

**SUNDAY, MAY 28, 2023**

## **His Reasoning**

With her back still to him, he speaks to her again, feeling he has given her more than enough time to think to herself.

Mr. Compton: "Polly my dear, since you obviously can't find the words, let me just talk. I will tell you what you need to hear. Yes, I'm obsessed with you, and I have been for years. This did not just start when you went away to pursue a career in wrestling. How has that been going anyway? I don't see you toting around any championship gold, so I'm guessing your success rate is a lot lower than it used to be. Playing any games? You and I both know that is what you are best at."

"Come on. Turn around and face me. Even though you got me locked up in here, you should still at least show me some respect. I am older than you."

She does not turn around but she does get out a few words.

Polly: "But you definitely aren't smarter."

Mr. Compton: "I don't know about that kitten. I know I may be behind bars, which you should be extremely ecstatic about, but from where I am sitting, it does not look that way to me. I still haunt you, even though I'm not out roaming free. Now, before you offer another dumb retort, why don't you look at me and let me clue you in."

Polly's green eyes go to the ceiling and she rolls them. When she brings her chin back down, she swiftly turns around and stomps over to the chair. She sits down and realizes that she cannot delay this anymore, especially since he seems ever so willing to tell her some things.

Polly: "Fine. What do you want? What do you have to say for yourself? Why have you been sending others after me when you can't do it yourself?"

Mr. Compton: "Quiet kitten."

Polly: "Don't call me that. You lost that privilege long ago."

Mr. Compton: "That's something you can't stop me from doing. I will always obsess over you and while you may consider it unhealthy, doing so keeps me sane Polly. You have always been a beautiful girl and I wanted you to show the world what you had and still do have. I know, I know, I'm the bad guy in that pretty little head of yours. But here's the thing. When you went away, I felt like you had marooned me and all of Panguitch. Your leaving was the worst thing that had ever happened to not just Panguitch and not just to my game show, but to all of those who had become your biggest fans. I'm sure you heard them back then chanting your name,

but do you hear them now? Do they cheer for you now and chant your name when you are wrestling, being unsuccessful which you clearly are?"

Her green eyes glow, first in anger, but then in disappointment when he questions her.

Polly: "No. No, I don't."

Mr. Compton: "There is a simple reason for that. They don't care about you. As warped as you think my thinking is, you know I am telling you the truth. That said, I will gladly finish up my time here behind bars. I will walk out of here a better man. But as odd as this might sound to you, I want you to be happy. I know you want to be as far away from me as possible, but you need to realize that our lives will always be linked. You are after all going to marry my son, correct? He's so lucky. I wish I was in his shoes."

Polly scoffs.

Polly: "You would. Whenever you do get out of here, do us a favor. Leave me and Peter alone! Neither of us wants to deal with you, nor do Colleen and Aisling."

Mr. Compton: "Oh, so they DID know where you were. I had a feeling. Those traitors."

Polly: "They realized what they were doing alongside you was wrong. They both made the best decision of their lives when they came to me. I have learned to respect both of them and see them both as very good friends now. They respect me too."

Mr. Compton: "That's nice to hear. But they are not the reason for your visit. I'm sorry to say it but you will never be done with me. I can't just go away and leave you alone Polly, and you know it."

Polly grits her teeth for a few seconds but then relents.

Polly: "I know. But you know what?"

Mr. Compton: "What?"

Polly looks to her left, eyeballing the warden, gesturing for him to leave the two of them alone for a bit. He shrugs his shoulders but backs off down the hallway, getting out of earshot range.

Polly: "If you truly care about me and you truly care about your son and all of those that you have ever worked with, you would realize that the time has come to move on. You leave us alone, maybe I will hold some respect for you. But looking at how you are right now, I know for a fact that you can't do that. Your obsession over me runs too deep. So take a good long look at me now, because it is as I promised you earlier. Unless you wise up and act your age Mr.

Compton, this will be the LAST time you get to look into my eyes, and this will be the last time I have to look into yours.”

“I listened to what you have to say and I do get it, but I do not and never will love or like you in any way. So this is where I take my leave. Goodbye Mr. Compton. I hope you can see things my way, but if you can’t, you can rot and go to hell!”

Polly stands up and stomps off down the hallway, rejoining the warden who had brought her back.

Mr. Compton sits in his booth, waiting for a warden to bring him back to his cell.

Mr. Compton: “I think it sunk through to her. I still want her to return home though as it is where she belongs. The world does not love her and I can see the bitter disappointment in those beautiful green eyes. She does not deserve to feel such a negative emotion. That is why she belongs back on the stage that I gave to her. Claudia unfortunately couldn’t get the job done, but I’m not going to give up. I know exactly who to dispatch next. Someone that will know how to get Polly away from my son and those who betrayed me. Someone that she will not be able to resist or defeat or get away from.”

Luckily for him, nobody hears his next plan. He only has just finished talking to himself by a few seconds when a warden comes back to collect him. As his cell door slams shut, he has a smug aura about him. He begins to think more to himself before he backs up to the far back left portion of the cell that contains him, to where the bed is. Mr. Compton sits down slowly and just nods for a bit, clearly thinking about nothing besides Polly Pingotti and how he can have his way.

## **SATURDAY, MAY 28, 2023 (LATE EVENING)**

### **Reaching Her**

Polly has retired to a cheaper hotel in the north side of Chicago. She has even had dinner and is just polishing up her drink when she hears the familiar sound of her cell phone ringing. She pulls it out of her purse and immediately picks up upon seeing it is Peter’s cell phone number.

Peter: “Hi Polly, we’ve been worried about you. How come you haven’t been answering our calls and text messages?”

Polly looks into her text message folder to see many texts, not just from Peter but from Aisling and Colleen too.

Polly: “I... I... I’m sorry Peter. Please tell them I’m sorry. I had to come here though. I didn’t have a choice. I... I saw him.”

Peter: “Are you okay?”

Polly: "Yeah. They had him in a separate room behind bulletproof and immovable glass. He couldn't get to me. His words though, they resonated. It sounds like he is oh so obsessed with me still but that it's just because he wants me to come back home to those who miss me in southern Utah. I get that, but..."

Her voice trails off, which leads to Peter responding.

Peter: "But you don't want to lose what you now have. He doesn't get it, Polly. I'm his son and I believe he's full of it. If he really did care about you for real, he would have never put you through what he has. He's not done. Far from it. Anyways, where are you staying tonight? We just got here to O'Hare and can rejoin you."

Polly: "Oh, um, at the Howard Johnson by Wyndham."

Polly says that to him quietly over the phone, likely having PTSD that someone might be here that Mr. Compton knows and may have sent to track her. There is nobody like that in this hotel though. But Polly doesn't know that and is taking as many precautions as she can.

Peter: "We can be up there in less than an hour. The three of us are going to pick up some food on the way. I guess you've already eaten?"

Polly: "Yeah, I'll wait in the room for you."

She responds to his last text with her room number, 121. Polly begins to walk back towards her room, holding her cell phone to her ear.

Peter: "Okay. Until we get there, take care of yourself, okay? I understand it's been a very long and trying day for you. Tonight, I'm here for you."

Polly: "As always, thank you Peter. Love you."

Peter: "I love you too. Don't wait up if you don't want to."

Polly: "I want to. See you soon. Bye."

Peter: "Bye."

She ends the conversation and gets back to her room door. She gets into the room, once again finding herself all alone, but at least she knows it won't last. She can only just hope that Mr. Compton's obsession will end at some point. Though unfortunately now it is clear to her that it just won't.

**SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 2023**

## Life's A War

*I would love to think that he was telling me the truth last weekend, but I saw the look in his eyes. He has not changed, not one bit. He is as deranged as when I saw him behind my guise of Purity Pixie. I remember that day. There I was, right under his nose, and he did not find out who I truly was. My wings protected me that day, but now those wings have long since been shed. This life, my life, has become an endless war, with trying to be done with him, for good. Don't get me wrong, he did have a few good points to make, and for those good points I have you people out there to blame. You boo me and boo my friends, but have we actually done to deserve such harassment?*

*True, we sponge bathed Dancing Bear, took Josh Hudson hostage for a short bit thanks to Glory Braddock, and shoved the aforementioned Glory into a crate to stop her from attaining her lame goal of becoming SCW's newest Supreme Champion, but all of those things were strictly business that needed to be handled. Even you loyal SCW fans can't deny that I'm telling the absolute honest truth here. The only one of those three things that I feel bad about now is Glory manipulating us to take care of what was at the time her "Josh Hudson Problem". Something like that though? That will never happen again. We will not be used as pawns to take care of business that others are perfectly capable of tending to.*

*For example, Taking Hold of the Flame tomorrow night. I will be entering into this fray knowing that I am in for a war. I'm prepared for it. A good deal of my life has been nothing but a war. But to me it's been getting worse and worse, and I have found myself getting angrier and angrier.*

*I know. I need to channel my anger and try to leave the out-of-ring stress where it belongs. It's the only way I will ever become a top tier champion in Supreme Championship Wrestling. To me that's what it is truly about. Focusing as much as I can and finally sealing the deal when it comes to a championship match or even a high profile match like the Taking Hold of the Flame Battle Royal.*

*Focus. Which is why I am sleeping alone tonight. Peter agreed to sleep in the room next door, and Aisling and Colleen are further off down the hallway. They're close enough if I need them. Right now though, it's all about taking care of business. There are no games to be played. No wheel to be spun. And hopefully no dealing with the unwanted. That last one remains to be seen. For now though, I'm safe, and I have work to do.*

Polly looks in the big mirror in the room she is in, staring back at herself, seeing her hair isn't at its best. She ignores this though and begins to strip down. She does feel a bit sweaty so once she is fully naked she takes her cell phone and slips into the bathroom and over to the tub. The blonde gets in and sits down and immediately turns on the tap. It spits out warm water which to Polly feels okay. She sits still and waits for it to rise up her a decent amount. Once it's to the level that she wants, she stops the water by pushing the faucet back in. For her cell phone, she

mounts it on the side of the tub and slowly turns to face the screen. She makes sure it zooms in only on her face before she hits the record button.

Polly: "Hey. I know the truth. There are not many out there who care about me. None of you out there want me to win the Battle Royal, that's for sure. You all have your favorites and I am guaranteed not one of them. But you know what? That's okay. Throughout the majority of my life, I have been an underdog. No, not a dog. This isn't ruff ruff bow wow playtime weekend. To me, this is serious. There are a lot of things and reasons in my life right now for me to be completely and totally serious. I'm glad that Bree Lancaster finally saw that I wasn't kidding. She got lucky to get around me and get to the finals of the SCW United States Championship tournament. I wanted the United States Championship so bad, but now I have to wait a little longer to get my chance."

"For now though, tomorrow night is something bigger. One of the forty of us will get to punch our ticket to the main event of Rise to Greatness, where we will go on to take on whoever is the SCW World Champion heading into that night. Tomorrow night's importance cannot be overstated and I would be a fool to look down upon anybody that will be getting in between those ropes."

"I am no fool. But I can see and hear already that there will be fools abound, led by a familiar foe in the form of Glory Braddock. She wants you to believe that this is all about competition to her, but that's definitely a facade. Glory, we all know what you really want. You looked lackluster in your match against Deanna Frost because you were more focused on getting yourself a tag team partner so you can gain your Supreme Champion status then you were on the United States Championship. And now you're doing it again, stating that you would love to be the SCW World Champion because you enjoy competing, when we all know that's a load of crap. You have a one-track mind and that is why I continuously bar you from trying to reach your silly goal. I'm not obsessed with you or anything like that. I personally know that obsession is a very bad thing. However you simply don't. If I get to get my hands on you tomorrow night in that ring, you won't get a chance to hold the SCW World Championship a second time. You won't have to worry about a short reign this time around, because it will take a very short time for you to sail over the top rope and out to the floor below."

"I'll put it this way. I'm sick and tired of you! You're not "better" than me Glory, and you sure have no right to harp about how you love competition. Tomorrow night to me isn't about competition. Tomorrow night is about focusing, not putting myself in bad situations, and surviving the war that is about to take place. Sometimes that's what this business is all about. Survival. You have to know when to pick your spots and go for it. Despite how much of a veteran you are though, you don't get it. Too bad for you and too bad for those who are dumb enough to be your fans."

Polly shakes her head and sighs. She takes a few moments of silence before continuing.

Polly: "It's the fans' behavior towards me, Aisling and Colleen that is unwarranted. They are obviously just plain out jealous of us and obsessed with wanting to see any of us lose every single time we wrestle. Newsflash for the entire world. Obsession can make people do really bad things. I have seen it time and time and time again. I have been victimized because of it. I almost became a martyr because of it. So you should all be able to understand why I get so upset, so enraged, so ANGRY when anyone is obsessed with me in any sort of way!"

"You know what though? Tomorrow night I am going to do my best to make sure that you find another way to be obsessed with me, when I survive and make my way to the end and WIN the Taking Hold of the Flame Battle Royal! That will make you all open your eyes and REALLY take a good long look at me! You will be forced to see me as a threat, and be forced to see what I'm truly capable of. And for the next fifty days you will all have to live with my name and my face being seen EVERYWHERE!!!"

"Oh I know exactly what you're all thinking right now. "But Polly, won't you be over-obsessed about, which is exactly what you don't want?" That's the kind of obsession that I don't care about. I don't mind having cameras on me. That I can deal with. It's the personal obsessions that are extremely unhealthy. Sadly you people have those always on your mind, and so do many in Supreme Championship Wrestling. I guess that's why most of you fans and those like you on the roster get along so well. It makes me sick to my stomach."

"What makes me just as sick is that people like Ace Marshall and Crazy Kimmy get this opportunity to go after the SCW World Championship again too! I get that Ace was in the SCW World Championship tournament, which solidifies his spot, but here's the thing. You people alienate me and Colleen and Aisling for having played some games in the past year, but look who is playing the games now, hmm? Ace and Ravyn. Trust me. Both of them will meet their match soon enough in the form of my fellow Playgirl mates. As for Kimmy, Underground Champion, great, but she too wants to just play games. Go figure that slowly yet surely everyone wants to play, when I am the ORIGINAL Playgirl around here!"

Polly seethes.

"Anyways, tomorrow night, it's not about those who play games or obsess over certain objects or people. Tomorrow night the winner will be someone that will be fully focused and ready to take on all comers when she wants to and knows she needs to. Tomorrow night that winner will be the one lady that none of you will expect. That winner will be ME!"

Polly's green eyes squint and glare right at her cell phone. She waits a few moments before she stops the recording. It's after this that she sinks down into the warm water, doing her best to relax. After all, in less than 24 hours from now, she very well could have a lot more attention on her. Only this time it would be good attention, and not bad over-obsessed attention from someone that will seemingly never stop coming after her.