

[Off Camera]

{Brandon went from having the world in his hands... to watching his world shatter right before him. It was at OWA's Game Over pay-per-view event where he did his last match, and it was one of the worst nights of his life. Brandon was moments away from winning what could of been a career changing Championship win, but then... his greatest fear came to life. He saw his little girl being threatened by a grown man, his hand wrapped around her neck. Feeling hopeless, losing the match wasn't even the worst part of the match. It was the fact that Brandon couldn't protect his daughter from danger. The one thing in Brandon's life that he swore to protect and he couldn't. Now, he's sent her to his aunts.... And that has killed him on the inside to send his number one pride and joy away. And now, he has to focus on one man.... Corey Black.

[On Camera]

(Brandon Hendrix is way over his head on this. Maybe he doesn't deserve his name next to his friends... or "friends" as he says. A man wants the world, always willing to do whatever it takes to take that world. But what if the world doesn't want him? What if that world wants him gone, too? What if the world wants him to crumble beneath it's weight because he wants to reach for the stars? Brandon wanted the best for himself for a first, and he feels like he's been belittled for wanting to. The Porter Games transitions over to a room filled with the darkness of the night, only for a small light to shine down at the floor below, and in that singular light is Brandon sitting on the floor, his knees up to his chest, his arms wrapped about his legs, and his head resting on his knees.)

".... what's there to even say anymore? It's becoming a cliché at this point now. I go somewhere, talk stupid shit about how I'm going to be the man of the place, and disappoint early on. I.. I'm so sick and fucking tired of it dawg."

(Brandon chuckles as he rubs his eyes with his right hand before letting out a defeated sigh.)

"Why continue to hype myself up only to be a loser? Why hype myself to the point I'm sending myself **bat shit fucking** crazy that people are saying that I should lose my daughter before anything happens to her? Fucking hell am I that crazy to you all? Huh? I'm I'm **THAT FUCKING INSANE TO ALL OF YOU HUH?!?** And to top it off.... It's the people I trust the most saying this. Let me tell you guys a story. And trigger warning, it's not for the faint of heart. It was um.. not too long ago that I was told that my... My mother passed away. She was my number one fan in the entire world, especially when nobody knew who I was. She was my motivation to stick to wrestling and do my best to become the best damn professional wrestler in the world. She almost got into a fight during a show **IN JAPAN** might I add. She flew to Japan to watch me wrestle. Anyway she almost got into a fight with someone in the crowd because they said I sucked..."

(Brandon chuckles a bit before wiping his face of the tears that start falling down his cheek.)

"And when I got the phone call from my father that she died... a part of me died too. That sent... my head into another universe. I have nightmares of that phone call to this day... the sound of his voice haunts me.. and I pictured in my head that... I had people around me for that shoulder to cry on... when in reality... I was all alone.....

Time started to move on, and I was slowly recovering mentally from her passing. So I was at a hotel after a show I was on, and I get a knock on my door. Of course, I open the door and there are two cops there, with looks of sorrow on their faces. That's when I find out that my da..."

(Brandon can't help himself. He puts his head down on his knees, and you can hear the muffled sounds of his cries. He cries into his knees for what feels like a century before lifting his head up, his eyes splashed with red and his cheeks stained from the years he shed.)

"I found out my dad killed himself... and there I was.. a twenty four year old orphan pretty much. That's... that's when I became.. **crazy**. I can still feel... the metal from the blade running across my wrists... as I sat there, wanting it to be my end... only to become the biggest coward in the world. When I couldn't make one fucking slice.... I went for my nine, and I put the barrel to my head. **The echoes of me pulling the hammer of the gun runs through my head on a constant** and it scares me sometimes. The sound it made puts fear in my heart. I wanted to pull that trigger... I wanted to **END IT ALL!!**

..... but I couldn't. I dropped that gun and cried. I went to the morgue he was brought to, and I felt... anger. I wanted everyone else to suffer like I did.... I still do. I mean... this is bullshit man. My friends get to have happier lives. Married, happy families.... Like any of the care that I have nothing....

Or I thought I didn't. Soon later, I get a call from an ex of mine, saying meet at a Cafe. So I did, but she did not show. Suddenly, this small child walks up to me with a note. The bitch couldn't even tell me that I was a dad to this amazing little girl."

(Brandon reaches up to his shirt and lifts up his necklace. It's one of those ones that have a picture on it and it's a picture of his daughter, Raelynn. He looks down at the picture, and for the first time, a slight smile appears on his face.)

"This..... is my motivation. But there's comes a point when everything becomes too much. I loved these fans. I fought through injuries for them. I did everything in that ring for them. But to chant "DIE Brandon DIE", "Go Away"... to verbally attack me in public when I have my daughter with me... to tell a five year old that her dad is a fucking loser... that's when you all turned me to the man I am today. I had to change from that kid to The Don. Now, I've become one of the most respected wrestlers in the world today. Like I said... I'm going to die sooner than anyone else here will. My heart.... Is not okay. Given a maximum of... hell a year at point.... I've made it my vow in this ring to kill each and every single person that gets put in front of me. You want to stand in my way, you have to pay the price of the judge, pray to the jury, and fear the executioner.

Corey Black. The man i was told to never face because he's the most brutal motherfucker to ever step into a ring. I remember Denzel Porter Games, the very first one. You had a Deathmatch that I was backstage to watch, and it scared me some then. The glass, the barbed wire, the everything. And as much as you impressed versus whoever the opponent was.... Project Honor at the time, OWA, anything I was associated with did not feel like you were worthy to sign. Maybe they should have offered you a contract and maybe then you could of sent me to my death from these companies. And maybe that's true, but that doesn't mean that I'm going to lay down as easily. In a world where it's kill or be killed, and the instincts alone of a wounded man who been cornered for the better part of two years has put me in that mode. And the match, well it couldn't be anymore fitting. You see, I represent an opportunity that most want because at the snap of a finger, you'd be talking to the boss. And there you can prove if you're the greatest against the likes of Darkane, Lazarus Arjen, Christopher Sabertooth, Jason Long, Arata Asakura, Michael Bishop, Scott Oasis, and so many more. You'd prove yourself against people in their prime and willing to fight to the death if need be. But you need to prove to me that you're ready for that responsibility. You need to show to me that the mainstream is Corey Black ready. Because with that one match and only match I've watched of yours and it called being a one trick pony.

And Corey, I'm sure you see this in their eyes. You probably think that behind these muscles that I'm just a lost kid, scared of everything that has to do with my future. You probably think that I'm too over my head about this and that I should give up and walk away. And you probably think that I should be smart and do walk away before my daughter does bury me so soon. I'm not into the game of predictions Corey, so let me share you a spoiler. None of those will happen, and none of those are reality. In a world that the strong survive Corey Black, I've been surviving the best out of anyone around. As I watch the men who promised to outlive me, out perform me drop like flies, it's like their souls collide with mine, and I can feel victory each time as snatch their remembrance and crush it in my hand. Yours is next. In a tweet in January, you said something like "You will regret your decision". And like all those guys I've named, like everyone who know my name but not me, like my middle school bullies, to my doctors and beyond, you try writing me out- calling your shot in the dark. But here's the thing, **you just fucking missed.**

False hope is all you spewed. I wasn't at one hundred percent the entire tournament. Hell, I wasn't one hundred percent going into my OWA Final Destination V main event match, but I made it to the finals and almost won. But it's hard to do much at five percent then it is at one hundred, right? Oh wait, I proved that wrong with everyone else. But I still get mocked for losing. So close, yet So far away. I got my shoulder up a millisecond after three! But, like always, I walk through those curtains and I'm met with applause. Every fucking time I do a match, I walk to the back and get greeted the same way- "woah Brandon that was really good! We didn't expect that from you! Great job!". Fuck all of you. This bullshit has to stop. Everyone single one of you treat me like I'm some special needs child that you feel like if you don't shower me in praise and glory even for losing, I'd quit or kill myself. It's almost like it's hypocritical of many to believe that the only time I quit a company is when those cocksuckers had to force a change of results in order for their oldies to remain at top because that's all they know. It's almost comical that it's always the case of "Good job, but almost there!". Bro I'm so tired of being the case of

"almost there" while other undeserving fucktarts get opportunities after opportunities just because of their name.

Like yourself.

They will put on horrible performances and lose four, five, six, ten times in a row and still get chosen over those that have been winning and busting their ass to not only improve in their craft, but to show their bosses that they're ready for the weight of the world to be dropped on their shoulders. And after so many years of busting my ass in the independent scene or in the spotlight of places like Omega Alliance Wrestling, Revolution1, Level Up Wrestling, and so on of busting MY ASS to become the man and star I am today to be passed over time and time again, it's disgusting. It's disturbing. And after the match I had with everyone in the tournament and you want to discredit that? What more do I have to do? What more do I have to sacrifice? What would I have to change for a sniff of something big? Would I have to die and come back from the dead in a triumphant blaze of glory? Maybe if I joined a stable then maybe I'd get a bigger opportunity? Maybe I do like Corey and be a deathmatch freak and I'd get the respect of everyone else? Back in the tournament, I told everyone they will remember who Brandon Fuckin Hendrix was. And they will never forget it after I beat Corey Black and end all doubt.

"Ain't nobody on this brand is going to work harder than me in any way shape or form. If it comes to the gym, I will outrun you, out lift you, outperform you. I will do anything it takes to outdo you in the gym so the attention is on me and not them. On the mic I have practiced and practiced in the studio for ways to neutralize my victims in every single way possible. Hell, I have the dictionary saved on my phone and in my library so I can look up creative ways to tell you that you suck and that I'm better than you. Hell, I did an entire promo using different teachings: math, history, science, and so on explaining how I'm superior to others. And in that ring, I will adapt to any style need to be to outdo them. You throw in some seven foot four hundred pounds powerhouse and I will body them with the strength of one thousand strongmen to bring them down. You put me against a luchador and I will take to the sky like never seen before to steal the show. Throw me with a technical guy and I will show you my amateur wrestling background from college when I wipe the floor with you. Put me in an Ultimate Submission match versus the best submission artist in the game and I will use hundreds of ways to make you tap out with a fucking armbar. I will box with the best strikers in the world and get a first round knockout on their bitch ass.

I'm truly befuddled, but I know what I must do. I must let that dawg out in me. I must let that motherfucker out that broke a man's spine, then his spirit, then broke his lifeline on earth. I must be that motherfucker who will murder the entire horde of professional wrestling. Maybe that's what is wanted of me? They see a man at six foot and six inches tall that weighs in at a clean two hundred and fifty pounds of pure pissed off muscle that can decapitate anyone's head from their neck. There are two hundred and six bones in the human body, but none of them will matter if a snapped spinal cord sends their body into shock.

If the tournament proved anything, it was that I was too complicated with my talent. I got distracted by the shining lights and standing ovation I was getting and it cost me the first chance

I had in my wrestling career to achieve more. Because of that loss I had to punish myself by waking up at three in the morning and punching the bag until noon. I HAVE TO PUNISH MYSELF SO I DON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE TWICE! AND IF I LOSE TO KONY THEN I MIGHT AS WELL BE LIKE MY CHILDHOOD HERO ROBIN WILLIAMS AND ERASE MY TIME ON THIS FUCKING EARTH! FOR YEARS I'VE GONE TO COMPANIES AND THEIR FUCKING OWNERS WOULD LOOK AT ME AND SAY "GOLLY BRANDON! YOU CAN DEFINITELY LEAD OUR COMPANY AS WORLD CHAMPION!". BUT THEN CONTINUE TO SCREW AND HOE ME OUT OF ANY OPPORTUNITY THEY HAVE FOR THEIR FUCKING GIGGLES AND HEHES!

When I first stepped into this, I was given everything I needed to become World Champion. And I GAVE and I GAVE OVER AND OVER AGAIN, AND THEY TOOK AND TOOK AND TOOK ABSOLUTELY EVERY FUCKING THING OUT OF MY SOUL JUST TO THROW ME AWAY LIKE I WAS BROKEN TOY WHEN THEY ARE TIRED OF TOYING WITH ME AND TRIES TO SEND MY CAREER TO THE ABYSS CALLED "WASTED". ALL THIS TIME PEOPLE CALLED ME "WASTED POTENTIAL BECAUSE I NEVER GOTTEN THE MAIN GOLD! ALL THE OTHER TITLES I'VE WON MEANT NOTHING TO THEM BECAUSE IT'S NOT THE BIG ONE AND BECAUSE IT'S NOT THE BIG ONE, THEY MEAN NOTHING! AND WHEN TIMES GOT WORSE, I'VE BEEN STOPPED AND ASKED "BRANDON WHY DO YOU KEEP KILLING YOURSELF FOR A DISTANT DREAM THAT MOST LIKELY NEVER COME TRUE?!?".

..... It's because I need this. It eats away at me every single day. It's like a sickness worse than the one slowly killing my heart that's picking away at my brain. And when I'm being told "You can't do it!", it's there in my head saying "YOU NEED THIS! DON'T YOU QUIT ON YOUR DREAMS BRANDON! IF YOU FIGHT FOR THE DREAMS YOU HAVE, THEN THEY'LL FIGHT EVEN STRONGER FOR YOU!". You see, I've been gifted with a trait called the "It Factor". I can walk into any room I'm in like nothing, make any conversations up no problem. I can do signings, media, photo shoots, get two hours of sleep, and go to that ring soon after and steal the show. And I did that..... I did that EVERY FUCKING NIGHT! I DELIVERED MY ALL EVERY. FUCKING. NIGHT! NONE OF YOU HAVE THE RIGHT QUESTION OR DISCREDIT ME! I DO THIS THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE DAYS A YEAR! EVERY NIGHT I DO THIS AND I'M STILL SHOCKED THAT MY DEDICATION AND LOVE FOR THIS BUSINESS CAN GET QUESTIONED DAILY!

I looked at my daughter and I promised her that daddy would place a World title in her hands so she can stand in between the tombstones of my parents so I can hang that picture up in my office so I can say "Mom, Dad... I fucking did it. Your son did it for you!". And I will say that by the end of this..... even if it's the last thing I ever do. I told you all that you will remember my name, and after it's all said and done, the name of Brandon Fucking Hendrix.....

Corey, It Will never be forgotten."