

BLACK LIGHT: Episode 6

Segment: Lena Wilde – “I Belong Here”

Static fades into a handheld shot. Lena Wilde stands alone in a dim training gym, sweat dripping, breathing hard. Her eyes burn through the lens. The air hums with electricity. She doesn't yell. She doesn't smile. She just speaks — like the truth's been sitting on her chest for years.

LENA WILDE (softly):

"Brandi Blight and I have a long history.
Not a friendly one. Not a respectful one. Just... long.



It started back in Iron Ring Pro, and if you've been watching... it never really ended."

She paces slowly, wiping sweat from her brow. Her voice stays calm — for now.

"Some of you newer fans might not know the full story, so let me break it down for you:

Brandi doesn't like me.

Not my look.

Not my size.

Not my voice, my face, my style, my past, my people, my presence —

She doesn't like *me*.

And she never has."

Lena stops. Looks straight into the lens.

"You don't have to take my word for it.
She said it herself, right here in CFW —
'I don't belong here.'"

She lets the words hang in the air.

"...Why, Brandi?

Because I'm a pipsqueak? A 'rug rat,' like you love to say?

Yeah. I'm smaller than you. I'm barely five feet tall. I don't weigh 100 pounds.

But I've lost count of how many times I've knocked you into next week."

Footage flashes briefly — slow-mo shots of Lena's strikes, her knee to Brandi's jaw at Afterglow, the pinfall at Reclamation. Then back to her, breathing heavy, eyes sharp.

LENA:



"We were booked at Reclamation to help launch this company. To settle our differences. And I did. I *beat you*.

But you? You can't settle it. Because my *existence* makes your skin crawl. And I can't do anything about that, Brandi.

But if we're breathing the same air?
If you keep coming for me?
You better believe I'll be right there
—

Every single time — ready to

defend exactly who I am."

Lena walks slowly toward the camera now, voice steady but gaining fire.

"You love reminding people you beat me twice defending your title in IRP.

You're proud of that.

But tell me something, Brandi — can you honestly say you did it *on your own*?

Did Gale have anything to do with it?

...Where *is* she, by the way?
I figured you'd bring your little safety net to CFW with you.
But she's not here now.
It's just you."

Lena clenches a fist at her side.

"In *my* eyes?
This war was settled the first two times I beat you in CFW.
But here you are — still making excuses.
'It didn't count...'
'There was no championship...'
Classic Brandi."

She pauses, gaze locked, shoulders square.

"But now there is.



And at *Face Off*, this 'rug rat' is taking the first step over you and two other women towards it.

You wanna talk about who belongs?

Brandi, I *am* CFW.

I bleed in this ring. I crawl off the mat.
I fight through every stare, every eye-roll, every 'you're not big enough' whisper from girls like you.

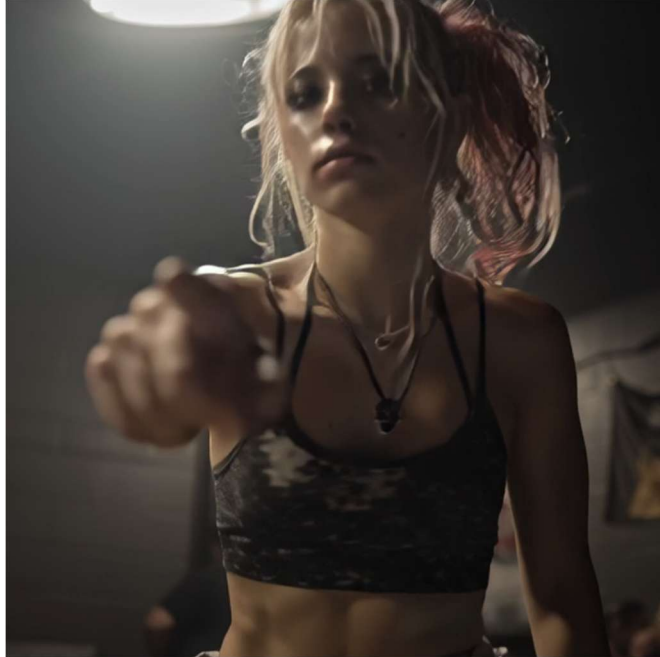
You call it trashy. You call it sloppy.
I call it survival.

I've earned every damn second I've gotten.

And I'm just getting started."

She steps forward, close to the camera now. The lights flicker behind her. Her voice drops — fierce, quiet, undeniable.

"This Sunday, me, you, Shayna, Sudio... one point up for grabs.



And I'm taking it.

Not because it's easy —

But because it's *mine*.

So bring your lip gloss and your ego,
Brandi.

Bring every grudge you've been choking
on since Reclamation.

Because I'm not here to chase you
anymore.

I'm here to pass you."

*Lena backs off slowly. The screen lingers
on her, eyes dark, breathing steady. Then
fades to black.*

TEXT ON SCREEN:

CFW: FACE OFF – THIS SUNDAY

Fatal Four Way Qualifier – Women's Division

Brandi Blight vs. Shayna Vex vs. Lena Wilde vs. Sudio