

CFW: BLACK LIGHT — EPISODE 8

[OPENING – NO MUSIC. BLACK SCREEN.]

The screen flickers with static. VHS tracking lines crawl across the frame.

TEXT ON SCREEN:

“BLACK LIGHT // Episode 8 – Valor vs. Dalton”



[SEGMENT 1 – JACE VALOR: “Top of the Mountain”]

Black and white. Harsh spotlight. JACE VALOR stands shirtless in front of a draped backdrop, sweat clinging to him. He speaks with fire in his voice, breath controlled but seething with intent.

JACE VALOR (low, intense):

"Me and Ace Dalton?"

Yeah... we've become friends.

Good dude. Cool head. Technician like no one else I've ever shared a locker room with.

We've crossed paths. Shared space.

Talked about matches, life, the roads we've taken.

But we've *never* stood across from each

other in a ring."

He steps forward, gaze sharp.

"That ends at *Face Off*."

Flash cut: Ace Dalton mid-match. Calm. Surgical. The crowd buzzing behind him.

JACE:

"I respect Ace."

But I don't care how Zen you are —
Respect doesn't stop me from tearing you apart if I have to."

He paces. Hands clenched. Every word sharper.

"I *have* to win.

Because I'm not here to blend in.

I'm here to stand on top."

"Ace Dalton's a test.

But I don't pass tests — I *break* them."

Closer now. Fire behind his eyes.

"At *Face Off*, the fans will see two wrestlers at the top of their game.

But only one walks out with their hand raised.

And I'll be damned if it's not me."

[SEGMENT 2 – ACE DALTON: “I’m Not Here to Take Anything”]



Cut to Ace Dalton seated on a gym bench. The setting is stripped down — exposed walls, taped wrists, quiet atmosphere. No spotlight. Just him, calm and real.

ACE DALTON:

"I heard what you said, Jace.

And first off — I appreciate it.

That kind of respect? Rare.

But I'm not here to take anything from you.

Not your fans. Not your spot. Not your legacy."

He sits forward, serious but not shaken.

"I didn't come to CFW to steal attention.

But if this match is about who stands at the top...?

Then yeah. Maybe we *are* fighting to be the face."

His voice tightens slightly. Intent builds behind the stillness.

"You're damn good, Jace.
But I'm not coming to be good.
I'm coming to *win*."

He rises. Stretches his wrists. Looks straight into the camera.

"Can I out-wrestle you?
Yeah.
I think I can.

And at *Face Off* —
We're gonna find out."

[CLOSING – VHS-STYLE MONTAGE]

*Clips flash across the screen: Ace locking in holds. Jace flying off the ropes. The crowd rising. The Foundry lights strobing.
Black screen. Silence. Then—*

TEXT ON SCREEN:

CFW: FACE OFF

JACE VALOR vs. ACE DALTON – FIRST TIME EVER

This Sunday – Live from The Foundry

Screen cuts to static. Then black.