

The shot opens on a nondescript gym bearing a nondescript ring with two very, uh, descript individuals within it.

Madison Dyson paces around Dominick Strife, standing erect with the bearing of an instructor. Finally, she stops abruptly and speaks.

“Dominick! Tell me again, what was lesson one?!”

Dom rolls his eyes damn near out his skull and speaks in an annoyed drawl. “Ugh. Go for the *groin* I guess.”

“Very good. I can see you’re ready for the advanced course.” Madison gets down on one knee. “Now, if they’re wearing loose fitting wrestling pants, shorts, what have you, it’s a primo chance not just to go for the *groin*, put to grabs the nubbins, twist, and pull! Nobody wants to fuck with a testicular torsion so I guarantee they will tap, like, immediately!” Madison mimes going for the nubbins from her kneeling position.

Dom grabs the bridge of his nose, pinching his eyes shut in consternation. “So go for the *ol’ dick twist*.”

“Oh don’t worry honey, if you do it in a wrestling ring it’s totally not gay.”

Dom sighs and opens his eyes. “Ooh. *Great*.” He replies sarcastically. “Anyway, you *do* know that we’re facing two CHICKS at Anarchy, right? But it’s cool, I’m not about to get us DQed... My luck I’d *dick twist* the ref by mistake.”

Madison gets up. “Relax. Cunt Punching for Beginners is a mere two lessons from now. I’ll have you wearing bitches like meat puppets in no time.”

“No offense Miss Dyson, but you’re twisting *my* nubbins.”

Madison chucks her hands in the air in frustration. “Well EXCUSE ME for trying to broaden your horizons.”

Dom looks at her askance. “Why?”

Madison crosses her arms, expression changing perceptibly. “Dom, I’m doing this because, well, you proved me wrong! And in an act of good character building, I’m ADMITTING that. Out loud. On camera. You were a tougher fighter than I thought. I haven’t admitted to being wrong about anything since the Clinton administration, by the by. So I’m trying to help you.”

Dom still doesn’t look sold on this, but decides to wave his misgivings away. “*Hillary?*”

“You’re kidding.”

“...no?”

“You are seriously making good character building quite difficult.”

“Listen. The crew is here. We could get our promo over with. Take out some of that boomer anger out on our opponents.”

It’s Madison’s turn to sigh now. “I guess.”

“Coolio.” Dom turns to look at the camera, and though he seems somewhat beleaguered, there is an intensity, a purpose there too.

Now I know they’re capping.

Last show I go from Maddy here trying to drink my blood like I’m the fountain of youth, now teaming with her against scrambled egghead and a literal vampire. XWF is silly.

But what can I do? No one gave me a chance against Maddy and all I needed to do was hang. So I’m still undefeated. Doesn’t matter to me who Bashy puts me in the ring with, ain’t nothing going to stop me from going out there and giving it a hundred. Aurora, that’s double for you.

People are upset that Mister Stars fired ya. But Mister Stars didn't lie. He told you this is a business, and you ain't been pulling your weight. Makes perfect sense. As much as he did for you, getting you out here, getting you back into the industry... you never could show him an ounce of respect. But I'm getting ahead of myself. You could barely do your job.

Tough cookies, but you know what? Mr. Stars went and got you for a reason. I didn't do so well in the indies. I couldn't tell you why, but everything up here in the bigs kinda clicking. I can be the representative that Stars of Combat needs. No, I *will* be. After I beat you this week on Anarchy, Mr. Stars won't have a choice but to recognize facts.

When I win a championship this year it won't be riding on Lucy Wyld's coattails. I'm out here being the future while you're wallowing in the past. Old Lady Dyson here ain't exactly right in the head, but she's not wrong for watching you basically eliminate yourself at Wargames. Why take out the trash when the trash takes itself out? And don't get me started on Vita. How'd that quest to find the real Micheal Graves go?

I think less people are worried about where the real Micheal Graves went and more about where you came from. What's it been like, years? You'd have to be, like, Maddy's age to remember the last time you did anything.

Madison snaps her fingers.

HA! GOT HER! And I'm choosing to ignore the age crack.

So, Dom just reminded me of something. Aurora is on that Frankenstein shit with that big metal dome piece she's rockin'. And, correct me if I'm wrong, but doesn't that give her something of an unfair advantage in the ring? Hmm?

Bashy I hope you're listening! Because I will not tolerate this flagrant rules violation. Just because this bitch can't remember what she had for breakfast yesterday doesn't give her the right to ruin my beautiful countenance with her fucking Robocop skull! So I'm recommending, nay, DEMANDING she be forced to wear this to the ring forthwith.



Look, it's even pink to jive with her Barbie sensibilities. Look into it, Bashy.

And Vita? Why don't you make like the end of Nosferatu and take a sunbath till you bleed out your eyes? Are you even a vampire anymore? No one cares, honestly. And isn't that just part of the problem?

You two may think you're on even keel with us. And while we're both teams composed of odd bedfellows, we've got youth AND experience while you've just got a cut rate superhero and some trick who can pick up NASA signals with her skull.

Aurora, consider this the warm up for Snow Job. And make no mistake, it's all downhill skiing for you from here, hunty.