



CFW: Black Light – Episode 31

Live from the Foundry

Venice Florida

11/20/25

Website: CreativeForceWrestling.com

Discord: [Join for more CFW](#)

Context for opening: [Black Light 28](#)

Wrestlers referenced: [Lola Rose](#), [Rokkit](#), [Reign Rokk](#), [Alaric Green](#), [Águila Feral](#), [Killjoy](#)

Backstage: Clearing the Air

The hallway hums with distant crowd noise. Fluorescent lights buzz overhead.

Lola Rose stops outside the locker room door, breath steadying, jaw set. She pushes it open.

Inside, **Rokkit** is toweling sweat off her face.

Her foot taps anxiously on the concrete — like she already knows trouble is walking in.



Lola Rose:

(steady tone)

“Rok... we gotta talk.”

Rokkit freezes. Her shoulders tense. She turns slowly, eyes narrowed.

Rokkit:

“About what?”

Lola takes a step in. No heat, just purpose.

Lola:

“The eye rake, Rok. You grabbed at my face. I’m not here to start something. I just want a rematch — clean, no cheap shots.”

Rokkit throws her hands up defensively.

Rokkit:

“I didn’t cheap-shot you! I was swinging wild, I was off balance, I was trying to get space — that’s it.”

Lola steps closer, calm but firm.

Lola:

“Then just say that. I’m not accusing you. I just want to run it back the right way.”

Rokkit shakes her head, frustrated.

Rokkit:

“You’re *implying* I cheated. And I don’t need that on my name.”



Lola Rose:

(hands slightly raised, steady)

“All I’m saying is... let’s start fresh and get on the same page.

Look... in that match, I could tell you were frustrated.

Maybe I was too.

But it felt like you were looking for an edge.”

Rokkit:

(frustrated, defensive)

“So what — I couldn’t beat you so I cheated?”

Lola:

“No.

Let’s start over.

I respect you, Rokkit. I really do.

And... I found something out today.”

Rokkit’s eyes narrow a little, curious but guarded.

Lola:

“If I win one more match on SpeedRun... that’s my fifth win.

That puts me on the main roster.”

Rokkit looks away, jaw tight for a beat — not jealousy, not anger, just something complicated flickering across her face. She masks it fast.

Rokkit:

(trying to play it cool)

“Yeah? That’s... good for you. Seriously.”

Lola steps a little closer, sincerity in her tone.

Lola:

“It would be an honor if that match was against you.

Win or lose... it means something.

You mean something.”

Rokkit swallows, trying to keep her face neutral, but the mixed emotions show:

Pride.

Pressure.

Maybe a sting of insecurity.

Definitely respect.

She keeps her voice steady anyway, pretending none of it hit her.

Rokkit

“...So you want me. On SpeedRun.”

Lola Rose:

“Yeah. Me and you.”

Rokkit hesitates — just a flicker of doubt — trying hard to hide it. Her shoulders tighten, her jaw shifts, the smallest crack in her usual confidence.

Rokkit:

“..Yeah. Okay. Me and you.”

Lola gives a relieved, grateful nod.

Lola:

“Thank you, Rok. Really.”

She steps back toward the doorway.

Lola:

“I’ll see you on **SpeedRun.**”



Rokkit forces a small, stiff nod as Lola turns and leaves.

The camera **stays on Rokkit.**

Her expression drops the second Lola is gone — not anger, not fear, but something tangled between the two. A knot in her throat. She exhales slowly, staring at the floor.

Backstage: A Toast to Revenge



The scene opens with **Reign Rokk** and **Alaric Green** sitting in the dim, brick-walled Foundry locker room. Both look bruised, taped up, spent — two men who’ve beaten the hell out of each other for weeks but are finally sitting still with cold cans of beer.

Reign Rokk cracks his can open.

(Low chuckle)

“Crazy world, ain’t it... We tear each other apart, and Hex’s streak still ends without either of us touching it.”

Alaric Green takes a sip, nodding slowly.

“Yeah. Thought one of us was gonna carve our name into that record. Instead we sat back and watched Feral walk in and take it.”

Rokk snorts.

“And then Killjoy takes the leftovers. Two of 'em. Back-to-back. Like it was nothing.”

A quiet beat. The frustration sits between them like a third person.

Green leans forward.

“You feel robbed too, right?”

Rokk doesn't hesitate.

“Feels like somethin’ got stolen out from under us. They skipped the line, man. We bled for this.”

Another sip. Green wipes sweat from his beard.

Green:

“Funny thing though... there *is* one streak still alive.”

Rokk's eyes shift toward him.

“Yeah. Their tag streak.”

Green nods.

“Feral and Killjoy. Undefeated. Everyone’s afraid to touch ’em.”

Rokk smirks.

“I’m not afraid.”



Green raises his can, faint grin forming.

“Neither am I.”

They both take a drink and then lock eyes — not as enemies this time, but as two men seeing the same door open.



Rokk:

“What better revenge than takin’ the one thing they brag about? Breakin’ *their* streak since we didn’t get Hex’s.”

Green:

“And what better way to shut everybody up than the two of us — the guys who beat each other senseless — teaming up and takin’ it?”

Rokk laughs, deep and gravelly.

“Never thought I’d say this, but... I could get used to havin’ you on my side.”

Green shrugs.

“Don’t get soft. This ain’t friendship. It’s business.”

Rokk lifts his can.

“**Business then.**”

Green taps his can to Rokk’s.

“**Kingdom Come.**”

They drink.

Both calm.

Both dangerous.

Both thinking the same thing:

Take the streak.

Take the revenge.

Take their place in CFW history.

[End of Black Light 31]