

BLACK LIGHT: Episode 7

Segment: Brandi Blight – “Poolside Perspective”

Open with the soft sound of ambient water. The camera slowly pushes in on a high-end resort pool. The sun is shining, palm trees swaying, and lounging on a designer pool chair in a white two-piece and oversized sunglasses... is Brandi Blight.

A half-empty cocktail rests in her perfectly manicured hand. Her blonde hair is flawless. Her face, however, is visibly annoyed.



BRANDI BLIGHT (*sighing as the camera nears*):

"Yes, yes, Lena... I don't like you.
I think you're gross.
Get over it."

She lifts the cocktail, takes a sip through a gold straw, then scowls in revulsion.

"...And seriously... wash your clothes.
It's *disgusting*.
Do you know how much sweat bacteria
builds up in old ring gear?
Ugh. I can *smell* the mildew through the
screen."

She waves it off, already bored.

"Anyway—enough about her.

Let's talk about someone who actually matters:
Me."

Brandi adjusts her shades and sits up slightly.

"Let's talk about how I have to *jump through hoops* to maybe — *maybe* — get a chance at something that only exists because *I* said it should.

Do you honestly think there would be a CFW Women's Title if I hadn't demanded one?
Do you think this company would've ever put a crown on this circus if I wasn't here to show what royalty actually looks like?"

She turns to the camera, eyebrows raised.

"These women? Championship material?

Pfft.

Please.

Shayna Vex?

Sudio??

Lena Wilde?"

She actually laughs. It's mean and polished and perfect.

"Not a chance."

The camera tilts slightly as Brandi lays back again, eyes closed behind her shades.

"So why the hell do I have to fight *all of them* at once... for a *point*?

Like I'm collecting stamps at a froyo shop.

I don't want points.

I want *what's mine*."

She sits up sharply again, now visibly annoyed, tossing a look off-camera as if someone said something stupid.

"Whatever.

I'll beat all of them — as many times as I have to."

She starts to trail off, distracted, staring toward something just past the lens. Then a slight smirk curls across her face.

"...Oh right. Back to that little scuzz ball — Lena."

She takes a long drink, slow and deliberate, before leaning in.

"Hey Lena..." *(grinning)*

"Keep my name — and my *friends* — out of your mouth."

*Just then, **GALE** steps into frame. She's built, confident, and chewing gum with the kind of attitude that needs no words. She throws a fake wave, dripping with sarcasm.*

GALE (*mockingly sweet*):

"Hiiii Lena.

Missed you too."

Brandi and Gale look at each other — and burst into laughter. It's cruel. Condescending. Real.

The camera lingers on them for a few seconds longer as they laugh and clink their drinks together, then fade out.

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