

KAY FABLES

#champshit

oops delete

#glamsquad #excited #firstday

The eyeshadow swallows half her face. Dramatic. They say you need cheekbones for this job. Whatever that means.

What you really need around here is tits.
Correction. THEY might need tits--
and cheekbones, and ass.
She doesn't. Because she has
ACTUAL TALENT
from a legit sport,
which she's carrying
into this business. The others? Well--
they have to fake it. Not to mention backstage
politics... #badass #rowdy



No. No-no.

She doesn't NEED any lines. The Universe just NEEDS to SEE her POINTING at the sign.
Steph looks at her patiently through her botox. *You're LITERALLY POINTING at the future, Ronda. Because you ARE THE FUTURE. EVERYONE will get it. It's what we DO here.*

Rowdy tugs at her bra strap.

Yes of course she's on the same page -- but -- what she means is -- wouldn't it look kinda weird if she just stood there, and, like, pointed at this big-ass word for like, yay minutes??

Mr. McMahon almost spoke. Steph makes the save:

Ronda-- you'll be FINE. Just. Point. At. The. Sign. And just-- just BE YOURSELF. Your Rowdy self! OKAY? TRUST me-- it will all MAKE SENSE.

She breaks into her trademark Rowdy smile.

Ok. OK! Thank you guys SO much--

Go get 'em champ! growls Mr. McMahon from behind the monitor.

Oh but Vince, let's not jump the gun just yet--

Twin volleys of laughter from The Authority.

Yep. She was here for a reason.

#champaf

- Definitely list high school diploma.
- but not my Master's obviously.

The bedroom door is pinched shut on the Arctic Boa. *Ding-ding*. The camera chimes. She turns on: *I know what you're thinking...* Signature laugh, elongated inhalation. The creation of empty space. *Click-click-clack*. Reposition the camera. *Okay*. Move the record player, almost trip over a light stand, reposition the mirror, re-reposition the camera-- footwork in a phonebooth. *Hey can you come in here and tell me if you see smoke!?!* See, fifteen minutes ago she had three functional lights. Then one burned out the other started flickering --see-- and now she's down to this blue one and now she's gonna have to figure out how to filter out the blue in Premiere somehow fuck! But first: a smoke. On the street-- not the balcony. Or the neighbours'll think she's an addict.



- But what about the BFA?

I'm lying in the hallway/breezeway with a tall glass of water, YouTube, and a couple Ziplocs with ice. Not a stitch of wind. Not a breezeway then. I got one ice bag strapped to my head with the belt from an old house coat (R.I.P.) that I used to call *The Threadbare*. I almost wish I'd get called into work-- where it's only 32 degrees.
The bags leak.
Ditch the blue shaded header.

*J'ai --
J'ai vu votre annonce--
J'È --
J'ai lu votre annonce--*



WRESTLEMANIA

HOLY SHIT IT'S --

Humongous. Just hanging there in the sky.
(and it's not CGI)

Somehow she's walking. Somehow! Towards the yellow letters with purple and green, with that spiky clover thing, the New Orleans symbol. Football team? The Saints. Basketball team? The... do they even have a basketball team? Who cares! Only heels need to keep track of the local sports teams and she's a -- what is that NOISE???? Holy hell, it's the Universe!

The Universe has spotted her!

UNREAL.

Production-oriented environment?

I just made that up.

Turns out that actually IS a thing. Good.

Je suis attiré/e -- goddamn CSA keyboard --

-- *attirée par les environnements de production*--

Click.

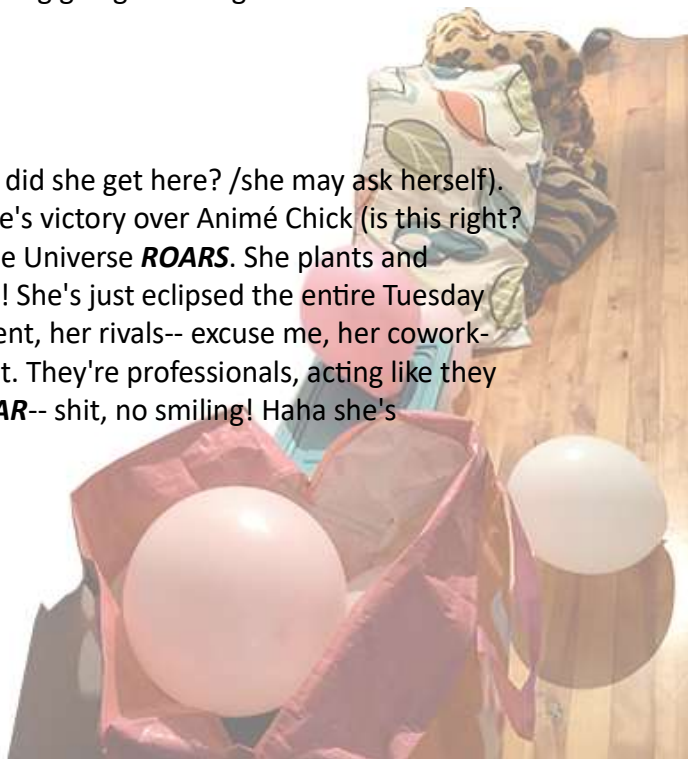
Heels barely allow for the large cyst on her foot. *Clack.* Guess it still fits within the known confines of the fetish. Everything else-- half a dozen pillows, winter bedspreads, stuffed animals, boxes of props -- stacked in the hall. *Ding-ding.*

Her first client is a sociopath (jk) from the banking industry. Interesting? She breaks her rule and meets him at his place. She's only breaking rules because she's new in town and how else will she get anything going. She forgets to call me when she gets there.

Somehow

she-- Rowdy-- is standing in the ring (is this her life? /how did she get here? /she may ask herself). And here she -- Rowdy-- is stepping all over Legacy Blondie's victory over Animé Chick (is this right? / is this wrong?) Because she -- Rowdy-- is The Future. The Universe **ROARS**. She plants and **POINTS**. Like: Monday's here! **ROAR**. Like: boom, bitches!! She's just eclipsed the entire Tuesday roster!!! **ROAR**. Hey: she's just doing her job! For a moment, her rivals-- excuse me, her coworkers-- look like they've been handed a different script. Right. They're professionals, acting like they don't know what's going on! She stifles a laugh, and-- **ROAR**-- shit, no smiling! Haha she's supposed to be a badass babyface hahaha

There is cocaine
carelessly (?) scattered all over a porous surface.
Ok, he's definitely in the banking industry. Line.



Her
coworkers

assume a more neutral expression. What are they waiting for? How long should she point? Nobody told her how long! She glares at one coworker, who glares back. Okay! She's getting the hang of this acting thing. It's like: *bitch, WHAT? Is she, like, supposed to act like that big fucking word in the sky isn't there?!?* She bites back a nascent smile, scowls, and points even harder.

#rowdyone



Finally!
She is still alive. *Ja?*

Kunje hi zeggen?

It's not a question. I find myself on the phone with the banker. *Hi* I say, with total lack of enthusiasm (hey, I'm not the performer). *Hi* he says. His voice sounds totally flat. Long pause. The banker breaks the silence like a normal person: *hi*. Dead. I repeat *hi* in a tone like: *duh!* My sister gets back on the line. Sorry she forgot to call, but everything is going really well. I tell her *call me when you're done and don't drag me into your scenarios.*

Wat?

Don't make me talk to your clients. I told you already.

Ja ja sorry chak!

*je suis ravie de d/poser ma cand--
je suis ravie de présenter ma candidature pour le poste de --*

*Jè --
Fucking CSA fuck*

No. No. Lie. The banker isn't buying her act. *Look at Mistress _____ in this amazing clip. See how believable she is.* (Ask any woman: *Mistress _____ is fucking fake as fuck. Please.*) Line. The banker announces that *no joke, I really am a sociopath.* Oh? She seizes the chance to have a normal conversation. *What is it like to be a sociopath? When did you know you were not like the others?* Line. Her forays in stand-up-- line-- and on the outskirts of the acting industry which looks a lot like the outskirts of the sex industry which looks a lot like-- line? Whatever, she's getting paid.

Of course, it turns to meme. She won't stop pointing at the sign! Hilarious! 😂😂😂😂

#blessed

You, me, and (she glances into the Universe) *ev-ry-bo-dy here knows that...* (shit) *knows that--* She grins bashfully in her borrowed kilt. Talking is hard! Her eyebrows decide on an upbeat expression. She finds the hard camera. Now what was that line again... that thing she is so excited to share with the audience *tonight here in Pitts-- in Plattsburg! Um...* The arena is full of air but --her lungs-- she steadies herself in the rapture of the little girls in the front row. Exhale. Regrip. _____ In outer space, the grown-ups wait patiently for her to prove them right. She is the face of the company-- isn't that right? She is the highest paid woman in the entire industry-- in her rookie year. Isn't. That. Right. She smiles.

We love you Ronda!

#soblessed #obsessed

Anecdote:

last summer, the compressed air machine produced so much heat that after only 15 minutes I was drenched in sweat for the rest of the shift.

I had to change into a fresh pair of underwear and T-shirt for the bus trip home. But the worse part was wearing a full face mask for several hours in a row.

#truechamp

On #blessed wings and maybe a little Redbull (the *schedule*) she wrangles sentences longer than Dutch skimming a vowel here borrowing a consonant there while extruding the complex splittersplatterthatisthehallmark(or was it the trademark?)ofMr.Heyman'sornateadvocacy-- *you should stop showing up here to hear the cheers for your weekly violin recital--* all this despite her well-documented disability-- *something notevenyourmopingwoe-is-measscan--* can she breathe? -- disregardless she is *selling Our Pay Per View--* because *she's a professional* wielding highly pressurized vocabularic formations. Re-grip.

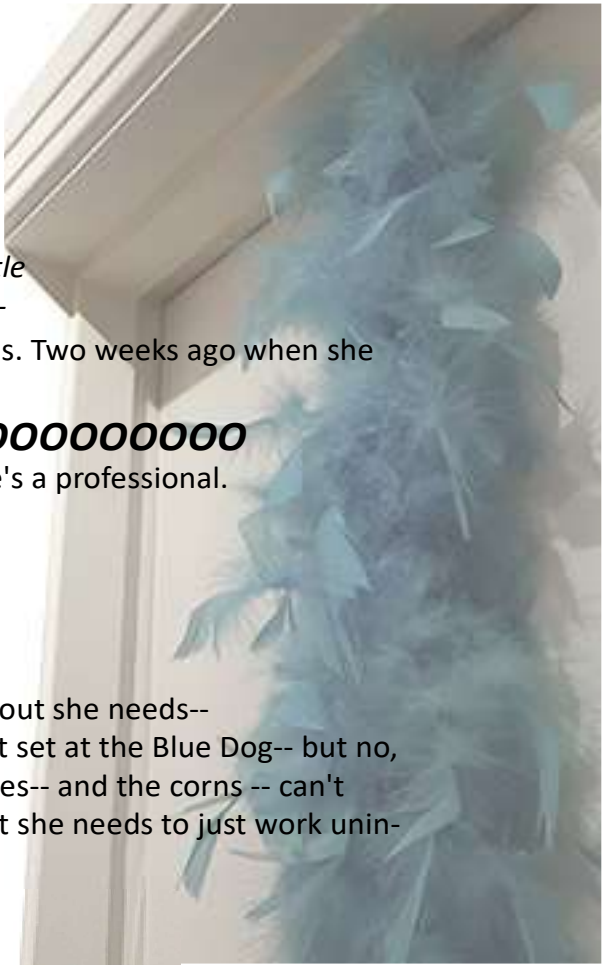
I fear I may have gone over too well at the *usine-- woe-is-me?*

Weekly violin recital? Did Paul Heyman really write that?

-- they email me. It's no.

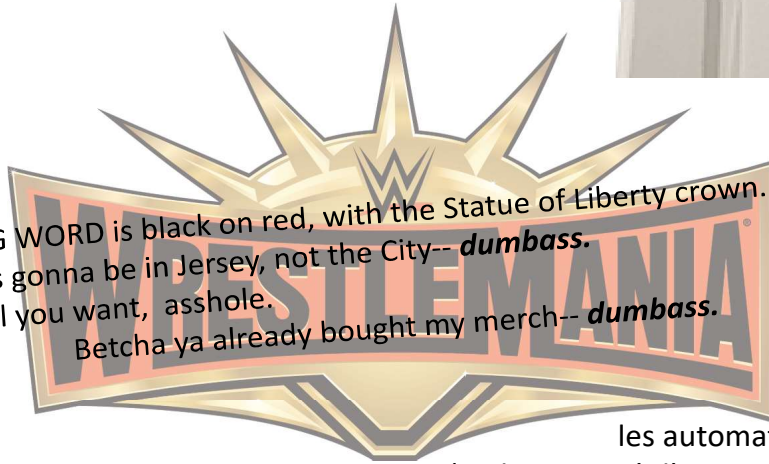
Mention any landscaping experience.
use a cherry picker?
again with the violin recital

BOOOOOOOOOOO



She
stands here before you, this title
 flopped over her shoulder like the limp piece of plastic. *It is--*
BOOOOO Ok this is getting kinda ridiculous. Two weeks ago when she
 was saying kinda the same thing, they cheered.
 What if she pointed at the sign? **BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO**
 Ok guys *nice try, nice try*. But guess what. She's a professional.
 Signature scowl.

Fingers crashing over the keys like a dog scratching to be let out she needs--
 -- to get on Instagram-- and list all these hashtags-- late night set at the Blue Dog-- but no,
 first a 3-5 minute custom focussing on the calluses on her toes-- and the corns -- can't
 shower yet it softens the corns-- but she needs to sleep-- but she needs to just work unin-
 terrupted--



This year the BIG WORD is black on red, with the Statue of Liberty crown.
 But actually? It's gonna be in Jersey, not the City-- **dumbass**.
 As in: boo me all you want, asshole.
 Betcha ya already bought my merch-- **dumbass**.

les automates programmables
 (ou la capacité d'en recevoir la formation)?
 capacité de travailler à la chaleur?
 aM I coMfoRtaBIE dRiViNg A cUbE vAn?

#lousy

I stand here before you, your women's champion
 Oh yay. Oy vey. Oh there's the sign. Only six more weeks. She parks the mic right up to her
 mouth machine. What if she-- just looked at the microphone cross-eyed? She giggles.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

BE-CKY! Of course, how original. Chants for the Tuesday bitch on Monday
 night. Like she wasn't expecting that.

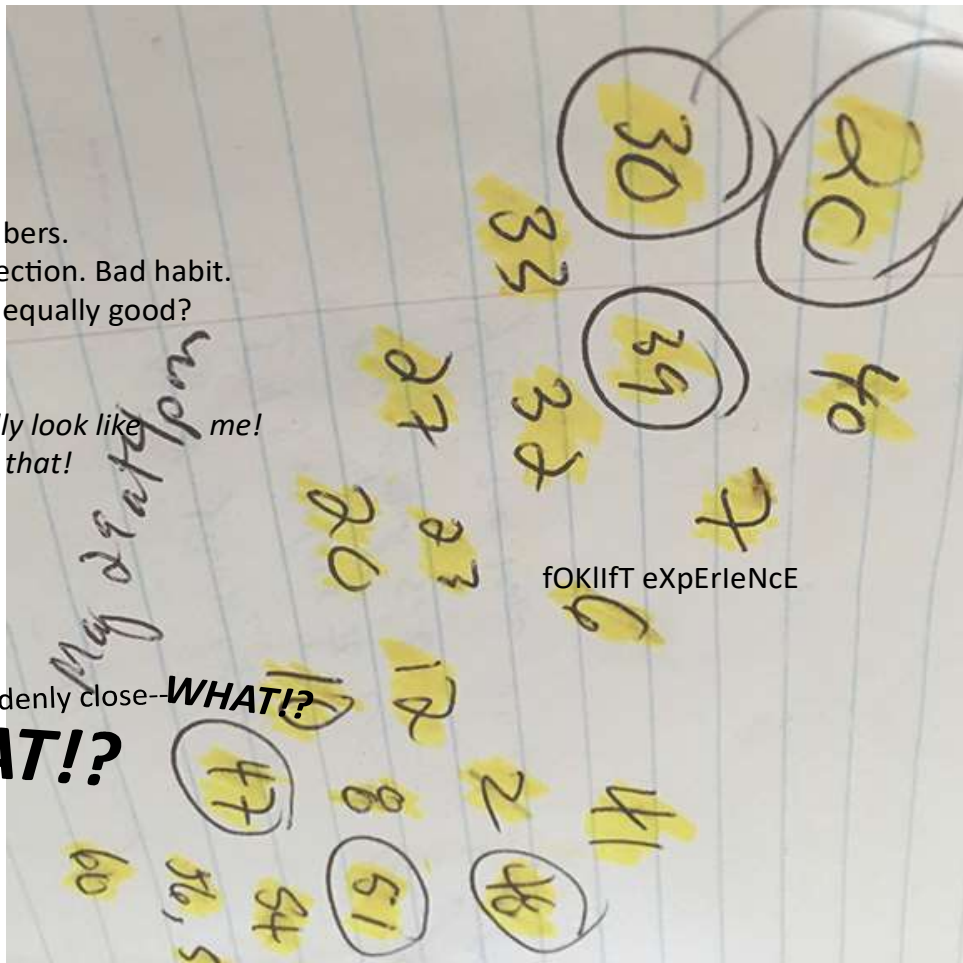
BE-CKY! **BE-CKY!**

Ruled paper. Patch of unruly numbers.
She's highlighted every single selection. Bad habit.
Or-- what if all the best shots are equally good?

Like a million dollars!

It doesn't even really look like me!

*So what! Nobody really looks like that!
hahahahaha*



pLaYfUI StIcKwOrk?

Why not. She moves the mic suddenly close--
-- then suddenly far--
from her mouth.

WHAT!?

Hi Queen-God,
Superior Goddess, I

Double chime.

If I made this world, how come you're in it?

Sometimes she comes up with a line that genuinely amuses her.

Guess when? **WHAAA** She opens her mouth comically wide-- but no sound.
Ha! Fooled ya! Ok how 'bout.. no... **WHAT!?** Ha! Fooled ya again! Her own private
jazz. Why won't they loosen up?

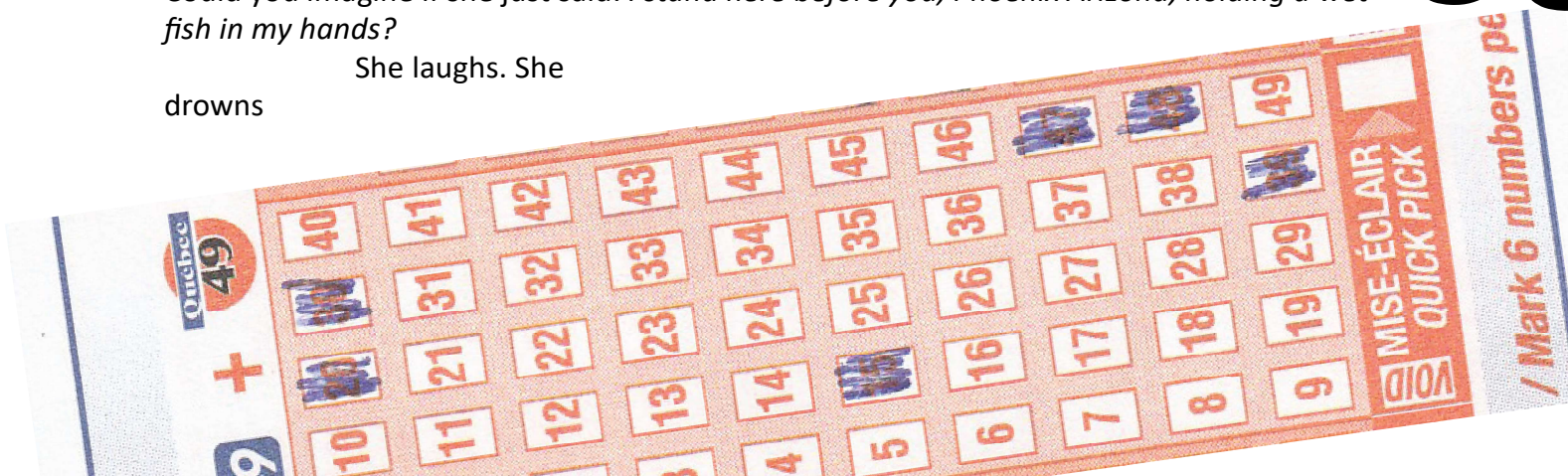
WHAT!?

WHAT!?

BOOOOOOOOOOO

Could you imagine if she just said: *I stand here before you, Phoenix Arizona, holding a wet
fish in my hands?*

She laughs. She
drowns



says Becky.

Look at this,

She doesn't mean the sign.

Orange bitch face cut with a huge predator's grin, like: *oh yew fooked up baahd Ronnie naaow watch me rip yew a new one roight here roight naaaow.*

Fuck. You. Bitch.

Mes priorit/s--

In the afterglow of the lottery ticket purchase, my sister has a brilliant idea:

Strap-on.

Twins.

It's a 30 minute clip.

No.BuT.Do.I uNdErStAnD. hOw .MuCh. MoNeY. wE. wILL. mAke!?!?!?

Mes priorit/s ont chang/--

mes priorités ont--

OhMyGoDwEwOuLdBLOwPeOpLeSmlnDsDoleVeNrEalizeTwInS!?!?

but wouldn't I have to lose some weight first?

(I counter with the usual)

Dumb bitch is acting

like this whole thing is real. Fine. She -- Rowdy-- a professional, will just stand here and watch her coworker's mouth move. How stupid it looks. How stupid it sounds. Bla bla bla, whore.

Bitch. Pussy.

Yeah.

No.

I wouldn't even have to. It's about the reality of the situation:

two women in their forties, two twins who--

so which one of us is gonna take it?--

you're the dominatrix shouldn't -- in real life the artist always gets fucked up the -- more realistic-- but I'm not running camera -- we are not filming this on your -- in the top fifty with that camera-- this isn't a beat-down video--this isn't 2011-- who do we know--



It's like PED's.

Yeah.

Because without
that mic
Becky
can't do
shit

and everyone here knows it but they don't wanna admit it because they all want to get in their precious Becky's pants and let's just be honest for a second here that's what really going on here in this business of sports/

"entertainment"

so

go

ahead

lick your lips again

whore.

Fuck.

*-- storyboard every single shot I'm not kidding --
isn't some weird art project-- you're just gonna let clips4sale take 40% of our -- so much
bigger than just a-- bad as having an art dealer--*

really? --

-- 6000-something followers,

*-- but this isn't one of your-- not just handing this over to some -- imagine the
humiliation if -- not one of your-- not just an object for you to -- when exactly did I -- like,
the physical pain, probably-- but the psychology -- -- like a backstage thing --*

-- All About Eve! --



Whores,
pussies,
actresses.

It's all the same thing.

So what the hell. She's about to nail a bitch, using just her mouth.

Because she reserves the--

-- *Ah Ronnie yew gonna need a moic go get yurr moic--*
oh, right.



-- *the mousy understudy who--*

-- *Anne Baxter--*

-- *so in the end--*

-- *so in the end, then,*

I fuck you up the ass. I mean, I would have to --

But can you imagine if --

-- *we don't rake it in?*

-- *like, the humiliation!?!*

hahahahahaha