



CFW: Black Light – Episode 29

Live from the Foundry

11/10/25

Camera sweeps over the dim, smoky Foundry crowd — fans pressed up against guardrails, neon lights flickering across steel beams. The audience is buzzing with anticipation.

Chaz Del Rio:

“Welcome to *Black Light*, episode twenty-nine! The air in The Foundry is thick tonight, Bert — you can feel it.”

Bert McDaniels:

“You’re not kidding, Chaz. We’ve got a loaded show on deck, and the biggest headline of them all — the return of *Ace Dalton* to Black Light. I can’t wait to hear how he explains what went down at *Run It Back*.”

Chaz:

“It’s been weeks since we saw Ace stand in silence beside MAR, and everybody’s been asking the same question — why? Tonight, we get our first answers.”

Bert:

“And that’s not all, Chaz. We’ve got some big news about *Black Light 30* next week — and from what I’ve heard, it’s going to be one of the most stacked episodes in CFW history.”

Chaz:

“But before we get to that... let’s get right into the action!”

Jade Vierra vs. Marisol Vela

Chaz:

“We saw Jade Vierra’s debut on *SpeedRun*, and man, she was impressive. Her size and power were way too much for Lola Rose to overcome.”

Bert:

“Yeah, that Emerald Driver put the entire women’s division on notice. But tonight, she’s just not facing heart — she’s facing *darkness*. Marisol Vela is unpredictable, ruthless, and has a mean streak that fits right in here at **The Foundry**.”

Chaz:

“Two completely different worlds colliding — brute force against something almost... mystical. This one’s gonna be a battle.”

🎵 [Bell rings]



The Foundry crowd didn't know what to expect when this one began — **Jade Vierra**, the towering “Iron Valkyrie,” making her main show debut, and Marisol Vela, “The Bruja of the Barricades,” stepping out from Dominic Hex’s shadow and into the light of her own fight.

What followed was twenty minutes of violent poetry.

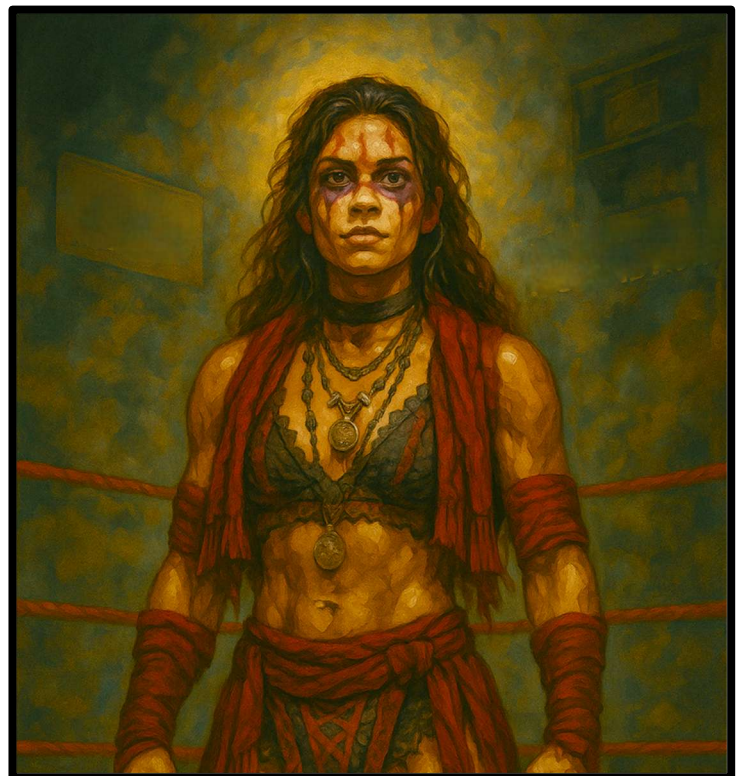
From the opening lock-up, it was clear the size gap was real. **Jade moved like a fortress** — solid, deliberate, every strike carrying enough weight to echo off the corrugated walls of The Foundry. Every time Marisol tried to circle or cut angles,

Jade answered with blunt power: knees to the gut, slams that made the floor shake, a choke toss that drew an audible gasp.

But Marisol didn't crumble. She *adjusted*.

The crowd started cold — unsure of her — but the longer the match went, the louder they got. Every time she survived a slam, every time she wriggled out of Jade's grip, the chants grew: “**MA-RI-SOL! MA-RI-SOL!**”

Vela's cunning started to show. She targeted Jade's arm with quick kicks, yanked it down on the ropes, and even hit a standing Vela Cutter that nearly dropped the powerhouse to one knee. At the ten-minute mark, she trapped Jade in the **Sombra Lock** — that hanging armbar that looked like a ritual more than a hold —



and for the first time, Jade looked uncertain. She didn't tap, but the pain showed.

When Jade finally muscled free, the energy shifted again. **Vela tried to capitalize** — she hit **the Hexmark Knee** flush, stunning Jade — and the crowd *believed*. The cover got a two-and-three-quarters, and for a heartbeat The Foundry thought the Bruja had pulled it off.

Then Jade stood up.

And everything changed.

The final stretch was all raw power. Jade absorbed a forearm strike and answered with a headbutt that looked like it stopped time. A spine-shaking power slam. A short-arm lariat that spun Marisol halfway around.

Marisol still kicked out — twice — earning the crowd's respect with every defiant breath. But when Jade caught her mid-sprint and spun her into the **Emerald Driver**, it was like watching a hammer fall.

One. Two. Three.

Jade Vierra stood tall, chest heaving, face streaked in silver war paint under the smoky lights. The crowd — surprisingly — applauded both. Marisol lay battered but proud, sitting up slow, nodding once toward Jade before rolling out of the ring on her own power.

Winner: Jade Vierra

Chaz Del Rio (on commentary):

"I don't think I've ever seen someone lose and gain this much momentum in the same night, Bert. Marisol Vela just earned herself a permanent place in this division."

Bert McDaniels:

"And Jade Vierra just proved why she's going to be a problem for everyone in it."

(Jade Vierra exits the ring, The Foundry crowd still buzzing. The camera cuts to the announce desk where Chaz Del Rio and Bert McDaniels sit under the flickering purple glow of the Black Light logo.)

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"What an opener to kick off episode twenty-nine — Jade Vierra looking every bit the powerhouse we expected, and Marisol Vela proving she's made of pure steel. That's the kind of fight that defines The Foundry."

BERT McDANIELS:

“Absolutely, Chaz. And speaking of defining moments... next week’s about to be a big one. We’ve got something special for the fans to celebrate the thirtieth episode of *Black Light!*”

(Crowd reaction — cheers ripple through The Foundry.)

CHAZ:

“That’s right, folks. ***Black Light 30*** is shaping up to be one of the biggest shows in CFW history. We’re going to look back, move forward, and maybe settle a few scores along the way.”

BERT:

“And it starts with a name we haven’t heard in a while — ***Lucas Knox!***”

(Crowd stirs — mixed reaction of anticipation and unease.)

CHAZ:

“We will finally hear from Lucas Knox for the first time since his uncalled-for attack on Jace Valor back at *Locked In III*. Nobody’s seen him. Nobody’s heard a word. But next week, Knox breaks his silence right here on Black Light.”

BERT:

“And that’s not all! For the first time ever, *Wendell Grimes* steps into a CFW ring! The indie world knows this man’s name — he’s a freight train of intensity and charisma, and The Foundry has been waiting for this one. Grimes makes his *official CFW debut* next week, going one-on-one with *Águila Feral!*”

CHAZ:

“Grimes comes in hot, Bert — a ton of momentum, a ton of buzz, and he’s diving straight into the deep end against one of the most dangerous wrestlers on the planet. That’s going to be a collision.”

BERT:

“And then, the main event. You want bad blood? You want history? You want everything that makes CFW what it is? Look no further.”

CHAZ:

“In our main event — *Lena Wilde vs. Brandi Blight!*”

(Huge pop from the Foundry — half cheers, half boos for Brandi.)

BERT:

“Chaz, Lena didn’t make the title picture at *Kingdom Come*, but that doesn’t even scratch

the surface here. This rivalry — this absolute hatred — is one of, if not *the* foundation of CFW. The animosity between Lena Wilde and Brandi Blight is impossible to quantify.”

CHAZ:

“These two have built their legacies on hurting each other. It’s not about championships anymore — it’s about pride, it’s about scars, it’s about who walks out of The Foundry standing next week.”



BERT:

“So mark your calendars, folks. ***Black Light 30*** — Lucas Knox speaks, Wendell Grimes debuts, and Lena Wilde and Brandi Blight close the night. That’s the past, present, and future of Creative Force Wrestling all in one show.”

(Camera pans over the crowd as the Black Light 30 graphic flickers across the screen.)

 [Video Package: “The Black Tape – The Beginning and The End”]

Static hisses across the screen. A faint hum builds under distorted crowd noise and flickering flashes of The Foundry.

Narrator (voiceover):

“It started with an envelope.”

Cut to: Episode 1 of Black Light — Ronnie Kixx at his office desk, tearing open a plain envelope and pulling out a black, unmarked VHS tape.

Narrator:

“And whatever was on it... changed everything.”

Quick flashes — distorted faces, panic in The Foundry halls, broken monitors, muffled screams — chaos glimpsed but never explained.

Cut to: Dominion — Ace Dalton restrained on the mat as the TV is wheeled out, the tape playing, the crowd watching in disbelief.

Then, one last image: the closing moment of Run It Back — MAR and Ace Dalton standing side by side under the golden lights as the Foundry erupts in boos.

Narrator (low, final):

“The Black Tape era... ends soon.”

Static overtakes the screen — then snaps to live feed of the roaring crowd as the lights drop for the final segment.

[The lights drop to near-black. The hum of The Foundry crowd fills the air — restless, confused. A faint chant starts, “ACE! ACE! ACE!” but it’s unsure, fractured.]

Then — that sound.

The faint, distorted **whir of tape rewinding** echoes through the speakers.

The video wall flickers — static, then the unmistakable black-and-white label:

THE BLACK TAPE // REEL VIII

The crowd groans, some even boo outright —

A low rumble follows. The tape sound stops.

Smoke pours from the ramp as **MAR** steps through the haze —his decorative ceremonial robe glinting under gold spotlights, **CFW World Championship** draped across his shoulder like a relic. The reaction is venom — boos, curses, flashes of phones trying to record the surreal image.

And then...

Ace Dalton steps out behind him.

*The lights stay dim as **Ace Dalton** and MAR make their slow walk to the ring through a wall of boos. The Foundry crowd is relentless — chanting, jeering, hurling every bit of venom they've got.*

Ace doesn't flinch. MAR follows close behind, calm and unshaken, the two moving with purpose — like they have all the time in the world.

At ringside, they pause — not for effect, but **because they can**. Then Ace steps through the ropes, MAR right behind him.

They stand in the center of the ring, the noise swelling until it's almost unbearable.

Ace picks up the mic.

He doesn't speak.

He just stands there, eyes steady, letting the crowd exhaust itself.

Every second drags heavier than the last.

The tension builds.

The boos turn to a restless murmur.

Then — **finally** — Ace raises the mic to speak.



ACE DALTON:

(cool, even tone)

“Since the day I got here, there’s been one thing that’s impossible to ignore—
this man...” *(motions toward MAR)* “...and an old VHS tape.”

(crowd boos, scattered shouts of “You sold out!”)

“We all watched it happen.

We saw Ronnie Kixx watch that tape.

We saw Vanessa Vale get strong-armed into watching it.

And we watched them change.”

(beat)

“Ronnie climbed to the top of The Foundry and jumped.

Vanessa changed everything about herself—how she dressed, how she talked, how she looked.

And why?

Because they watched a VHS tape.”

(he chuckles, dry, leaning on the ropes)

“When I came to CFW, I came here to wrestle.

To wrestle.

So I ignored it.

I didn’t like it, but I ignored it...

Until Dominion.”

(crowd reacts, murmuring grows louder)

“I was in the main event against KillJoy—a legend, one of this man’s disciples.

And when it all came crashing down—they came out, they distracted me, they held me down—

and Ronnie rolled out that rickety TV stand.

They forced me to watch.”

(he stares at the mat for a moment, then looks up)

“So what is it?

What’s the secret?

What made Ronnie jump?

What made Vanessa change?

What is it?”

(smirks, shakes his head)

“Nothing but a shitty, **low-budget** wrestling angle.”

(crowd pops—some laughter—but Ace keeps going; no smile now)

“Yeah. That’s what I saw. That’s what I got out of it.

I’m not gonna speak for anybody else.

Who knows? Maybe they saw something in it.

But me?”

(pauses, looks to MAR)

“**I saw opportunity.**”

(crowd boos harder; he raises his voice over them)

“That’s right—opportunity.

Because in this business, that’s everything.

This man right here, whether you like him or not, is the reason CFW exists.

He does hold the championship.

Those are facts.”

(Ace paces slowly, measured)

“And there’s one thing that stuck with me after listening to him—
after listening to what he had to say about me.

He said I was...”

(turns to camera)

“**Chosen.**”

(crowd boos again; “You sold out!” chants begin)

“So yeah—I was chosen.

Chosen for opportunity.

And if that’s the case, it wouldn’t be very smart to ignore **that.**”

(a couple beats)

“If that VHS tape showed me anything, it showed me one thing very clear—
and that’s who Jace Valor is.

He’s an entitled, manipulating asshole.”

(boos)

“Jace couldn’t fathom that he wasn’t the one being given opportunities.

That’s all he knows.

You heard him—he wanted me to hand my title shot at Kingdom Come over to him.

Why? Why the hell would I do that?

He insisted I step in the ring with him again for my opportunity.”

(Ace’s voice rises, controlled anger now)

“You want to talk about manipulation? That’s manipulation.

Because what did I do?

I gave in.

I let him get in my head.

I handed him a shot at *Run It Back*—the shot he insisted on.

He beat me that night, fair enough.

He was better that night.

But let’s get one thing straight—

that doesn’t change the fact that I was chosen, not him.”

(Ace steps closer to MAR; the crowd is seething)

“Jace—I wasn’t just chosen for a title opportunity.

I was chosen for more.”

(MAR lowers his head slightly as Ace’s tone sharpens)

“And if there’s one thing you should know about me by now, it’s this—

I seize opportunities.”

(Ace points toward the hard cam)

“At Kingdom Come, Jace—

you’ll get the title shot you stole from me.

But I’ll get what I deserve.”

(MAR slowly steps forward, the boos reaching a fever pitch. Ace holds out his hand. MAR looks down at it for a moment, then hands him the CFW Championship. The camera catches Ace sliding it around his waist—the image burning into memory.)

ACE DALTON

“At Kingdom Come, I defend this title in his honor...” *(gestures to MAR)*

“...for the SEERS...”

“...and for all of CFW.”

(Ace smirks, taps the faceplate of the belt.)



“And when I beat you
for the second time,
Jace, this title will be
right here—
around the waist of the
Chosen.”

*(leans into the mic one
last time)*

“The Chosen will be
crowned... **champion.**”

*(He drops the mic. MAR
stands behind him,
hand on Ace’s shoulder,
calm and proud as the
lights fade to black. A
brief flicker of static
hums, then silence.)*

[Black Light Ends]