was the monster who tested the resolve of others. My name was littered with implications: broken bones, blood. I hear Sharper and Knots allude to my previous credentials, but we all know better now, don't we? The veneer has been lifted. The monster is just a human who can't quite figure out how to win." She widens her mouth, moving the bottom half of her jaw side to side.

"And while I appreciate the fact companies like Girl Power Wrestling tried to rehabilitate my image, let us be perfectly clear. They slapped me together with Ryan LeCavalier and let us compete in five star after five star match. We never won the Tag

Titles, despite being one of the best tag-teams in the world. We were superstars. We could've competed against any tag-team on the planet. But we could never win. Can you guess why?" She tilts her head.

"Over and over again I have found myself in situation after situation where I scared people. But that fear was built on a foundation of nothing but scary talk and poetic language. The scariest thing about me was my aura. Somehow, I tricked people into believing I was dangerous. I wasn't. But I loved dropping people on their heads. I loved careening through tables. I loved what I did. Loved, being the key word." Her body slumps further down into the chair.

"I suppose, that's what this is. It's an admission of guilt. I don't love this anymore. I have, admittedly, in brief moments. Last year, during the Trio's Tournament, I found a small breath of life teaming with Jordan and Bree. When I actually pinned Regan. When I wandered New Orleans following around Ace Marshall for another brush with excitement... Ace. Marshall. You piece of shit." Her eyes dart upward, and her nose twitches.

"How long has it been? Hmm?" she growls. She tenses, and she pushes herself further up into the chair. "They have no idea, do they? Do they? I bet you never told David. Or Glory. Or your wife. Story time: I spent over a month getting Ace Marshall's attention.. Sending coded messages, photographs, haunting letters. I followed Ace around like a certified stalker. I can admit that. We met in New Orleans. I sent on constant treasure hunts through the city. I had him wrapped around my finger, but when I showed myself, hoping that Ace Marshall would take the same type of interest I took in him, radio silence." Her tongue runs across her top lip, and her teeth go into a full clench.

"And now. Over a year later. You want to come back and put me into this fucking position? You appear in the midst of one of my worst spirals and throw my name around like a plaything. After I lost the only thing keeping SCW from being an absolute hell, and you enter me into a match for the World Tile?" Her right hand balls into a fist.

"At first, I genuinely thought you were trying to do me a favor. I thought you had finally realized how bad you hurt me. Not because of the Trio's Tournament. No. Not because I'm some scorned lover. Because you disappeared as soon as I showed myself. I tried to wrap my head around my name being mentioned alongside people like Selena Frost, Bree Lancaster, Syren, Glory..." She giggles and rubs her chin. "I thought you were trying to apologize. But now, as I stare at my missed call, your number nowhere to be found, I realize you are incapable of feeling any sort of regret, any semblance of sympathy. This isn't you trying to make things right. You probably don't even realize in that stupid fucking head of yours that you hurt me or did anything wrong in the first place. You did this to play out your little chaos fantasy. That's all you care about. Causing messes. And you brought me into it, for what? Because I might make things a little more interesting?" She loosens her fist and runs her hand over her dreadlocks.

"Fuck you, Ace. Now I understand what's happening, and honestly, I am proud of myself for avoiding Breakdown last week. Because the truth is, had you run to me and tried to play the little games like you did with Cookie, neither of us would be making it to the Gauntlet match. You'd be in the hospital, and I would be fired." Datura spits toward the floor.

"Because here I am. One match removed from my loss to Kimberly Williams. One match removed from watching her take the ONE GOD DAMN thing that meant something to me and change it into the Lizard Championship. One match removed from being made into the biggest joke in this company. And you come along and put me into a position where they can all look on and laugh again. Or maybe, just maybe, she will find that same piece of herself that kept her going in Majestic. Just like she did at Infinity Eight Two. Just like she did in January of 2013. 2013. Fuck." Elizabeth tilts her head back and stares up at the ceiling. After a moment, she just buries her face into her hands.

"For eight agonizing years, I have been trying, desperately, to piece together what was once a meaningful career." She laughs. "I had potential. I did." Datura inhales through her nose, snot

creating a harsh sound in an attempt to clear her nostril. She shakes her head again and wipes her cheek underneath her eyes.

"So this? This is Datura. The real one. I am just a girl named Elizabeth who has been trying to live up to the lies people have told themselves about me.

It's absolutely miserable meeting you."

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February 15, 2021  
Tampa Florida  
Off Camera

Elizabeth lay sprawled out on the wooden floor of her apartment, her limbs surrounded as if she's made a trash angel. Her eyeliner trails down her face, mixing with the blotchy makeup she's had on since the day before. Her breath is shallow and unsteady, and her constricted pupils stare bullets into the popcorn ceiling she hates so much.

Tap

Tap

Tap

The light sound at the door jars her from her daze. She turns her head without lifting it and stares, waiting to see if the noise disappears, hoping it is all in her head. There is a brief moment of silence. The tapping stops. She turns her head back and returns her gaze back upward. However the peace is momentary. That light tapping turns into a pounding.

THUD  
THUD  
THUD

Elizabeth grunts before sitting up using her hands in an attempt to gain her equilibrium. She stirs to her fear and stumbles her way through the garbage, glass, and mess and makes it to the door where she grabs the handle for balance. After toying with it, she finally gets it to twist.

Dawn Lohan stares back at her.

Startled, Elizabeth blinks several times without saying a word. She tilts her head side and closes the door in Dawn's face.

"This isn't real," she says before returning back to her spot. There is a brief quiet before she's interrupted yet again.

THuMP

THuMP

THuMP

THuMP

Elizabeth groans. Raising up as much energy as she can, she mumbles, "It's open."

THUMP

THUMP

THUMP

"OPEN IT!" Elizabeth's hoarse voice breaks mid-scream, but a final bang rings out as the door swings open and slams against the wall. Dawn stands in the doorway, eyes wide in disbelief.

"Oh. Elizabeth." The sympathy makes Elizabeth feel ill. Dawn steps into the garbage and moves obstacles away with her shoe. Datura turns from her and trudges to her recliner, flopping down on the dirty clothes scattered all over it. Dawn stares in stunned silence.

"What?" Elizabeth groaned.

"Elizabeth..." Dawn repeated, her eyes soft and shaking.

"What? Why are you here?"

"I saw your Twitter posts. I was worried."

"I'm fine."

"Obviously." Dawn stretches her arms as if to show Elizabeth the room.

"I'm fine, Dawn. I don't need you to save me."

"I never said you did. I just came to be here for you. That's what friends do."

"Oh. Okay." Datura raises her fingers into air quotes.  
"Friends."

Dawn grimaces. But, rather than argue, she nods. "Yes. Friends. Friends are there during the bad times..." she trails off, peering around the room. "And by the looks of things, you're having a bad time."

Elizabeth sighs, bites her lip, and turns her eyes away. "I'm sorry. That wasn't fair."

"Don't apologize." Dawn smiles and makes her way over to the recliner. She sits down on the padded armrest and throws her arms around her friend. Stunned, Elizabeth sits motionless, staring forward in an attempt to push down the bubbling emotion.

As Dawn releases the hug, Elizabeth opens her mouth, but stops herself from speaking. Instead, she springs to her feet and places her hand on the back of her neck. "Listen. I don't feel well. I'm going to lay down. I'm sorry you wasted your time, but I'm okay. Really. You don't have to be here." Elizabeth forces her lips into a smile and checks the time on her phone. "Go home. You still have time to get a return ticket. I'll pay you back."

"Not happening. But, I'm at the Renaissance, so I'm around. Call me." Dawn demands.

"Deal." Elizabeth nods, turns, and rushes herself into the bedroom before Dawn has a chance to protest. She meekly closes the door and collapses onto her bed, shoving her face into her pillow.

February 16  
Tampa, Florida  
Off Camera

The late-morning sun burns through the blinds, stirring Elizabeth from her sleep. She lifts her face up from the bed and yawns, stretching her sweaty limbs out. Without getting up, she turns and looks at the clock.

"Fifteen hours? Fuck." She smashes her face back into the pillow and lets out a frustrated yell. After stewing in exhaustion for a few minutes, Elizabeth slides herself off the bed and onto her feet. Dragging herself to the bathroom, she places her hands down on the vanity and stares deeply into her reflection, paying particular attention to the dark bags and bloodshot eyes.

*How lovely*

Elizabeth rolls her eyes and walks out of the bathroom, stopping at the bedroom door. She grabs the handle, but stops short of opening it.

*Alright, bitch. You're going to clean today. You're going to fucking pick this shit off the floor and live like a human fucking being.*

She exhales heavily and swings the door open. Rather than the collection of trash strewn all over, she is met with clear, pristine floors. The furniture has been uncluttered, and the counters in the kitchen lay bare. Elizabeth clamps her eyes shut and opens them, repeating the process when the surprise does not undo itself. After stepping out of the doorway and into the living room, she is met by Dawn, who sits cross-legged on the couch with a cup of coffee in one hand and her phone in the other. The volume is low, but she hears her own words from the day before playing from the speaker

"And you come along and put me into a position where there is a tiny, microscopic piece of hope that maybe, just maybe, Datura will find herself a way to outlast everyone else again. Just like she did at Infinity Eight Two. Just like she did in January of 2013. 2013. Fuck."

A gasp escapes Elizabeth's lungs, and Dawn looks up at her, shaking her head in disappointment.

"You're being too hard on yourself."

"What?" *I couldn't have heard that right.*

Dawn takes a long sip from her coffee and places the black mug down on the coffee table in front of her. She smacks her right hand against the cushion next to her. "Sit."

"I need to take my--"

"Sit. I'll get them." Elizabeth saunters to the couch. Dawn springs up and goes into the kitchen to dig into cabinets.

*What the fuck is happening?*

After some soft shuffling and clattering, Dawn returns with a bottle of water and two orange prescription bottles. She places all three down on the table and turns her attention to Elizabeth. "Listen to me, very carefully. Okay? You. Are. Being. Too. Hard. On. Your. Self."

Rather than immediately respond, Elizabeth fetches her medication. She dumps several pills into her hand and washes them down with water, nervously taking a few extra sips. "I don't think so. I'm being realistic."

"Do you remember who else was in that Infinity Eight match? Hmm?" Dawn tilts her head.

"It was Hiro, Remy, Marcus, Comatose, Ashley, Kordy, and--" Elizabeth stops herself, realizing Dawn's point.

"Mhm. And Dawn Lohan. I remember that night very, very clearly. And let me tell you something: you're not remembering it correctly."

"Probably n--"

"You did not just outlast everyone. You beat everyone. You got thrown off that structure TWICE." Dawn raises two fingers for emphasis. "And you were still able to give Remy a piledriver and pin Tanaka to win the Premier Title. You even outlasted me, of all people. That isn't surviving. That is dominating."

"That was eight years ago." Datura clicks her tongue and takes another sip of water. "I'm not the same person."

"No. You're right. You're better."

Datura sprays water out of her mouth. "You're insane."

"No. I mean it. Your win record may not show it, but you're more refined than you were then. You're more technical. You're more premeditated. You're more dangerous."

"My legacy here in Supreme Championship Wrestling would disagree. Who on the roster hasn't beaten me?"

"Liz." Dawn rubs her eyes in frustration. "Supreme Championship Wrestling also has one of the best rosters on the planet." She crosses her arms as if to emphasize her point.

"That doesn't matter."

Dawn shakes her head and squints. "What do you mean?"

"It doesn't matter." Datura clears her throat. "Every company has incredible talent. And I have wandered the wasteland of all of them, losing in every single one. Fight One? UWA? Union Battleground? Every company I join, I find myself in the same place. On my back, staring at the lights, with the referee raising someone else's hand."

Dawn rolls her eyes. "Everyone loses."

"That's easy for you to say. The Next Level 2013. Retribution 2014. Apocalypse 2015. Taking Hold of the Flame 2016."

"You memorized my title history?"

Elizabeth tightens her nose and says, in a nasally tone, "That's what friends do." Without hesitation, Dawn reaches back, grabs a pillow, and knocks the shit out of Elizabeth with it. For the first time in days, Elizabeth laughs.

"Look," Dawn begins, "I've been around this company a lot longer than you have. And, to be frank with you, you haven't exactly had a ton of title opportunities."

"Because I don't deserve them."

"No, because you go off and fucking disappear for six months or get yourself hurt!" Dawn throws up her hands. "Not everything is because you suck."

"But I do."

"Oh? Then how'd you make it into the finals of the Trio's Tournament?"

"Bree and Jordan." Datura responds.

"How'd you beat Regan?"

"Luck."

"How'd you beat me?" Dawn tilts her head and widens her eyes. "Do I suck?"

"No. I haven't beaten you in eight years."

Dawn groans and buries her face in her palms. "Liz. You have to stop this."

"Why? Why should I?" Elizabeth replies, rolling her eyes in annoyance. "The truth is, I can't cut it in SCW. And that's just the reality of the situation."

"You would've given Bree a hell of a run for her title if you hadn't gotten hurt by Scarlett."

"She would have whooped my ass from here to hell and back. In fact, that's probably exactly what's going to happen at Breakdown."

"Maybe. Maybe Not. We will never know what could've happened. But you can prove yourself wrong in two days."

"Dawn. Let's be real. I am not going to win this gauntlet."

"And that's okay. Only one person out of sixteen will! And guess what happens if you lose?"

"What?"

"You lose. That's the worst that can happen." Dawn winks at Elizabeth.

After a moment of staring at her, dumbfounded, Elizabeth laughs. "Fair enough."

"Good. I'm glad we agree. Because from this mess I listened to, it sounded like your plan was to just not show up for your match."

"I..." Datura trails off, guilty as charged.

"Here is what's going to happen. You are going to go to Breakdown in two days, and you are going to compete. But you're not going to just compete, you are going to go in there and outlast your opponents. You are going to out-think them. Outsmart them. Because that is what you're good at. That's what Datura does And you know what? If you get pinned or tap out, that's okay because even if you lose, you're going to prove to Glory and Sophie and everyone else that you belong. Not just in this business. Not just in SCW. In the World Title picture. You hear me?"

Elizabeth nods, rendered utterly speechless. Her eyes well up, and she lunges forward, squeezing Dawn across the torso as tightly as she can. Dawn chuckles and returns the favor. When

Elizabeth finally let's go, Dawn stands up and leans forward, kissing Elizabeth on the top of her head.

"You need to get ready for your World Title match. I'm going to head back to the hotel. I'll see you when you get back."

Elizabeth's face lights up. "You're staying!?"

"Yeah. I'll be waiting for you after your match."

Dawn smiles and makes her way toward the door. Elizabeth tugs at one of her locs. "Hey, Dawn."

"Yeah?" Dawn asks.

"I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"For ghosting you before. You deserve better than that."

"Don't worry about it. You have your reasons. I trust you. Now go kill Ace Marshall." Dawn winks before opening the door and walking into the hallway. As the door closes, Elizabeth looks around her apartment and then back to the door.

*Come back.*

After waiting to see if Dawn would change her mind, Elizabeth darts from her seat to her computer and flings the MacBook open.

*Time to do what I'm good at.*

February 17th, 2020.

On camera

"I'm afraid I gave the wrong impression a few days ago..." Datura trails off. "Everything I said was absolutely true, but some people inferred that I would be omitting myself from the gauntlet match. Unfortunately, for some, that will not be the case." She offers a smirk.

"The past is a terrible burden, even if it is good. This week, I have done nothing but bury myself in it. But just as the past can haunt us, it can bless us with insight. I am lucky enough to have been visited by my past, and it showed me a secret I had been keeping from myself." Elizabeth brings her hand up and taps on her skull.

"This is where I excel. I'm not the strongest person in this match. I'm not the fastest. I am certainly, thanks to Ace, not the most erratic. But I am the most studious, and in my study time, I began to feel like I've been in a similar situation before. I feel like five of us have met in a previous life, isn't that right Glory?" She wags her finger at the camera.

"We were here before. The last time we faced off was the Trios Tournament. I remember what a bitch that superkick is, and I don't look forward to eating it again. But if I know you, and I would like to think I do, you're going to be handing them out in spades, especially after watching Cookie pin Selena. Hmm?" Elizabeth tilts her head toward the camera. "HMMMMMM?"

"You've been busy this year, haven't you? Not only did you go losing your tag match to the Psychonauts, but you went and lost yourself Adrenaline title to Shilo Valiant." She grimaces. "That's rough. I mean, who am I to talk? I lost to Shilo too. But I also beat him, and when he did beat me, I was smart enough to disappear for a while and revitalize my image." Datura puffs out her cheeks, then empties them in a single breath.

"I kid. I kid. Kind of. Listen, Glory. I know you're going to be gunning for Cookie to get a semblance of revenge, and I sincerely hope I do not stop you in that endeavor. I would personally love to see you dive off the top top and smash your head onto Cookie. Sorry, but that London Plunge is a thing of beauty." She makes the Italian hand signal. "But, Glory, I want to make something clear. On the unfortunate event you do not get to express your discontent in Cookie's general direction and we find ourselves facing off in the ring, I am going to muster all

of the frustration I've felt since the tournament. I am going to take that frustration, and I am going to twist your body into awkward positions..." She rolls her eyes. "In a painful way!" She scoffs. "Truthfully, I hope we are the last two. I don't know how that's going to happen, but I've been fantasizing about it all day. Picture this:

We're tired. One of us has fought through like six assholes. You've bashed your head from high places because you're insane. We reach the end of the match. The victory is in your grasp. You grab my arms in an attempt to hit me with Glorification, and I slip out. You turn around, and then I drop you on your head." She closes her eyes and smacks her lips. "Because what I want, more than anything, is to show you how it feels to receive a consolation prize despite deserving more."

"And then we have, our exalted one. Our true World Champion. My absolute favorite human being in this entire company." She pauses to smile and wave to the camera. "How've you been, Bree? It's been too long. I miss you. Tea soon?" She tilts her head and provides a genuine grin.

"Like I said a few days ago, I'm trying to be more honest, and the truth is, I really, really hope that we don't come to blows. As much as I would LOVE, and I mean LOVE" She pauses. "LOVE to compete against you in a friendly little exhibition, I cannot help but think our meeting in a match of this type would be a little bit of a letdown. I've alluded to certain possibilities, and I'm going to be really pissed off if I'm limping around the ring and your music hits. But, I know you, and you know me. If we come together in that ring, whatever the circumstance, a lot of people are going to get really uncomfortable. That's just who we are, isn't it? We enjoy hurting people, and we're really, really good at it. Call me." Datura blows a kiss to the camera.

"And then there's the other partner. Jordan. You sneaky bitch. I welcomed you into my home." She scoffs. "You sat on my couch." She scoffs again. "in my living room!" She throws her arms up. "You spoke in your bubbly words about strategy and unity. We were a good team! We made it to the finals. We talked about

sticking together and keeping the momentum going! Then we lose. Then what happened?" Datura pauses and taps her wrist.

"That's right. You disappeared. I'm beginning to sense a pattern of the type of person who frequents this dive on an institution. "No phone call. No email. No post card. No visit. Nothing. You just DECIDED I wasn't good enough for your company. And that makes me sad." She pouts and wipes away fake tears.

"Psychonauts. What a name. Pft." She raises her hand. "I know what you kids do in your spare time, and mother doesn't approve." She wags her finger in disappointment. "Children shouldn't be experimenting with such things. They can be really dangerous when you don't know what you're doing. But..." She exhales loudly.

"I digress. Congratulations on your most recent victory, Miss Majors. You seem to have a knack for tag-team wrestling. Have you considered trying it more often? I'm disappointed in you. Tsk."

"So now, I'm disappointed. Glory is going to be disappointed." She stops to count two fingers. "And there's one more person who deserves to be:

Ace. Darling. I would like to remind you of something very, very important:

Fuck you." She lowers two fingers and lifts her middle finger to the camera.

"There is an excellent chance, a fifteen sixteen chance in fact, that I do not win this thing. And honestly? That will be perfectly acceptable if I can finally get you alone in the ring where you can't run like a coward, because that's what you are. You disappeared when you found out I was the one who was after you. Not a word. Not a message. Nothing. Just like Jordan, you just tucked your tail and ran away. I'm surprised you two didn't decide to join forces." Her eyes roll into the back of her head.

"I thought I would always hate you for keeping me from that Trio's Tournament. I thought I would never hate someone as much as I hate Regan Street. But this feeling I have for her is nothing compared to the hatred I have for you making me think so highly of you." Elizabeth rolls her eyes before scowling at the camera.

"If you have the misfortune of surviving until my number is called, or I have the absolute luck of clawing my way to you, I will make you a simple promise. I am going to make sure that even if you pin me, you will not win this match. By the time I'm done, you're going to wish you'd kept this contract tucked away somewhere safe. If nothing else, even if I cannot stand when I'm through, you are going to learn how it feels to waste your time."

"Because time is our most important commodity. For the last eight years, I have been trying my hardest to relive a moment that wasn't mine. I finally realized it is never coming back. It took far too long to reach that conclusion, but now, speaking to all of you, my friends, I feel like being a better person, you know? More honest. More direct. More... me." Datura shrugs and leans forward in her seat, propping her elbows onto her knees and her head in her hands.

"Breakdown is going to be a fucking mess. And one of us is going to walk out of some random weekly show as the World Champion. There's even a fifteen out of sixteen chance there's going to be a new one. Isn't that exciting?" She raises her eyebrows and widens her mouth in a fake gasp. "I guess all that's left to say is good luck. We're all going to need it."

Elizabeth stands from her chair and stretches, letting several pops burst from her bones. Once her muscles finally relax, she exhales deeply and blows a raspberry.

"Hey. It's almost February 19th. Huh." As Elizabeth walks off screen, her words fade from the distance.

"I'm going to fucking kill Ace Marshall."

The scene cuts to black.