

CFW: Black Light — Episode 5

[OPENING SCENE]

Fade in from black.

[INT – BACKSTAGE ROOM, THE FOUNDRY – NIGHT]

Low light. Ronnie Kixx sits on a folding chair, face painted faintly in MAR's signature style. His eyes are intense but tired. His hands move expressively as he speaks, trying to put into words what's inside.

RONNIE KIXX (urgent, wrestling with his thoughts):



"I... I wasn't ready for it. Not at first. The darkness. The truth. It's a weight you can't just shake off. It's... heavy, man. Real heavy."

He gestures outward, like trying to hold the darkness at bay.

"MAR showed me things... things this company's been hiding since the beginning. The past. The now. Hell... maybe even what's coming next."

He leans forward, fingers tapping nervously.

"At first, I thought the fall from the Foundry was punishment. You know? Like some brutal wake-up

call... but it wasn't. No."

He shakes his head, voice gaining conviction.

"It was a push. From up high. A shove to open my eyes—to see what's really been lurking in the shadows."

His hands move, painting invisible shapes in the air.

"This place—this company—it's more than wrestling. It's a battleground of light and dark. And MAR... he's the light. The Black Tapes? They're his weapon, his way to pull us out of the shadows."

He pauses, breath catching.

"But damn... it's not easy. You want to believe the light cleanses everything... but sometimes it burns you instead."

Ronnie closes his eyes briefly, then opens them wide, fire renewed.

"I care about the fans. More than ever now. I'm not just gonna watch this darkness spread."

He leans back, fingers steepled.

"I want to be the voice. The mouthpiece of MAR. To tell the truth that's been buried. To wake people up."

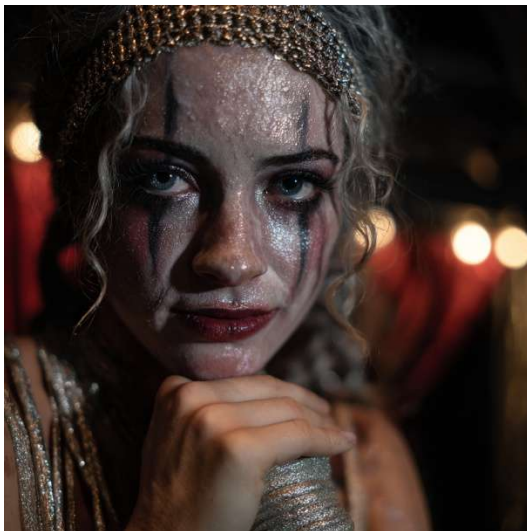
A faint, uneasy smile crosses his face, but there's something raw and fragile beneath it.

"Stay with me, folks. We're just getting started."

He exhales sharply, eyes fixed on the unseen horizon.

Cut to black.

[CUT TO: CLOSE-UP – VENESSA VALE]



She sits silently in a shadowed corner, half her face covered by darkness. The faint trace of MAR's makeup hints at a transformation. Her lips curve in a strange, knowing smile—no words spoken, only the weight of silence.

Fade out with low, distorted static and a faint pulse of eerie synth.

[END CREDITS]

Text flickers on screen:

“CFW watches in the dark. Are you ready to see?”