

[Black Light — Backstage, dim and gritty. Wyatt Storm and Chris Titan stand shoulder to shoulder, intensity thick in the air. Titan speaks first, calm but cutting.]



**Chris Titan
(steady, staring
dead ahead):**

"Jace... you tried to dodge me. Tried to spin it like we're not on the same level. Sounds like elitist nonsense to me. Sounds like a man who doesn't want to risk his little image—the 'golden boy of indie wrestling.' Truth is, that image has already started to crack here. You thought you

were gonna main event every show, walk out a winner every time. But Ace Dalton? He already put a dent in that illusion. I got respect for your work, Jace. But the disrespect you've shown me... that's gonna change at Crossroads. You can't duck me anymore. You and that ticking time bomb you call a partner—you're both locked in our sights now."

[Titan smacks Wyatt hard across the chest, passing the floor to him. Wyatt grins, stepping forward, eyes burning with energy.]

Wyatt Storm (grinning wide, cocky but dangerous):

"Ohhh, Lucas... you didn't like getting pinned by a nobody like me, did ya? Hate to think what you'll do when it happens again at Crossroads. Yeah... a nobody."

[He smirks, shaking his head.]

"You two made a mistake—counting us out. You looked down on us, and now you've got hell coming your way. But, Jace... I'm gonna give you a little advice before it's too late. You

might wanna start watching your own corner. 'Cause I think you've got more to worry about from *him*... than you do from us."

[They both stare straight into the camera—stone cold, no more words needed.]

Brandi Segment

The camera catches Brandi Blight casually draped in an opulent chair, surrounded by designer bags and sparkling jewelry displays. She doesn't even bother looking up at first, lazily swirling a drink in her hand.



Brandi (with a scoff, barely glancing at the lens):

Were you following me? Seriously? Ugh... I'm trying to get away from that disgusting little indie wrestling sewer you people worship. I need *space*—a little fresh air, maybe something that doesn't reek of desperation and sweat-soaked ring mats. Do you have any idea how suffocating it is to breathe the same

filthy air as Lena Wilde every week? It's exhausting.

She lets out a fake yawn, tapping her manicured nails against a diamond-studded clutch.

You know, speaking of CFW... honestly? I'm *bored*. How many times do I need to drag that soaked alley rat Lena through the gutter? Locked In 2? We didn't just beat her—we humiliated her. We *tied her to the cage* like the stray she is and scrubbed that ring clean

with her face. And now... now they expect me to get back in the ring with her AGAIN? A gauntlet match? Another hoop to jump through, just to get what should've been mine the *moment* this company opened its doors?

It's a joke. It's a complete joke.

She stands up, adjusting her gold belt like she's already holding the title.

Let's get real here. Some creepy old man in face paint can just *waltz in* and claim the World Title—but we—the women—the ones actually putting this place on the map—we have to jump through weeks of hurdles, crawl through some point system like it's gym class just to *maybe* get a shot at the title? It's pathetic.

I'm tired of Lena. I'm tired of that moldy dump you all call The Foundry. But don't worry. When I finally take what's mine—and *become* CFW Women's Champion—I'm *done* with her. Done with that roach pit of a venue too. I'll *demand* we leave that dilapidated barn behind for good. And trust me, I *always* get what I want here.

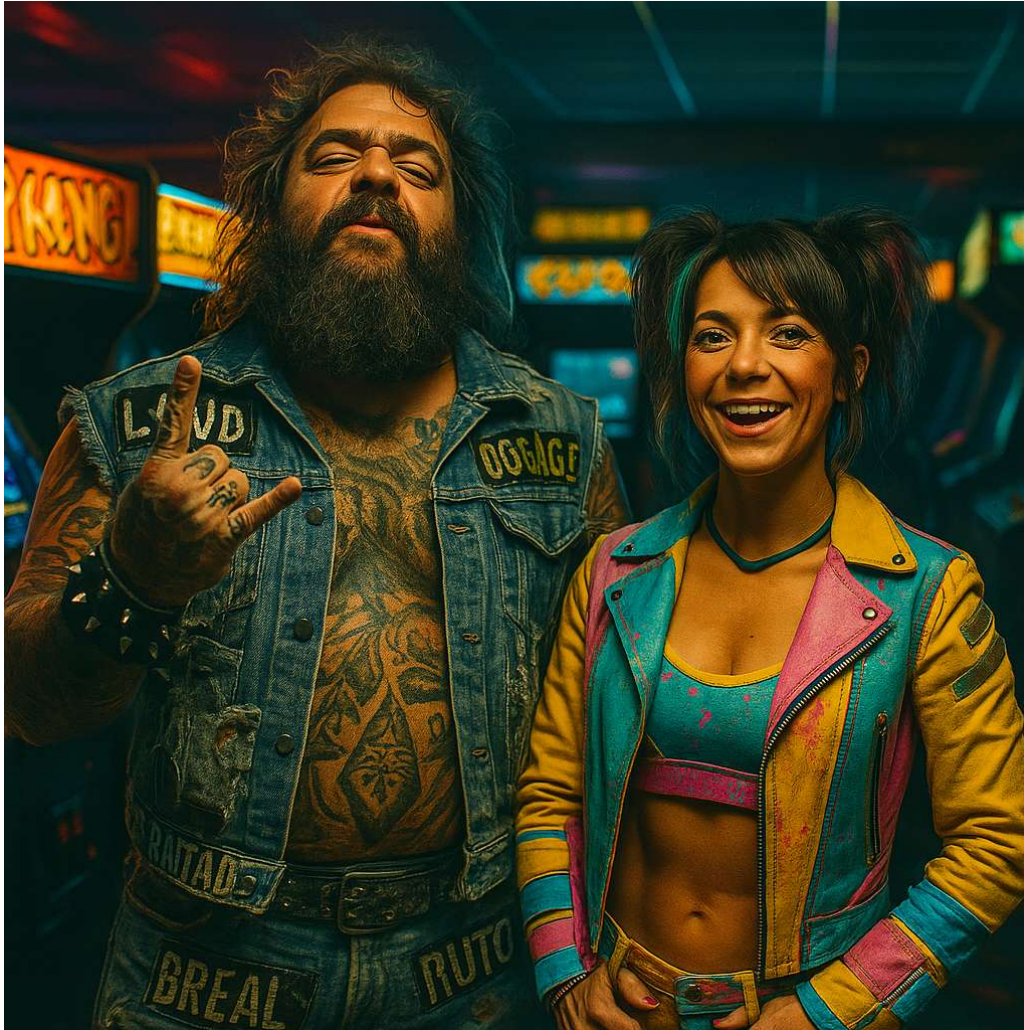
I demanded a women's title. Now we have one. And one week from now, I become the number one contender... just like I *said* I would. It's about damn time.

She smirks coldly, tilting her sunglasses down just enough to glare directly into the lens.

I don't need to prove anything else. I'm just here to collect what's mine.

Fade out.

[Scene: Inside a dim, neon-lit retro arcade — old CRT cabinets humming, the occasional synthwave track faintly playing. Reign Rokk, arms crossed and as intimidating as ever, stands in front of a flashing pinball machine. Beside him, bouncing with energy, is his sister, Rokkit — bright-eyed, decked in punk colors, fingerless gloves, and a playful grin.]



REIGN ROKK

(gruff, leaning toward the camera):

“This here’s my little sister... Rokkit. She’s been tearing it up in underground joints from Detroit to Dayton. And now... she’s here. In CFW. To raise hell with her big brother.”

(He smirks, nodding toward her.)

ROKKIT (grinning wide, practically vibrating with excitement):

“CFW, meet Rokkit! And lemme tell ya, I’m not here to blend in — I’m here to blast off! I grew up ringside, watching Reign crack jaws and raise hell... now it’s *my* turn to shake things up! I hit fast, I hit loud, and I *never* hit the brakes! You’ll see.”

(She laughs, spinning around to grab a joystick on a nearby arcade cabinet, pretending to “play” while still hyped up.)

REIGN ROKK (snapping back serious, eyes locked on the camera):

“But while she’s gearing up for her first run here... I’ve got business of my own this Sunday at Crossroads.”

(His tone drops lower, more venom in every word.)

“I’ve been thrown into the pit with the most dangerous man in CFW — Dominic Hex. I know exactly what he’s capable of. I’ve felt it. Twice. It didn’t end well for me either time. But this time... he’s not coming at me. He’s standing *with* me. And together?”

(He cracks his knuckles, his gaze burning hot.)

“We’re walking into a goddamn war. KilJoy and Águila Feral... you’ve been playing your little terror games. Smashing gyms. Leaving bodies in your wake. I don’t give a damn about your bullshit horror movie antics. Sunday’s about retribution. You left a mark on this place... but I’m about to leave one on *you*.”

(He steps forward, growling under his breath.)

“Feral... I haven’t forgotten our last match. And Hex? He’s not my friend. He’s not my partner. He’s my sledgehammer. And I’m swinging for your f*censored* heads.”

ROKKIT (pumping her fists, bouncing back in):

“Let’s GOOOOO! WOO!”

(She throws an arm around Reign’s shoulders, playful but fierce.)

“Get ready, CFW! The Rokks are here... and we’re about to drop the beat *and* the bodies!”

[They both stare down the camera as the screen glitches out to static.]

[Scene: The camera pushes through the half-open door of Jace Valor’s office. The room’s dimly lit, cluttered with wrestling memorabilia. Jace is behind his desk, phone to his ear, face clouded with real, quiet concern. His foot taps under the desk — nerves showing.]



scene fades.)

JACE (low, tense, into the phone):

"No. I haven't." (pause, listening)

"I have no idea." (another pause)

"Okay... yeah. I'll try his mother."

(He lowers the phone, visibly shaken, running his hand down his face.)

CAMERA MAN (off-camera, hesitant):

"Jace... what's going on?"

(Jace exhales sharply, looking up — eyes hard, voice steady but troubled.)

JACE (grim, almost whispering):

"Ace... No one knows where the hell he is."

(He leans back in the chair, staring past the camera — the weight of it settling in as the