

## CFW: Black Light – Episode 4

The screen fades in from black. No music. Just the soft hum of fluorescent lighting. A static-like grain washes over the footage — handheld, raw.

### [INT – Storage Section, CFW Training Gym – Night]

The camera pans across a **low-lit, dusty warehouse corner**. Cracked walls. Busted lockers. Scraps of torn banners. This is the wreckage left behind by KillJoy and Águila Feral.

In the shadows, we hear footsteps. Then:

**ACE DALTON** steps into frame — wearing a **faded, sweat-stained tie-dye shirt**, the kind that looks like it's seen a hundred road miles and a dozen matches. Bandages are visible under one sleeve. He walks slowly, purposefully, and begins to speak.

---

#### **ACE DALTON:**

"This... this is where they jumped me.

KillJoy. Feral.

I didn't provoke them. Didn't say their names. Wasn't even in their match. But I guess that didn't matter, did it?

You wanted to send a message. Thing is, I don't think you had one.

I think you're just chaos in boots.

So I've been here. Every day since Afterglow. Not resting. Not rehabbing. Fixing. Rebuilding.

You two wrecked the training gym — but it wasn't much to start with. You know what I realized?

You did us a favor.

Because while I've been down here, picking up pieces and hauling out the trash... I found something."

---

Ace moves toward a half-broken breaker box and slams a switch. A single **overhead light buzzes to life**, revealing his surroundings more clearly.

Behind him: sections of **chain link fence**, old **metal piping**, and scattered **rigging materials**.

---

**ACE DALTON:**

"It ain't pretty... but I think I found something that might make things a little more fair.

With a little planning, a little sweat...

We can turn this into a cage.

And Feral...

I want you.

One-on-one.

No KillJoy. No sneak attacks. No exits.

Just you and me.

Locked in."

---

He steps closer to the camera, eyes burning with focused calm.

---

**ACE DALTON:**

"This Sunday.

CFW: Locked In.

You bring that violence, that folklore rage...

And I'll bring something even scarier.

A clear mind...

...and time to plan."

---

Fade to black.

The words burn onto screen one letter at a time:

**CFW: LOCKED IN**

Sunday – The Foundry – Venice, FL

Streaming Live

**[SEGMENT: “BRANDI’S BREAKING POINT”]**

The screen flickers on. Brandi Blight sits alone on a plush velvet couch in a dimly lit living room. She’s draped in a loose, silk robe — hair messy, eyes tired but still sharp. Her voice is low and calculated. There’s a half-finished iced coffee on the table next to her. It’s the day after Afterglow, and the sting is fresh.

**BRANDI BLIGHT (dry, bitter):**

“So. I lost. Again.

To Lena Wilde. Again.

And the wrestling world keeps spinning it like that actually means something.”

She slowly shakes her head, letting the silence sit before continuing.

**BRANDI:**

“I need you all to understand something... nothing in CFW matters right now.

Not the wins. Not the losses. Not some sweaty gym pop in Venice.

Not until there’s gold on the line. That’s the truth.”

She leans forward, eyes sharp now.

**BRANDI:**

“I was a champion. I led a division. I set standards. And now I’m supposed to care about some barefoot little dirt ball who stumbled her way into some fluke wins?

Lena Wilde doesn’t belong here. Just like she didn’t belong in Iron Ring Pro.

And don’t ask me about the other girls. I don’t know who they are — and honestly, I don’t think they know what it means to be in the ring with someone of my caliber.

You want to crown some underground darling? That’s cute. But I’m not wasting another second here pretending this matters...”

She rises to her feet and lets the robe slip from her shoulder. Faint bruises along her ribs and arms are visible — the physical reminder of Lena’s hard strikes.

Brandi glances down at them, almost annoyed more than pained.

**BRANDI (cold):**

“CFW, if you want to see what I’m really about...

Then make it matter. Crown a champion.

Or I'm gone."

She walks out of frame. The shot lingers on the empty couch.

**[END SEGMENT]**