

CFW: Black Light – Opening Segment

[The screen opens cold.

A low, pulsing hum fills the air, the camera flickering through static before locking in on a shadowy backstage corner. Harsh lighting casts deep shadows on the walls.]

There stands **Marisol Vela**—composed, fierce, draped in her dark, ritual-inspired attire. Beside her towers **Dominic Hex**—unmoving, cold, terrifying.

Marisol's eyes pierce through the camera, her voice calm, but carrying weight.



MARISOL VELA (soft, deliberate):

"I know what this place is.

I know the games you all play.

Points. Pride. Position. But I don't play games. I end them."

(She glances to Hex, then back—her tone sharpens slightly.)

"This is Dominic Hex. Undefeated. Unstoppable. Feared. And me?"

(She slowly steps closer, her gaze never wavering.)

"My name... is Marisol Vela.

I've walked through circles darker than this place can dream of.

I've broken women stronger than you've ever seen.

And now, I stand here, beside the most dominant man in CFW—because I don't follow. I lead.

*The Women's Division is on notice.
And soon, they'll learn what true domination feels like."*

(She leans in slightly, voice dropping into a cold promise.)

"You've been warned."

[The camera holds on her icy stare, then cuts to Hex looming silently behind her—before fading to black with no music.]

Training Gym Segment

[The shot opens handheld—slightly shaky as the camera pushes through the old steel door into the CFW training gym. The air is heavy, the lighting dim, the ring in the background battered from years of fights.]

The cameraman *walks in mid-conversation*.

Jace Valor stands with **Lucas Knox**, both dripping sweat from training.

JACE (casual, concerned):

"You good, man?"

LUCAS (short, clipped):

"I'm good."

(beat)

"I took things too far. I'm good."

JACE (calm, trying to reassure):

"You're gonna bounce back, man. We *all* get knocked down. That's what this place is about."

(pauses, trying to ease the tension)

"Wyatt's a good kid... he bested you one—"

Suddenly, Lucas *cuts him off*, voice sharp.

LUCAS (snaps, cold):

"I said I'm good. Let's move on."

Jace blinks, a little *shook* by the intensity—his face showing that something's off.

JACE (raising hands slightly, uneasy):

"Okay... okay."

Before the air clears, the gym door swings open again.

Chris Titan steps in, his trademark smug swagger dialed up.

CHRIS TITAN (calling out, mockingly):

"Jace! What was *that* all about?

No? You don't wanna step in the ring with me? Why's that, huh?"

Lucas *immediately* steps toward Titan—*aggressive*, his body language tense.

Jace *instantly* puts himself between them—eyes darting toward Lucas, clearly thrown off by this sudden flash of aggression.

JACE (firm, but still confused by Lucas's edge, to Lucas):

"Easy... easy."

(turns back to Titan, steady but sharp)

"Listen, Chris... you've got your hands full on *Black Light* with Hex.

He's undefeated.

You beat him? *Then* we'll talk."



CHRIS TITAN (mocking, poking the bear):

"Sounds like excuses to me, Jace.
All those comparisons between us...
You afraid maybe you *don't* measure up?"

Jace's expression *hardens*. He *steps forward*, his voice lowering—but with unmistakable heat.

JACE (low, sharp, no more patience):

"I got *no problem* showing there's no comparison between us.
You get past Hex—
Then I'll be *more than happy* to show you."

The room *simmers* in tension—Lucas still glaring at Titan, Jace holding firm but clearly rattled by his friend's mood.

The camera lingers on all three men—then slowly fades out as the scene hangs heavy over the air.