

[BLACK LIGHT: EPISODE 10 – COLD OPEN]

Location: CFW Training Gym – Early Morning

(Camera: handheld, natural audio – intimate, documentary-style)

[We fade in on the CFW Training Facility. The lights flicker slightly. The walls are patched up but still show the scars of the destruction Killjoy and Águila Feral left behind weeks ago. The ring mat is clean, but the corner pads are mismatched. It's functional, not flashy — a place built for the grind.]

[Inside the ring, we see veteran wrestler Chris Titan and rising underdog Wyatt Storm in the middle of a light sparring session. The camera approaches slowly as we hear the familiar slap of the mat — Titan takes a clean back body drop. He exhales hard, and Wyatt quickly helps him to his feet.]

WYATT:

“You good?”

CHRIS (smirking):

“I’m always good... unless you’re about to try a moonsault.”

[They both chuckle, shaking off the moment. The sparring slows as the two lean over the ropes, catching their breath.]

CHRIS (genuine):

“Listen — you’ve got good instincts. But don’t rush. When you’re in there with Knox, slow it down. Make him fight *your* pace. Be cerebral. That’s the trick with guys like him.”

WYATT (nodding):

“I hear you. I respect that, man. I do.”

[He stretches an arm, still breathing heavy.]

“I’m feeling good about this. Real good. I think I’m gonna get it done. First win. First real mark. I just... I can feel it.”

[Chris nods, saying nothing.]

WYATT (quieter now):

“Thing is... this place is moving *fast*. New names. Storylines. Big matches. Feels like if I don’t *do something* soon, I’ll get left behind.”

[Chris keeps nodding, then leans back on the ropes. Wyatt hesitates.]

WYATT (a little uncomfortable):

“Can I ask you something? And don’t take it the wrong way...”

[Titan looks at him.]

“You’ve got the pedigree, man. Like... a real technical background. You’re one of the best in the gym. But out there? In CFW?”

[Beat.]

“You haven’t really... made much of an impact. Why not?”

[Chris doesn’t react right away. He looks down, hands on his hips, then looks up at Wyatt and meets his eyes with calm honesty.]

CHRIS TITAN:

“You’re right, kid. I haven’t. Not yet.”

[No music. No camera shake. Just silence — and the echo of possibility.]

[BLACK LIGHT 10 – FINAL SEGMENT]

Location: Underground locker room hallway – dim lighting, exposed concrete, faint echo of the main arena in the background.

The CFW logo for “BLACK LIGHT: LIVE” flickers briefly on screen with a “TBD” tag underneath.

[The camera cuts suddenly to a tight handheld shot. ÁGUILA FERAL stands alone against a brick wall, masked, breathing heavy, his taped fists clenched at his sides. His eyes burn through the mask. The camera doesn’t move.]

ÁGUILA FERAL (calm, but fierce):

“Next Black Light... live... I have match.”

[He pauses — leans slightly toward the camera.]

“With *Rokk*.”

[Another pause. He adjusts his wrist tape, never breaking eye contact.]

“You say you are monster, sí?

Big man. Loud music. Big fists.”

[His voice rises slightly, accent thick, controlled rage building.]

“I break bones. I *cut* noise. I silence stage.”

[He exhales hard through his nose.]

“Next time... Foundry becomes *quiet*.”

[Feral doesn’t move. The screen cuts to black as the words flash across the screen in grainy white text:]

"LIVE BLACK LIGHT – DATE TBA"

MAIN EVENT: ÁGUILA FERAL vs. REIGN ROKK