

BLACK LIGHT LIVE! Ep9 — COLD OPEN

[The screen fades in abruptly. No music. No setup. **Wyatt Storm** stands center frame in a tight shot, hoodie up, face serious. Behind him — dim lights and distant echoes from the Foundry.]

WYATT STORM:

“I’ve been here a little while now... and I’m still waiting to make an impact.”

He shrugs, but there’s a twitch in his jaw.

“No wins. No big moments. That’s on me. I can own that. But let’s not pretend I’m the only one around here who hasn’t exactly set the world on fire.”

[He leans in slightly. Eyes sharper.]

WYATT:

“Lucas Knox... I’ve seen your matches. You hit hard, you talk tough, and people seem to respect you. But truth is... your start hasn’t been that great either.”

He lets it hang — not necessarily disrespectful, but enough of a sting to land wrong.

WYATT:

"Maybe you and I are in the same boat. Or maybe one of us just needs to beat the other to prove we’re not."

Now the smirk comes — just barely.

WYATT:

“One week.

You. Me. Let’s see who’s actually going somewhere.”

[He walks off screen. The camera lingers on the empty space he leaves behind — quiet, tense, unfinished. Cut to Black Light intro.]

CUT TO LIVE BROADCAST — THE FOUNDRY

[The camera swoops over the electric crowd, signage waving, energy pulsing. Spotlights sweep across the venue as we land ringside with **Chaz Del Rio** and **Bert McDaniels** at the announce table.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Welcome, everyone, to the *very first live edition* of **Black Light**, streaming right now on YouTube — and what a night we’ve got in store!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s right, Chaz — we’ve got Women’s Championship qualifier matches on deck, the points race heating up, and every single woman in that division fighting for momentum.”

CHAZ:

“Brandi Blight leads the pack with **1 point**, but tonight could shake the entire race. We’ve got **Brandi vs. Sudio** and **Lena Wilde vs. Shayna Vex**, and every match *matters*.”

BERT:

“And in the main event — we will unveil the **CFW Men’s Championship**. More on that later, but trust me, you’re gonna want to stick around.”

CHAZ:

“Also good to see **Wyatt Storm** stepping up at the top of the show — though I’m not sure how **Lucas Knox** is going to feel about being name-dropped like *that*.”

BERT (smirking):

“I don’t think Wyatt meant it as disrespect... but knowing Knox? He’s not going to let that go quietly.”

CHAZ:

“We’ll keep an eye on that one. But right now — let’s get into our *first match* of the night! Brandi Blight, looking to extend her lead in the points race — taking on a fired-up Sudio!”

[Camera shifts to the ring as the music hits and the first competitor’s entrance begins.]

Brandi Blight vs Sudio

Women’s championship points contender match

Brandi Blight comes into the match with momentum, confidence, and a game plan that looks airtight. From the opening bell, she controls the pace — not just with technical dominance, but with pure manipulation. She baits the ref, slows the match when it suits her, and uses every trick in her veteran bag, including multiple distractions involving Gale at ringside. At one point, she even feigns injury to buy time and rake Sudio’s eyes behind the official’s back. The crowd hates it — *and it works* — for a while.

Sudio absorbs punishment for most of the match, struggling to find her rhythm as Brandi repeatedly cuts off her comebacks. But it’s the crowd that turns the tide. They refuse to let her fold. Wave after wave of support rallies behind her, and Sudio finally snaps into her signature speed — chaining high-impact offense, dodging Brandi’s final attempt at a cheap

win, and turning the entire match on its head in one explosive sequence. When she scores the pin, the crowd *explodes*.

Brandi rolls out of the ring in shock, clutching her head, yelling at Gale. Meanwhile, Sudio stands tall in the ring — bruised, breathless, but with **one point** on the board and *the biggest win of her CFW run so far*.

Winner: Sudio

AFTERMATH OF BRANDI VS. SUDIO

[Brandi Blight storms off, seething after her loss to Sudio. As Sudio soaks in the crowd's roar, we cut to black...]

VIDEO PACKAGE: LENA WILDE

[Grainy footage, lo-fi distortion. A voiceover-free montage begins. **Lena Wilde** in dimly lit underground gyms, fighting with heart. Flash cuts of her breakthrough in **Iron Ring Pro**, crowd reactions growing louder. Her **CFW debut** — the moment she walked into The Foundry and everything changed. Now one of the most beloved names on the roster. A final image: her walking through smoke toward the light. Text flashes: “*Unbreakable. Unshaken. Wilde.*”]

LIVE BACKSTAGE — ROAMING CAM

[Cut to a handheld camera hustling behind **Lucas Knox** backstage.]

CAMERA OP:

“Knox! Lucas! Real quick — do you accept Wyatt Storm’s challenge?”

[Knox halts, eyes sharp, posture tense. He turns toward the camera.]

KNOX:

“...Sure,” he mutters, clearly holding back frustration. He takes a few steps, but stops — turns back around.]

KNOX (building heat):

“Who even *is* this kid? He think he’s earned a match with me? I main-evented **Afterglow**. He’s been here five minutes and lost every match. What the—”

[He stops himself. Breathes. Re-centers.]

KNOX (smirks):

“Sure thing, Sparky. See you next week.”

[He walks off.]

CONTINUOUS SHOT — LIVE FEED TRANSITIONS

[As Knox exits frame, the camera pans — and just behind him, **Lena Wilde** appears, walking down the hallway with fire in her eyes, headed to the ring for her qualifying match against **Shayna Vex**. The Foundry crowd pops loud on the big screen.]

[But just as Lena reaches the tunnel—]



BRANDI BLIGHT STRIKES!

[Brandi explodes into frame, blindsiding Lena and slamming her into a nearby equipment cart. She throws vicious punches and yanks Lena by the hair, screaming incoherently. Referees and security dive in, pulling Brandi away, but the ambush leaves Lena shaken.]

[The crowd roars with fury and concern as the camera lingers on Lena, struggling to get to her feet, blood boiling.]

Lena Wilde vs Shayna Vex

Women's championship points contender match

Shayna Vex wastes no time. Cold, calculating, and ruthless, she goes after the injured ribs immediately. Every strike, every hold, every slam is deliberate — designed to dismantle what's left of Lena Wilde's fight. But Lena keeps coming. She absorbs the pain, claws for openings, and gets in a few fiery bursts of offense that bring the crowd to their feet. At one point, she nearly steals the win with a roll-up that catches Vex completely off guard — but she can't hold the bridge, and the momentum slips away.

As the match stretches on, the toll becomes too much. Vex tightens her grip, targets the midsection with surgical precision, and never once shows mercy. Lena swings wild near the end, desperate, running on fumes — but Vex shuts her down with a vicious final strike and covers clean for the three.

Winner: Shayna Vex

The crowd doesn't boo — they know what Lena gave. They applaud her heart even in defeat. Vex doesn't care. She stands tall, emotionless, one step closer to the title picture. And Lena? She rolls to the apron, clutching her ribs, staring daggers back up the ramp. She knows who set the tone for this fight — and it wasn't Vex.

[Black screen. A low pulse builds. Quick, impactful clips flash in rapid succession:]

- **Jace vs. Killjoy** — the first CFW main event.
- **Ace vs. Feral** in the cage — the door slam, the escape.
- **Ace vs. Jace** — the handshake.
- **Dominic Hex** locking in the *Iron Vice*.
- **Knox vs. Rokk** — stiff strikes and crowd noise rising.
- **Killjoy towering over a fallen opponent.**

[Music cuts. Back to the live arena — Chaz stands alone with the veiled title.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Ladies and gentlemen... it is my distinct honor to stand before you tonight and reveal the first-ever **CFW Men's World Championship**.”

“This isn't just a new title. This is a statement. This is everything we've built up to — forged through blood, grit, and every battle you've seen since day one.”

“But this championship isn't just about the future — it's about legacy.”

“Because starting tonight, this title represents the unification of three of the most respected underground promotions in independent wrestling history.”

*“The brutality and chaos of **Blood City Wrestling**...”*

*“The high-octane prestige of **First Class Wrestling**...”*

*“And the unfiltered, unforgiving heart of **Valor Underground**...”*

“Their legacies now live on — in this ring, in this company, and in this title.”



[Chaz pulls the velvet away — revealing the CFW Men’s World Championship, gleaming and powerful beneath the lights. The Foundry erupts.]

[Quick flashes backstage: Ace Dalton watches with steady eyes. Jace leans on the wall, arms crossed. Killjoy in shadow. Lucas Knox taping his wrists. Reign Rokk nodding from afar. Wyatt Storm clenching his fists just behind the curtain.]

[Cut to the Foundry — live. The crowd is rumbling.]

[In the ring stands Chaz Del Rio, beside a black velvet-draped pedestal.]

CHAZ DEL RIO (excited):

“Ladies and gentlemen... it is my distinct honor to reveal the first ever CFW World Championship.”

[He pauses, soaking in the moment.]

“This title isn’t just ours—it already carries history. It unifies three long-respected underground promotions: *First Class Wrestling*, *Virtue Underground*, and *Blood City Wrestling*. This championship is the evolution of a legacy... now reborn in the fire of CFW.”

[He slowly pulls the velvet away — the CFW title gleams under the Foundry lights. The crowd explodes.]

“This title—alongside the Women’s Championship—will be the cornerstones of this organization. CFW was once just a rumor, a fantasy, a dream... but now, it's real. It's alive. It's fighting. It's *thriving!*”

[Suddenly, the lights cut out. The crowd screams.]

[MAR's eerie music hits. An unsettling, low rumble and flickering light sweeps the venue.]

[When the lights return—dim, with an otherworldly hue—we see them. Ronnie, Venessa, Killjoy... and behind them, the myth himself. MAR.]

[The crowd is stunned. Chaz stares wide-eyed.]

[Ronnie, calm and smiling, walks to the ring. Venessa moves like she's in a trance. Killjoy looms. MAR walks slow, deliberate.]

[They step into the ring. Chaz instinctively backs off.]

CHAZ (off-mic, quietly to Ronnie):

“Ronnie... are you okay?”

[Ronnie places a hand on Chaz's shoulder, sincerely. Then calmly asks for the mic. Chaz, hesitating, hands it over.]

RONNIE (on-mic, warmly):

“It's okay, Chaz. I missed you too, friend.”

[Ronnie turns to the crowd, his tone changing—becoming more intense, more... unnerving.]

RONNIE (calm, collected, and unwavering):

“Ladies and gentlemen... from this moment forward, my role in CFW is no longer to entertain or announce. It's to enlighten.”

[He paces slightly, measuring his words with eerie reverence.]

“There are truths buried beneath this company—veiled, distorted, denied. I've seen them. I've *heard* them.”

[He gently motions toward MAR, who remains still as stone.]

“Through him... through *them*... I've been shown what CFW truly is. What it's *always* been. And once your eyes are opened—once the Black Tapes find *you*—you'll never see this place the same again.”

[His tone deepens.]

“I am the voice of MAR. And I’m here to deliver his truth.”

“He’s shown me things. Beautiful. Terrible. And undeniable. Truth doesn’t ask for permission. It doesn’t wait for belief. It simply *is*.”

[Ronnie scans the crowd, voice low and deliberate.]

“You’ve been told a version of CFW’s story. One of rise, of grit, of glory. But you were only ever given *pieces*. Half-truths designed to keep you comfortable. You’ve been handed fairy tales by people who believed them too. People like Chaz.”

[He turns briefly to Chaz, who looks conflicted, hurt. Ronnie’s tone softens—almost compassionate.]

“You were lied to, brother. All of you were. But that isn’t your fault. It’s not your shame to carry. You see...”

“CFW was never just a rumor. It was never speculation. It was *real*. It’s always been real. A pulsing, hidden truth buried beneath the noise and propaganda of other promotions, of corrupted systems. This place you love? It was built on the bones of something *greater*.”

[He leans in toward the camera now, intensity building.]

“But that truth was *hidden* from you. Buried. Smothered. Repackaged as fantasy. They told you it never existed... but what they meant was, it wasn’t *theirs* to control.”

[He smiles again—calm, eerie.]

“And now, the truth stands before you. This championship? It does not need to be *won*. It already has an owner.”

[He looks toward MAR.]

“Yes. To *him*. To MAR. It always has.”

[Chaz steps in, barely audible off-mic:]

“Ronnie, what are you *talking* about?”

[Ronnie calmly, firmly places a hand on Chaz’s chest—and pushes him back. Chaz stumbles slightly. The crowd is unsettled.]

[With eerie calm, Ronnie turns to the velvet-covered pedestal. The crowd watches,

hushed.]

Ronnie gently lifts the championship off the pedestal, holding it in both hands like a sacred artifact. He turns toward MAR—who hasn't moved an inch—and steps in close.

RONNIE

"This championship... was never up for grabs."

[He slowly, reverently drapes the gold over MAR's shoulder. The metal gleams under the dimmed lights, but MAR doesn't flinch. He stands like a statue—unmoving, undeniable.]



RONNIE

"It's home now."

RONNIE

"If you are blind now... you *will* be given the chance to see."

[Ronnie turns back to address the crowd, his voice now booming like a sermon.]

"This man... this *champion*... does not ask for your recognition. He does not demand your approval. MAR does not need to win your hearts. He already holds your truth. And now... he offers you something you *don't* deserve—but something he gives freely nonetheless."

RONNIE (voice rising, conviction deepening):

"...MAR is not cruel. He is *mercy* given shape. He does not crave destruction — he

offers deliverance.”

[Ronnie looks out across the Foundry crowd, almost mournful.]

“He sees you. All of you. Even now, as you laugh... as you doubt... as you cling to the lie. And still... he offers you a path.”

[He points to the sky, then gestures wide.]

“A single chance. One man. One test. A potential *savior* for those who remain blind by choice.”

[The pause is long. MAR hasn’t moved. Ronnie’s voice drops to near-whisper.]

“MAR... has chosen.”

[He lets the silence build again — the crowd buzzing in suspense.]

“...**Ace Dalton.**”

[Gasps. Shock. The crowd pops hard.]

RONNIE (firmly):

“If Ace can overcome the embodiment of MAR’s wrath... if he can survive *Killjoy*... MAR will show you mercy. He will return the championship to your world. Let you write your little stories. Let you believe what you want to believe.”

[Then Ronnie’s voice darkens.]

“But if he fails — and he *will* — MAR will remain what he has always been. Your *champion*. Your *truth*. Your *end*... and your *beginning*.”

[He steps back, as MAR lifts the title with cold finality.]

[The lights dim around them — the screen fading out on MAR, belt raised, unmoved, unstoppable.]

FADE TO BLACK.