



CFW: Black Light – Episode 28

Live from the Foundry

11/7/25

The camera pans across the roaring crowd inside The Foundry — fans pressed shoulder-to-shoulder, holding up handmade signs under the gritty golden lights. The atmosphere feels alive.



**BERT
MCDANIELS:**

*“Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back to The Foundry! Welcome to another night of **Creative Force Wrestling** — this is **Black Light**, Episode **Twenty-Eight!**”*

The crowd erupts. The sound in The Foundry swells as Bert adjusts his tie and Chaz grins beside him, soaking in the energy.

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“Bert, you can feel it in the air, can’t you? Run It Back left everyone talking, and tonight... the fallout continues!”*

BERT MCDANIELS: *“You’re absolutely right, partner. We’ve got a big night ahead, new faces stepping up, and a main event that’s got ‘fight of the night’ written all over it!”*

Bert pauses, letting the crowd buzz build.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“In tonight’s main event, Dominick Hex goes one-on-one with Killjoy!”*

The crowd roars, some chanting Hex’s name while others boo the mention of Killjoy.

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“That’s massive, Bert. Aguila Feral stole one at Run It Back, ending Hex’s undefeated streak — and tonight, Hex gets his chance at payback. He’s stepping in the ring with Feral’s tag partner, the legend himself, Killjoy!”*

BERT MCDANIELS: *“You talk about bad blood, this one’s still fresh. Hex has revenge on his mind, and Killjoy... well, Killjoy doesn’t forgive or forget.”*

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“It’s going to be violent, unpredictable, and pure CFW.”*

Bert nods, raising a hand as the crowd settles slightly.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“But before we get rolling, folks... I’ve got a major announcement. Next week — Black Light Episode 29 — we’ll hear directly from Ace Dalton.”*

The fans react with a mix of cheers and murmurs.

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“That’s huge, Bert. After what we saw at Run It Back, everyone’s been asking the same question — why, Ace? What’s next?”*

BERT MCDANIELS: *“Exactly, Chaz. A lot of us are still processing what happened, but we won’t have to wonder for long. Ace Dalton will speak — right here on Black Light next week.”*

The crowd starts chanting “ACE! ACE! ACE!” as the camera zooms in on the commentators smiling, the hum of excitement hanging over The Foundry.

Camera pans out as the lights shift, signaling the first match of the night is about to begin.

Lola Rose vs Rokkit

The Foundry crowd is buzzing as Bert and Chaz settle in at the announcers’ table, the noise bouncing off the concrete walls.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“We’re kicking things off with a big one tonight — Lola Rose, stepping up from SpeedRun, taking on Rokkit!”*

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“That’s right, Bert. Lola’s been on a roll down there — quickly became one of the fan favorites. After her first loss, she said she was ready to prove she belongs on Black Light, and tonight’s her chance.”*

BERT MCDANIELS: *“She absolutely does. The crowd’s behind her, you can feel it.”*

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“There’s a lot of respect between these two, but make no mistake — both want this win.”*

The bell rings. From the jump, the match has pace. It's action-packed, full of heart and grit — both wrestlers pushing each other hard in front of an electric Foundry crowd. The story quickly starts to unfold: the people are firmly behind Lola Rose. Every time she lands an exchange, the cheers get louder. Every chant of “Let's go, Lola!” seems to needle Rokkit a little more.

Rokkit, usually playful and confident, starts showing flashes of frustration — her strikes hit sharper, her expression hardens. The tempo shifts; quick counters, dives, near-falls — both wrestlers take to the air, trading risks and showing athletic brilliance. The crowd reaches a fever pitch for Lola, who nearly scores the win with a surprise roll-up that has the entire Foundry counting along.



Then — a turning point.

Rokkit rakes a finger across Lola's eye during an exchange. The crowd boos immediately. Rokkit stumbles back, hands up, acting panicked — mouthing that it was an accident. Bert and Chaz argue at ringside, unsure.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“Oh, come on now—was that—did she just—?”*

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“She says it was an accident, Bert! It looked accidental to me—”*

But before anyone can react further, Rokkit takes advantage of the moment, grabs Lola, and hits a **modified stunner** out of nowhere. The crowd gasps. One! Two! Three!

The bell rings as Rokkit immediately kneels beside Lola, waving for help, trying to explain herself to the official and the fans alike.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“I don't know, Chaz. I don't like it. I've seen that look before — she knew what she was doing.”*

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“Rokkit's pleading her case, Bert. But I'll tell you one thing — that's not the kind of win she's going to feel good about.”*

Rokkit raises her hand half-heartedly as the crowd rains down boos, still chanting for Lola Rose as the rookie holds her eye on the mat. The Foundry feels split

Winner: Rokkit

Dominick Hex vs Killjoy

The camera cuts back to ringside where Bert McDaniels and Chaz Del Rio are at the announce desk, the sound of the crowd swelling through the mics.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“It’s time for the **main event** of the evening, folks — and this one’s got bad blood written all over it.”*



CHAZ DEL RIO: *“You’re not kidding, Bert. After what happened at Run It Back, Dominic Hex is walking into The Foundry with revenge on his mind.”*

The lights dim. A low, grinding rumble echoes through the arena as smoke pours from the entranceway. The crowd grows restless, then hostile, as the hulking shadow of **Killjoy** appears through the haze. His cracked, rusted mask glints under the flickering light. Beside him — smiling coldly, proud of the chaos she caused — is **Venessa Vale**.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“There she is. Venessa Vale. The difference-maker at Run It Back. She cost Hex his first singles loss in CFW, and you can bet he hasn’t forgotten it.”*

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“And look at Killjoy — the man doesn’t need words, doesn’t need excuses. That stare alone sends chills through The Foundry. He’s a monster that survived every kind of violence Japan could throw at him. This... this is his kind of fight.”*

Killjoy moves slowly, deliberately, his boots echoing against the concrete ramp. The Foundry crowd rains down a mix of fear and hate. Venessa walks slightly behind, smiling like she’s leading a beast on a leash. When they reach ringside, Killjoy steps up onto the apron, grips the ropes, and tilts his head toward the rafters — the lights flicker once, twice — before stabilizing.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“Every time that man steps into this ring, the temperature drops.”*

Killjoy stands in the center of the ring, motionless, as Venessa circles outside — taunting the crowd. The air feels heavier now, like the whole building knows what’s about to happen.

The lights around The Foundry flicker again — this time darker, colder. The crowd shifts from hostility to anticipation, the noise dropping into an uneasy hum. The screen near the entrance flashes symbols — ash-grey sigils fading in and out of static — before the low, distorted pulse of Dominic Hex’s theme rattles the walls.

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“And here he comes... the man who doesn’t talk, doesn’t smile, doesn’t need to. Dominic Hex.”*

Hex steps out from the shadows, his eyes hidden beneath the brim of his hood. His arms and chest are marked with chalk sigils, smeared from pre-match ritual. He pauses at the top of the ramp — behind him, **Marisol Vela** appears, calm but deadly, her focus locked entirely on Venessa Vale at ringside.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“Look at Vela’s eyes, Chaz — she’s not even looking at Killjoy. She’s staring straight through Venessa Vale.”*

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“And can you blame her? Venessa’s the reason Hex’s streak ended. She cost him that match, and Marisol hasn’t forgotten it for a second.”*

Hex starts his slow march toward the ring — every step deliberate, heavy, measured. The crowd can’t decide whether to cheer or stay quiet; some hold up chalk symbols of their own, others back away from the barricade. The silence that follows him is deafening — a haunting in motion.

As he reaches ringside, Venessa steps forward, smirking, taunting. Marisol doesn’t flinch — she steps right up, nose-to-nose with her. Security hesitates, unsure whether to step in.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“Marisol Vela staring a hole straight through Venessa Vale — there is no love lost between those two!”*

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“Forget the match, this might break down before it even starts!”*

Inside the ring, Killjoy hasn’t moved an inch. He just tilts his head toward the standoff, his cracked mask catching the light as if he’s silently amused by the chaos outside. Hex finally steps up onto the apron, never breaking eye contact with him. The air feels heavy, like the whole room’s holding its breath.

BERT MCDANIELS: *“You can feel it, Chaz. This isn’t just about redemption — this is about vengeance. Dominic Hex wants to erase Run It Back from memory.”*

Hex steps through the ropes. Killjoy finally lifts his head, meeting him in the center. Two monsters — one silent storm, one grinning nightmare — face to face in the middle of The Foundry. The crowd explodes.

Killjoy opens heavy, leaning into his strong-style roots with thudding chops and corner lariats that echo through the concrete. Every hit lands like a shotgun blast. Hex absorbs it, eyes empty, jaw tightening, waiting for his moment. The crowd swells with every exchange — they’re not watching two wrestlers, they’re watching something darker, something sacred.

*Hex finds his rhythm, his movements methodical and cruel. He slows the pace, forcing Killjoy into holds that target the neck and back — “breaking the root of the body.” The camera catches a glimpse of **Hex’s cheek split open from a stiff headbutt**, blood running down into the black ink of his tattoos. He doesn’t flinch. The cut only adds to the myth.*

BERT MCDANIELS: *“Look at Hex — he’s bleeding!”*

*Killjoy answers back with the **Scream Engine**, three corner lariats that rattle the ring. Each one heavier than the last. Hex barely escapes a fourth, countering with a violent neck crank that drops Killjoy to a knee. The crowd roars again — half for Hex, half in awe of the brutality.*

At ringside, Marisol Vela keeps a careful, unbroken stare locked on Venessa Vale, who stands calm and unbothered — not a word, not a move, just quiet confidence. The tension between the two builds with every minute, like the match inside the ring might just be a distraction for their own cold war.

*Big moves trade back and forth — Killjoy's **Spinal Trap** slams Hex to the mat, but Hex fires back with a near-perfect sequence of grappling transitions, trying to trap Killjoy's arm and roll into position for **The Execution**. Both escape by inches. The crowd senses it — they're witnessing something special. A fight. A reckoning.*

The pace slows, then explodes again — Killjoy throws a short-arm clothesline, Hex dodges and answers with a brutal forearm to the temple. Killjoy staggers. Both men collapse in opposite corners, breathing heavy. The Foundry is shaking with noise.

The match reaches that razor's edge — the kind of tension only The Foundry can hold. Every hit, every breath, every second feels heavier. Both men are running on fumes, and the crowd is on its feet, split between awe and disbelief.

BERT MCDANIELS: *"We've seen a lot of wars in this building, Chaz, but I don't think I've ever felt this before. No one's sitting — no one knows which way it's going to go!"*

CHAZ DEL RIO: *"You can feel it, Bert! Every single person here knows either man could end this right now! And credit where it's due — neither Venessa nor Marisol has so much as twitched. They're letting this one stay pure."*

In the ring, Hex wipes the blood from his cheek, smearing it across his face like war paint. Killjoy staggers to his feet, chest heaving, mask cracked and slick with sweat. They lock eyes. The crowd grows louder — a low, primal hum that builds toward eruption.

*Hex strikes first — forearms, knees, a brutal suplex that shakes the ring. He's back in control. He stalks Killjoy, waiting for that one opening. The fans start chanting his name — "HEX! HEX! HEX!" — as he lines up for **The Execution**. He grabs Killjoy by the jaw, spins him for the knee—*

*—but Killjoy slips out, ducking under the strike. He shoves Hex off, then hits a **Tomb Hook**, a savage punch to the throat that drops Hex to one knee. The crowd gasps. Hex coughs, trying to rise—*

—and Killjoy catches him.

*The Foundry erupts as Killjoy hoists him up — inverted position — and with a roar that sounds more like laughter than breath, drives Hex's face down across his knee with **The Laughing End**. The impact echoes like thunder.*

BERT MCDANIELS: *“Oh my God—The Laughing End! He hit it flush!”*

Killjoy covers. The crowd counts along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings. The air rushes out of the building. Killjoy sits upright, breathing slow, almost meditative, as Venessa Vale slides into the ring — not to celebrate, but to simply stand beside him. Marisol Vela kneels by Hex, checking his cheek, glaring upward without saying a word.

Winner: Killjoy

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“That was a war, Bert. No cheap shots, no interference — just two men leaving everything they had inside that ring.”*

BERT MCDANIELS: *“Killjoy gets the win, but Hex earned every ounce of respect tonight. That’s what Creative Force Wrestling is all about.”*

Killjoy stands, towering over the fallen Hex. Venessa looks to him, nodding once. He turns toward the crowd, his mask reflecting the flickering lights — cracked, scarred, and grinning. The Foundry roars again, half in awe, half in fear.

CHAZ DEL RIO: *“I think The Foundry just witnessed something we’ll be talking about for a long time.”*

The camera lingers on the ring — Hex motionless but defiant, Killjoy standing tall, and the crowd still buzzing with that raw, unpredictable energy that defines Black Light.

[Black Light ends]