

## Breakdown 10/21/21 Part 2

*I stared at myself in the mirror of the hotel gym. My face still showed the visible effects of recent battles. I've bled in that ring a lot lately. I still felt like I needed to give more. It was late here, nearly midnight. They left it open knowing they had a few professional wrestlers flying in I guess. My phone rang as I went to do a dumbbell curl and saw immediately that it was Dawn. I sighed and then answered.*

Jordan: Hey.

Dawn: Hey.

*It went awkwardly quiet. We hadn't spoken much since that hotel room incident last week. That was my fault. Dawn had tried, but I resisted.*

Dawn: Are you ready for everything?

Jordan: I guess...

Dawn: Jordan...

Jordan: What?

Dawn: Are we ok?

*I sat down on a nearby bench and hung my head. I ran a hand threw my hair and sighed loud enough that Dawn could hear it.*

Jordan: I think we're ok.

Dawn: You think?

Jordan: It's not like that. I'm just trying to focus on this right now. I HAVE to figure this out, Dawn. The only way I know how to do that is to direct it all on this. I can't... afford to think about anything else.

*Dawn didn't respond immediately and it went awkwardly quiet again. The silence lasted long enough that I wondered if she was there, but I didn't dare check. It was hers to break.*

Dawn: Ok. I understand. What are you doing now?

Jordan: Working out a bit.

Dawn: Isn't it late there?

Jordan: I needed to take my mind off things. This is the only way I know how to blow off steam when you're alone.

Dawn: If I was there I could help you blow off steam.

*I smirked. Even alone I probably blushed. It was a pretty daring statement from her. I bit my lip for a moment and then finally looked up from the floor.*

Dawn: Just saying. I know what you like.

Jordan: Yeah... I just needed to do this on my own, you know?

Dawn: I guess I kind of get it. It IS a team event though.

Jordan: Yeah, but... I need to walk this on my own. We will win it together and all. I don't think I'm making any sense.

*I sighed and shook my head. Dawn laughed softly on her end. The door to the gym opened and the reflection caught my attention in the mirror. I looked into the mirror and made eye contact with Christy Matthews. I'm sure the confusion on my face showed everything. Why was she here? Dawn started to talk and I couldn't even make out what she was saying.*

Jordan: Dawn, I gotta go. Someone just walked in.

Dawn: Wait! Jordan! I just wanted to tell you--

*I hung up the phone and turned around to look at Christy. She didn't exactly look dressed to work out at this hour. She smiled a bit at my expression, but she just stood there from that same distance and looked at me.*

Jordan: How did you know I was here?

Christy: Lucas told me there was a good chance you'd be down here. I think the words he used to describe you was "gym rat." I wanted to come and see where your head's at.

Jordan: I'm fine.

*She shot me a doubting look. It made me laugh at myself and shake my head. I felt like I had to defend myself.*

Jordan: No, really. I thought about what you said and you're right. I can either keep fighting and realize I'm performing with the best in this business, or I can take this massive pay cut for a job that is better for my ego.

Christy: Yeah, um... you might have been missing the point of a few things I said, but you're right.

*I nodded to her and then looked down for a moment.*

Jordan: I have to be honest. It hasn't left my mind. I'm still so... pissed off about losing that match. About letting Kim win that championship. It feels like this is my reputation. Losing in these big matches. I don't know.

Christy: I know how it feels right now. It feels like you can't catch a break. But you will. And when you do, it'll make everything mean that much more. You keep doing what you're doing and it'll happen for you. It just wasn't your time last week is all.

*I stood up and grabbed the dumbbells and put them back on the rack and then took a few steps toward Christy. I crossed my arms and looked at her.*

Jordan: I want to be good enough now. You make me want to win this for you.

Christy: For me?

Jordan: That sounded really weird to say. For us. Kez included. Even though she scares the shit outta me with that weird face paint thing. And I used to wear a mask in the ring, but that stuff... it's beyond weird.

*Christy looked at me weird and I realized I had gotten off track. She didn't know me well enough to know this was a personality quirk of mine. I laughed softly and grabbed my arm, rubbing it lightly.*

Jordan: I'm just... trying to channel the way I feel right now into the right thing. Into this tournament. The last time Trios happened I went to the finals and I finished it laying on my back. Watching Dave and his team celebrate. I CAN'T let that happen again. I won't!

Christy: I appreciate the fire. But it's the Trios Tournament. Anything can happen.

Jordan: If anything can happen, then why can't we win?

*I smile and put my arms out to the side as if to question it.*

Jordan: Why not us? We've got the US and one half of the tag team champs so that has to mean something. I just... I'm really tired of letting things slip between my fingers. That's the biggest thing, you know? I don't get a lot of big chances as it is. I get thrown into clusterfucks designed by the psychos who win this tournament. No one expects me to win it.

Christy: I'm not saying that we can't win. I want to win. I think we've got a hell of a chance, even despite the competition. But...

Jordan: You talked about my potential. I came here with these high expectations I'm never gonna live up to. People at the top, they knew I was Jake Starr's biological sister. But I never knew Jake until I signed here. I don't fight like him, I don't talk like him... I'm nothing like him. And I don't want people to see me as his sister anyway. I want my own legacy. Right now it's... murky at best.

Christy: And you'll get that. Absolutely. It just might not be in this tournament. It might take longer. It might take another few months, or-

Jordan: I'm sick of waiting.

Christy: I know. But sometimes you've got to-

Jordan: No. I'm SICK of waiting. We need to do this. Everyone is always telling me that I can do this if I just believe in myself. Despite all that has happened, I still believe in myself. But I don't want to wait my turn or wait for the planets to align on the right day. I don't want the ball to just bounce my way. I want to take control of something.

Christy: I wish it were that easy.

*Christy stopped herself and I heard her chuckle quietly.*

Christy: But you're right. We SHOULD try to make the best of it. I don't want to see you devastated by another loss, but at the same time, I do believe that we have the potential to do this. Kez is a wildcard to me. But I'm going to do everything I can to make sure we go as far as we can. I just... don't want to over promise something.

Jordan: I don't want to put that on your shoulders either.

*I looked away from her and ran my hand through my hair as I pushed it back.*

Jordan: You know, it's funny. Sometimes I wonder... if I won something like this, would it be enough? Will I ever even feel some kind of satisfaction? Just, you know, let myself be happy enough to let this thing that has a hold of me go. Move on with... confidence, I guess?

Christy: It'll come. You're still young. Then again, I wanted the world in my hand when I was your age too.

*I sat down on the bench and looked up at Christy. I could tell she was thinking about something in the past. From what she'd told me last week at the bar, she had a lot of moments just like mine at this stage. It didn't make me feel any better, but it made me feel a little less alone with*

*the failures I've experienced. Christy had lived a full wrestling life in comparison. She probably saw me as a baby.*

Jordan: What do you think you'd do if we won?

Christy: Honestly? I haven't thought too much about it. But I'm sure there would come a time when having that contract would put me in the right place at the right time. What about you?

*I shrugged and laughed to myself.*

Jordan: I have no idea what I would do with that kind of power...

*I thought about it for a moment longer and just grinned. The ideas that came to my head were a little wicked. Maybe it was the recent Underground rules matches talking, but I almost relished the idea of putting a particular champion through complete hell. Taking something from them. I caught Christy just staring at me. Almost concern on her face.*

Christy: That look worries me. You reminded me of someone else for a moment there. But look, we can't get ahead of ourselves. No point in thinking about what we'd do with the contracts before we even compete for them. Focus on that. I know what it means to you, and I'll leave everything I have in the ring tomorrow night, I promise you that.

*I nodded to Christy and she gave me a nod back before turning and heading for the exit. I saw her looking over her shoulder at me, that same concerned expression, as she went through the door. I really wanted to win this for her. But mostly, I NEEDED to win this for me.*

## **Promo**

*Jordan Majors walks into a room and sits down in front of a camera. She looks at the ground for a moment before her eyes looking into the camera with a piercing glare.*

Before we start this, I'm going to be honest. I can't stop thinking about last week. It makes me angry. Frustrated. Disappointed, sad, depressed... you name it. But I don't need anyone to feel bad for me. I already feel bad enough about letting another opportunity slip through my fingers. Now I feel a little desperate, you know? Maybe this is the only way I can really do something that matters in my career. I talk so much about my destiny and my legacy. But then I look at what I've truly done. I went back and looked at my record in title matches. I'm 1-7.

I'm putting it out there, so take it as you want it. Mock me, ridicule me, shove it in my face. It doesn't make it any worse than it already is. I'm the perennial underdog in this company and I know it. It feels like my destiny is to constantly disappoint everyone. Including myself. I mean, I didn't even know that fucking title was coming back last week and I still--

*Jordan looks down and balls her hands up into fists.*

I still lost. Good for Kim Williams, whatever. Turn the page, right? That's what they all say to do. Everyone tells me to do that. But I'm still pissed off at myself for that cage match. I sat against the ropes with Cian staring at me and I just felt like he was wondering if I have what it takes. And maybe there's some truth to that. Because I promise you no one in this company questions me more than me.

I've struggled this past year quite a bit. Not really physically, but mentally. Physically there's no doubt you're going to get every bit of me. But mentally this has taken a toll I can't entirely describe. But I'm sure so many people can empathize with it. I know plenty people go to work day after day and they struggle and they wonder when they'll turn that corner. But it's different for them. If they hate that job they can leave. This is my passion. My dream. This is where I want to be. So not being able to find the success I want, it really hurts. It eats me alive sometimes.

Not many people saw me after last week's match. I stayed in the ring for a long time. I just sat there and I wondered about my future. Trios starts this week and anything can happen. You can completely turn it around with a win in this tournament they say. At least control your chance at winning a championship. But I was lost still thinking about what could have been. I thought I was building something. More than just being the Star of Tomorrow. Maybe the Queen of the Underground. That all feels dead to me now. I'm not going to pretend to be something I'm not for the sake of a nickname. I'm not the Queen of anything. Maybe I'll never be the star my peers thought I could be back in 2019.

Maybe I should give up. But I can't. Wrestling is like a drug for me. Not everyone can understand this. Some people in this business, they don't care how much they win or lose. They just want to collect that check and the fame that comes with it. But I'm a junkie. I can't get enough of this. It's like an addiction for me. And no matter how bad it is for me, no matter how much it mistreats me... I'm not sure I'll ever be able to let it go. Believe me, I tried once. But I found myself right back here in SCW. Wrestling is the magnet I'll never be able to get away from.

There are people who will tell you how rewarding this industry can be. They aren't me. I haven't seen that. I can't come close to comparing myself to the people I called my heroes when I was younger. But I can't seem to tear myself away from the challenge of achieving my dreams. I've never wanted to win just to call myself a champion. I've wanted to become a champion because of that personal achievement. What it means to say you beat one of the best in the world. I never wanted to be anything less than the best. But I'm far from the best. I'm not sure I'll ever even sniff that.

So again, you'll say the same thing to me that Ace Marshall said before the scaffold match. Why are you even here anymore? Because I'm not sure I will stop trying to be the best until they kill me. That 1-7 number is awful, but I still tell myself there's something better on the other side if I keep sticking to this. Am I just lying to myself?

*Jordan looks down for a moment and then looks back up before closing her eyes and letting out a deep sigh.*

I can't afford to ask questions like that. All I can do is try to look to the next opportunity. The one right in front of me. I wish I was good enough to look past this week even, but I'm not. No matter who my team drew in this tournament, I knew I'd have to put all I have into this one and hope me and my team survive to another week. And it isn't just about survival by winning, it's about me mentally surviving. Because my brain knows it's running on empty. It's demanding to know why I put it through this. My heart is, too...

The next opportunity in front of me is against Asher Hayes, Tommy Valentine, and Kennedy Street. Two of these people I'm extremely familiar with and one of them I've never really shared time with in the ring. Asher is the one that comes to mind first because he has perfectly punctuated these problems he knows I have. We traveled together for a short time. We drank at bars after shows... he knows how I've doubted myself. He's tried to use it against me. Tommy, despite our in-ring history and some success against him, he knows it means nothing. I beat him two weeks before he happily walked into a world title shot. He shrugged it off because he felt it meant nothing in the long run. Kennedy, I'm sure she has the same kind of opinion about me if she's being truthful.

What I'm getting at here is these are people with long histories in this company and they typically brush me aside. Asher has thrown it in my face when he's beaten me. The tag league and the gauntlet. Just more disappointment. I can't help but be pissed off by it all. Fueled by anger. I don't like the idea of using hatred to motivate myself, but I'm not sure what I have to do anymore to get the job done.

The only thing I can think to do is to put everything I have left into winning this tournament. If I can't win Trios--

*Jordan balls her hands into fists again and then sighs and releases them.*

I have to win this or I don't know what to do anymore. I know this is high stakes and the odds aren't in my favor. But when have they ever been in my favor? I've tried to put everything I have into this and I've rarely found the success that I so badly desire. I know we're facing a veteran team that is eager to win Trios and make a mark in this company again. I'm out here just trying to grasp at anything I can while people are stomping on me up the path to the top.

This week my team will get the best out of me. That's all I can promise them. I can't make a guarantee, I can't really sit here and shit talk my opponents when I'm feeling at my lowest. But I'm going to try to bottle all this up - this heartbreak and anger and depression. I'm going to try to use it to push me forward and help my team win. Because if I can't win here, if I can't win this Trios... I don't know what I'll do.

I always finish these with the whole Jordan Majors is money line, but I'm not sure I can say that this week. What I can say is I'm not sure I've ever wanted to win something more than I want this. But... maybe I need this more than anyone else. And if that's the case, I think I have no choice but to do whatever it takes. That's the mentality I have to have. It's what I have to take to the bank.

*Jordan lets out a deep breath and looks down as the camera shot fades out.*