

Black Light 12

[COLD OPEN – CFW TRAINING GYM – EARLY MORNING]

The gym is quiet aside from the sound of distant sparring and clanging metal. The camera fades in on Shayna Vex, sweaty and focused, sitting on a bench in her workout gear. She looks directly into the lens—no music, no edits—just her voice.

SHAYNA VEX:

“I’ve been told my next points match is against Sudio. After Dominion... that’s the plan. And I’m good with it.”

She leans forward slightly, arms resting on her knees.



She stands, eyes locked on the lens.

“I’ve seen what’s going on. The drama between Brandi and Lena? All of that? That mean girl bullshit? That ain’t me. Never has been.”

Her voice sharpens, but stays measured.

“I don’t play in the dirt. I don’t need to humiliate somebody or trash their gear just to feel like I matter. My violence has a direction. It’s aimed at whoever stands across from me between those ropes. That’s it.”

She wipes her hands, her voice low and steady.

“So if it’s Sudio next, fine. If it’s Brandi or Gale after that, whatever. I’m not here to make friends, and I’m not here to pick fights in the locker room. I’m here to win this points race and become the first CFW Women’s Champion.”

“Brandi? Save the schoolyard games. You’re not a queen bee. You’re a target. And I don’t miss.”

[Cut to static.]

[Scene: Backstage, low-lit corridor, just outside the locker room. Lucas Knox is pacing, clearly agitated. Jace Valor approaches, relaxed but watchful.]

Jace:

"Hey. You good?"

Lucas: *(shrugs)*

"I'm fine."

Jace: *(squints, unconvinced)*

"Sure doesn't look like it."

Lucas:

"I said I'm fine."

Jace: *(still calm)*

"Okay... but you’ve been on edge all week. So if there’s something I should know—"

Lucas: *(suddenly snaps)*

"Wyatt really pisses me off. Calls me out like we’re equals? Like we’re on the same level? Like I haven’t done **shit**?"

Jace: *(eyebrows raised)*

"Why does that bother you so much?"

Lucas: *(glaring forward, jaw clenched)*

"Because I’ve *earned* my place here. Dominion... I’m going to beat him. I’m going to end his career."

[A beat. Jace’s casual air fades. He steps back, visibly caught off guard.]

Jace: *(measured)*

"Lucas. Chill."

[Lucas storms off, his footsteps echoing down the hall. Jace watches him disappear, then turns to walk away himself—but stops. He turns to the camera.]

Jace: *(flat tone, just a touch of irony)*

"Oh, and Chris... no."

[He walks off without another word.]