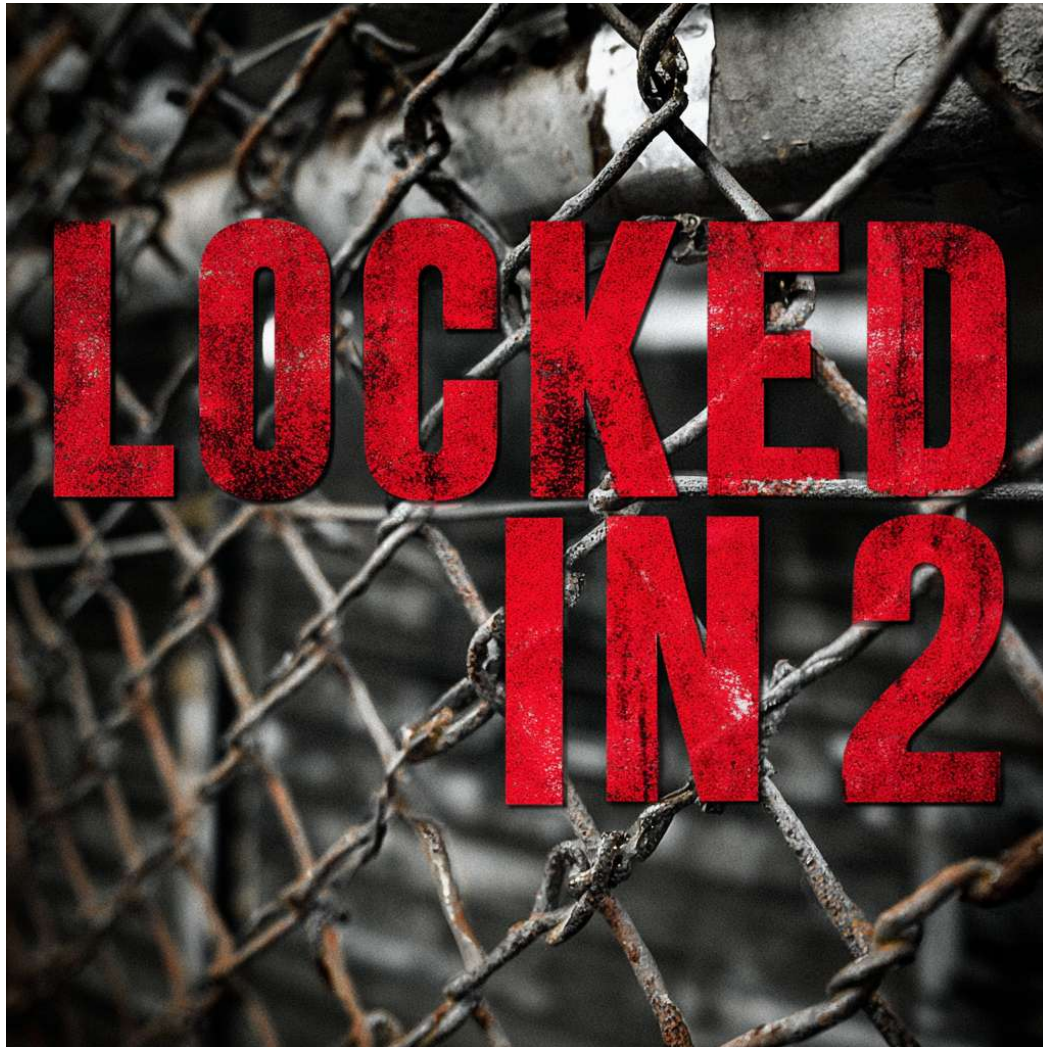


 Black Light LIVE: Locked In 2 – Opening Segment



[The screen opens straight to the **Locked In 2** event logo—bold, harsh, flickering slightly like an old projection.

No fanfare. No voiceovers. Just the low rumble of the crowd as the camera cuts directly to the arena.]

The Foundry is packed, the air thick with anticipation, the lights dim under a sharp, focused spotlight beaming down on the entranceway.

Suddenly—

The lights cut out.

A slow, pounding drumbeat rolls through the arena, heavy and deliberate.

Through the shadows, **Dominic Hex** emerges—stoic, brutal, a force of nature wrapped in leather and fury.

But tonight, he doesn't walk alone.

At his side strides **Marisol Vela**—her dark, ritual-inspired attire catching the low light, her face unreadable beneath her sharp paint and layered jewelry. She says nothing. She doesn't need to.

Together, they walk through the smoke, side by side. A unit.

There's no theatrics beyond their presence—just the unsettling calm that follows them to the ring.

Hex steps in first, slowly removing his coat, never once glancing toward the crowd. Marisol takes her place at ringside, watching silently, unmoving—her eyes locked on the entrance ramp.

No words. No warnings.

Just the quiet, oppressive sense that *this match will hurt someone*.

The camera cuts to the ramp again—

Chris Titan appears.

Focused. Cold. All business.

He walks down the ramp with steady purpose, eyes never leaving the ring.

No posing. No hesitation.

Just a fight waiting to begin.

Dominic Hex vs Chris Titan

Inside the sweltering walls of the Foundry, where the air is thick with sweat and iron, Chris Titan enters the fight with his chin high and his jaw clenched, standing across from the unshakable monolith that is Dominic Hex. The energy in the room thrums, the crowd unsure whether to rally behind Titan's discipline or brace for Hex's inevitable violence.



Marisol Vela lurks at ringside, her presence unsettling yet strangely composed, watching every move with eyes like sharpened knives—silent, but ever-present, her influence wrapping around the ring like smoke. As the match unfolds, Titan starts strong, cutting through Hex's size with brutal efficiency—working low,

targeting limbs, weaving in and out of range with crisp strikes and sharp takedowns. He wrestles like a man with a plan, breaking down the beast, staying cool under the crushing weight of Hex's relentless aura. But Hex absorbs it all—every strike, every slam—like a machine built for punishment. The match seesaws through brutal moments, Titan getting inside and hammering Hex with everything he has, staggering him against the ropes, drawing gasps from the crowd as he forces Hex to retreat more than once. Still, Marisol's cold stare from the outside remains unbroken, her calm unnerving even in the chaos. Titan's resolve never fades—he keeps fighting, landing shots that would end lesser men—but with every flurry, Hex keeps rising, slower but more terrifying. The tide shifts midway through, as Hex finds his rhythm, catching Titan in close with clubbing forearms and savage throws, bending the match to his brutal pace. Titan refuses to go quietly—he claws, he counters, he slams back with pure grit, drawing loud roars from the crowd, making it clear he isn't here to be crushed. But in the end, the difference is undeniable—Hex's violence outlasts Titan's discipline. In the final stretch, after a savage flurry of strikes, Hex hoists Titan and drives him down with thunderous force, folding him up like a ragdoll, leaving no doubt. Marisol never once lays a hand on the match, but her haunting presence shadows it all, standing quietly as Hex plants his foot on Titan's chest for the pin. Titan doesn't leave this match looking weak—he looks like a survivor of a storm—but Dominic Hex remains undefeated, his dominance unshaken, and now with Marisol watching his every move, the

reign of terror feels far from over.

Winner: Domenic Hex

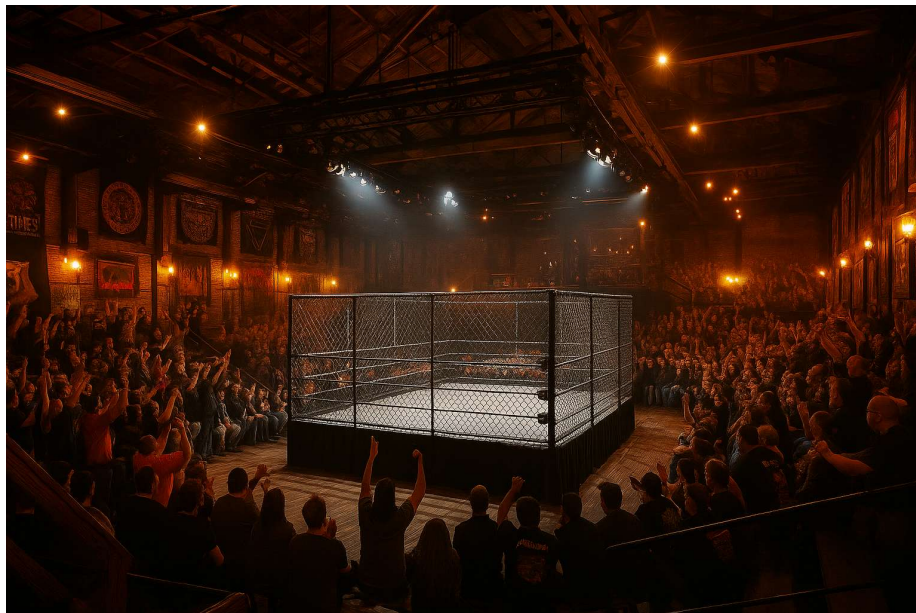
Sudio vs Shayna Vex



Inside the packed, electric walls of the Foundry, with the air thick from the previous battle, Sudio and Shayna Vex square off once more, both women carrying the weight of their encounter, the first to reach two points looming like a crown above them. The match begins with both fighters leaning deep into their contrasting styles—Sudio quick on her feet, darting in with sudden bursts of speed, looking to keep the pace high and chaotic, while Vex stays rooted in her ground game, aiming to smother that flash with sheer technical control. The early moments are a test of patience and discipline, neither woman fully committing, each countering the other’s familiar tendencies, almost daring the other to blink first. Vex works to chop Sudio down early, grabbing at limbs, wrenching her into tight holds that sap the bounce from her legs, slowing her step with grinding holds and sharp, targeted strikes. But Sudio won’t be caged for long; every time Vex starts to settle in, Sudio finds a window—rolling free, springing off the ropes, hitting sharp, snapping dropkicks and quick bursts of offense that send the crowd into a frenzy. It’s a battle of wills, and by the midpoint, the match takes a darker turn as Vex manages to fully anchor Sudio down,

trapping her in brutal submissions, grinding her knee deep into Sudio's spine and twisting her joints in ways that pull gasps from the crowd. Sudio claws to the ropes again and again, the fight growing grittier by the second as every escape leaves her slower, her speed dulled by the damage. But she keeps rising, keeps firing back, digging deep into that wild spark inside her, using sheer heart to chain together sudden comebacks—strikes into rapid pins, slingshot counters, tight cradles out of nowhere, anything to shift momentum. The closing stretch becomes a masterclass of resilience, both women trading near-falls and desperate counters, the Foundry crowd roaring louder with every kickout and every big escape. Sudio, battered but defiant, takes flight in the final moments, hitting a pair of blistering aerial dives to the outside and then a crushing top rope missile dropkick inside the ring, finally stringing together her last burst of energy. The match becomes a blur of frantic movement and exhausted fury, both women throwing everything they have at each other—but Sudio, digging into her last reserves, hits a final breathtaking corkscrew dive from the top that leaves Vex unable to kick out. The crowd erupts as Sudio scores the three-count, her body trembling from exhaustion as her name is called—her second point secured, now just one win away from the title match. The Foundry is on its feet, a match destined to be remembered, a brutal, beautiful clash of heart and skill, with both women leaving the ring changed—but Sudio standing tall.

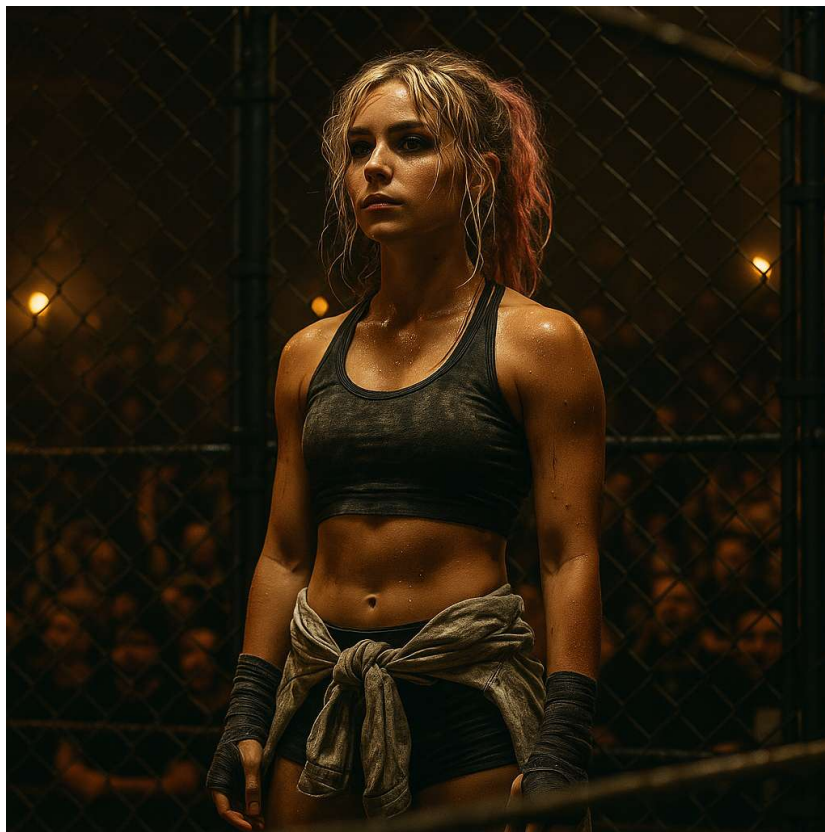
Winner: Sudio



The Foundry is alive with a buzzing, anxious energy as workers begin dragging out the pieces of the cage—steel fence panels bolted together by hand, rough, uneven, with the unmistakable feel of something designed not for spectacle, but for containment. It's not a

polished, manufactured structure; it's brutal, makeshift, a cage born from necessity rather than design—its jagged edges and dented frames speak of fights past and warnings for what's about to come. The crowd watches in a near hush, transfixed, as the panels are locked into place one by one, sealing the ring inside this towering fortress of chain-link and steel. Every clang of the metal echoes like a war drum, the sound rattling through the old wooden beams of the Foundry, making the very walls feel like they're tightening around the ring. The lights hang low, casting harsh shadows through the fencing, and there's a visible shift in the air—nobody is cheering yet, no chants, just tense stares and murmurs as they all know what's coming. This isn't just a match—it's a reckoning. Lena Wilde and Brandi Blight are about to step inside, and once that final door slams shut, there's nowhere left to run. The cage isn't just being built around the ring tonight—it's being built around their entire war.

Lena Wilde vs Brandi Blight (Steel Cage Match)



The Foundry pulses with raw energy as Lena Wilde makes her way to the ring first, the packed house rising to their feet in a unified roar, every soul in the building willing her to find her first point in the brutal Women's Division race. She's been through hell for months, beaten down, mocked, but never broken, and tonight—inside this unforgiving steel cage—there's a sense that this might finally be her moment. The people are behind her completely, chanting her name, their hopes resting on her ability to stop Brandi

Blight from scoring her second point and moving within arm's reach of a title shot. The roar of the Foundry shifts to venomous heat as Brandi makes her entrance, draped in smug arrogance, smirking at the hostile crowd as she struts to the ring with Gale close behind. Gale carries the tools of war—thick chains wrapped around her hands and a steel chair

slung over her shoulder—her eyes locked coldly on Lena. As Brandi steps inside the cage, Gale stays on the outside, lingering like a vulture, laying the chair and chains within arm's reach of the fencing, a looming threat even beyond the walls of the structure. The match begins with Brandi doing everything in her power to avoid a direct fight, slipping away from Lena at every turn, throwing verbal barbs and laughing as Lena seethes in frustration. But soon, the avoidance gives way to violence. When Lena finally gets her hands on Brandi, the match explodes into a hard-hitting war, both women slamming each other into the steel with no mercy, grinding faces against the mesh, drawing gasps from the crowd with every vicious impact. The pace is brutal but chaotic, Lena landing big shots, rattling Brandi with heavy strikes and slams, the crowd in a frenzy as it looks like Lena might finally have her breakthrough. But momentum swings violently when Gale, ever the tactician, slithers close and slips the chain through the cage to Brandi, who wraps it around her fist and clocks Lena hard, dropping her in a heap. The fight slows as Brandi takes control, methodically dismantling Lena with cold precision, wrapping the chain around her neck, driving her into the mat, using the cage to crush every limb she can isolate. Lena's resolve refuses to die, though—she keeps fighting back, rallying on sheer heart alone, bouncing back to deliver stiff shots of her own, throwing Brandi into the cage and turning the match into an all-out war. Chairs get involved, the chain comes back into play, and both women take nasty spills off the ropes and into the unforgiving steel, the match devolving into a savage, exhausting battle of survival. But the finish turns cruel. Gale once again slips the chain through the fencing, trapping Lena by the throat against the steel mesh from the outside, pulling tight and leaving her helplessly pinned to the cage wall. Brandi, grinning with sick delight, grabs the chair and delivers shot after shot to Lena's exposed body and head, unprotected and defenseless, as the crowd watches in horror. The punishment is too much; Lena's body finally collapses, and Brandi casually covers her for the pin, securing her second point in the most merciless way possible. The bell rings, but there is no celebration—only the sight of Lena's limp body tangled in the chain, Brandi standing over her with a smug, triumphant smirk, and Gale outside the cage, still holding the chain taut, sealing the brutal, heart-wrenching end to a match that leaves the Foundry shaken.

Winner: Brandi Blight

The bell has long since rung, but Brandi Blight isn't finished. With the match won and her second point secured, she's basking in the jeers of the Foundry, standing smug over Lena Wilde's broken body. Gale slides into the cage without hesitation, steel chair still in hand, the thick chain wrapped around her fists like a serpent. There's no rush—this isn't about winning anymore; this is about making sure Lena doesn't walk out at all. Together, they drag Lena to the center of the ring, chaining her arms behind her back, tying her against the



turnbuckles like prey on display. Brandi taunts her, laughing inches from Lena's bruised face, before driving chair shots into her ribs, her back, her legs—every unprotected spot she can find—each strike echoing through the roaring, furious crowd. Gale keeps her restrained, pulling the chain tight while Brandi keeps swinging, methodical, relentless. But suddenly, a fresh roar explodes from the Foundry as Sudio—still limping, still aching from her war earlier—bursts down the aisle, with Shayna Vex right behind her, both storming toward the cage with fury in their eyes. Sudio is first to reach the door, prying it open and sliding inside, throwing wild shots at Gale, while Shayna follows, dragging Brandi away from Lena with savage strikes of her own. The fight is chaotic and messy—four women throwing fists and boots in every direction—but it's Sudio and Shayna who stand tall, fighting off Gale and Brandi, sending them scrambling out of the cage and back up the ramp. The Foundry explodes as Sudio drops to Lena's side, unwrapping the chain with shaky hands while Shayna stands guard, daring either Brandi or Gale to step back inside. Lena is barely conscious but still breathing, the crowd rallying around her as Sudio and Shayna help her back to her feet—three battered warriors in the wreckage of a warzone. The night ends not with victory or celebration, but with survival, as the Women's Division's heart refuses to die, no matter how deep the scars run.



***Black Lights ends ***