



BLACK LIGHT LIVE — Episode 27

Live from The Foundry

Venice, Florida

 [Cold open fades in over roaring Foundry crowd — lights cutting through haze, purple and gold sparks raining from the rafters. The signature Black Light intro plays with glitchy static overlays and the “CFW” logo flickering in rhythm with the bass.]

CHAZ: Welcome to *Black Light* — episode twenty-seven, and folks, this one’s been months in the making!

BERT: You said it, Chaz. After a grueling series of matches and battles... one woman stood tall through the chaos after Run It Back and closed out the points run — **Sudio!**

CHAZ: Four women fought tooth and nail for that coveted number one contender spot — *Lena Wilde, Shayna Vex, Brandi Blight, and Sudio*. Every week, every match, it was a war.

BERT: And at *Run It Back*, Sudio proved she had the heart, the fight, and the fire. She’s earned not only a shot at the gold — but the power to *choose* her opponent for the first-ever **CFW Women’s Championship Match** at *Kingdom Come*.

 [Crowd chants “SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!” as camera pans across the Foundry crowd]

CHAZ: And we don’t have to wait long, Bert. Tonight — Sudio is *here*, live at The Foundry, and she’s promised to make her decision before the night is over.

 [The camera pans toward the entrance ramp, lights dimming into deep purple haze. The crowd buzzes louder, waiting for the first entrance of the night.]

CHAZ: The women’s division has been the heartbeat of CFW since day one — and tonight, it takes one step closer to *crowning its champion*.

BERT: Don’t go anywhere, folks — because Sudio’s announcement is coming up *later tonight!*

 [Replay package begins — the Foundry bathed in smoky amber light, crowd buzzing. Slow-motion replay of last week’s match between Josh Conway and Alaric Green.]

CHAZ: “We’re taking you back to last week — Alaric Green versus Josh Conway, a matchup that had all the makings of a classic.”

BERT: “And it was, Chaz... until things took a turn.”

 [The footage slows. Conway and Green exchange heavy forearms mid-ring. The crowd rises as a lone figure steps through the curtain — Reign Rokk.]

CHAZ: “Rokk? What the— what’s he doing out here?”

 [Rokk doesn't rush. He doesn't speak. He just walks — slow, deliberate — down the ramp, eyes fixed on the ring. Just presence.]

BERT: “These two — Rokk and Green — have both been chasing that shot at Dominic Hex. And when the opportunity went to Águila Feral instead... there were whispers, rumors they weren't happy about it.”

 [Inside the ring, Conway catches sight of Rokk. It's just a glance. Enough to shift the energy. Green seizes the moment — low blow out of the ref's line of sight.]

 [Green lands a low blow with the distraction and then quickly rolls Conway up — one, two, three. Bell rings. Green raises his arm. Conway clutches his midsection, glaring up at Rokk. Rokk hasn't moved — he's still standing there, silent.]

BERT: “He never touched either man, Chaz. But he had to know what his presence would do.”

CHAZ: “The motive's unclear. Maybe it was calculated. Maybe it wasn't. But that quiet walk changed the whole outcome.”

 [Rokk turns and walks away as Conway sits on the mat, fists clenched, seething. Fade out on the Foundry lights dimming.]

 [Fade from replay package to live — the crowd buzz hums faintly beneath the low industrial rumble of The Foundry. The camera steadies on a dim backstage corridor lit by overhead fluorescents.]

 [Live backstage — camera steadies on a dim hallway lined with steel doors and crates. The faint hum of The Foundry crowd seeps through the walls. Josh Conway rounds the corner, calm but determined. He spots Rokkit, sister of Reign Rokk talking with a crew member near a lighting rig. She looks up as he approaches — tension builds instantly.]

CONWAY: Rokkit... you got a minute?

 [She nods slowly, sensing where this is headed.]

CONWAY: I'm not here to start anything — I just want to understand. Where's your brother?

ROKKIT: I... I don't know. I saw what happened...



CONWAY: Look, I've been around a long time. I've heard the name Reign Rokk for years — guy's earned respect all across the indies. But last week, he stepped into something that wasn't his business.

ROKKIT: I know. Believe me, I don't get it either. That's not like him...

🎬 *[Conway nods, tone steady but firm.]*

CONWAY: Well, if he wants to make noise now, he knows where to find me. Tell him I'm not

hard to find — and I don't need a reason to step in the ring if a man wants one.

🎬 *[Conway gives a polite nod, turns, and walks down the hallway. Rokkit watches him go, her expression shifting from concern to unease — like she knows something's brewing beneath the surface.]*

CHAZ: "Josh Conway's not calling anyone out, but he's sure not backing down either."

BERT: "Yeah — and Rokkit didn't sound too confident about what's going on with her brother. Something's off, Chaz. You can feel it."

🎬 *[Fade out to the next segment bumper — static interference, Black Light logo flickering faintly in purple.]*

CHAZ: "Well... that aside, Josh Conway isn't wasting any time tonight."

BERT: "You're right, Chaz. The North Star's got his second match here in The Foundry — and it's happening right now!"

🎬 *[Cut to ringside — the crowd buzzes as lights shift to bright gold and white. Conway's entrance graphic flashes across the screens.]*

CHAZ: “He’s about to face Zeke Cutter — a rookie who’s been turning heads down on *SpeedRun*. He’s looked impressive against tough opponents, and tonight might be the biggest test of his young career.”

BERT: “Yeah, this is the kind of opportunity you dream about. You start on *SpeedRun*, you make some noise, and suddenly you’re across the ring from a guy like Josh Conway. That’s a statement opportunity if he can hang.”

 *[Camera pans across The Foundry crowd as Conway makes his entrance — nodding to fans, that quiet veteran focus in his stride. The lighting shifts again as Zeke Cutter appears at the top of the ramp, bouncing with nervous energy.]*

CHAZ: “You can feel the respect in this building for Conway — but don’t sleep on Cutter. The Foundry loves an underdog.”

BERT: “Absolutely. We’ve seen what Zeke can do when he gets rolling — high energy, fearless, and fast. The question tonight is: can he stay composed when he’s in there with someone who’s seen it all?”

 *[Conway and Cutter meet in the ring. The referee checks them over. Crowd anticipation builds to a low hum.]*

CHAZ: “Experience versus hunger — veteran versus rookie — and it’s happening right here, right now on *Black Light*!”

 *[Bell rings — crowd pops. The match begins.]*

Josh Conway vs Zeke Cutter

 *The Foundry crowd hums with anticipation as Josh Conway and Zeke Cutter circle. One a name etched into wrestling’s backbone, the other still writing his first lines. The handshake before the bell isn’t ceremony — it’s understanding.*

From the start, the story isn’t about who’s faster or stronger. It’s about rhythm — Conway’s steady, patient tempo versus Cutter’s unpredictable momentum. Every exchange tells the story of time and timing colliding. Cutter’s offense bursts like static — sudden, bright, unrefined — while Conway moves like he’s reading music only he can hear.

🎬 The crowd finds their voice early, **“NORTH STAR”** chants mixing with scattered cheers for the rookie. It becomes less a duel and more a mentorship in motion — the veteran guiding the chaos into something graceful.

BERT: “That’s the difference, Chaz — Conway doesn’t just wrestle. He conducts.”

🎬 Cutter takes his moments. When he catches Conway clean, the building reacts — not in disbelief, but in appreciation. They want him to belong here. Conway nods mid-match after one stiff shot, that faint grin of respect forming beneath the sweat.

What unfolds isn’t domination — it’s dialogue. Conway teaching without condescension,



Cutter listening through instinct and grit. The match stretches past ten minutes, and with every passing second, Cutter looks less like a visitor and more like someone who’s earned his place inside The Foundry.

🎬 The pace slows. Breathing heavy, both men rise. Conway’s body carries years of mileage, but his eyes never dim. Cutter charges again — defiant, desperate, brave — and Conway meets him head-on.

CHAZ: “You can feel the tide, Bert. It’s not youth versus age anymore — it’s respect versus recognition.”

🎬 One perfect moment of silence before impact —

and then the echo of **Conway's palm strike** breaks through the air like a thunderclap. Cutter collapses. The crowd roars as Conway drops over him for the cover.

 The referee slides in — the crowd counting along.

1!

2!

3!

 The bell rings as the crowd erupts, the noise rolling through the steel rafters of The Foundry. Conway sits up, chest heaving, the applause washing over him like a wave. He reaches down and pulls Cutter to his feet. No speeches. Just a nod — the language of professionals who understand what it costs to be here.

BERT: *“That’s what it’s about, Chaz. The **North Star** shining bright enough for the next generation to see the path.”*

 Conway raises the rookie’s hand. The chant of “NORTH STAR” blends with a new one — soft at first, but growing — “ZEKE CUTTER.” The veteran smiles. The rookie bows his head. Two different journeys intersecting under one roof.

 Fade out on the Foundry lights shimmering through the haze, the ring ropes still trembling from the last echo of the crowd’s roar.

Winner: Josh Conway

 The camera fades in on Wyatt Storm standing in The Foundry’s narrow hallway. The lights buzz overhead — cold and flickering — while the distant echo of the crowd bleeds through the concrete. Storm’s fists are taped, his jaw clenched, and his eyes burn straight into the lens. He doesn’t need an introduction.

WYATT: You know... I tried to warn him.

 He takes a step closer — controlled, but seething.

WYATT: Jace Valor. You’re on top of the world right now. You’ve earned it. You fought your way to a title shot, and you damn well deserve it. I’m proud of you, brother. You’re thriving here — just like I knew you would.

(pauses)

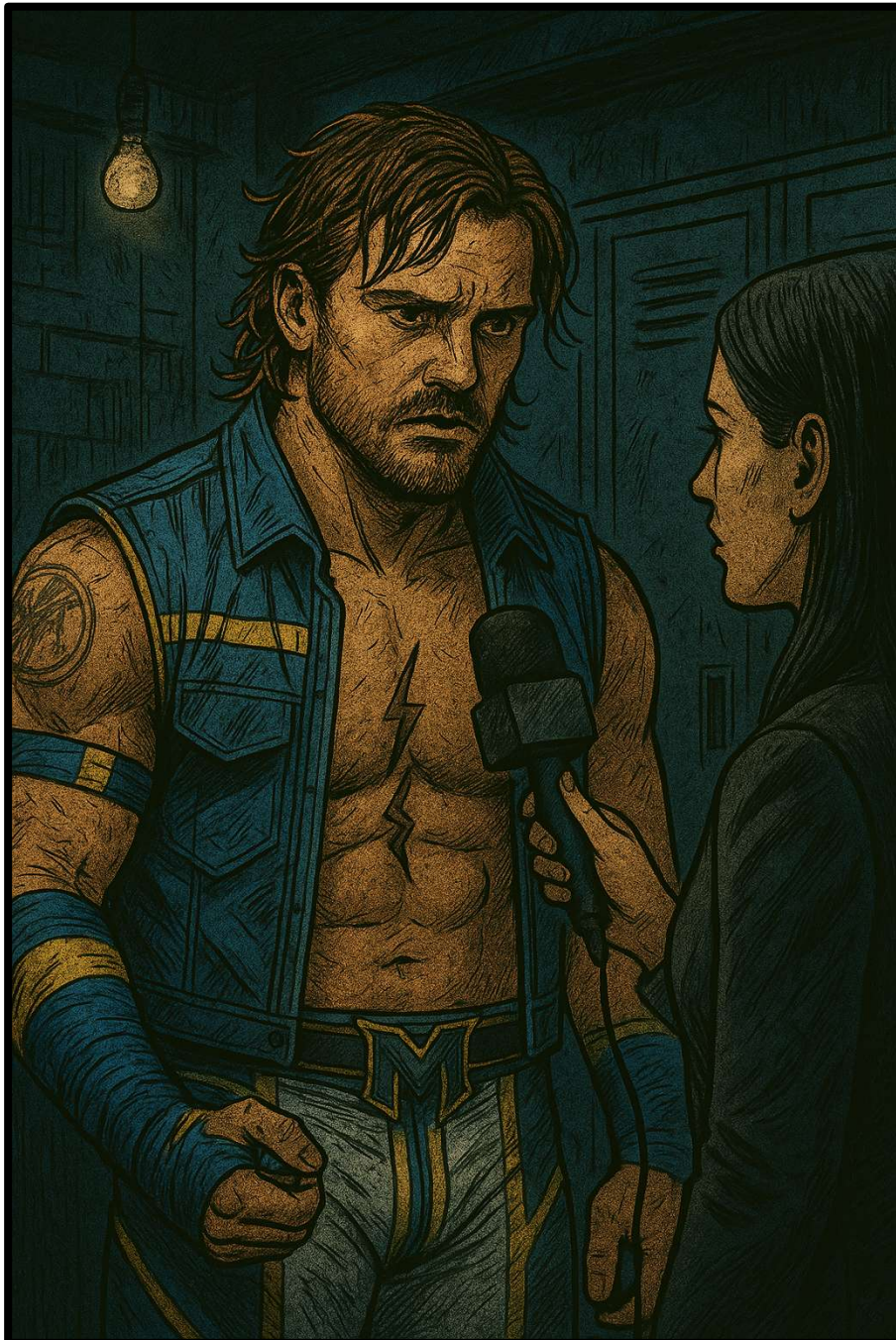
But the last thing you need right now... is that psycho anchor named Lucas Knox dragging you down.

WYATT: I told you, Jace. I told you he wasn't right.

At Locked In 3, I beat him — clean. Again. And you'd think he'd be used to it by now, considering how many times I've done it. But no — he snapped. Same story, same ending. He can't handle it. He never could.

 *He starts pacing, energy boiling over.*

WYATT: And when he couldn't beat me — when his fragile little ego couldn't take another loss — he went after you. Put you through a damn table just to prove he still mattered.



 *Wyatt scoffs, shaking his head, smirking darkly.*

WYATT: I mean, let's talk about that, huh? The record. Zero wins. Zero. Not one singles victory to his name. I don't think I have to remind you, bud, but the only win you've got in CFW was a tag match — with Jace Valor carrying your dead weight. And now? You burned that bridge, too.

 *He leans closer, eyes narrowing — the fire in his voice turns sharp and cutting.*

WYATT: What the hell are you even doing here, Knox? If your psycho ass can't even score a pin, then get the hell out of The Foundry. Stop

wasting everyone's time.
You're not dangerous. You're pathetic.

 Wyatt's tone hardens to a near growl. Every word lands like a shot.

WYATT: You walk around here like the world owes you something, like you're still the man you used to be. You're not. You're a ghost with a temper — and if you come near me again, or near Jace again... I'll put you right back where you belong.

 He stares into the camera for a long beat, breathing hard, jaw flexing. The venom fades into pure conviction.

WYATT: Jace, I meant what I said — go win that title. Go make history.

 Wyatt glares for another second, then storms out of frame. The camera lingers on the empty hallway — the buzz of the lights the only sound — before cutting to static.

 [Cut from static to a roaring Foundry crowd. The house lights shift to deep violet and gold as a familiar beat hits — the pulse of Sudio's entrance music. The reaction is immediate and deafening. Fans rise to their feet, signs waving high.]

 Sudio steps through the curtain, beaming with emotion, the energy radiating off her like a fire. Beside her, Lena Wilde walks with quiet confidence, clapping her friend on the shoulder as they head down the ramp together.

CHAZ: “Listen to this place! These two have been through so much together. The points battle for that number one contender spot has been one of the cornerstones of CFW— and Sudio pulled it through. It's great to see, Bert.”

BERT: “That's right, Chaz, and what I love most is seeing Lena right there beside her. It hasn't been easy for either of them. They've fought each other, pushed each other, even bled together in that ring — but when it mattered most, friendship pulled through in the end.”

 Sudio and Lena enter the ring. The lights dim slightly as the crowd begins chanting “SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!” The sound swells, echoing off the steel rafters. Sudio takes a deep breath, soaking it all in, while Lena leans on the ropes, smirking proudly at the reaction.

CHAZ: “You can feel the pride in this building. The Foundry's been waiting for this moment — Sudio standing tall after months of hard-fought matches, ready to decide who she'll face for the Women's Championship at Kingdom Come!”

 Sudio steps to the center of the ring, microphone in hand, as the chant continues. She lowers her head for a moment, the weight of the journey visible in her smile.

 The roar inside The Foundry doesn't fade — it grows. The chant of “SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!” shakes the walls, rolling through every corner of the arena. The lights swirl in soft purple and gold, catching flecks of confetti from earlier in the night still drifting in the air.

 Sudio stands center ring, microphone in hand, but doesn't speak. She tries — raises the mic, opens her mouth — and the crowd only gets louder. A grin spreads across her face as she lowers it again, laughing to herself. She shakes her head in disbelief, overwhelmed by the sound of the foundry chanting her name.

 Beside her, Lena Wilde watches with the kind of pride only a true friend could have. She claps with the crowd, nodding, smiling wide. The war they fought — every pinfall, every bruise, every near betrayal — feels miles behind them now. This is redemption in motion.

 Sudio takes a slow turn in the ring, hand pressed to her heart. She mouths a quiet “thank you” to the fans before raising the mic again. The chant dips slightly, just enough for her to be heard.

 The lights dim just a bit — enough to draw all focus on her as she steps forward. Lena stays behind, still smiling, arms folded across the ropes — proud, supportive, steady.

 The crowd buzz softens into a rhythmic hum — still alive, still electric — as Sudio finally speaks her first words.

 Sudio wipes a tear from her cheek as the chant starts to fade. The crowd quiets just enough for her to speak. Her voice trembles at first — genuine, overwhelmed.

SUDIO: I... I don't even know where to start.

 The crowd cheers again — she laughs softly, shaking her head.

SUDIO: You guys — you — have been here for every step of this. Every match. Every heartbreak. Every comeback.

(pauses)

And to still be standing here, inside The Foundry, with all of you chanting my name... I can't even explain what that means to me.

 She lowers her gaze, taking a breath. The emotion is thick — but so is the strength beneath it.

SUDIO: To the *women's division*... every single one of you — thank you.
You've pushed me harder than I ever thought I could go.
And to my friend —

🎬 *She turns slightly toward Lena Wilde, who smiles and claps for her friend. The crowd reacts warmly.*

SUDIO: *Lena...*

We've fought each other. We've tested each other. And yeah, we've butted heads more times than I can count. But there's no one else I'd want standing next to me right now. You made me better. You made all of this possible.

🎬 *Lena nods, mouthing "I'm proud of you." The crowd starts a "THANK YOU LENA!" chant that makes Sudio laugh again.*



SUDIO:

(laughs) Yeah, she deserves that!

But through all of it — every match, every round, that insane points system that I still don't think anyone actually understood — I remained standing.

🎬 *She paces, confidence building now. Her tone rises with the crowd's cheers.*

SUDIO: And because of that... I stand here with an opportunity that no woman has ever had in CFW before.

 *The lights brighten — the energy rises with her voice.*

SUDIO: I've earned a shot at the **CFW Women's World Championship!**

 *The Foundry erupts. The noise shakes the camera. Sudio throws an arm in the air, soaking in the moment as Lena claps beside her, proud and emotional. The energy in the ring is pure joy — but under it, there's a spark, the faint sense that this is just the calm before the turn.*

 *Sudio lowers the mic for a moment, nodding with purpose, as the cheers continue to swirl. The story's about to shift — but for now, it's triumph, heart, and gratitude.*

 *Sudio takes a long, steady breath. The cheers simmer into a low rumble — anticipation thick in the air. She looks around the arena, then back down at the microphone.*

SUDIO: Now comes the hard part...

 *The crowd quiets, leaning in.*

SUDIO: Who do I choose to face for the Women's Championship?

(pauses)

I thought this would be easy. I really did. But it's not.

It's a double-edged sword — because whoever I choose also gets their chance at history.

So it's not just about me... it's about who *deserves it*.

 *She turns slowly toward Lena. The camera catches the moment in close-up — Sudio's face soft, conflicted.*

SUDIO: So who do I think deserves it?

 *The Foundry crowd immediately starts chanting "LE-NA! LE-NA! LE-NA!" The chant grows louder until the ring shakes. Lena smiles, hands up, embarrassed but touched.*

 *Sudio looks at her friend, that smile returning — bright, emotional, genuine.*

SUDIO: You're damn right she does.

 *The crowd erupts, chanting louder — expecting her to say it. Sudio nods along, laughing lightly — then her tone shifts. She raises a finger, still smiling, but there's weight behind it.*

SUDIO: But...

 *The reaction turns. Boos ripple softly through the crowd. It's not hate — it's heartbreak. They wanted that moment. Sudio pauses, giving it respect.*

SUDIO: *That's not who I'm choosing.*

 *A wave of noise fills The Foundry — disappointed but not venomous. Lena mouths "It's okay," reaching out to pat Sudio's shoulder. The two share a look of understanding — no tension, just friendship and faith.*

SUDIO: *Don't worry — Lena will have her shot.
Because when I win that championship... she'll be first in line.*

 *The crowd explodes again, instantly forgiving. "SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!" chants echo. Lena laughs, mouthing "Thank you." The friendship moment lands beautifully.*

SUDIO: *No, I'm not picking Lena.
Not because she doesn't deserve it — she does. Everyone in this building knows she does.
But that's not the only thing I'm thinking about tonight.*

 *Her tone lowers — calm, deliberate, and heavier.*

SUDIO: *There's another factor.*

 *She paces, her expression darkening slightly. The camera tightens on her face — her voice steadier now, her energy changing. The warmth in her earlier tone gives way to resolve.*

SUDIO: *Some choices come from gratitude... and some come from something else.
(beat)
From anger.
From payback.
From unfinished business...*

 *The crowd starts murmuring — sensing where this is headed. Lena watches her friend closely, the look in her eyes saying she already knows who's coming next.*

 *Sudio glances toward the stage — the weight of the past months suddenly pressing down. The building hums with suspense as she grips the mic tighter, ready to name the name everyone's waiting for.*

 *Sudio lifts the mic, the Foundry holding its breath. Her smile fades; something colder slips into her voice — purpose, and a kind of furious clarity.*

SUDIO: *Brandi Blight.*

 *The name lands like a thrown stone. There's an audible intake of breath around the building — then a swell of noise as the crowd begins to react, some boos, some shocked shouts.*

SUDIO: *You've tormented Lena since Iron Ring Pro. You weren't just a rival — you were something worse. A bully. A nasty, viscous narcissist who wears cruelty like a crown.*

 *She steps forward into the center of the ring, eyes hard, the lights catching the steel in the rafters. Lena's face is a mixture of relief and something like vindication — her hands gripping the ropes.*

SUDIO: *What you've done to her over the years is disgusting. How you treat people — it's disgusting.*

 *Sudio's voice rises; the Foundry roars with the volume of the moment.*

SUDIO: *At Kingdom Come, I put an end to your run of terror. I beat you. I expose you. And when I do — I become the first CFW Women's World Champion.*

 *Huge pop from the crowd — the noise bursts like a breaking wave. Signs thrust into the air, phones raised, the ring vibrating with the reaction.*

 *Sudio lowers the mic, pacing slowly. The crowd is still buzzing — chants and cheers rolling through The Foundry. She looks like she's finished, even nods toward Lena as if to say "let's go." The music almost cues— then she stops. Turns back. The crowd feels it before she even speaks.**

SUDIO: *You know... I wasn't even going to mention it.*

 *The crowd quiets instantly. She turns back toward the camera, lips curling into something halfway between a smirk and a glare.*

SUDIO: *But maybe I will.*

 *She steps to the ropes, leaning over them, eyes fixed up the ramp.*

SUDIO: *Brandi... that little stunt at Run It Back — whatever the hell that was supposed to be. Playing your mind games. Pretending like some evil spell got inside your head.*

 *Sudio tilts her head, mock sympathy dripping from her voice.*

SUDIO: *What, was it from watching a cursed VHS tape?*

 *The crowd laughs and pops — Lena even cracks a grin behind her. Sudio's tone turns razor-sharp.*

SUDIO: *Play your games, Brandi. Because we all know exactly who you are.*

 *She steps back toward the center of the ring, voice rising with every word, the audience feeding off her fury.*

SUDIO: *You're an evil... narcissistic... BITCH!*

 *The Foundry explodes — the sound is deafening. The crowd loses it, some standing on chairs, the chant of "SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!" bursting back to life. Lena claps, laughing and shaking her head as Sudio throws her arms out, feeding on the eruption. The lights flicker slightly under the noise.*

 *Sudio drops the mic, standing tall in the ring, defiant and fearless. The camera lingers on her, the crowd still chanting, as the moment cements itself — the declaration, the challenge, the war now fully drawn.*

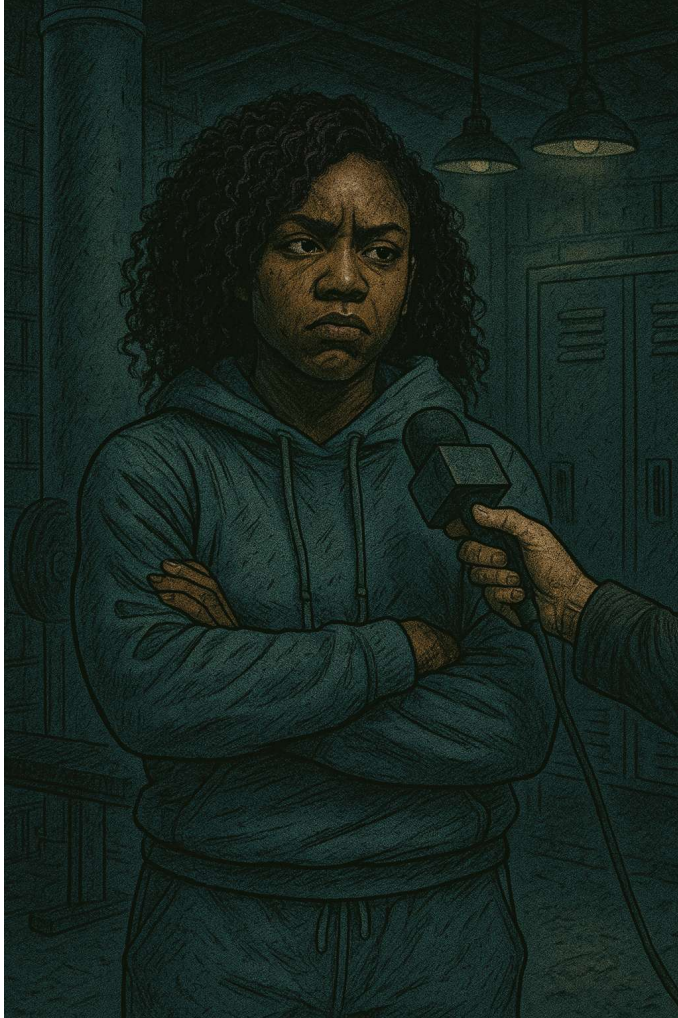
 *Sudio exhales, finally cracking a smile as she turns to Lena. The tension in the air melts into relief. The two friends embrace — a genuine, emotional hug that gets another round of cheers from The Foundry faithful. Lena whispers something to her, unheard over the noise, and they both laugh as they make their way toward the ropes.*

 *They start their walk up the ramp together, arms around each other's shoulders. The fans chant both their names in rhythm — a celebration of everything they've fought through.*

 *Just as they reach the stage — the feed glitches. Static flickers across the screen for half a second before the scene cuts abruptly to backstage.*

 *The lighting shifts — cooler, quieter, sterile. Gale stands alone under overhead light, microphone in front of her, her expression uneasy. The energy from the arena is gone; in its place, tension and dread.*

 *The interviewer steps in from the side — voice steady but cautious.*



INTERVIEWER: Gale... you've seen what just happened out there. Everyone's talking about it — the challenge, the comments — what's your reaction to what Sudio just said?

🎥 Gale doesn't answer right away. Her eyes dart past the camera — unfocused, like she's somewhere else entirely. When she finally speaks, her voice is quiet, almost hollow.

GALE: ...It's not a game.

🎥 The interviewer hesitates, caught off guard.

INTERVIEWER: I'm sorry, what do you mean by—

🎥 Gale slowly turns toward the camera, expression unreadable — almost fearful.

GALE: ... I wish it was.

🎥 The feed crackles — faint static bleeding into the audio. The camera flickers for a moment, then cuts back to black. The CFW logo pulses faintly in the corner as the broadcast ends.

[Black Light ends]