

CFW: FACE OFF

June 22, 2025 – Live from The Foundry, Venice, FL



[CAMERA OPENS ON A WIDE SHOT OF THE FOUNDRY]

The crowd is absolutely packed. Bodies tight to the barricades. Signs waving. Chants

already bouncing off the rafters. The atmosphere is hot — like the building itself is holding its breath.

[RINGSIDE — CHAZ DEL RIO and BERT McDANIELS stand by the ring, headsets on, crowd roaring behind them.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Ladies and gentlemen... welcome to CFW: FACE OFF!"

The crowd pops hard, echoing with a raucous "C-F-DUB! C-F-DUB!" chant behind them.

CHAZ:

"We are sold out here at The Foundry in Venice, Florida, and the energy tonight is off the charts!

I'm Chaz Del Rio, joined as always by Bert McDaniels — and tonight, folks, we've got a card that screams underground excellence from top to bottom."

BERT McDANIELS:

"That's right, Chaz — no filler, no fluff. Just fights that matter."

CHAZ:

"Tonight marks the official beginning of the road to the CFW Women's Championship — the first championship unveiled here in Creative Force Wrestling.

And it starts with a Fatal Four Way battle between four very different competitors... all with a point to prove and a legacy to chase."

BERT:

"You've got fire. You've got ego. You've got chaos. And you've got a woman who just might be the most beloved underdog in the game right now. That match could steal the show."

CHAZ:

"And in our main event?

It's a collision. A statement.

Two wrestlers who have already carved their names into the foundation of CFW — Ace Dalton and Jace Valor.

Indie royalty. Respect between them — but only one walks out the face of this company."

Chaz's voice lowers slightly now. The crowd simmers down, sensing the shift in tone.

CHAZ:

"Before we get to our first match... I'd be remiss if I didn't take a moment to talk about someone missing from this desk tonight."

He turns, pointing to a spot in the rafters — high above the ring.

"Right up there... is where Ronnie Kixx fell from the ceiling during Afterglow. A moment none of us will ever forget."

BERT:

"It still gives me chills just thinking about it."

CHAZ:

"Well... recently on Black Light, we saw Ronnie return.

But he wasn't the same.

He looked different.

Sounded different.

He was different."

He nods toward the production truck.

"Take a look for yourself."



[CLIP PLAYS — RONNIE KIXX on Black Light, face painted, eyes wild, declaring himself the mouthpiece of MAR

[BACK TO CHAZ AND BERT – the crowd is quiet, the tension heavy.]

CHAZ (softly):

"Whatever that means... whatever he's going through...

Ronnie, if you're watching — we care about you.

And we wish you were right here with us."

They pause. The crowd starts a low chant: "RON-NIE! RON-NIE!"

BERT:

"You're family, man. Don't forget that."

[CHAZ looks out across the Foundry crowd, then straight into the hard cam.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Let's not wait any longer.

Kicking off Face Off — Reign Rokk vs. Lucas Knox."

BERT McDANIELS:

"Power versus heart. Let's see who blinks first."

Reign Rokk vs. Lucas Knox

The Foundry is heaving with energy. The lights cut to strobe. A distorted scream rips through the sound system as REIGN ROKK emerges through fog, stomping down the ramp like a thunderstorm in boots. Denim vest, wild hair, chain dragging behind him. The crowd is loud and mixed — they respect Rokk, but they've seen the fire coming from Knox lately.

Moments later, the mood shifts. Blue-collar anthem chords ring out. LUCAS KNOX steps through the curtain, jaw set, fists taped. No flash. Just fight. He slaps his chest once, points to the ring, and marches in with purpose.

BERT MCDANIELS:

"This ain't just a match — this is two guys trying to punch their names back into the conversation."

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"They've both had to swallow bitter pills lately... tonight's about spitting it all back out with blood."

 **Bell rings.**

They charge — no collar-and-elbow. Just fists.

Knox opens with sharp forearms, driving Rokk into the corner, but Rokk absorbs and fires back with a headbutt that echoes through The Foundry. Knox stumbles. Rokk plants him with a snap belly-to-belly that shakes the mat.

Knox rolls, pops back up, eats a lariat — no sell — flies back with a shoulder tackle that drops the big man. The crowd erupts.

They reset.

Rokk takes control.

He drops elbows — fast for a man his size — then hoists Knox into a gutwrench powerbomb that folds him. No cover yet. Just punishment. Rokk screams, slaps his chest, and yanks Knox into the ropes — rebound spinebuster!

Cover!

1... 2... kickout!

Knox gasps for breath — but swings on instinct. He throws a hook. Rokk stumbles. Knox tries to lift him — bad mistake. Rokk counters with a lariat to the back of the neck.

Another cover — another kickout.

But Knox won't stay down.

He surges up and slams a desperation lariat of his own — they both fall.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"These two are fighting like they think this company's gonna forget their names if they don't bleed 'em into the mat."

Now Knox builds momentum.

Rokk tries to charge — Knox sidesteps and spinebusters him so hard it echoes like a drum hit.

That's **Iron Pulse #1** — but he doesn't cover. He wants to send a message.

He drags Rokk up by the vest, hits the ropes, **running boot to the jaw**. Rokk stumbles to a knee. Knox hits a **swinging backbreaker**, then covers:

1... 2... NO!

Rokk powers out, but he's rattled.

Knox gets him up — deadlift suplex on a man 80 pounds heavier — crowd loses it.

They both roll to opposite corners.

CHAZ:

"That ring's shaking — and not just from impact. This crowd can feel what's on the line."

BERT:

"Nobody wants to be a side note. These two are writing their name in capital letters tonight."

They meet again in the center — both swinging wild. Big strikes. Clumsy now. Desperate.

Rokk lands a rolling elbow. Knox rebounds with a shotgun dropkick that sends Rokk into the ropes. Knox charges — Rokk sidesteps — Knox crashes through the middle rope to the outside!

Rokk doesn't wait.

He climbs to the second rope — dives off with a flying shoulder block to the floor! Both men go down in a heap.

Crowd:

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

CHAZ:

"They're fighting like there's only one contract left in the office."

Ref counts...

1...

2...

Both men stir.

3...

Knox claws the apron.

4...

Rokk slaps the floor, pulling himself upright.

5...

They lock eyes again.

BERT:

"They're not done. Not even close."

Both men roll in by the 7 count.

They stand. Barely.

Breathing heavy.

Crowd on fire.

CHAZ:

"We've got a war on our hands. And we've only just started."

Knox and Rokk stagger to their feet, fists clenched, chests heaving. They meet in the center again — not with strikes, but with intent. Knox slaps Rokk across the face. Rokk grins through blood. And the storm kicks up again.

Knox hits a **capture suplex**, lifts Rokk again — **second one!** He's running hot now. He hits the ropes, PUNISHING lariat — drops Rokk to a knee. Crowd's roaring.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Knox has flipped the momentum again — that rust-belt rage is real!"

BERT McDANIELS:

"He's fighting like he's in debt and this match is the bill!"

Knox goes for the **Iron Pulse** — plants him!

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

Knox shakes his head, wipes his mouth, climbs the turnbuckle —

Flying elbow! Right to the heart.

Covers again —

1...

2...

Rokk powers out.

But the tide turns hard.

Knox tries for a second Iron Pulse — Rokk dead-weights him, headbutts him to the jaw, and explodes off the ropes with a **spinning body block** that folds Knox in half.

Rokk stumbles up — furious — and screams to the crowd. The Foundry goes ballistic as he charges the corner—

MSD!

That brutal lariat crushes Knox inside out.

Cover —

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

The crowd erupts. The lights shake. Rokk can't believe it.

CHAZ:

"Nobody kicks out of the MSD... but Knox just did!"

BERT:

"He didn't kick out — he came back to life!"

Rokk stares at Knox, who's twitching, dazed, but moving. Rokk slams the mat, fists wild, then climbs the ropes — big man **MOONSAULT ATTEMPT?!**

Misses — Knox rolls out!

Knox slams the mat — fires up again!

Running **back elbow** — Rokk stumbles. Knox lifts — tries the Iron Pulse again — Rokk slips out!

Spins Knox — tries a second MSD — Knox ducks!

Knox hits a massive **lariat** — folds Rokk this time!

The crowd is losing it.

“THIS IS AWESOME!”

“FIGHT FOREVER!”

Knox points to the turnbuckle — he's going high risk again —

FROG SPLASH! Nails it!

Hooks the leg—

1...

2...

KICKOUT!

Knox slaps the mat, dragging Rokk up again—

But Rokk shoves him into the ropes —

Pop-up into a short-arm lariat!

Knox folds.

Rokk ROARS — blood on his tongue —
Charges...

MSD!

Again!

Flush.

Hooks the leg — DEEP this time.

1...

2...

3.

Winner: Reign Rokk

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Reign Rokk survives... but Lucas Knox? He made damn sure the world doesn't forget his name."

BERT McDANIELS:

"The building is shaking. I think CFW just opened Face Off with a match of the night candidate."

Rokk stumbles to his feet, holding his ribs, barely able to raise a fist. He doesn't gloat. He just nods — once — and walks off like a man who got the fight he wanted.

Knox sits up in the center of the ring. Battered. Breathing. Fans chant his name as the camera lingers on him.

"LU-CAS KNOX! LU-CAS KNOX!"

CHAZ DEL RIO:

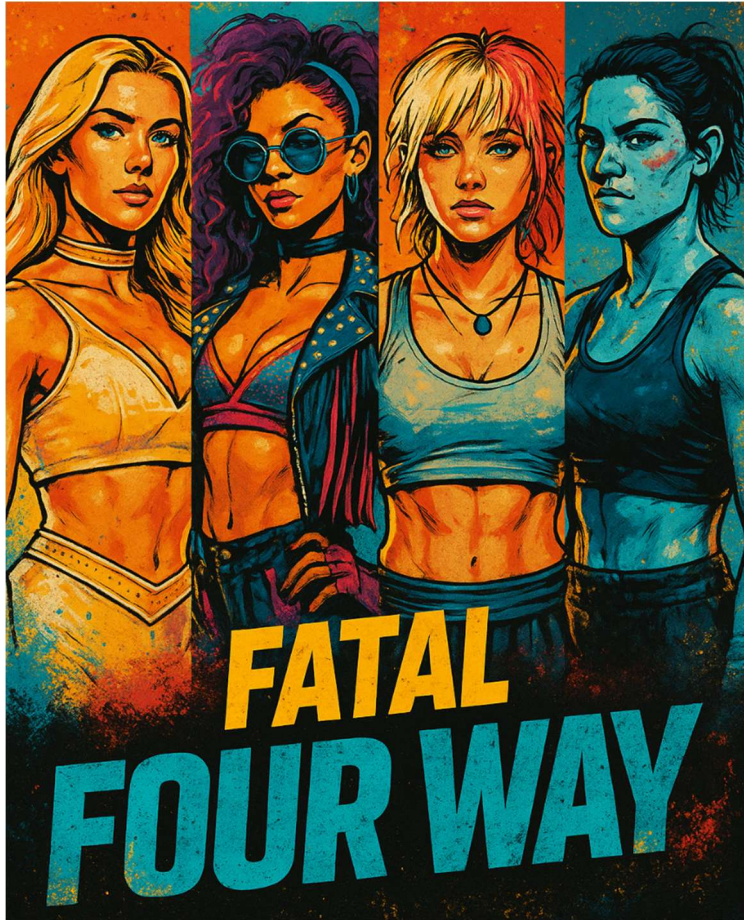
"Folks, the time has come. You're looking at the first chapter in the road to the CFW Women's World Championship."

BERT McDANIELS:

"The rules are simple. First to three points earns the title shot. Tonight? One point's on the line... and four very different women are about to tear the roof off The Foundry to get it."

Fatal Four Way – Women's Division Qualifier

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



Lights drop. A hush falls over the crowd...

The screen flickers to life. Grainy footage. A flicker of hallways, concrete, breath. A silhouette moving toward the light — it's Lena Wilde, walking through the back corridors of The Foundry, fists taped, pink-streaked hair trailing behind her like war paint. The crowd erupts the second they recognize her.



[Camera follows Lena from behind as she walks into the light of the entranceway. No pyro. Just presence.]

CHAZ:

"Listen to that ovation. She's fought tooth and nail to be taken seriously... and tonight, Lena Wilde walks through fire again."

One by one, the others follow:

Sudio makes her entrance with swagger and flair, cool as ice beneath the neon.

Shayna Vex stalks to the ring like a predator, jaw clenched, eyes locked.

Brandi Blight arrives last, drenched in gold and ego, basking in her own self-proclaimed glory, the heat from the crowd palpable.

The bell hasn't rung yet. All four women now stand in separate corners.

BERT:

"This isn't just a match. This is a movement."

The crowd is standing. Roaring. The kind of anticipation you don't manufacture — you earn it.

CHAZ:

"You could cut the tension with a knife.

Four women. One point.

Let's make history."



The bell echoes through The Foundry — and no one moves. Four corners, four sets of eyes, every one of them laser-focused. The air is thick, like the crowd's holding its breath for the first strike.

Then—

LENA WILDE breaks first. She launches out of her corner and makes a beeline for **Brandi Blight**, fists flying. No collar and elbow. No lockup. Just a full-on hockey fight as the two crash into each other and start swinging with everything they've been holding in. The Foundry erupts.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"They didn't even hesitate! Lena's not wrestling Brandi — she's trying to take her out!"

BERT McDANIELS:

"This thing's been boiling for weeks — and the pot just spilled over!"

Brandi tries to backpedal, but Lena won't let go — hammering rights, a knee to the ribs, a clubbing forearm across the back. She backs Brandi into the ropes and nearly takes her head off with a spinning back elbow.

But the chaos doesn't wait.

Shayna Vex rushes in next, grabbing Lena by the waist and ripping her into a German suplex that sends her rolling to the outside. **Sudio**, ever the opportunist, leaps in off the middle rope and dropkicks Vex right out of her boots. Brandi makes her way out of the ring towards Lena.

Outside the ring, Lena and Brandi fight into the guardrail, clawing at each other, hair, fists, elbows. Brandi shoves Lena into the post — Lena bounces back with a wild swinging lariat, giving her space to slide back in the ring.

Inside, Sudio and Shayna Vex are trading sharp, stiff shots — Vex landing brutal knees from the clinch, Sudio bouncing back with low kicks and a sudden spinning heel kick that clips Vex clean. The crowd gasps. Sudio flips back up, smirks, and struts toward the ropes.

But she doesn't see **Lena Wilde sliding back in.**

Lena ducks under a wild swing from Sudio, hits the ropes, and **BLASTS** her with a basement dropkick that folds her in half. The crowd roars again — Lena's running hot now.

CHAZ:

"Lena is laser-focused tonight! Brandi's rattled, Sudio's reeling, and Wilde is owning the ring!"

Sudio tries to scramble to the ropes, but Lena stays on her — hammering her with short strikes, then grabbing her arm and flipping her with a tight judo throw. She pops up, taps her fists to her chest twice — that Wilde signature — and drives a hard knee into Sudio's spine.

Vex tries to return — Lena ducks, shoves her into the corner, and hits a **Snap Thunder** dropkick that sends her crashing face-first into the turnbuckle.

Brandi slithers in and tries a sneak pin on Vex —

1!

2—Lena breaks it up with a stomp right to Brandi's back.

Lena's breathing hard, hair wild, crowd fully behind her.

BERT:

"She's not just trying to win. She's trying to break the narrative.

They said she didn't belong — tonight, she's writing her name in blood."

The early chaos dies down as Brandi Blight wipes sweat from her brow and catches her breath. She doesn't look panicked — she looks calculated. The crowd boos as she waves them off and stretches casually, barking, "Let them beat each other up first."

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Brandi's not retreating — she's calculating. She's letting the fire burn down before she strikes the match again."

BERT McDANIELS:

"That's vintage Brandi Blight. Don't waste energy, let the spotlight come to you."

Inside the ring, the battle narrows to three.

Sudio springboards in and hits a flying forearm that catches Shayna Vex off guard. She pops up, charges — Vex ducks and **plants her with a quick takedown into mounted strikes**. Vex is cold, composed, all business. She transitions to a front headlock — grinding it in as she drives her knee into Sudio's ribs.

Lena tries to enter — gets kicked in the chest by Vex — but comes back with a snap elbow to the side of Vex's head. Sudio rolls free, clutching her gut.

Suddenly, **Vex snatches Sudio from behind — GERMAN SUPLEX!**

But she doesn't release. She stands, pulls her up — **SECOND GERMAN SUPLEX.**

Crowd starts buzzing.

Vex points to the hard cam, dead-eyed, drags Sudio up by the wrists, and hits a third — this time **bridged** into a cover.

1!

2!—**LENA breaks it up** with a knee drop to Vex's spine.

Sudio rolls to the outside, barely conscious, survival instincts kicking in.

Vex tries to shake it off — but Lena's already there.

Now it's just the two of them.

And the pace shifts.

Lena circles low. Vex crouches, hands twitching. The strikes stop. The grappling starts.

Vex shoots low — **single leg takedown** — Lena sprawls, fights it, but Vex wrenches her down into a mounted position and immediately transitions into a **Kimura trap** on the left arm.

The crowd rises in anticipation — the hold is tight.

CHAZ:

"Vex has that joint locked in — she's not just trying to hurt Lena, she's trying to end this!"

Lena screams but doesn't tap — she claws toward the ropes, but they're far.

Vex leans deeper — grinding her forearm into Lena's face for leverage.

Lena manages to pivot, just enough, and slams a knee into Vex's ribs. A second. A third. It's enough to loosen the grip — and Lena slips out the back.

Both women stay grounded, trading short strikes now — elbows, forearms, slow-motion war.

Vex tries to transition again — goes for a **rear naked choke** — Lena rolls her off, then grabs Vex's ankle and twists into a **modified heel hook** of her own!

The crowd gasps.

BERT:

"You never see Lena go for submissions — she's adapting mid-fight!"

Vex screams in frustration — reaches, claws, and finally gets her hand on the bottom rope.

The ref forces the break.

Lena rolls back, arms up, breathing hard. Vex is rattled. Neither woman stands right away.

Once to her feet, Lena loses her balance and rolls to the outside.

CHAZ:

"These two are fighting like this is it. Like the road to the title ends tonight."

The mat is stained in sweat and scuffed with grit. All four women have tasted punishment, but now the match has shifted — no more wild flurries or frantic scrambles. Now it's about control.

Lena Wilde is sprawled at ringside, trying to shake the cobwebs — but **Brandi Blight** has other plans.

She grabs a handful of Lena's hair and hurls her into the guardrail. The sound is nasty — steel groaning under flesh. Lena tries to rise, but Brandi steps over, lifts her again — and launches her over the barricade, straight into the front row. Fans scatter. A few instinctively reach to check on her.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Lena's gone! Thrown into the crowd like a piece of trash — and Brandi doesn't even blink!"

BERT McDANIELS:

"That's not strategy, that's erasure. Blight's trying to write her right out of the match."

Brandi brushes her hands off like she just took out the trash. She slides back into the ring and finds Shayna Vex on a knee.

Without hesitation — roll-up!

1!

2!

Kickout!

But Blight's not done. She grabs Vex by the hair and slams her head into the mat. The boos rain down, but Brandi soaks it in.

She wraps Vex into a grounded headlock, driving her knuckles into the temple with that patented Blight arrogance. She yells toward the hard cam:

"This is MY division! MY belt! MY moment!"

Vex fights out — but Brandi yanks her back down with a knee to the spine and starts to mount her, raining down elbows. It's not flashy. It's not pretty. But it's working.

Sudio, finally recovered, climbs onto the apron — she springboards—
Brandi BLASTS her out of mid-air with a big boot!

CHAZ:

"Sudio walked right into a damn landmine!"

BERT:

"That's what Brandi does — she waits, and then she pounces."

But Vex finally breaks loose. She ducks a clothesline, hits the ropes, and catches Brandi with a **flawless tilt-a-whirl backbreaker** that folds her. Vex roars, grabbing her own ribs, trying to rally.

Both women slowly rise. They start exchanging heavy shots — forearms, short punches, a nasty headbutt from Brandi — but Vex fires back with a snap suplex that rocks the ring.

Brandi rolls to the ropes, shaken. Vex crawls to a corner, panting.

The pace slows again — a reset — but still no sign of Lena Wilde.

The crowd starts chanting:

"LE-NA WILDE! LE-NA WILDE!"

Still... no movement in the crowd.

CHAZ:

"She hasn't moved since being launched over that barricade... we may be down to three."

Back in the ring, Brandi and Vex are trading sluggish shots — both drained from their battle, both leaning into pure instinct. But neither sees **Sudio** on the move.

She hits the ropes.

Dropkick to Brandi!

Pops up —

Dropkick to Vex!

Both women go tumbling to the mat.

Brandi tries to crawl away — Sudio yanks her back and delivers a third **basement dropkick** to the spine. Vex rises — another dropkick sends her through the ropes.

The crowd suddenly shifts. The momentum is swinging. Energy building.

Sudio is on fire.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"She's catching rhythm! She's tearing through everyone like a neon hurricane!"

BERT McDANIELS:

"Look at her eyes, Chaz — that's not just flash. That's focus."

Brandi and Vex both roll to the outside, trying to regroup. They end up standing near each other at ringside — breathing heavy, trying to shake it off.

They look up just in time to see—

SUDIO ON THE TOP ROPE.

She throws her arms wide —

"Watch this!"

Swan dive crossbody to the floor!

She takes out both Brandi and Vex!

The Foundry erupts. The crowd is on its feet, pounding the barricades. **"SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!"** chants fill the building.

CHAZ:

"What a moment! Sudio just put her name in lights — and maybe her body on the line!"

BERT:

"I don't know what hurts more — her landing or Brandi's pride!"

All three women lie scattered at ringside, gasping, trying to recover. Vex is crumpled into the barricade. Brandi crawls toward the apron. Sudio, chest heaving, crawls to her knees — smiling.

She gets up first.

And she stays in control.

Sudio grabs Brandi and hurls her into the steel steps. Vex tries to swing — Sudio ducks and throws her face-first into the apron. She climbs the barricade, leaps, and hits a **seated senton to Vex's back** on the floor.

She's commanding the outside now.

There's still no sign of Lena Wilde.

The camera cuts to the far side of the barricade — fans are stirring. Something's moving.

But not yet.

Sudio rolls Vex into the ring, and follows her in.

Sudio and Shayna Vex locking horns again, the two most technically sharp competitors in the match squaring off in tight, clean sequences. Sudio slips behind for a roll-up—

1!

2!

Kickout!

Vex spins through — grabs the tights — **roll-up of her own!**

1!

2!

Kickout!

The crowd is back on their feet. The rhythm is tight, crisp — counter for counter. Sudio tries for a springboard — Vex meets her with a **dropkick mid-air**. That folds Sudio up and finally slows her pace.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"She caught her flush — and now Vex is dragging this thing into her world!"

BERT McDANIELS:

"Fast-paced matches die when Vex grabs the wheel."

Shayna mounts Sudio and starts to grind in a **rear chinlock**, shifting her weight, then transitions to a **dragon sleeper**, arching back with expert precision. The crowd claps in rhythm, rallying around Sudio's grit as she writhes in pain — refusing to tap.

Meanwhile, at ringside, **Brandi Blight** is slowly regaining her poise.

She fixes her hair. Adjusts her gear. Smiles toward the camera.

Then she turns to the crowd — and gestures toward the entranceway with a single finger in the air.

The crowd groans in recognition.

From the back emerges **GALE**, her heavy frame moving with calm confidence. Arms crossed. A smirk on her face like this was the plan all along.

CHAZ:

"Oh come on! We haven't seen her in action since IRP — what the hell is she doing here?!"

BERT:

"Brandi said keep her name and her friends out of your mouth..."

Brandi points toward the sea of fans where Lena Wilde still hasn't emerged.

Gale doesn't hesitate.

She cuts through the crowd with Brandi at her side. A camera follows as they find Lena Wilde — still curled near the front row, surrounded by fans.

Gale grabs her by the hair. Brandi grabs her by the wrist. Together, they **drag Lena back to ringside like a trophy.**

The crowd is booing loud, but Chaz cuts in:

CHAZ:

"And as much as I hate it — I've got to remind everyone — this is a **no disqualification** match."

BERT:

"Anything goes. And Brandi's taking full advantage of it."

They toss Lena into the barricade — **hard**. Her back arches on impact. Then Brandi points and Gale answers with a thunderous **body shot** that folds Lena again.

Brandi laughs.

"Still think you belong here, rug rat?!"

They slam her into the apron, again and again, before tossing her down like garbage. The crowd is furious, but helpless to stop it.

Inside the ring, Vex has let go of the hold — Sudio is crawling toward the ropes, gasping for breath, the fight not gone but dimmed.

Outside the ring, the camera cuts to **Lena Wilde**, still getting stomped into the concrete by Brandi and Gale. Every time she tries to rise, Gale levels her with a knee or a slap. Brandi grins, waving to the crowd like it's a red carpet appearance.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"This is sick. Brandi's not just trying to win — she's trying to erase Lena Wilde from the women's division entirely!"

BERT McDANIELS:

"Gale's presence has changed this match entirely. No rules. No honor. Just dominance."

Inside the ring, it's an entirely different story.

Shayna Vex and Sudio are wrestling like it's their last match ever.

Sudio hits the ropes — **flying crossbody!**

Vex rolls through — goes for a triangle — Sudio fights out. She hits a basement roundhouse.

Vex staggers. Sudio leaps up top—

DIVING MOONSAULT!

Crashes across Vex's chest!

The crowd explodes — she hooks the leg!

1!

2—BRANDI BLIGHT SLIDES IN!

She yanks Sudio off by the ankle!

Without missing a beat, Brandi shoves Sudio into the turnbuckle and dives on top of Vex for the **cover**.

1... 2... kickout!

Brandi scrambles to her feet — Sudio is already charging —

Back body drop!

Sudio crashes to the outside, landing hard near the barricade.

CHAZ:

"She waited! She waited, and she struck! That's Brandi Blight in a nutshell!"

Vex tries to get to her feet — she staggers—

Brandi hooks her — LUX BOMB!

Snap her to the mat like a lightning strike.

COVER!

1!

2!

3!

BELL RINGS.

Winner of the Match & Earning 1 Point: Brandi Blight



Brandi sits up on her knees, smirking as the crowd boos loudly. Gale rolls in, helping her to her feet. Brandi raises one finger in the air — not in celebration, but in statement.

"One down."

At ringside, Lena Wilde is still crawling.

Sudio slumps over the barricade, dazed but still conscious.

Shayna Vex rolls to her side, holding her ribs.

The war is over... for now.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"It took a friend, a plan, and every dirty trick in the book — but Brandi Blight walks out of Face Off with one point and a path to gold."

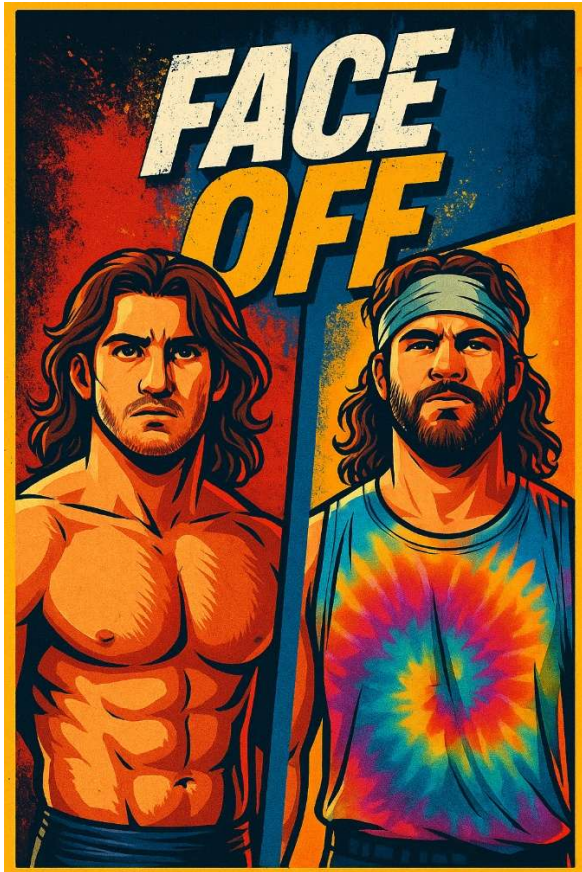


BERT McDANIELS:

"Say what you want — and there's plenty to say — but Brandi executed. And that puts her one step closer to the Women's Championship."

Main Event:

Jace Valor vs Ace Dalton



The crowd is *still buzzing* from the war that came before — chants of “**LE-NA WILDE!**” and “**SU-DI-O!**” still echoing as the ring crew scrapes blood and sweat from the canvas.

But the moment the lights dim, the noise *shifts*.

The lights pulse.

The theme hits.

Ace Dalton walks out with that calm, controlled fire in his eyes. No frills. No taunts. Just purpose.

The crowd roars.

Then, Jace Valor.

The blue-collar heartbeat of CFW.

When he steps through the curtain, the place *lifts* — not in chaos, but in *solidarity*.
This is a main event the fans *want*.

In the ring now — **Ace and Jace**.

Corner to corner. Opposite lives. Same passion.

The bell rings — but they don't move.

They stare.

The crowd starts the dueling chants.

"ACE! JACE! ACE! JACE!"

It *blends into one rolling sound* — Ace turns to the crowd, cracks a smirk.

Jace lifts a brow, then shrugs.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Even the crowd can't decide... and I don't blame them!"

BERT McDANIELS:

"These are two of the best names in the business. After tonight, only one will be 'the guy.'"

They circle.

They lock up — collar and elbow. Strong. Tight.

No showboating. Just *grit*.

Jace muscles Ace into the corner. Clean break.

Lock up again.

Ace *drops levels* — grabs a leg, **single leg takedown**, slides into a waistlock — Jace fights out, rolls, counters — goes for a headlock — Ace stands, pushes him off —

Jace rebounds with a shoulder tackle!

Ace bounces up — arm drag!

Jace spins out — **arm drag right back!**

They both stand — stare — crowd pops.

Technical. Tight. *Respectful violence*.

Jace catches Ace in a cravat — twists, kneels, wrenching the neck.

Ace fights to his feet — *counters into a hammerlock.*

Jace tries to slip out — Ace **drops down into a body scissors takedown** — floats over for a cover—

1!

Kickout.

Back on their feet.

Jace lands a snapmare, bounces off the ropes — **low dropkick to the spine.**

Cover.

1!

2—Kickout.

Ace hits a *tight roll-through crucifix pin*—

1!

2!

Kickout again!

Jace swings with a lariat — Ace ducks, grabs the waist — **German suplex with a perfect bridge!**

1!

2!

Jace kicks out again.

The crowd is *fully locked in.*

This isn't a fight. This is *art.*

CHAZ:

"This is like watching two master chess players trade pawns before the queens come off the board."

BERT:

"Except these pawns can snap your spine."

They reset — sweat already glistening on their shoulders — eyes sharp. Mutual nods exchanged.

Respect remains.
But the intensity is rising.

Ace grabs for a clinch — *Jace fires a forearm* instead. Then another. He backs Ace into the corner and unloads a stiff series of strikes. **The crowd fires back to life.**

He Irish whips Ace to the opposite corner — Ace reverses — Jace rebounds and **flies out with a springboard shotgun dropkick!**

Ace hits the mat. Jace pops up, crouched low, teeth gritted.

BERT McDANIELS:

"That's not desperation — that's *resurgence*. Jace just cracked the rhythm."

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"He's got to *pour it on* now — and he is!"

Jace drags Ace up — snap German suplex!
He holds on — *pops up into a stiff knee strike* —
Ace stumbles — **Jace hits a sliding elbow across the jaw!**
The *Breaker Sequence* lands clean.

COVER!

1!

2!

Kickout!

Jace doesn't blink.

He lifts Ace — goes for the **Valor Clutch** —
Ace scrambles, spins out — but Jace counters again and locks it in from behind!

Ace is trapped — wrist control tight — face twisted in agony.

The crowd is roaring — but Ace somehow *crawls* to the ropes and gets a foot on the bottom.

They separate — *but the momentum has shifted.*

Jace slows things down now — exacting control with grounded strikes and high-impact suplexes.

He hits a **high-angle back suplex**, floats over, hooks the leg—

1!

2!

Kickout!

Ace *tries* to regain ground with a quick grab for a leg, but Jace blocks it and answers with a **low kick to the thigh** and a **spinning hook kick to the jaw** — part of the **Death Rattle** combo!

Ace stumbles back — *Jace charges* —
springboard reverse elbow!

He grabs the leg —

1!

2!

NO!

So close — the crowd *felt* that one.

For the first time tonight, **Ace Dalton is reeling.**

His poise is slipping. Jace stands over him, breathing hard, jaw clenched.

The crowd chants:

"VA-LOR! VA-LOR!"

It's not over yet — but this storm has shifted.

Jace is climbing.

Jace drags Ace to his feet, sweat soaking through both their gear, the ropes still vibrating from the last exchange. Jace hooks him for another suplex — but Ace **slips out the back** and rolls him up—

1!—Kickout.

Jace *immediately spins around* and takes Ace down with a stiff lariat. No wasted motion. He yanks him up again — **gutwrench powerbomb!** Folds him in half. Hooks both legs—

1!

2!—Kickout!

But now the crowd is *shifting*. They're watching Ace breathe heavy. Watching him grit his teeth. Watching him *try* to stand. And they start chanting—

"Ace! Ace! Ace!

It builds. It gets louder.

Ace clutches the ropes.

Jace grabs him by the neck — but Ace *fires a right hand*. Then another.

He's fighting back.

The crowd roars as he hits a stiff **back elbow**, then a **snap belly-to-belly suplex** from the ropes.

Jace tries to roll up — Ace grabs him, hits a **bridging fisherman suplex**!

1!

2!—NO!

They reset.

Jace ducks a kick — **spins Ace into the Valor Clutch**!

This time, dead center!

The crowd *erupts* — but Ace reaches the ropes by pure instinct.

The ref breaks it. Jace *can't believe it*.

He hauls Ace up — *Valor hits his finisher*!

Dead center.

But Ace, barely conscious, **rolls under the bottom rope**, collapsing to the floor.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"That just saved him. Instinct — survival — whatever it was, Ace Dalton just avoided death."

BERT McDANIELS:

"He's been outclassed tonight — but he hasn't *quit*. That might be the most dangerous kind of opponent."

Jace stands in the ring, breathing hard, staring down at Ace, who's motionless on the floor.
The crowd *rallies* again.

"LET'S GO ACE! LET'S GO JACE!"

The chants blend and blur again.

Ace stirs.

He grips the apron. Pulls himself up.

Slowly, achingly, he rolls back in.

They meet again. Slower now.

But each movement is heavier.

They start to **chain wrestle again** — but this time it's *different*.

No wasted effort. Every hold lands *harder*. Every slam stings louder.

Ace hits a brutal **Ura-nage** and falls back. Jace hits a desperation **DDT** seconds later.

They're *spent*.

They lie side by side. The lights shining down on them like a spotlight over wreckage.

And the crowd rises in unison:

"THIS IS WRESTLING!

CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP

THIS IS WRESTLING!"

The arena feels like it's *shaking*. The sound is no longer chants — it's just **roaring**.

Jace and Ace claw to their feet — both soaked in sweat, jaws clenched, arms trembling.

They circle, slower now. No flash, no posturing. Just instinct and grit.

Jace lunges first — Ace ducks — **exploder suplex into the turnbuckles!**

Jace crumbles. Ace grabs him by the wrist, yanks him back in — **spinning lariat!**

COVER!

1!—Kickout.

Jace stumbles up — throws a desperate forearm.

Ace answers.

Another from Jace.

Another from Ace.

Back and forth. The crowd is *feeding off it*.

Jace hits the ropes — springboard forearm!

Cover—

1!

2!—Kickout!

Ace rolls to the corner, breathing heavy. He pulls himself up with the ropes, eyes glassy but burning.

Jace moves in — Ace *bursts out* with a **snap powerbomb**, folding him!

Hooks the leg—

1!

2!

KICKOUT.

Ace's face says everything.

This wasn't supposed to go on this long.

This wasn't supposed to take this much.

He pulls Jace up again, slams him down with a *modified spinebuster* and covers:

1!—Kickout.

Ace blinks, stunned.

Another move — *vertical suplex into a cutter*.

Hooks both legs.

1!

2!—KICKOUT!

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"I don't know what's holding Jace Valor together — but Ace Dalton is finding out the hard way that it's not just muscle."

BERT McDANIELS:

"He's got something *deep*. It's that ironworker soul. That blue-collar blood."

The match rolls on — now less precision, more survival.

Jace counters with wild strikes — Ace dodges most, but eats one to the chin — **snaps back with a jumping knee!**

The crowd is *screaming*. No one knows how this ends. Every move feels like the last.

Ace plants Jace — climbs the ropes — crowd rising with him—

He leaps—

Big flying elbow!

Covers—

1!

2!

TWO POINT NINE.

The crowd gasps.

CHAZ:

"THAT'S IT! That's the moment. The crowd just picked a favorite... and his name is Ace."

Ace Dalton smells blood.

The tide is his. The crowd is *deafening*. Every near-fall has them teetering on the edge.

He drags Jace up — **snap German suplex.**

Doesn't let go — rolls into a second — then lifts Jace again and plants him with a **high-angle powerbomb!**

COVER!

1!

2!—KICKOUT!

Jace *won't die*. The crowd rises again, shaking the rafters:

**"THIS IS A-WESOME!
CLAP-CLAP-CLAPCLAPCLAP!"**

Ace slams the mat in frustration — not at Jace, but at gravity itself.

He stalks his opponent.

Jace stirs.

Blood on his lip. One eye barely open.

He pushes himself up, using the ropes — standing, *somehow*.

Ace charges — Jace sidesteps, **hits a flash back elbow**.

Then another. Then a roaring forearm.

The crowd explodes as **Jace comes alive one more time**.

Blue Collar Beatdown combo!

Ace reels — Jace hits the ropes—

Spinebuster!

COVER!

1!

2!—NO!

He screams and pounds the mat, lifting Ace by sheer adrenaline.

He hits a **modified cradle driver** — hooks deep—

1!

2!

TWO POINT NINE!

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"He's throwing everything! Everything he has left!"

BERT McDANIELS:

"This is beyond winning now. This is *identity*."

Both men stumble to their feet.

Ace is bleeding from the nose. Jace's eyes are swelling.
They lock eyes.

They throw.

Back and forth.

Jace hits a stiff forearm.

Ace hits a hook kick.

Jace with a backfist.

Ace with a knee to the gut — hooks him—

HE HITS HIS FINISHER.

Jace folds in half. Ace collapses on top.

1!

2!

3!

BELL RINGS.

Winner: Ace Dalton



The Foundry **explodes**. The ring shakes. Fans hit the barricade, clapping and shouting — **not out of sides, but out of awe.**

Ace rolls off, staring at the lights, chest heaving like a locomotive.

Jace Valor doesn't move for a moment. Then slowly — painfully — he sits up.

Ace stands first.

Jace follows.

And the two men lock eyes.

No posturing. No surprise attacks. No cheap shots.

Just a **hand extended**.

Jace takes it.

And the Foundry gives them both a standing ovation.

[CFW: Face Off – Final Scene]

The crowd remains on their feet, roaring with respect and appreciation as both Ace Dalton and Jace stand side by side in the ring — bruised, soaked in sweat, arms draped over the ropes, still soaking in the war they just survived. Chants of "*ACE! JACE! ACE! JACE!*" blend into a unified "*C-F-W! C-F-W!*"

Chaz Del Rio climbs into the ring, mic in hand, his voice raised just enough to rise above the ovation.

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"Thank you very much, everyone. You've been a phenomenal crowd tonight — passionate, loud, and exactly what this place is all about. This evening has been a love letter to wrestling. And I couldn't be more proud to be here with you tonight..."

He looks around, letting the moment breathe.

CHAZ (CONT'D):

"But before we say goodnight, I've got some exciting news to share. Next week, we're bringing you a *special live* episode of **Black Light**, airing straight to YouTube."

The crowd pops with curiosity.

CHAZ (CONT'D):

"That episode will feature a continuation of the Women's Division Points System — two huge matchups: **Shayna Vex vs. Lena Wilde**, and **Sudio vs. Brandi Blight**."

More cheers. Then a pause.

CHAZ (CONT'D):

"...But that's not all."

The Foundry hushes slightly in anticipation. Chaz paces the ring, standing between Ace and Jace, who are both locked in now, eyes intense, jaws clenched.

CHAZ (CONT'D):

"Next week, we will also make an **official announcement** regarding the **creation of the very first CFW Men's World Heavyweight Championship!**"

The roof practically blows off.

The camera pans slowly across Ace and Jace — their exhaustion fading into a mutual fire. Neither says a word, but their eyes say everything: *They want it. They need it.*

The crowd chants again:

"C-F-W! C-F-W!"

Fade out.

[End of Show.]