

October 30, 2021 - Las Vegas

I had every intention to track down Cookie at Breakdown. Things went awry though. I went to Cian O'Dwyer's office with some concerns I had about the match he'd tossed me into at Under Attack. It felt like he had taken pity on me. I didn't need that. The look in his eyes after that cage match... he stared down at me, blood running down my face from my forehead, and he gave me this look. I never had a dad. I imagine it might be what that was like. I don't even know. It's a look I'd seen from Lucas once. Even Dave. This sort of knowing glance. I couldn't tell if it was because they saw something in me or because I was already a completely lost cause.

That conversation had me seething. I left the arena and headed back to the hotel and cracked open one of those little bottles of vodka they stash in the mini bar. Who did that motherfucker think he was, anyways? He's been here a few weeks and he's tossing me into a chamber match? I felt like a lamb to slaughter. I'd fought like a lamb and these were lions. I almost forgot the show until late. I turned it on to see Cookie introducing the second semi-final and threw my hands up in the air. Couldn't win matches. Couldn't stick to plans. I was on the verge of becoming a total mess.

I spent a lot of time staring at my phone and trying to send a text. What kind of asshole apologizes by text? At this point I felt like I needed to get something out there and just let her know. Tell her I'd fucked up badly.

It became a sequence for me. Write a few words, take a swig of vodka, delete, replace, another swig. I couldn't find the right words to make up for what I had done. It's hard to completely put into words what it feels like to know you've pushed your best friend off a cliff because you are just a miserable bitch. Cookie understood her role in this friendship. I clearly didn't.

I sobbed a bit as I typed and drank. It was the vodka. It was my weakness. Two years ago I was sophisticated with "the boys," sipping bourbon at the bar with the long timers. Now I was like a common college party girl. Drinking vodka like it was water.

I don't know what happened after that. A knock on the door from housekeeping woke me up. The hotel maid entered the room before I could fully comprehend everything. I was half naked on the floor, laying in a puddle of my own saliva, and surrounded by tiny bottles of vodka strung out around my body. My head fucking pounded. My phone was dead. I looked at the clock and saw I'd missed my flight back to LA. Two hours ago. Fuck. As if I could somehow become messier?

I pulled all my shit together and wore my biggest shades to catch a flight to the airport. I stood at the airline counter to book a flight like some old fashioned person who didn't know how to use the internet. But right by the LAX letters, another airport name caught my eye. LAS. Las Vegas. I knew Cookie would head home after the show and I didn't know if I had sent her a message or not. My phone was deadier than dead. So I decided on a whim: I was going to Vegas instead. I

was gonna face this head on. I had to. It was the right thing to do. Maybe the ONLY right thing I had left at this point.

The flight gave me a lot of time to think about the right words to say. But I kept second guessing myself. It was as bad as the texting from the night before. How much did I need to apologize for? Was it just the hallway incident of a week ago, or did I need to tell her how sorry I was for the position I'd put her in. I'd made this a one-way friendship at times. She had support me. But was I ever supporting her?

The flight attendants forced me to drink vodka in a cup, but I desperately needed something to take the edge off. I was nervous. I didn't know how this would go. Cookie had every right to put a middle finger in my face and tell me to leave her alone. I had to take the risk though.

I rushed for a taxi after we landed and headed right for the Dreams mansion. I still was at a complete loss on what the hell to say. I just knew the words would come when she was standing in front of me. Those innocent eyes and that mischievous smile looking at me. This is what she needed from me. What I needed from her. I could fix this! I had to fix this for both of us.

I rang the doorbell and stood back by my suitcase. I waited for the ridiculous thong-wearing butler to answer the door. But no one came. I grew a little concerned at that, knowing good and well that someone was always here. I rang the doorbell again. Maybe they knew it was me. I was being ignored. I searched for a security system or camera, but nothing was obvious. I could faintly hear someone shuffling around on the inside. Then, finally, the door began to open. I looked down as someone stepped into the open space. It was Hornelius.

He looked at me and blinked a few times. It was weird, but it seemed like he didn't know who I was. Or like he'd forgotten me. He pulled a pair of glasses from his shirt pocket and placed them on to look up at me.

Daddy: Miley? Is that you?

Jordan: I, uh... what?

Daddy: Miley! My baby!? Where have you been?

I looked at him as he stepped toward me with arms out and lips puckered. I took a quick step backward and he stopped and just stared at me. I was completely caught off guard by this behavior. He and I stared at each other for a moment before he slowly took his glasses off and replaced them in his pocket.

Daddy: I see. You're still mad about what happened between me and Bunny. I understand. But I apologized.

Jordan: Daddy. I'm not Miley. I'm Kylie.

Daddy: When did you change your name, baby?

Jordan: No! Cookie's friend.

Daddy: Oh... Cookie...

Hornelius' demeanor went from sad to sadder somehow. He crossed his arms and let out a slow sigh. He looked down. I stepped closer to him and to the side and looked over him. I'd never seen the man look this worn down. A month ago he was being carried around his house flanked by a woman who looked as young as me. Now he looked as broken as I was.

Jordan: Is she here?

Daddy: No.

Jordan: Is it ok if I wait for her to come back?

Daddy: I can't say how long you'd be waiting.

Jordan: I don't... I'm not sure what that means.

Daddy: I haven't seen Cookie in a week. Haven't heard from her either.

My eyes went wide. My heart sank. This was my fault. I'd been this horrible, awful bitch to her and she didn't even bother coming home to see her father. This was the man she ditched our tag team to take care of. And for the first time since she said that, I was noticing something about Daddy. He didn't seem as sharp as I remembered him from past meetings. Maybe there was really a reason Cookie needed to come back here. I was sad thinking that she felt like she couldn't tell me if there was.

But it made me realize something. Cookie was never burdening me with HER problems. She was simply taking on my issues. She was trying to help me without ever taking the time to help herself. In that way I suppose we were both flawed. It just felt like my personal problems were so much weight for both of us to carry. The idea that she tried to carry any of that for me was hard to think about.

That selflessness in the face of having a friend who was so fucking selfish. God, I really was a piece of shit. And now she was missing and the only reason that made any sense was our fight. Some fight that was. It was a verbal mauling. I tore down the sweetest woman in the world. I deserved this. The heartbreak. Anything else bad coming my way. I deserved it.

Jordan: Look, this might be my fault. I'm trying to fix it if I can.

Daddy: What do you mean it might be your fault? What did you do?

Jordan: I was mad about losing a match. It was stupid. I told her I didn't want to be her friend.

Daddy: Well then I don't want you to be around her!

Jordan: What!?

Daddy: Look at all the damage you've already done! My Cookie is gone. She left! She hasn't even contacted me. Hasn't bothered to answer my calls or faxes. And you're telling me this is your fault?

Jordan: It might be my fault. We had a fight.

Daddy: Then you leave her and you leave my daughter alone. I don't want you looking for her. She'll come back to me when she's ready! But you!? I don't want to see you here again, Miley!

Jordan: Daddy, what?

Daddy: You heard me you no good, tramp! I know exactly what you did with that boy at the club. And now you've chased off my precious baby. To hell with you!

Daddy reached out and shoved me away from him. I stumbled back a step and my heel caught the pavement and tripped me to the ground. I looked up at him as he shot back an ashamed glare. It wasn't clear if he was addressing me, his estranged girlfriend, or some mixture of both of us. But it didn't change how it felt. He was angry about the situation with his daughter and he was clearly placing that blame square on me.

Maybe I deserved that. There was still part of me that felt justified for what I told Cookie after that show. She had taken months of hard work and pitched it in the trash. Who cares that we lost to A/C Unit. We weren't done. I know we weren't done. I could see it in her head after that Frozen Hell match though. We put so much into that match to fall short. She was never the same after that.

In that way I'm not so sure she and I were any different. She just carries it better than me. Never once have I felt she was wearing a mask or hiding her true feelings about things in public. Her reacting to me completely degrading her seems to prove that. When she caught up with me I ripped my mask off and tossed it on the ground.

I didn't want to believe that was the real me, but maybe it was? I'm not sure that I'm someone who has ever recovered from the way I was raised by my mother. Tell me I'm using it as an excuse, but trade places with me. Feel the pain of having a mother that doesn't love you and then becoming an adult that doesn't know how to love someone the right way. Then tell me how easy it is. Tell me it's just me using it to explain my problematic behavior.

It had leaked into so many areas of my life. Bad decisions. Being a shitty girlfriend. People were calling me a slut now because I couldn't just settle down and stick with someone. I couldn't stick to anything.

After Daddy closed that door I just sat there on the ground. I honestly didn't know what to do. I had come here with this plan. It felt fool proof. Come here and apologize and fix this. That plan had blown up in my face very quickly. Now I was just standing here like a fool. My phone was still dead. I drug my suitcase through the suburbs as I walked toward the Las Vegas strip, bound to find somewhere to stay. It took me over an hour to get there on foot. I wearily walked into the first hotel and casino I reached and booked myself a room.

I needed to unwind and come up with a new plan. I needed to relax. I had a week to prepare for the next biggest match of my career. Another opportunity at getting my heart broken. I wasn't sure if there was anything left of it after the last few weeks. Mentally I was barely hanging on. And the choices I was making as a result were threatening to have physical effects, too. When I walked into my hotel room bathroom and removed my sunglasses I saw the bags under my eyes. I didn't just look like I woke up hungover today. I looked like I woke up without a reason to go on.

I shook that away with a small laugh at myself and fixed my hair before splashing my face with some water. I sat down on the couch and looked out the window at the strip for a moment before turning and looking at the mini bar. I opened it up to find nothing but bottles of water. That wouldn't do it. I needed to think. I plugged my phone in and left the room for the strip.

It didn't take me long to find a liquor store and get a few bottles of vodka to take back with me. But I headed for a dispensary, too. I was playing with danger as I stood outside. I knew good and well that SCW was testing more for substances now. I toyed with the idea of going in for what felt like forever. But I went against it. Instead, I made a decision that was probably worse.

I walked back to the hotel and cracked the first bottle of vodka. I checked my phone and confirmed my fear. I never sent Cookie a message. There was a mess of unintelligible words in the body of a typed out text that I no longer wanted to send. It didn't make sense and I had decided I needed to hear her voice. I grabbed my phone as I drank from the bottle of liquor and considered calling her, but then I hesitated. I called my drug contact instead. The man who could get me pain pills.

There were times I needed to feel something. But right now I didn't want to feel anything. There was a knock on my door after I was halfway through the first bottle of vodka and I stood and walked over to peek through the hole in the door. There's something a bit adrenaline inducing about these moments. It had been over a year since I did this. For all I knew, I was opening the door to legal trouble. That could be a cop on the other end looking to score an easy arrest. Instead, it was an easy score for me. I opened the door, handed a strange man a wad of bills, and received a small bottle in return.

I sat back down on the couch and took a swig from the vodka before I held the bottle of pills up and swirled it around. Norco. Just like I'd asked for. My source always told me to be careful with a laugh when I asked for this. This time he sounded cautious. Was it the sound of my voice as I asked for it? I wasn't shaky or uncertain. I was so confident that it probably sounded like I didn't care if it hurt me.

I popped the lid on the bottle and shook the pills into my hand and then looked down at them. I stared at them for at least a full minute. It probably felt like longer. I closed my eyes and tossed a few into my mouth and then lifted the bottle to my lips. But then I stopped. Like a flash before my eyes I thought of when I had passed out after a drug-fueled night with Ace Marshall. If he hadn't been there I might have been left for dead somewhere. Who knows what the locals would have done with my unconscious, barely there body. And then I thought of that incident with Bree Lancaster when I dropped like a log in front of her feet after mixing my anti-anxiety medicine with most of a bottle of wine.

If not for either of them, things could have gone so much worse. And here I was now, making that same mistake all over again. But if it happened again, no one would be here. My mind went to dark places. I imagined the maid coming in to find me lying dead on the floor. A pill and alcohol-induced suicide. It would probably stick with her for the rest of her life. But I wouldn't be around to worry about that, would I?

What would my friends think? The few I had. Dawn? I imagine they'd be sad. They'd eventually forget about me. Just another lost cause. My colleagues? Would they feel guilt for missing obvious signs that I needed help? Would they even care? The thought was enough to make me tilt the bottle to wash the pills down.

But then I thought about that girl outside of the arena a week ago. Her eyes so full of life. She saw me as a role model. She wanted me to be successful and she wanted to follow my path. What would this mean to her to know that I was so weak. She saw me as strong because she only knew the me that wore the mask in front of everyone. She didn't know that I was struggling. That it was all a show. It's ok to struggle, but this...

I'd watched my mother do all those drugs as a child and it was the one habit I told myself I would never indulge in. But here I was. The same kinds of mistakes. Reckless and stupid mistakes.

I put the bottle of vodka back on the counter and quickly spit the pills into my hand and let them fall back onto the table in front of me. I crossed my arms and leaned forward, sobbing as I thought about how the fuck I'd reached this point. The bitter taste from the pills was a stark reminder of what I'd almost done. I leaned forward and spit on to the ground in front of me and then brought the vodka to my lips and took a drink to change the taste to a different type of bitterness.

The mess in front of me wasn't supposed to be me. I was supposed to be young and successful. Happy. That's why people cheered me. That's why that little girl adored me. They didn't know the me that was sitting here with pills and liquor in front of her. The one that was just thinking about her demise.

I reached for my phone in a half-drunken state and went for it. I dialed Cookie's number and waited impatiently as it rang. Each ring felt like a nail hammered into my heart. It made me feel stronger that Cookie was avoiding me and that her not coming home was all because of me. Hearing her speak on the voicemail greeting was painful. It was like she was close, but still further away than I needed. And then, without time to think, it was my turn to speak.

Jordan: Hey, uhh.. Ethel. It's me. I wanted to see you in person, but... I even came all the way to Las Vegas and you weren't here. Daddy says you're... missing. I just--

I sighed loud enough that it would have been heard on the recording if or when she listened to it. Part of me expected she would just delete this as soon as she saw it was from me. Her mind was already made up.

Jordan: I wanted to tell you I was sorry. About everything. For screaming at you. Telling you off. For making you put up with all of my shit over the last year. The thing is, you're my best friend. And I've been so awful to you because of my own unrealistic expectations for what our friendship should be. You've supported me and I took advantage of you. I just wanted to tell you that you are amazing in so many ways. I've never deserved your friendship. I'm just really thankful that I've had you in my life. I really want to talk to you, but... I understand if you don't want to talk to me. Just... please come home. At least come home to Daddy. He needs you most of all. Anyways... I--

I put my head in my hand and leaned forward. I looked down at the scattered pills around the liquor bottle and then looked out the window at the bright lights of the Las Vegas strip.

Jordan: I love you, Ethel.

I hung up the phone and sat there alone, self-loathing. The more I thought about it, the more I realized I had nobody. I grew angry at myself for what I'd become. Mad that I even thought about ending it. I hastily scooped the pills back into the bottle and wiped the table. I collected the quarter full bottle of vodka and walked into the bathroom. I put the bottle in the sink and watched as it slowly drained and then stood over the toilet and emptied the pills into it. I flushed and watched as the pills circled and disappeared from few and angrily tossed the pill receptacle into the trash.

I didn't have Cookie and I might never have her in my life again. If I didn't have her, what else did I really have to lose? Everything has already been taken from me. Most of that was my fault. I stood there, leaned against the counter and looked at myself in the mirror. THIS was the woman I had become. So far from perfect it isn't funny anymore. I was reckless. Obsessed with

my moment. Addicted to things that were bad for me. I'd become pessimistic about my own career.

I had no one left to feel bad for me, but that was fine. Because I had to stop feeling bad for myself. I had to stop feeling anything. I got nothing out of feeling. I hated when people talked down to me about how I just needed to wait. I had nothing left to lose. And if I had no one left to believe in me, all I needed to do was believe in myself. Fuck it. They all hate me and they all want to see my career go up in smoke. Might as well win that chamber or ruin everyone else's experience trying. As much as I wanted to win, I wanted them to lose more. I wanted someone else to feel like I felt.

I needed someone else to feel that failure that I felt when I looked in the mirror. People like Cian were throwing pressure at me and saying prove it. Fuck their pressure. It was ruining me. It was turning me into someone I never wanted to be. I felt like all I had left was the chance to ruin what they were building. I had a week to straighten up and half-ass sober up so I could walk into Under Attack and prove everyone wrong. No one else was going to believe I could do it.

I took one last look at myself in the mirror and nodded. Fuck the expectations. Screw this pressure. I don't care about any of it anymore. The world has already taken everything from me. It WILL NOT take this, too. This one is mine.

Promo

Jordan Majors walks into view and unfolds a chair. She turns it around and sits backward, facing the camera. After brushing her hair away, she looks into the camera. She sits quietly for a long while, blue eyes piercingly staring into the lens, before finally speaking.

A few weeks ago, I felt like I really just poured my heart out. I was honest about a lot of things. Saying it out loud helped me be honest with myself. But Trios didn't go right for me. And some other things happened behind the scenes--

It gave me time to think about things. But also, I really didn't get as much time as I would have liked. I was made into Cian O'Dwyer's charity case. And I reacted poorly to it. I realize that. If you saw the interaction between him and I last Breakdown, you saw frustration pouring out of me. His solution? To make me start the match. Oh, good! Just what I needed. Another person putting me in what feels like an impossible situation and telling me to prove it. Thanks a bunch, Cian!

I just can't help but roll my eyes at this point. I want nothing more than to be the best I possibly can. Yet, I seem determined to never reach the potential everyone else sees in me. It feels like I'm expected to be superhuman when I'm just this girl with no power at all. This company has pegged me as a Star of Tomorrow. It pushed me in a position to take down one of its main event stars at my second Rise to Greatness. All pressure was put on my team to win the tag league as fan and locker room favorites. And then most recently, I was unknowingly placed at the forefront

of bringing Underground Rules matches into relevancy. Only to lose the most important match at all.

You see, it's the pressure. I'm constantly under immense pressure to be something I'm not. The world has come to know me as this fighter that never gives up. It's torture. If anything has affected me mentally in this career, it's that those matches against Sienna and those performances at Taking Hold of the Flame have taught people to expect something else out of me. But I can't seem to deliver. As much as that hurts the people who believe in me... it's fucking killing me.

There's so much that I want to accomplish in my career and it's constantly just out of reach. I should be looking at this Chamber match and the opportunity it presents and be absolutely ecstatic. Instead I'm sitting here, thinking about what Cian said. He doesn't want to hear me complain if I fall short.

Jordan stops herself and shakes her head. She sighs and rolls her eyes.

No matter what he says, I can't help but feel like this is some sort of reward out of pity for me being such a total goddamn failure. The way this man looked at me...

She tightens her grip on the top of the chair and takes a deep breath.

This company has a habit of putting these things in front of me and the world has come to expect that I will just fail. I will once again stumble over my own feet and be left to watch something else slip between my fingers. It sucks to have this sort of reputation. How many people in this company right now can say they've felt this kind of pain? I can't think of anyone. The shit thing is, I've come to expect myself to fail.

What else should I do? It's been drilled into my head by opponents over and over. Take a listen to my opponents in this match. They will predictably talk about my potential or talk about my lack of living up to it. Or both. Why wouldn't they? The shots are so easy to take. I've done nothing in my career to prove them wrong. At least not for a long time.

I'm in a position where I'm stuck. I raised expectations so high, so fast. And I can't reach them. It's devastating. It's made me hate myself at times. And yet I still keep fighting. I never stop trying. Because that's me, right? THAT's Jordan Majors. The girl who never gives up.

Jordan lets out a long sigh and shakes her head.

It's probably some kind of sick, poetic justice for my career that Ace Marshall is in this match. It was leading up to the scaffold match that he raised a question that has messed with me ever since. He asked me I'm doing this anymore. After all the failure, why am I still doing this? Honestly, Ace broke me then. Since that moment I have questioned everything about myself

and what I do in and out of the ring. In just a few words, he destroyed my fighting spirit. I've been working ever since to get it back.

And whether it's him saying things about me in a promo, or Holly ruthlessly coming after me on Twitter, I have consistently struggled to get back to a point where I feel like myself again. I've talked about getting my confidence back knowing I was telling myself a lie. I've tried to act stronger than I was.

The truth is, and I think people are starting to realize this after what I said going into Trios... the Jordan Majors you know and love is a lie. I can't pretend to be that person when I'm not. That Jordan has honestly never existed. That Jordan needed people to coddle her and tell her everything was going to be fine. She needed reassurance that her time was coming. That Jordan surrounded herself with people she could rely on to keep the facade a reality. Because she was never all there like she wanted people to believe.

I recently stared at myself in the mirror and asked myself why I needed other people so much. It's because I've been hiding who I really am. They've been the shield that allowed me to keep wearing this disguise out in the wild. But I'm stronger on my own. I understand that now. The world has tried to grab me and hold me underwater while my career drowns, and I'm not going to take it anymore.

I have walked into challenges like this one and proven that I was capable of more than anyone thought. I was the iron woman of Taking Hold of the Flame last year and I came damn close to doing the same thing this year. The people in this match may say otherwise for appearances sake, but they're counting me out. They're looking at their five opponents in this match and mentally pushing me to the bottom of that list. They EXPECT me to fail. These are the types of expectations that I am now here to shatter.

Damn near everyone in this match beat me the last time I faced them in a ring. So what? I'm not even the same girl they faced then. Something in me has changed. All of this failure is finally providing the fuel I need. Have I learned anything from it? From losing so many big matches? I don't know. I'm still always going to react poorly. But every bad day in SCW has just added more to this powder keg of emotions that I've been holding in and guarding.

I don't have any reason to hold it in anymore. It doesn't matter to me if people don't like to hear this, but I'm not going to pretend to be someone I'm not. I'm not willing to just act like everything is ok when my world feels like it's caving in on me. THIS is when I have to fight. But not for my fans, not for my friends... for ME!

This match features people who have achieved things, people who are on a roll this year, and then me. I'm the outlier here. I don't care that most of us have lost the last match we fought coming into this. All of you have had better years than me. And that changes at Under Attack. This isn't about me looking for a moment or whatever the fuck I wasted my time talking about for

the last few months. This is about picking my career up from the depths of hell and taking my destiny back into my own hands.

I'm going into this match alone. I have no support. I don't even want it. Because what happens in this match, I'm doing that for me. Because it's what I deserve. To finally face a challenge head on and to kick its ass. I'm supposed to fail. I know that. But I refuse to accept that as the reality here.

Something about Cian's words... they piss me off. This man has unknowingly pushed me to want to win this more than I already did. They make me want to walk into his office after this match, slap that Adrenaline Championship right on his desk, and just look him right into the eyes with a smile. I feel like he expects me to fall on my face. I feel like he sees me as this little girl who's fighting out of her own league. When he said I deserve a title shot, I still feel like I'm only here to give this match it's sixth participant.

But now I'm only here to win. And I'm sorry for Holly, Shilo, and Ace - the ones who actually have the most legitimate reason to be in the match - but I'm coming in like a thief in the night. I don't care about your legacies or your need to build on your storied careers. I'm TAKING the belt. I'm taking your belt, Holly. And no matter how many times you Tweet about me, it's not gonna change a damn thing about it. You'll still be losing your status as a champion.

I'm sick and tired of over a year's worth of failure at every turn. Every big match ending with me on my back and watching someone else reap the rewards of mistakes. I'm done. I have nothing else left to lose in this company. I have nothing to my name. Just a fading reputation that I don't even care to save.

At Under Attack I will finally succeed where I have failed so many times before. I will look destiny in the face and I WILL take it. I will be an iron woman once again. I will put up with the torture Cian has chosen to put me through in this match and I will not only survive, but I will go beyond anything he imagined possible when he dropped me into this match like a name picked from a hat. Maybe I don't belong in this match, but the mistake was already made. Cian already booked me to be here. So now he will see me as his NEW Adrenaline Champion.

This weekend I'm going all in. And when I Cash Out, I'll be leaving Orlando with the top prize in the Chamber.

Jordan doesn't smirk or wink or blow the camera a kiss. She simply looks directly into it with that same piercing stare as the video comes to a sudden end.