

January 31st, 2022
LAX Private Terminal

Dawn Lohan sat by herself in the private terminal of Los Angeles International Airport, more commonly referred to as LAX. She was wearing dark blue jeans, black boots and a light blue flowery t-shirt. Her hands rested on her knees patiently waiting for her private plane to make final preparations to depart all the way to London, England. This was going to be her first Breakdown back in a couple of years as an active member of the Supreme Championship Wrestling roster. She had made sporadic appearances over the years, supporting people she had wasted a good chunk of her life investing in. Those days were done.

She had learned that Jordan Majors quit the company. That brought a smile to Dawn's face when she learned the news. Finally she could resume her career without having to share the locker room with one of her biggest mistakes in life. And that's saying a lot considering all the other mistakes Dawn had made which includes joining a cult, calling another woman her mother, no one said being a Lohan was easy. One less thing to worry about on her end is a blessing.

The Lohan sister sighed. She lowered her head. All she wanted to do was step on the private plane, sneak in a couple hours of sleep on the trip to London. Had no idea what she was going to say to the SCW faithful. She could think about that in the air. Plenty of time. No rush.

Dawn felt a comforting hand on her right shoulder. This did elicit a smile. "Is everything ok... Ms. Lohan?" the familiar voice called out to her.

She raised her head, opening her eyes she gazed into the hazel brown eyes of an unexpected supporter, Drake Hemingway. She nodded at him. "Yeah. All good. Thanks for arranging this. Bit shocked you said yes, though."

Drake was the one responsible for arranging the private jet for Dawn to set off on her travels. He barely dipped into the money that is commonly associated with being a half Mason, when duty calls, it calls. He didn't hesitate to grant Dawn's request for a more private experience flying overseas. Drake removed his hand from her shoulder. Crossing his legs, he rests his hands on his knees. "I am a man of my word, Ms.--"

She immediately interrupted him. "Dawn." She smiled back. "Please."

"Of course." He nodded back. "I wasn't going to abandon you because you refused to become part of The Jackals. Don't need to worry about that. I'm unsure if The Jackals even exist any longer."

"Not speaking to Tommy and Kandis?" Dawn inquired.

"I keep in touch. They have their lives, I have mine." Drake calmly stated. "I still consider them friends, technically speaking they are not using the Jackal name on television. Don't blame them, honestly. Enough about me, I am more concerned about you. Are you ok?"

Dawn chuckles. Drake looks puzzled by Dawn's reaction. Before Drake could ask why Dawn was laughing, Dawn fills in the blanks. "I didn't think anyone actually cared about how I was doing. All you see online is poor Jordan this, poor Jordan that. People in SCW have already chosen a side. Imagine how it's going to be when I show up to the 02 Arena on Thursday. Wonderful right? What's done is done. Nothing I can do about it now."

"Well..." Drake pauses. "Most of the people in that company are parasites anyway. The fans? Heh. Don't get me started. Almost a blessing to be away from that environment."

"Why do you think I left SCW in the first place?" Dawn shrugs.

There were many reasons Dawn decided to walk away from Supreme Championship Wrestling, she felt the company had become too toxic. Giovanni Aires rampage through the company didn't help matters. Sienna Swann evolving into a raging bitch didn't help that perception. Bree Lancaster being all levels of annoying didn't motivate Dawn any to return. Ironically she showed up at her wedding a couple months ago, at least Bree had calmed down a little. These days Dawn figured Bree wasn't her biggest fan, in a sense, things had returned to some sense of normalcy. "I can't let their constant negativity keep a good girl down. How can they possibly survive without at least ONE beacon of light? Bad enough I came close to considering never returning cause Jordan had to pull a Jordan. Don't have to worry about that. She quit." Dawn scoffs. "Good riddance."

Drake nodded, agreeing with Dawn's sentiment. With a smirk on his face he responds, "Loretta wishes you had dropped Cookie where she stood."

"Trust me, if Cookie is dumb enough to get in my way, I'll drive a barbwire baseball bat into her silicon chest. No amount of surgery will correct the damage." Dawn knew she went to a very dark place with that comment. Closing her eyes she took a deep breath to settle herself. She tried laughing it off.

Drake shook his head. "Dawn... the one thing you can't do is be ashamed of what you're feeling. Ms. Majors put the wellbeing of Cookie way above your own. For months she went out of her way to make you feel less than. Made you feel like you were the problem. All of this is on you

while she went about living her life selfishly. Never once having the courage to let you go. Acting like being your girlfriend in name only was doing you a favor. Hate Cookie. Hate Ms. Majors. Hate everyone who tolerates her toxicness.” Drake rests his hand on Dawn’s shoulder again. “It’s ok to hate.”

Dawn looks at Drake’s hand on her shoulder. All she could think about at the moment was the approach Brittany had taken and the approach Drake was using when speaking about a chapter in her life that she wanted to bury. Both of them she knows are saying more or less the same thing in their own different way. Just the way that Drake communicates makes a lot more sense. His calmness. His detachment from the chaos swirling around in her life. Almost felt... predatory. At the same time it’s what she needed to hear. In the way she needed to hear it. Dawn didn’t feel uneasy anymore about walking into the 02 Arena in a couple days to become a fabric of the SCW universe for the last time. Dawn scooted closer to Drake. She rests her head on his chest. Drake responded by wrapping his arms around her. He comforted Dawn up until her flight was ready to take off.

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**PROMO TIME**  
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The scene opens outside of the TD Bank North Garden in the afternoon. There is no shortage of people walking minding their own business, acting unaware that a camera crew is filming a production for Supreme Championship Wrestling. Standing firm dressed in a pink winter coat, blue jeans and black boots is the challenger for the SCW Television Championship, Dawn Lohan. She takes a deep breath. She readies herself to promote a match for the first time in what feels like forever.

“Can you really believe it has been almost three years since I stepped foot in a Supreme Championship Wrestling ring?”

Dawn pauses a moment to soak the fun fact in. “Wow, how time flies. Truly humbling. My last match was against Sam Raine and Alexis Quinne, Retribution 2019. No one thought they would see Lexy again. Just like that--” Dawn snaps her fingers, “-- she returned at the End of the Year Special 2021, entered the Battle Royal, shocked everyone by winning. I was happy for her. Our complicated history aside, it warmed my heart to see a great performer come back, receive a hero’s welcome, strike paydirt straight out the gate. Some would paint the narrative of her comeback as inspiring. Maybe. Maybe not. Not up to me to say. I am not huge on the narrative the so-called cool kids promote. You either live long enough to see yourself characterized as the hero or you will eventually become the villain in their eyes.”

Dawn shrugs. "What happened the last time I allegedly crossed over to the dark side, there was a bigger evil to focus on. Red Rayne was a monster. She was the one who you people thought manipulated me into doing her bidding. Breaking away from Blood Grove was easy, you loved me again. Sung my praises. Choose me as your hero. The world is in desperate need of heroes, although I stopped actively trying to be your beacon of light years ago. Hey, who am I to argue?"

"Need a role model?"

"Need a moral compass?"

Dawn giggles. "Clearly yall need one, for Chrissakes, look who you cheered for." Dawn scoffs. "Was it because my recent ex girlfriend was a blonde? Was it because she has a nice bubble butt? Easy on the eyes? A massive fuck up all of you can relate to? Is that what it takes to be a role model these days?"

"I am going to say this one time; I was the victim of a malignant narcissist. After Kimberly, hi Kim, beat my ex to become Underground Champion, Jordan was so heart broken. So dejected. So weak she pushed me away. She found comfort in another one of her ex's. Spent every waking moment either at a strip club or pining over Cookie like a love sick puppy. Cookie was the most important person in her life. Not the person who nearly sacrificed their relationship with their own sisters in an effort to prove that anyone can be redeemed. I was the one who looked like a fool. And you continued cheering her. Certain people, both active in this company or currently sitting at home; went out of their way to defend a horrible, pathetic, emotional vampire that I began questioning if this world was even worth saving."

Dawn sneers. Taking a deep breath she calms herself down. Then her face lights up with positivity. "But you know, I don't need to be the victim anymore. No, I am going to be the hero... not your hero, it's become clear you would rather support pieces of human waste. I am going to be the hero of my own story. The architect of my own life. I am going to show myself I am capable of rising out of the darkness, into the light, to do the one thing I haven't done in three years. Own my own life.

No more will people leech off of me.

No more will I allow people to emotionally drain me.

No more will I be the co-star in someone else's success.

“My name is Dawn Lohan, I am a good person who deserves better. What I deserve right now is to complete my quest of becoming Supreme Champion. That’s where you come in, Kim.”

Dawn points at the camera.

“At the time, being kidnapped wasn’t the most wonderful thing in the world. I had to be in the same room as Cookie. How gross breathing the same air as a grown plastic doll. Talk about disappointing, that girl is the biggest waste of potential in SCW history. No wonder her and Jordan are besties, anyway, I don’t want to veer too far off course. Being used as a tool to drive a point home to management wasn’t wonderful at all. If you were really my friend Kimberly, you would have understood your actions were a perfect symbolism of how I have been treated most of my adult life. I am no stranger to being used. People who I thought were my friends have used me. Ex lovers used me to make them feel better. Even you are self aware enough to understand I wasn’t entertained by you holding me hostage just to get an Underground Championship match? How about being grateful for the title you got OR the World Championship match. I can make a case you don’t deserve a World Title match. You tried handing the championship to Holly Adams. Seriously? How gross is that? Ends justifies the means? Is that how the world works? You truly are morally bankrupt. At least I have standards. You? You’re a goddamn sociopath, hey, you’ll accept that as a compliment. How about this? You are a goddamn petulant child. Does that make you feel warm and fuzzy inside “As pissed off as I should be--”

A warm smirk forms on Dawn’s face. “You made my job of becoming Supreme Champion a lot easier. Shaun Cruze isn’t perfect, don’t get me wrong, I won’t become the company shill for that guy. But I can imagine Shaun going Kim, you kidnapped Dawn, she wants to become Supreme Champion, I’ll make the match. You saved me the trouble of jumping a bunch of hoops to challenge for all the championships on my Supreme Championship bucket list. In my first match back I cross one of the championships off my list. So thanks Kim, thanks for being you, if it wasn’t for you being a total monster, I wouldn’t have this opportunity to become Television Champion this soon.”

Dawn smiles brightly. She holds up one finger. “Don’t get me wrong, I’m still pissed by the way you treated me, not a wonderful way to treat a friend. What separates once in a lifetime performers like me from people like you, I see the positive in the dark dreary

times. Always been a talent of mine. More people should follow my example. Lets be real. Not everyone on this planet can be as wonderful, as great, and as pure as I am. I used to believe I could lift the world up to my level. My level is almost unattainable. I'm done carrying the world on my back. So exhausting."

Dawn pats herself on the shoulder.

"In case you haven't put two plus two together Kim, I am not going to pay two dollars and twenty cents to purchase the Television Championship from you. For starters, I don't believe this is a serious offer. And number two. The one thing that hasn't changed about me is I want to go out there to showcase that I am the most WONDERFUL performer of any generation. Past. Present. Future. I am the most dynamic professional wrestler who has ever existed. I was so afraid to be this confident in myself out of fear I would be perceived as arrogant. Sue me, I was concerned about my image. The thought of anyone hating me tore me up inside. Why should I be afraid of the judgment of people who ultimately don't matter in the end? Why should I be afraid of risking the friendship of people who wouldn't think twice about walking over me just to get ahead. Been done so many times before. I actually thought I was a better person for prioritizing friendship over my career. I learned. Three years away, the world continues, no one cared. I was sitting at home watching people who I know beyond a shadow of a doubt I can outperform wearing a blindfold. What better way to prove my point than by beating the woman who beat Syren. Who beat Konrad Raab, our current Underground Champion, who beat my ex-girlfriend to become the Underground Champion. You've been impressive Kim, I agree, you should get your rematch. I won't become Television Champion playing your sick little game."

"What you, my sister, and everyone else in the locker room is going to learn is you people are bit players in my story. Not the other way around. Kim. Friend. Take your offer, shove it up your ass. This is my time now. I won't rest until I become Supreme Champion."

"Now. How wonderful does that sound?"

Dawn turns around and walks off as the scene fades to black.