

CFW: Black Light — Opening Segment

The show opens cold. No music. No commentary. Just the faint hum of an old fluorescent light struggling to stay lit.

Scene:

A dim, narrow backstage corridor. The air feels thick and heavy. The only thing visible at first—**Killjoy** and **Águila Feral**, standing side by side, unmoving. Both look like stone statues, their breathing slow and steady, their masked faces locked forward with brutal focus.

The camera slowly creeps in on them.

Feral suddenly steps forward, just a bit ahead of Killjoy, his voice rough and deliberate. His English is broken, but his words drip with malice.

Águila Feral (low, cold):

“Hex... Rokk...

You step in ring with beasts.

You no escape.

We bring pain...

And we... leave you broken.”

He leans in slightly toward the camera, his voice even lower, eyes burning.

Águila Feral (quiet, in Spanish, like a curse):

“Todos caen...”

Beat.

Suddenly, the **fluorescent lights flicker violently**—buzzing, strobing erratically. And for just a few seconds, we see *them*—

MAR, his face calm but watching intently in the shadows, the CFW Championship resting on his shoulder.



Ronnie Kixx, grinning wildly, his face paint smeared like a deranged puppet.

Venessa, standing still, her eyes hollow, her expression vacant and unsettling.

They are *right behind Killjoy and Feral*—lurking, looming, silent.

Just as quickly, the light stabilizes—but only Killjoy and Feral remain visible, standing as if nothing happened.

End Segment.