

Creative Force Wrestling: AFTERGLOW

6/14/25 Live from the Foundry Venice, FL

[CFW: AFTERGLOW – OPENING SCENE]

The screen fades in from black to a wall of sound — the roar of the crowd is deafening.

 *A pulse of underground industrial rock plays faintly under the cheers as the camera sweeps across **The Foundry** — a gritty, packed, sweatbox of a venue in Venice, Florida. Fans wave signs, bang on the rails, and scream with unfiltered energy.*

The lens lingers on handmade signs: “LENA’S GONNA WILDE OUT!” — “I SAW THE TAPE!” — “SUDIO 4 CHAMP!” — “WHERE’S RONNIE?”

Cut to the announce table — two mics, one empty chair.

 **CHAZ DEL RIO** (*adjusting his headset, eyes on fire with energy*):

“Ladies and gentlemen... welcome back to **CREATIVE FORCE WRESTLING**. This is **AFTERGLOW** — and we are LIVE in front of a **jam-packed** Foundry here in Venice, Florida!”

The crowd pops behind him with a perfectly timed “CF-DUB! CF-DUB!” chant.

CHAZ (cont’d):

“I’m Chaz Del Rio, and tonight... professional wrestling lives here.

But folks — you’ll notice I’m flying without my usual partner in crime. **Ronnie Kixx** is not with us tonight... and, well... if you caught our YouTube series *Black Light*... then you know — Ronnie saw something. Or *someone*.

Whatever was on that unmarked tape... it left him shaken. Bad.

We’ll fill you in with everything we know later tonight.”

 **BERT MCDANIELS** (*grinning, buttoned-down in a clean blazer, clearly honored*):

“Regardless, I’m just grateful to be here, Chaz. This is huge. **Creative Force Wrestling** is unlike anything else out there. It’s raw, it’s loud, it’s real... and tonight, it’s all about the action.”

CHAZ:

“Couldn’t have said it better myself, Bert. We’ve got rivalries boiling, egos clashing, and a main event that could change everything.

So let’s not waste another second—”

BERT:

“Let’s get into the action!”

MATCH 1: Revenge Collision

Wyatt Storm vs. Dominic Hex

The bell rings and Wyatt Storm explodes out of his corner like a bullet from a railgun.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Storm isn’t wasting a second tonight!”

Wyatt hits Hex with a flurry of snapping kicks — low, mid, and one clean across the jaw. Hex stumbles back, arms up, absorbing the shots, but Wyatt stays on him with a missile dropkick that sends the larger man sprawling to the mat.

BERT MCDANIELS:

“He’s swarming! Like a man with something to prove — and he does!”

Wyatt doesn’t let up. He bounces off the ropes and drops a double foot stomp to Hex’s chest, then rolls into a standing shooting star press — near fall.

The Foundry is rocking.

But Dominic Hex is a man who lives in shadows, not flash.

After surviving the initial storm, he catches a wild roundhouse, traps the leg, and buries an elbow into Wyatt’s ribs. Then another. Then a third — and Storm crumples.

Hex rises like something ancient, cracking his neck. He starts landing heavy shots — stiff elbows, slow and punishing, one after another. His calm, methodical style begins to drag the pace into his world.

BERT:

“Hex is dragging this thing down into the dirt — just like he likes it.”

CHAZ:

“Wyatt came in flying, but now it’s Dominic’s turn to grind him down.”

As we exit the opening act, the energy has shifted. What started as a high-speed assault is turning into a brutal war of attrition.

Dominic Hex has cracked the code.

Wyatt Storm — high-flying, high-risk, high-speed — is now grounded. And Hex makes sure it stays that way.

What began with flying knees and crowd-popping flips has turned into something much darker. Hex dominates the next stretch, methodically dismantling Wyatt with cold precision. He buries him with back suplexes, drags him into tight submissions — a dragon sleeper here, a grounded kimura there — and peppers in sadistic stomps every time Wyatt twitches.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This is what Hex does. He doesn’t win — he erases you.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I don’t think Wyatt’s moved more than six inches in the last two minutes.”

Every time Wyatt tries to rise, Hex knocks him back down. Elbows to the shoulder blades. Clubbing forearms. Knees to the lower back. The Foundry starts to murmur — worried, then impatient — until suddenly...

Wyatt flips backward out of a suplex attempt and lands on his feet. Staggering. Barely.

Dropkick!

Hex reels.

Second dropkick!

Hex stumbles to a knee.

Wyatt hits the ropes, screaming through the pain—

Running dropkick to the face!

The Foundry **erupts**.

CHAZ:

“Wyatt’s alive! He’s not done yet!”

BERT:

“Listen to this place! They are ALL behind Storm now!”

Wyatt clutches his ribs, his neck, everything aching — but his eyes are wild. Focused. He's dragging himself to the top rope as fans clap in unison.

The tides are shifting... again.

Wyatt Storm refuses to die.

Every movement is agony now — his ribs throb, his back screams — but he fights. A spinning heel kick connects. A desperate forearm sends Hex into the corner. The Foundry is on its feet, stomping the concrete in rhythm, willing him forward.

Then—

BAM!

Out of nowhere, **The Execution** — that devastating spinning knee — lands flush on Wyatt's jaw.

The crowd gasps. Wyatt collapses like a marionette with its strings cut.

Hex covers.

1... 2...

KICKOUT!

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“NO WAY! NO WAY!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“How the hell did he kick out of that?! Wyatt Storm is out here fighting like his life depends on it!”

Hex doesn't flinch. He doesn't argue. He just **grabs Wyatt by the hair** and pulls him upright like a man hoisting a corpse.

BOOM — A second Execution.

This one is surgical. Clinical. Final.

Hex drops to his knees and covers, hooking the far leg deep.

1... 2... 3.

It's over.

WINNER: Dominic Hex via pinfall

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“I've never seen a kid take that kind of punishment and still come within a second of survival. Wyatt Storm is the real deal — but tonight... Dominic Hex was a damn monster.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“This isn’t over between them. Not by a long shot.”

 [VIDEO PACKAGE PLAYS]

[Dramatic music pulses over archival footage.]

Clips flash from dimly lit Iron Ring Pro arenas—sweaty, intimate crowds, crude lighting, raw fights.

 VOICEOVER (CHAZ DEL RIO):

“For over two years... Lena Wilde clawed for respect. In Iron Ring Pro, she wasn’t the biggest. She wasn’t the loudest. But she hit *harder* than anyone ever expected.”

We see a smaller Lena drop a much larger opponent with a surprise lariat. Cut to a highlight reel of her intense, scrappy offense—forearms, German suplexes, flying knees.

 CHAZ (cont’d):

“And standing in her way the entire time... was Brandi Blight.”

The screen slashes to Brandi—golden gear, smug expression, holding up the IRP Women’s Title.

 BRANDI BLIGHT (archive promo):

“She doesn’t belong in *my* division. In fact, she doesn’t belong in this business.”

Fast cuts of Brandi repeatedly defeating Lena. Twice. Both title matches. Both bitter. Both personal.

 CHAZ:

“But at CFW: Reclamation... Lena struck back.”

We see Lena pin Brandi in the falls count anywhere match at Reclamation. The crowd erupts. Brandi stares in shock.

 BRANDI (Black Light Ep. 2):

“Reclamation was a *fluke*. You don’t belong. Sunday... I end this.”

The screen glitches—cuts to VEX in an MMA training gym, wrapping her hands in silence.

 CHAZ:

“But this Sunday, there’s a third name in the mix.”

 **SHAYNA VEX (backstage):**

“I don’t care about history. I came to hurt people and win fights. I’ll take both of them out and *walk away smiling*.”

 **CHAZ (final line):**

“One feud. One wildcard. One shot to own the division.
This isn’t about who wants it more.
It’s about who *survives*.”

MATCH 2

Triple Threat Grudge Match – Women’s Division

Lena Wilde vs. Shayna Vex vs. Brandi Blight

The bell rings—and immediately, Lena and Brandi lock eyes. Two years of bitterness ignites in an instant as they collide mid-ring, fists flying. The crowd roars as the two women brawl, neither caring that Shayna Vex is circling like a predator.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This isn’t just a match—it’s an old score being settled in real time.”

Brandi manages to push Lena into the corner, landing a stiff elbow to the jaw—but before she can capitalize, Shayna Vex rushes in with a brutal MMA-style clinch knee to Brandi’s midsection. She spins and drops Lena with a slick snapmare, following up with a sharp kick to the spine.

BERT McDANIELS:

“Vex is showing that hybrid style early, and it’s working. She’s the chaos agent here.”

The action stays tight. No one can stay in control for long. Lena surges with a sudden burst—leaping off the second rope into a high-impact missile dropkick that flattens Brandi. The Foundry explodes as Lena rolls through and kips up with defiance on her face.

CHAZ:

“She calls that ‘Snap Thunder,’ and I felt it from here!”

But Vex doesn’t let her breathe. She snatches Lena from behind and **launches** her with a German suplex that leaves her crumpled in the corner. Vex snarls and stalks both opponents, holding the center of the ring like a trained killer.

Brandi crawls up the ropes, clutching her ribs. Lena shakes off the impact, jaw clenched. The crowd claps in rhythm, rallying behind the underdog. All three women rise slowly—sweat pouring, faces hard.

This is not a showcase. It's a war.

BERT:

"You can feel it in the air. Every move hurts. Every second counts."

The chaos continues inside The Foundry.

Vex starts taking over, trapping Brandi in a corner and unloading with ruthless MMA-style strikes—short elbows, knees to the body, then dragging her to the mat and dropping hammerfists until the ref steps in for a break. Brandi is rocked, barely able to defend herself.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Brandi's in serious trouble. Vex smells blood."

Vex goes for the cover—**1...2...** but Lena dives in, breaking it up just in time. The crowd lets out a wave of tension and relief.

Lena still feels the ache from that earlier German suplex, but the fire in her eyes hasn't dimmed. She pulls herself up and levels Vex with a **spinning lariat** that nearly flips her inside out.

BERT McDANIELS:

"That's the Wilde Line! That's her shot!"

Lena dives for the cover on Vex—**1...2...** and this time it's Brandi who saves the match, yanking Lena off by the ankle and dragging her to the ropes. The crowd is eating it up, fully behind Lena now.

All three women are exhausted, but none give in. Vex recovers and lands a stiff high kick to Lena's shoulder, but Lena answers back with a shotgun dropkick that sends Vex flying through the ropes to the floor.

Lena staggers to her feet—only for Brandi to come charging in with a scream, going for a knockout shot—but Lena sidesteps, spins, and **BAM—a rising knee right to Brandi's jaw**. The crowd erupts!

CHAZ:

"RIGHT ON THE BUTTON! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!"

Brandi crumbles. Lena wastes no time—dives onto her, hooks the leg—

1...2...3!

DING DING DING!

Winner: Lena Wilde

The Foundry explodes in cheers. Lena rolls off, clutching her ribs, tears in her eyes as the ref raises her hand.

BERT:

“She did it, Chaz! After everything—after being told she didn’t belong—Lena Wilde just pinned Brandi Blight in the middle of the ring!”

CHAZ:

“Two years of being overlooked... all erased in three seconds!”

As Vex seethes outside the ring, and Brandi lies dazed, Lena Wilde climbs the turnbuckles and raises her fists to a standing ovation.



In-Ring Segment – CHAZ DEL RIO Addresses the Foundry Crowd

The crowd inside The Foundry is buzzing after the last match. Suddenly, the house lights dim slightly and the spotlight centers on the ring. CHAZ DEL RIO stands alone in the ring, holding a microphone, a serious expression replacing his usual enthusiasm.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

Venice, Florida... thank you for bringing the energy tonight.

Crowd cheers.

But I need to shift gears for just a moment.

This isn’t part of the show — this is real.

The crowd quiets.

As many of you saw on the latest episode of *Black Light*, my broadcast partner and longtime friend Ronnie Kixx... saw something.

And since that night — he hasn’t been seen or heard from.

The screen above the ring flickers to life, replaying the short, jarring clip: Ronnie watching the black tape, mouth open in disbelief, face pale.

RONNIE KIXX (recorded):

“...what the f—”

The screen goes dark again. The Foundry murmurs.

CHAZ DEL RIO (softly):

That wasn't an act. That wasn't a segment. That was real.
We've called. We've checked his place. Ronnie's just... gone.

He looks around the arena, trying to find words.

He's not just a voice out here — he's part of the soul of CFW.
And Ronnie, if you can hear this... if you're out there...
Whatever you saw, whatever it did to you — just come back.
We'll figure it out. Together. Just come back.

There's a pause. Some fans chant "RON-NIE! RON-NIE!" Others stay quiet, watching.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

This business is chaos. But the people in it? We're family.
We love you, man. Be safe.

He lowers the mic, crowd giving a soft but heartfelt ovation. The lights slowly return to full brightness as the camera fades back to ringside.

Reign Rökk vs. Chris Titan

The Foundry buzzes with curiosity as Chris Titan makes his entrance — confident, calculated, ready to show why he's one of the most respected technical wrestlers in the game. But the moment Reign Rökk's music hits, the atmosphere shifts.

The lights drop. A low rumble builds. When the curtain parts, **Reign Rökk** storms through with nothing but destruction in his eyes. The massive frame, the scars, the unshakable focus — it's like a freight train dressed in wrestling gear.

BERT MCDANIELS:

"I don't like Titan's odds here, Chaz. This man Rökk is something different."

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Titan's a technician, no doubt — but you can't wristlock a landslide."

 **Bell rings.**

Titan opens up with a few sharp low kicks and feints — quick movements to offset the size difference. For a brief second, it works. He ducks a wild swing and hits a dropkick to the knee. The crowd pops.

But then Rokk shrugs it off.
And steps through a second dropkick like it was thrown by a child.

SMACK.

A single back elbow floors Titan.

From there, it's *all Reign Rokk*.

He scoops Titan like a bag of gravel and slams him into the mat with a ring-shaking spinebuster. He doesn't go for the pin. He just stares down at him. Almost insulted. Then he pulls him up — and launches him across the ring like a child's toy.

Titan scrambles to a corner — desperate, battered, trying to find breath.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"That's not just strength. That's rage."

Rokk roars and charges — **MSD!**

Main Stage Dive!

A crushing lariat connects, folding Titan inside out.

Rokk doesn't cover. He lifts Titan again — ragdolling him once more.

Another MSD.

This time, the lights in Titan's eyes go dark.

1... 2... 3.

Winner: Reign Rokk (via pinfall)

No celebration. No gloating. Rokk just stands. Silent. Dominant.
Titan doesn't move. Officials check on him as Rokk exits, leaving the ring like a war zone he just conquered.

BERT MCDANIELS:

"Reign Rokk didn't just win. He *declared war*."

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Someone's going to have to find a way to stop him. And I honestly don't know who that could be."

[REPLAY – CFW: Black Light Episode 3]

The screen cuts to grainy handheld footage.

CHAZ DEL RIO (voice-over):

“For those who missed it on *Black Light*... this is what KillJoy and Águila Feral did just *days* before Afterglow.”

We see chaos inside the CFW training gym — a small, crowded space with beat-up gear, banners on the wall, and an old ring in the center.

Then: screaming. The camera whips around just in time to catch KillJoy smashing a trainee through a table.

Águila Feral launches a kick into another wrestler’s ribs. Then — the moment.

BERT MCDANIEL (voice-over):

“That’s Ace Dalton! That’s Ace!”

*KillJoy cracks him with a stiff right. Feral follows with a flying knee. KillJoy scoops him — **powerbomb on the apron**. The ring shakes.*

Then — pure destruction. Equipment thrown. Mirrors shattered. Banner torn down. The two monsters lay waste to everything in reach.

Finally, they stop. And stare.

Directly into the lens.

The screen glitches, freezes — and cuts back to The Foundry.

MAIN EVENT

Tag Team Match: Jace Valor & Lucas Knox vs. KillJoy & Águila Feral

The energy inside The Foundry shifts the moment the bell rings — what had been cheers turns tense as **KillJoy and Águila Feral** storm out of their corner like war machines. Their synergy is terrifying. They tag like clockwork, with Knox caught in the kill zone. Feral targets the ribs. KillJoy hits with thunder. No wasted motion. No showboating. Just punishment.

The crowd rallies for Knox, but it’s like screaming into a storm. Until he finds a breath — a spinebuster out of nowhere — and claws his way to Jace.

Tag to Valor.

The roof nearly comes off.

Jace explodes into the match like a man possessed. Strikes. Springboard cutter. Running knee. The indie prince turns the ring into a proving ground. Feral eats a superkick. KillJoy gets dropkicked off the apron. The energy shifts hard — for the first time, the monsters look **mortal**.

Momentum evens. Fists fly. Bodies clash. Tags come quicker. Neither team holding back.

The war rages deep into the match.

Lucas Knox, still reeling from the punishment he took early on, finds a second wind. He ducks a lariat from KillJoy and *explodes* with a desperation **Iron Pulse** — the spinebuster *rattles the ring* and the crowd surges to their feet. He covers:

1... 2... Feral breaks it up!

Jace flies off the top with a **shotgun dropkick** that sends Feral tumbling outside. He doesn't stop there — he leaps over the top with a **tope con hilo**, crashing down with fire in his eyes. Inside the ring, Knox pulls KillJoy up and tries for *another* Iron Pulse...

But KillJoy *counters* mid-lift — twisting out and hammering him with the **Tomb Hook** combo. The crowd winces at the thudding headbutt.

Tag to Feral.

The Wild Eagle is a *storm*. He blasts in with a flurry of low kicks, softening Knox's legs, then a **springboard dropkick** to the back of the skull. Jace returns, blood on his lip, fists up — but Feral *sidesteps* and delivers a **spinning back elbow** to the jaw.

CRACK.

Valor drops — but rolls to the apron. He's still moving.

Knox, battered and gasping, is dead center in the ring. He *tries* to rise.

KillJoy tags back in.

He *drags* Knox to his feet.

LAUGHING END.

The inverted GTS *nearly caves his skull in*.

1... 2... JACE TRIES TO DIVE IN... 3—TOO LATE.

It's over.

KillJoy & Águila Feral win.

But they don't rise.

They *loom*.

Their presence feels like a curse more than a celebration. Valor & Knox fought with every ounce of soul — but tonight, it wasn't enough.

The crowd *claps anyway*.

Not for the victors.

For the fight.

For the heart.

And for the war yet to come.

KilJoy and Águila Feral remain in the ring, towering over the battered bodies of Lucas Knox and Jace Valor. The crowd murmurs in awe and unease...

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"That... was a war. But the monsters walked out of it."

Suddenly — movement at the entryway. A pop from the crowd.

BERT MCDANIEL:

"Wait—wait a minute— That's Ace Dalton!"

Ace stumbles down the ramp, ribs heavily bandaged, but eyes full of fire. Each step looks like it hurts, but he doesn't stop. He doesn't flinch.

The monsters notice.

Like wolves catching scent, KilJoy and Feral slowly turn, expressionless behind mask and facepaint, and descend the ramp toward him.

CHAZ:

"Ace... don't do this..."

Ace throws a punch — one last stand. It's valiant, but it's futile.

The beatdown begins. Quick. Brutal. The crowd screams as Ace is mauled and dragged out of view into the back.

Jace and Lucas are back on their feet. They glance at each other — bruised, limping — but they move. Down the ramp. Toward Ace.

Suddenly...

A collective gasp is heard across the Foundry.

The camera swings upward — to the top of the scaffolding above the entranceway. Wooden beams. Exposed steel.

CHAZ (shocked):

“What the hell—?! Ronnie???”

*Standing — no, swaying — high above, is **Ronnie Kixx**. Pale. Blank. Eyes distant. His hands hang limply at his sides, the light catching the sweat on his brow.*

BERT (stammering):

“Is he... is he sleepwalking?!”

CHAZ (pleading):

“Ronnie! Ronnie, don’t—get down from there, man! Please!”

Jace and Lucas freeze on the ramp, looking up in horror. The crowd falls into stunned silence, dozens of phones raised.

Ronnie takes a step.

Then another.

Then—

He steps off the edge.

The fall is sickening. His body crashes through stacked tables, chairs, and equipment crates near the side of the stage. Wood splinters. Steel buckles.

CHAZ (whispers):

“...Oh my god.”

The camera holds on the carnage. Not a sound in the building.

FADE TO BLACK.

CFW: AFTERGLOW