

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 2025

Getting In

The look in Polly's green eyes tells the entire story. She held the same far-off stare for the entire flight from Germany back into JFK Airport. Even when she stood up and waited for the passengers in front of her to disembark, the emptiness did not waver. Through the airport and into the baggage claim, it was the same way. The only time it seemed to break was when Peter helped her with getting her huge bag of luggage off of the conveyor belt. But the moment she was rolling it on its wheels, her eyes were back to looking nowhere in particular. Despite those who love her surrounding her, it just seems like she believes she is all alone. Peter has stayed closest to her, with Marissa and Colleen lagging a few steps behind. Noticeably Colleen has stashed the SCW Underground Championship inside her bag of luggage so it is hidden from view.

Colleen sighs and Marissa catches it. Polly and Peter keep walking, heading out of the terminal that they are in at the world famous airport. Once they hit the cold air, Peter calls for an Uber and it does not take long at all for one to show up for the four of them. While Polly's eyes still look off, her legs don't as she gets into the van all by her lonesome. Peter follows suit and sits right next to her. Polly just buckles in and says nothing. Peter just puts his head down and buckles in as well. Colleen and Marissa go to the back seat and buckle in before both of them look forward at the back of Polly's head.

As the Uber driver puts his van in motion, he turns on the radio to listen to some of his favorite music. Polly doesn't seem to care in the slightest that it is quite loud and obnoxious. She clearly is thinking, thinking about a lot. It is like she is somewhere completely different, and not here in New York City. She does not even hear Marissa begin to quietly talk to Colleen.

"Colleen."

"What?"

"I think it might be best if I help Polly recover. I mean after all I did to her."

This gets Colleen to turn and look Marissa square in the eyes.

"If you do that, you better help her and not hurt her anymore. You're lucky she took you in."

"I know that. She didn't do it without me paying the price for my actions. Same with you and Aisling I do believe."

"Yeah. Right. Just please, if you really mean it, don't even touch her. She's been through-"

“A lot more than she should have. I know. Don’t worry. I’ll break her out of her funk. She just needs to know that we are all here for her and that she is capable of so much more than just the Television Championship.”

“It’s not just that that’s ailing her. I have really come to know her, even deeper than Peter does. It might be best if I talk to her first, when she’s ready.”

“She can’t let anything eat away at her though. That is when she becomes weaker and easier to control. Trust me. I know that about her. Let me handle it.”

Colleen says no more and basically gives Marissa a silent “Fine”. Both of them turn their attention back to Polly’s head. Meanwhile the same emptiness is plastered on Polly’s face until the end of their Uber ride which leaves them at the Historic Blue Moon Hotel. Polly wastes no motion whatsoever and it is not long before she is leading the group inside. In a monotone she displays her driver’s license as her photo ID and speaks for all four of them.

“Reservations for Pingotti.”

The young woman behind the counter nods, seeing that Polly is all business. She works on her computer and it is not long before she is handing over room cards and completing the transaction, which Polly pays for. Colleen looks like she is about to step up to potentially pay her share, but Marissa stops her.

“Thank you.”

The clerk says you’re welcome before Polly heads right to the elevator. She presses the up button. The others fall in behind her. When the doors open they all step in and it is Polly that presses the button for the top floor before she just looks at the closing doors. When they open back up, Polly is almost robotic as she steps out and walks all the way down to their assigned rooms, which are in a far corner of the floor, leaving the four of them basically to themselves.

This is when Marissa approaches Peter.

“Hey. Mind if I talk with her? I understand what she’s going through. Please let me.”

“As long as she trusts you. But if you hurt her-”

“Yeah. I’ve been through this same spiel with Colleen.”

It’s like Polly has not heard a single word as she pushes her right hand against the door and shoves it open after placing her room card up against the door handle area. She walks right in and just drops the handle to her big bag and walks all the way through the room and right to the back door in the room that leads to a balcony. Polly pulls open the door and a cold draft comes right into the room, but she doesn’t care in the slightest. Peter looks like he is about to follow

her into the room, but Marissa takes hold of Polly's second smaller bag of luggage and wheels it into the room herself. Marissa then turns to Peter.

"I'll let you know how it goes."

Peter doesn't bother fighting Marissa on this and just backs away from the door after he closes it from the outside. Colleen looks into Peter's eyes and just reassures him.

"I think she means it. Come with me. If she does anything stupid, I will just sit on her."

Neither of them even cracks a smile. It is almost as if everything is serious right now. But then again, they all really seriously care about Polly.

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Letting Her In Again

From the moment the door was closed, Marissa had her eyes square on Polly, even though Polly's back was turned to her. Marissa has watched her from the room. That is until Polly begins to rub her hands against the balcony railings. Polly just looks out at New York City, being the view is quite decent being they are on the top floor. Marissa takes a few steps towards the opened back door. A bit of wind comes through now, which gets Marissa to step back. However Polly takes it like a champion and just stays exactly where she is. She finally does speak, as if she knows Marissa is back there.

"I don't know why you're here. Are you here to tell me that I didn't dig down deep enough? Are you here to tell me that I need to be more like you? You better not be. If you are, just go away. I didn't need for you to speak for me in Dusseldorf and I don't need you now and-"

"You do. You need me. Turn around if you want. I have no dog collar. I have no leash. It's just me."

"So? Your point?"

Polly just continues to glare out at the parts of The Big Apple that she can see.

Marissa finds it in her to move much closer to Polly, even coming out to the balcony so she is only a foot behind her. Polly can smell Marissa's breath now, a smell she knows very well.

"My point is that you have more within you. Yeah, you lost the Television Championship to Ryan. So what. If you're afraid people are going to judge you, just know that I won't judge you for that. The two of you went for almost the entire fifteen minute clock. It took her her entire arsenal to finally put you down. That isn't failing."

"It is to me. Everyone will judge me and I feel like I am right back at square one."

"You shouldn't. Besides, fuck those losers. They don't dictate what you do or how you should feel."

"But I do feel like I'm right back at square one. Right back to not being able to break that glass ceiling all over again. Is it even worth it?"

Polly runs her hands along the railing again and Marissa does look truly concerned. She realizes she can no longer hold back.

"Hey! There are plenty of things that are worth it. Don't you care about your husband and about Colleen? Even me and Aisling? What about your mom? Don't even THINK about jumping, because I'M not going to let you! I would kill MYSELF before I let you go over!"

This finally wakes Polly up and she partially looks over her left shoulder to catch a bit of a glimpse of Marissa standing there.

"You would jump in to save me? You truly care about me?"

"YES! Did you ever want to know the REAL reason for why I kidnapped you in the first place?"

Polly turns back away from her, rolling her eyes.

"Meh. You wanted to wrestle again. Blah, blah, blah."

"Fine. You're right. That is one reason. However it is not the BIGGEST reason for why."

"So you could have yourself a pet to control?"

"No. That wasn't it either. That was just for my enjoyment. Do you have any other guesses?"

"So that's what this is to you. A game? My life and my failures are a GAME to you?! That's it! I'm out of here!"

"NO!"

Marissa suddenly spins Polly around and grabs her by her shirt collar, pulling her close, so they are nose to nose. Polly has no choice but to look right into Marissa's eyes. As Polly does, Marissa lets her left hand go from Polly's shirt collar.

"The most important reason as to why I did what I did to you was to harden you up. And you know what? It worked. Same as what Selena did to you. I know it feels terrible to lose something that you worked so hard to get, but may I remind you that you are not the only one in that boat. ALL former champions feel that way. You should know that."

“Oh I do. But this feels different this time.”

“And that’s a bad thing to you? Every time it happens it SHOULD feel different. Polly, I got into wrestling before you ever did. I do know that much. One thing I learned about being knocked down from my perch at the top is this. You need to dig deeper into yourself and go to that next level that no one will be expecting from you. When I told Destiny that there is far more substance to you and that SCW should watch out for you? I meant it!”

“But there is only so much I can do to help you truly show yourself. In the end, that is up to you. For now though, please, come inside. I’ll get Peter back in here.”

“No.”

“What?”

“You heard me. No.”

“Why not?”

“Because you’re right. I need your help.”

Polly fully turns to Marissa now and for the first time since Dusseldorf her face shows a hint of feeling. Though her facial features remain very serious.

“Okay.”

“Stay the night with me. I don’t care. I need you to pull it out of me. It’s time that I show everyone that I am far more than what they see me as.”

“Good. Request granted. Hopefully Peter doesn’t mind rooming with Colleen.”

“Eh, they’ll be fine. Right now, I need this. I need you. I need to find my inner core, no matter how dark it might be.”

A grin slowly comes to Marissa’s face as Polly turns and looks at the large rectangular mirror that hangs on the wall. She gazes right into it, right into her own green eyes. It is only seconds later when her unmistakable eyes close. It is right now that her journey into the center of herself is beginning.