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( Cameras roll and we snap into focus on BUNNY Yoshizawa. Baltimore, Wrestling Without Consensus, Blood on the Docks and best believe that she'll be there spilling plenty. Yoshizawa wears fishnets under a two-piece wrestling attire with a stitched bunny tail poofing out of the back of her shorts. BUNNY chews on a carrot, passively with boredom written all over her pretty little face. Then, someone off-camera says they're live. Her eyes sharpen and that carrot she's munching on is launched out of frame. Fine, I guess. Let's get down to business. )

**Maryland, let's hop to it. This Kawaii Knockout is touching down on the docks and somebunny's about to get their ass handed to them on a silver platter. Wrestling Without Consensus, there's a buzz in the air, an aroma which makes my fluffy little tail just twitch with excitement. And best believe that I'm diving in with both feet, Stunt Bunny style, no safety net needed. In this sport you either keep hoppin' for the finish line or you're roadkill.**

This BUNNY doesn't just finish races, she tramples on necks along the way.

Kova Kepler is my partner for Blood on the Docks. She'll dress it up in metaphor, call us star-crossed lovers and say this is a cosmic alignment. I however simply call it like I see it, this is her lucky day.

Heavy paws, strong kicks— Kova hits like a meteor. Smashing into and breaking through anybody who dares to stand in her path. We'll make a fine pairing, I'd like to think, and look. Some people pretend that they're above the grind. They sulk when they can't take shortcuts, or don't get fast-tracked to the gold. I'm not looking for an instant fast pass to the main event. I want impact. From now until Baltimore? My ears stay pricked up and my claws stay sticking out. Kova Kepler is my fixation. I'd march beside Satan herself if it meant hoppin' on these hoes and dragging them straight down the rabbit hole all the way into hell.

Genevie says that she's never heard of Kova or me. I can't say the ignorance is mutual.

I joked before about running together with Satan— Genevie clears her in every category. She's about as fun as a fox with rabies. So thank you, WWC, for pairing us up. Because people will tune in, not out of loyalty to a once relevant star, but to hate-watch as I stomp on, claw at and hop over a notorious *cyka*, sending her right on back to the end of the line. You're just a serviceable snack to me. But Genevie, it isn't personal. This Kawaii Knockout has a fanbase to build, and it gets laid one brick after another when I knock your ass out in Baltimore.

Boon? Man, I can't say shit about Boon. Tall as a carrot, thicker than its roots. That's Kova's problem. Maybe I'll slip him some Nintendo merch and ask that the Kaiju stay home. But bitch, I'm BUNNYzilla. I'm the predator that hops, the woman that knocks, this Stunt Bunny doesn't get c-c-combo'd, and Boon? The fatter they are the harder they fall. I topple mountains like twigs. So maybe lay off the Baja Blast and get hoppin' on the treadmill.

When Kova and I are done, you won't just fall. You'll tumble after Genevie straight down the rabbit hole.

