

[COLD OPEN – CFW BLACK LIGHT 11 – LIVE]

The Foundry is packed. The lights are still settling in. There's no music. No commentary. Just Chris Titan in the ring with a mic, pacing slowly, jaw tight. The crowd buzzes, unsure what's coming.

CHRIS TITAN

(steady, grounded)

“Y’know, when I signed on here... I thought I’d be making waves. I thought I’d be where I’ve always been—respected, feared, *winning*.”

He pauses and shrugs, almost embarrassed.

“But if we’re being real? I haven’t done that. I haven’t *been* that. I’ve shown flashes—moments—but flashes don’t build legacies. Wins do.”

He looks up, fire starting to build in his eyes.



“I’m the best technical wrestler in CFW. Period. I know that. Anybody who’s ever tied up with me in the ring knows that. But technique without fire? Without *heart*? That’s not enough here. Not anymore.”

Titan takes a breath, now fully engaged.

“I’ve still got that fire. I feel it burning in my chest every damn night. I feel it when I lose. I feel it when I lace up. I’m not done. I’m not washed. And I *will* start climbing.”

Titan’s pacing slows. He stops near the ropes, looking out into the crowd like he’s searching for someone.

CHRIS TITAN

“My first match in CFW... was against Ace Dalton.”

A murmur rolls through the crowd.

“We were hand-picked—*chosen*—to be part of the launch. The foundation. It was a dream match, they said. Two of the best. Two men to carry the weight of a brand-new banner.”

He nods solemnly.

“It was an opportunity—for this company, and for us. One of us had to grab it. One of us had to rise.”

A beat.

“And as much as it stings to say... that was Ace.”

The crowd reacts. Titan doesn't fight it—he lets the truth sit there.

“He took that win and launched. More than I ever could've imagined. He's been everything this place needed. And now? Now he's fighting for more than wins. He's fighting for all of us. For the *soul* of CFW.”

Titan turns toward the camera, voice rising with intensity.

“I don't know what the hell is going on with MAR, or the tapes, or the whispering madness that's crept in. I don't care about cults or shadows or whatever nonsense they're peddling. I care about wrestling. I *live* wrestling.”

He points to the mat beneath him.

“And I know this—Ace Dalton is a better wrestler than Killjoy. And in this ring, *wrestling* always beats supernatural bullshit. Every. Single. Time.”

CHRIS TITAN

“I'm here for *wrestling*. I'm here to *prove* I'm the best wrestler in that locker room.”

The crowd rumbles behind him as his tone shifts sharper, more defiant.

“So no—I'm not interested in chasing shadows, or fighting imaginary boogeymen, or throwing hands with demons in the dark.”

He steps dead center in the ring.

“I want the best wrestler this company has to offer. I want someone who speaks the same language I do: grapples, grit, and pure heart between these ropes.”

He looks straight into the camera now, jaw tight with intensity.

“I want Jace Valor.”

A pause—then his voice explodes with passion.

“JACE—let’s show them what the HELL wrestling looks like!”

He drops the mic. Crowd pops. No music. No lights. Just Titan standing tall, eyes locked, message sent.

[CAMERA CUT – RINGSIDE COMMENTARY DESK]

Chaz Del Rio and Bert McDaniels are seated under a banner that reads LIVE: BLACK LIGHT. The crowd is buzzing from Titan’s challenge.

BERT:

“That kid’s got heart. Say what you want, but Chris Titan just bared his soul out there.”

CHAZ:

nods quietly, eyes still focused on the ring

“He certainly does.”

He shifts in his seat, takes a breath.

“Welcome, everyone, to another live edition of Black Light. We’ve got a monster of a main event tonight—Reign Rokk vs. Águila Feral. Two wrecking balls with something to prove.”

Chaz pauses. His voice lowers slightly.

“And... I’m going to choose not to talk about what happened with Ronnie.”

He swallows, searching for the words.

“I’m still processing it. It feels like I’ve lost a friend... a brother. I hope you can respect that.”

BERT:

softly, placing a hand on Chaz’s shoulder

“Of course we do, son. Everyone out there does too. We’re with you.”

Chaz nods again, then pulls himself upright, trying to push through. He hesitates, listening to his ear piece.

CHAZ:

“Folks, I’m being told we have an issue backstage... let’s cut to it now.”

[CUT TO SHAKY HANDHELD CAMERA]

The screen jolts into a dimly lit hallway. **SUDIO** sits on the floor, leaning back against a cinderblock wall. She’s alert, but visibly shaken, one hand lightly resting against her forehead. Around her, CFW **production staff** and a couple of **medics** hover — concern etched on their faces. One of them speaks quietly into a walkie.



Suddenly, **LENA WILDE** rushes into frame. She kneels beside Sudio, gripping her shoulder.

Lena (urgent, worried):
“What happened?”

Production Crew Member:
“We think... we think a lighting fixture came loose. It came down hard. No one saw it fall. She was just here, getting ready and—”

[He gestures toward the broken **metal fixture** a few feet away on the ground.]

Sudio breathes steadily.

Sudio (soft, reassuring):
“I’m okay, Lena. Just a little dizzy, that’s all. I’m fine.”

A **medic** steps in, crouching beside her.

Medic:
“You’re awake and talking, that’s good. But we have to get you to the hospital — concussion protocol, just to be safe.”

Lena (firm, not asking):
“I’m going with her.”

She wraps her arm gently around Sudio’s back and helps her sit up straighter. The camera lingers as the two women share a quiet moment, Lena whispering something just out of earshot. Sudio nods. The crew prepares to escort them out.

[FADE OUT as the camera backs away, catching the broken fixture in the foreground.]

[VIDEO PACKAGE – “FERAL vs ROKK” HYPE REEL]

[Dramatic music pulses as a grainy black-and-purple filter fades in. The words “MAIN EVENT – TONIGHT” flash across the screen.]

REIGN ROKK

- We see Rokk’s signature entrance — hair flying, spotlight pulsing, crowd chanting his name.
- SMASH CUT: Rokk *levels* Chris Titan with a brutal clothesline.
- A flurry of stiff forearms, corner stomps, and his massive *MSG* slam echo through the reel.
- Another shot: Rokk roaring on the top rope, arms raised after a hard-fought victory.
- Text fades in: “*RAW FORCE.*”

ÁGUILA FERAL

- The screen flickers. Feral’s mask appears in shadow, followed by a clip of him **smashing Ace Dalton into the steel cage** at *Locked In*.
- Cut to the infamous moment: Feral and Killjoy **tearing apart the CFW training gym**, throwing weights, breaking mirrors.
- Feral springboarding into a devastating knee strike.
- His cold stare, unmoving, under a flickering light.
- Text fades in: “*CONTROLLED VIOLENCE.*”

[FINAL SHOT]

Split-screen: Rokk snarling in a spotlight, Feral breathing heavy behind his mask.

“TONIGHT – BLACK LIGHT MAIN EVENT”

REIGN ROKK vs. ÁGUILA FERAL

Only one walks out the same.

[BACKSTAGE – LIVE FEED CUT-IN]

[The camera shakily cuts to a backstage hallway.]

Laughter echoes from just around the corner—**not joyful laughter**, but the kind that *cuts*.

Sharp. Mocking. As the camera rounds into the open locker room, we spot **Brandi Blight** and **Gale** standing over a gym bag, their expressions twisted in amused disgust.

Brandi (snickering):

“Oh my *god*, it *stinks* in here.”



Gale (half-coughing):

“Is that her *bag* or did something *die* in this corner?”

Brandi (grinning wickedly):

“This is the little rugrat’s stuff.”

[CUT TO COMMENTARY]

Chaz (stunned):

“Uh... that looks like Lena Wilde’s gear bag. What the hell are they doing?”

Bert:

“You gotta be kidding me. Is this really happening live right now?”

Chaz (goes quiet, watching):

“....”

[CUT BACK TO LOCKER ROOM]

Brandi kneels down, unzips the bag, and begins pulling out

items—**ring gear, old tank tops, a worn notebook, and a beat-up pair of boots.**

She smirks, then looks directly into the camera.

Brandi (mocking tone):

“Hey Lena. While you’re off playing nurse or whatever—you don’t mind if we help ourselves to your trash, do you? Just taking a *little* peek, champ.”

[The two break into laughter again, holding up a stained tank top in exaggerated disgust.]

Brandi:

“Seriously, does she wrestle in this or mop floors with it?”

[Brandi and Gale dig deeper into Lena’s bag, fully committed to humiliating her.]

Gale (snorting):

“What else do we got in this treasure chest of sadness?”

[Brandi pulls out a folded piece of paper and opens it. She reads aloud dramatically.]

Brandi (mocking):

“Dear Lena... you’re my favorite. You make me feel strong when I feel small. I want to be just like you.”

[She pauses, then bursts into cruel laughter. Gale joins in.]

Brandi:

“Oh how *sweet*. You inspire gross little kids... just like *yourself*.”

[She sneers and *rips the letter to shreds*, letting the pieces fall back into the bag like confetti.]

Brandi:

“Touching.”

[Gale rummages further, eyes widening as she pulls out a small bank envelope.]

Gale:

“Uh oh. Payday.”

[She opens it—pulls out a stack of bills.]

Gale (mock sympathy):

“Aww... she’s *broke* too. This is probably all she has”

[Brandi casually snatches the cash from Gale’s hand, counts it to herself, and stuffs it in her gear top.]

Brandi (grinning):

“I’m gonna use this to tip my driver tonight. Lena Wilde’s *life savings*, well spent.”

[Gale: dying of laughter.]

[Brandi suddenly stops laughing and turns to the camera — her expression cold, eyes narrowed. Her voice drops into something more serious and sinister.]

Brandi:

“Lena, I’ve told you before... wash your clothes. You didn’t listen. So we’re going to do it for you.”

[She starts shoving Lena’s belongings aggressively back into the bag.]

Brandi:

“We’ll wash them... in the *only* place they belong—”

[She zips the bag shut, full of disgust.]

Brandi (flat, venomous):

“The landfill.”

[Brandi tosses the bag toward Gale like it’s toxic.]

Brandi:

“Give that to my assistant. Make sure it gets *dumped*. It’s not riding in my car.”

[Gale takes the bag, smirking as they strut out of the locker room—mocking laughter echoing behind them.]

Chaz (off mic, heated):

“They’re disgusting. Absolutely disgusting.”

[CUT BACK TO COMMENTARY – LIVE AT RINGSIDE]

Chaz (visibly shaken, trying to refocus):

“Alright, folks... I—uh... I apologize. What we just witnessed was... cruel. There's no other word for it. I don't know what's become of Brandi Blight and Gale, but that was beyond mind games. That was personal. And disgusting.”

Bert (low tone):

“Yeah. I don’t think I’ve ever seen anything like that. Total disrespect.”

Chaz (takes a breath, then shifts tone):

“But we’ve still got a main event to deliver. A first-time-ever matchup between two of CFW’s most dangerous forces.”

Bert (nods):

“This one’s going to be a war. Rokk. Feral. No titles, no politics—just two monsters throwing bombs.”

[CUE MUSIC — camera cuts to ringside as the crowd stirs for the main event.]

Main Event: Reign Rokk vs Águila Feral

From the moment the bell rings, it's war. There is no feeling out, no pacing. Feral and Rokk throw bombs from the start—shoulders colliding like car crashes, fists flying like they're trying to break bones. The crowd is electric, roaring with every collision, every heavy thud of bodies hitting the mat. There's nothing elegant about it. This is raw power and rage turned kinetic.

Rokk lands early with a string of thunderous strikes, his brawler's instinct putting Feral on the defensive. But Feral absorbs punishment like a machine, snarling through it with bloodlust behind the mask. A snap spinebuster nearly turns the tide, but Feral answers with a headbutt that stuns even the crowd into silence. The match continues in waves—Rokk with a huge lariat, Feral with a brutal suplex into the buckles, each man swinging momentum back like a pendulum soaked in violence.

There are near falls that have the crowd biting their nails. Rokk plants Feral with a backdrop driver that looks like the finish, only for Feral to kick out at the last breath. Feral hits a diving elbow from the second rope and Rokk still powers out. Every second they spend on their feet feels like survival. Every slam feels like the exclamation point that could end it.

The longer it goes, the more worn down they become—neither willing to stay down, neither willing to concede. The ref's count creeps dangerously close to ten more than once after wild double knockdowns. When the end finally comes, it's not flashy. It's not graceful. It's Feral, wild-eyed and barely standing, unleashing a last, desperate flurry—just enough to drop Rokk and stack him up for the three.

Winner: Águila Feral

Feral wins. But it's clear: this match didn't crown a better man. It just crowned the one still breathing.

The Foundry gives both warriors their due with a standing ovation, the air thick with sweat, pride, and awe.

CHAZ:

What. A. Battle. Águila Feral survives—but just barely. That was a war, plain and simple.

BERT:

Both those guys left something in the ring tonight, and I don't think either of 'em is gonna walk straight for a week.

CHAZ:

Folks, that's it from us. Live *Black Light* delivers again—and we're just getting started. Dominion is coming... and after tonight, the stakes feel higher than ever.

BERT:

Goodnight from The Foundry. Be safe, be loud—and believe in the fight.

[Fade to black.]