

Black Light Live [You tube]

Dominic Hex w/ Marisol Vela vs Zeke Cutter



The opening match of *Black Light* kicks off hot inside The Foundry as Zeke Cutter—scrappy, eager, and clearly in over his head—rushes out of his corner, swinging wild fists at Dominic Hex. For a brief flicker, it works—Zeke lands a few shots, even stuns Hex with a surprise dropkick that pops the crowd for a second. But Hex doesn't fall. He

doesn't flinch. He just smiles. Slowly, methodically, Hex closes the distance, catching Zeke mid-charge and driving him into the mat with a brutal spinebuster that knocks the air out of the room. From there, it's a slow, painful dismantling—Hex stomping Zeke down, wrenching his neck with brutal holds, and drilling him with punishing knees. The Foundry crowd, sensing where this is headed, turns playful—breaking into loud, ironic **"GOLDBERG! GOLDBERG!"** chants, half-mocking Hex's undefeated run. Hex ignores it. He traps Zeke in the corner, delivers a bone-rattling headbutt, and then lines up the inevitable. One swift, devastating *Execution*—that violent spinning knee—and it's done. 1... 2... 3. No celebration. No gloating. Hex simply stands, staring down at the fallen Zeke as The Foundry buzzes with a mix of awe and amusement.

Winner: Dominic Hex

 [Black Light cuts back to The Foundry's commentary table. The lights dim slightly as CHAZ DEL RIO adjusts his headset, leaning in with a serious tone.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Dominic Hex keeps stacking bodies—and yeah, The Foundry sure thinks they're comedians tonight with those chants—but there's nothing funny about what's coming next."

The crowd simmers down as the tone shifts.

CHAZ:

"Because while the cameras caught that wild brawl at Dominion... there's been nothing but silence ever since. Ace Dalton—gone. No messages. No sightings. Nothing. And that silence has been hanging over this locker room like a damn storm cloud."

Chaz glances toward the camera, voice dropping lower.

CHAZ:

"Earlier today, I sat down with Jace Valor to talk about Ace's absence... and what happens when the heart of this place disappears."

He nods slightly, the screen starting to fade.

CHAZ:

"Here's what Jace had to say."

[Screen cuts to the pre-recorded interview, the audio dipping into a somber hum as it transitions.]

 [The pre-recorded interview rolls. Dimly lit backstage setting. A single light above casts soft shadows. Chaz Del Rio sits across from Jace Valor—both looking tense, but focused.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Jace, thank you for your time today.”



Jace nods, stoic.

CHAZ:

“Let’s get right into it. We haven’t seen Ace Dalton since Dominion. He was viciously attacked after his match with KillJoy. And during that attack... MAR and his group—his Dominion—forced Ace to watch one of those Black Tapes. Disturbing stuff. Have you been in contact with Ace at all since those events?”

Jace exhales

sharply, leaning forward with a faint scoff.

JACE VALOR:

“Look. I don’t know what any of that was. It looked like high school theater to me. The beating? The humiliation Ace took? That’s real. But some silly VHS tape? Come on. Don’t insult my intelligence. And don’t insult Ace Dalton by suggesting that somehow put a ‘magic spell’ on him. We’re pro wrestlers, not extras in a Harry Potter film. I’m above that. Ace is above that. I don’t know where he is. Yeah, that concerns me. But I don’t believe for a second that this group of spooky cosplayers—who hijacked our world title—has anything to do with it.”

Chaz leans back, visibly uneasy, hesitating as he gathers his words.

CHAZ:

“Well... Jace, I—I want to believe that.”

He takes a breath, voice softening.

“Speaking from my own experience...

From what I’ve seen firsthand with this group... and what it’s done to a close friend of mine—

Ronnie hasn’t been the same since he saw that Black Tape.

Jace... I don’t think it’s an act.

And I don’t want the same thing for Ace. I don’t want—”

Jace leans in, cutting him off—slightly annoyed, firm but not hostile.

JACE:

“I don’t know Ronnie like you do, Chaz. No disrespect there.

But you’re not gonna find Ace Dalton playing along with the spook show.

Let me cut to why I’m sitting here:

Ace—get ahold of me, brother.

I’m worried. Your family’s worried.

Let’s get back to what we love—pro wrestling.

We had a match of a lifetime at Face Off.

We’re gonna have a lot more.

And sometime soon... that hijacked world title?

It’s gonna be back in the hands of real wrestlers. People like us.”

Jace locks eyes with Chaz—no games, no posturing.

CHAZ (respectfully, quietly)

“Thank you, Jace.”

The camera lingers on their tense silence before fading out.

 [Black Light cuts back live to The Foundry. Chaz Del Rio is back at the commentary desk, leaning forward with purpose, the crowd buzzing in the background.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Well... strong words from Jace Valor. And you can feel it—this thing with Ace Dalton isn’t going away anytime soon.”

He lets that hang for a brief moment, then shifts gears, voice picking up energy.

CHAZ:

“But folks, it’s time to focus on tonight—because coming up next is your main event. A first-time clash between two brand-new faces here in Creative Force Wrestling.”

The crowd perks up with anticipation.

CHAZ:

“Rokkit vs. Dana Crush. Both making their CFW debuts tonight—both hungry to make a statement. And there’s no feeling-out period here. The stakes? They’re immediate.”

Chaz leans in, locking eyes with the camera.

CHAZ:

“Whoever wins tonight won’t just earn bragging rights... they’ll go on to face Gale at Crossroads. This is how you make a name in CFW—on your first night, under the lights, with the world watching.”

He gestures toward the ring as the energy starts building.

CHAZ:

“Let’s not wait any longer. It’s time to see who blasts off—and who gets crushed.”

[Camera cuts to the ring as the crowd rises for introductions.]

Dana Crush vs Rokkit

The main event of *Black Light* explodes with energy the moment the bell rings, and The Foundry crowd is hooked from the start. Rokkit, vibrant and unpredictable, flies across the ring with reckless abandon, using her blistering speed and sharp strikes to stun Dana Crush early. She connects with a dazzling springboard twisting crossbody that sends the crowd into a frenzy, chanting her name as she scrambles to her feet, grinning wide. But Dana’s size and raw power immediately shift the tone. She catches Rokkit mid-flight on her second attempt, planting her with a brutal backbreaker that halts the momentum cold. From there,



Dana starts grinding her down, locking in a suffocating arm-trap sleeper and wrenching it tight, slowing the pace and cutting off Rokkit's air supply. Rokkit

refuses to stay grounded, fighting out with stiff elbows and striking back with a flurry—spinning back elbows, a rope-assisted DDT, and a huge tope suicida that wipes out Dana on the floor. The Foundry erupts, the crowd chanting **“THIS IS AWESOME!”** as both women lay sprawled on the outside, catching their breath. Back inside, Rokkit keeps throwing everything she has, landing a diving knee from the top and a blistering spinning heel kick that rocks Dana—but Dana powers through. She scoops Rokkit up and slams her with a gutwrench suplex, then immediately locks in a vicious crossface, dragging her into the center of the ring. Rokkit thrashes wildly, refusing to quit, the crowd rallying behind her as she fights toward the ropes—but Dana's grip tightens. Dana leans back, her face twisting in focus, and Rokkit's resistance finally gives out as she taps. The bell rings and Dana releases the hold, rising to her feet as the crowd roars with respect for both women. Rokkit, holding her neck but grinning through the pain, earns a loud ovation as she rolls out, while Dana stands tall, victorious and headed toward her showdown with Gale at *Crossroads*. Both leave the ring as made competitors, but tonight belongs to Dana Crush.

Winner – Dana Crush

🎤 [Black Light cuts back to The Foundry one final time, the crowd still buzzing from the main event. Chaz Del Rio sits at the commentary desk, visibly impressed, leaning toward the camera with a proud grin.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Folks... how about that? What a main event. Dana Crush and Rokkit just gave us a match

that nobody's going to forget anytime soon. You talk about debuts—both women showed up, showed out, and proved they belong right here in Creative Force Wrestling.”

He gives a respectful nod, soaking in the lingering crowd energy.

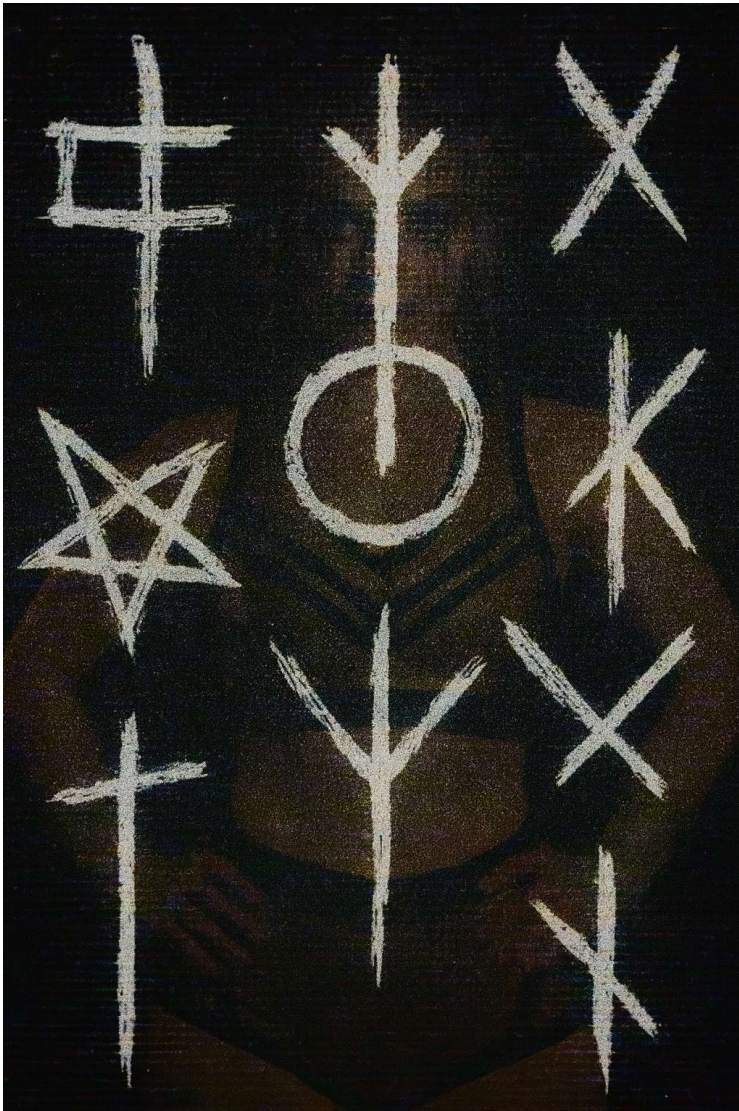
CHAZ:

“Dana Crush punches her ticket to Crossroads... but Rokkit? She earned every bit of that ovation tonight. That’s what this place is all about—heart, grit, and passion.”

Chaz’s tone softens as the camera slowly zooms in.

CHAZ:

“We’ll see you next time—same place, same chaos. Until then... goodnight from The Foundry.”



[He sets down the headset.]

The screen begins to fade to black... but instead of the usual outro graphics, strange, jagged white symbols start to flicker over the black screen—erratic, almost pulsing like some corrupted signal.

The symbols twist and distort, glitching faster and faster.

A faint, distorted hum grows underneath.

Then, through the static and flashes—barely visible at first—a figure emerges.

Venessa Vale.

*Standing. Silent. Unmoving. **In full wrestling gear.** Her eyes locked straight ahead.*

No words. No movement. Just her presence... slowly becoming clearer... as the symbols burn away.



Cut to black.