



CFW: Run It Back

Date: October 24, 2025

Venue: Venice Civic Center – Venice, FL

🎥 [Cold open. The roar hits first — a wall of noise. The camera sweeps across the Venice Civic Center, and it's jammed to the rafters. Fans are shoulder to shoulder, signs waving, fists pumping. The building shakes with chants before the first bell even rings.]

CHAZ DEL RIO (voice-over):

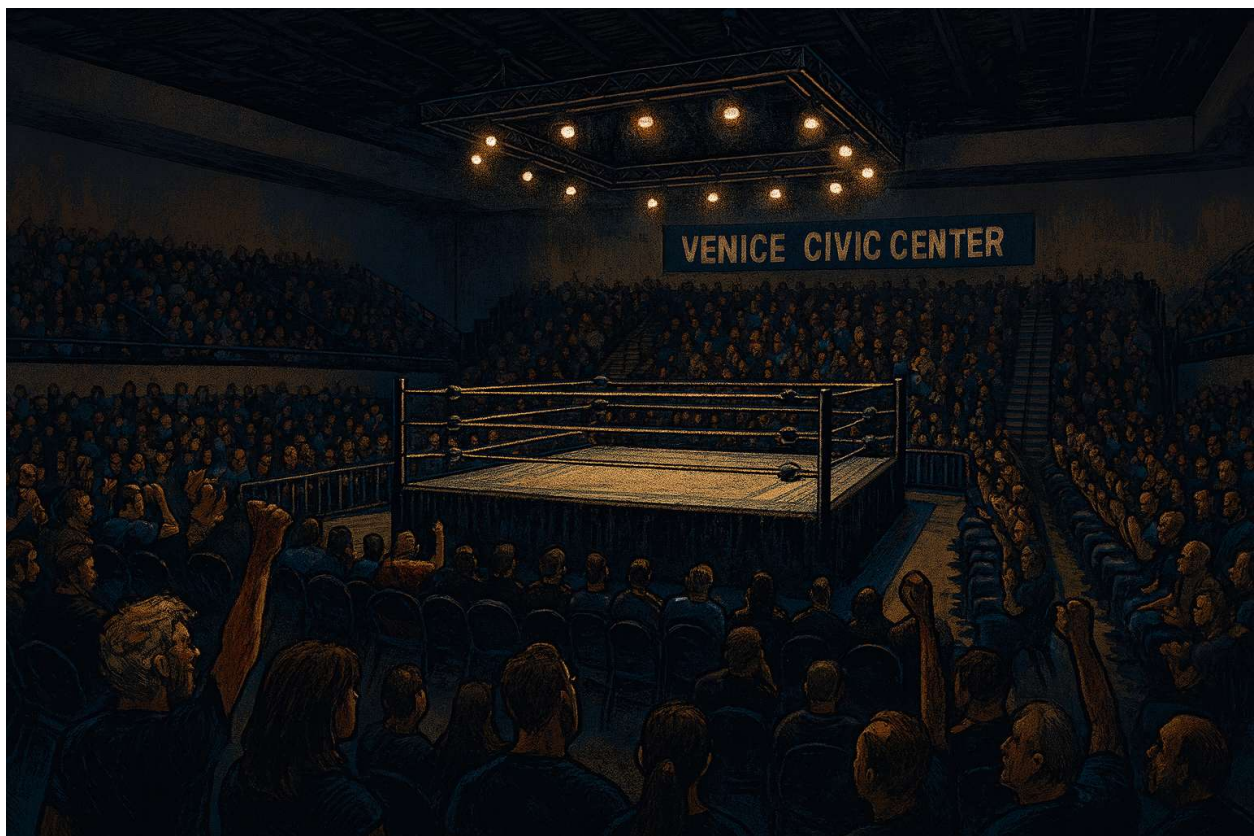
“Venice, Florida... welcome to *Run It Back*! For the very first time, CFW has stepped outside The Foundry — and we’ve packed the Civic Center wall to wall! This is bigger, louder, and wilder than anything we’ve done before. And before the night is over, one man is going to punch his ticket... to *Kingdom Come*.”

🎥 [The shot cuts from fans pounding the guardrails to the ring under hot lights, then over to the commentary desk, where Chaz Del Rio and Bert McDaniels are fired up and grinning ear to ear.]

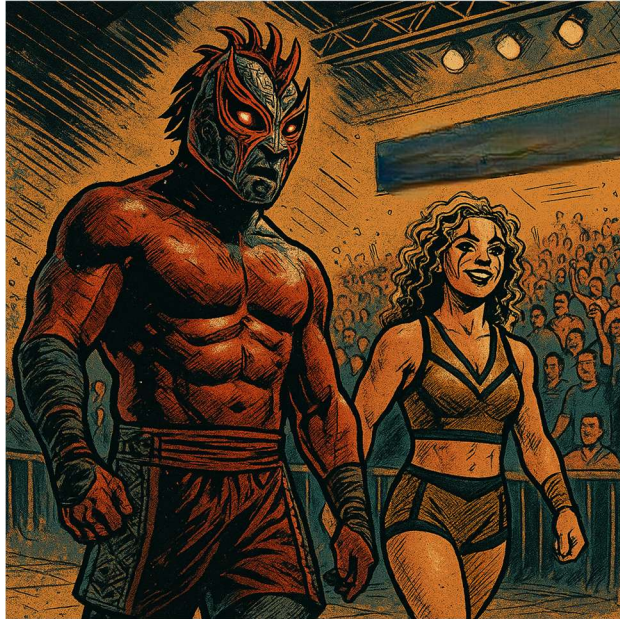
BERT MCDANIELS:

“You can feel it in here, Chaz. The Foundry gave us grit, but tonight? Tonight proves this thing’s growing. This isn’t underground anymore — this is *Run It Back*!”

🎥 [Crowd chants: “C-F-W! C-F-W!” as the show fades into the first match graphic.]



🎵 *[The pounding drums and distorted strings of Águila Feral's entrance theme hit, and the Civic Center erupts. The lights cut low, red strobes spilling across the entranceway. Feral emerges, monstrous and imposing, Venessa Vale at his side, her presence sharp and*



calculated. The crowd reaction is split — awe, fear, and pure energy.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Well now... this is interesting. For months, the story around Dominic Hex's undefeated streak hasn't just been the streak itself — it's been about *who deserves the chance to break it.*”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That's right, Chaz. Reign Rokk and Alaric Green have both staked their claim. Both men scored huge wins recently, and both have made strong cases that they should be the ones in this spot tonight.”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“And you can't argue with them — but let's not forget Águila Feral. His record says otherwise. This man has torn through his competition, and you could argue he's just as worthy — maybe even more dangerous than anyone else in this conversation.”

🎥 *[Inside the Venice Civic Center, Águila Feral prowls like a caged beast, circling the ring with slow, heavy steps. His head tilts sharply, red eyes of the mask scanning the crowd. Venessa Vale stands motionless in the center, hands clasped behind her back, a faint smile carved across her face — calm, collected, almost menacing in its restraint. The crowd buzzes, waiting for what comes next.]*

🎵 *[The heavy, ominous tones of Dominic Hex's music shake the speakers. The lights dim, smoke creeps along the stage, and out steps Hex — tall, broad, and unshaken. Beside him is Marisol Vela, her eyes painted dark, her stare locked on the ring. Together, they cut a chilling figure as they stride down the aisle.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Listen to this place. Dominic Hex hasn't just *arrived* in CFW, he's owned it. This man has been nothing short of dominant since day one.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And let’s be clear — his only two losses came outside of singles competition. When it comes to one-on-one? Nobody’s been able to stop him. But tonight, he’s staring across at



Águila Feral... and that’s like two bulls set to collide head-on.”

 *[Hex pauses at ringside, eyes locked with Feral’s as Marisol whispers something in his ear. Feral leans against the ropes, staring out like a predator ready to pounce. The building feels ready to erupt before the bell even rings.]*

Dominick Hex w/ Marisol Vela vs Águila Feral w/ Venessa Vale

 *[The bell rings and instantly both men charge — no feeling-out process, no hesitation. The sound of their collision echoes like thunder through the Civic Center, two bulls slamming head-on. The crowd roars on impact.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“God almighty! That’s two freight trains colliding in the center of the ring!”

 *[Feral shows surprising speed, slipping behind Hex and rolling through with a sharp reversal that drops the big man to a knee. The luchador’s fluidity shines — armdrag into a low kick, sweeping Hex off balance.]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Look at Feral! That’s the difference-maker — speed, precision, that smooth snap of a man who knows how to cut down a giant!”

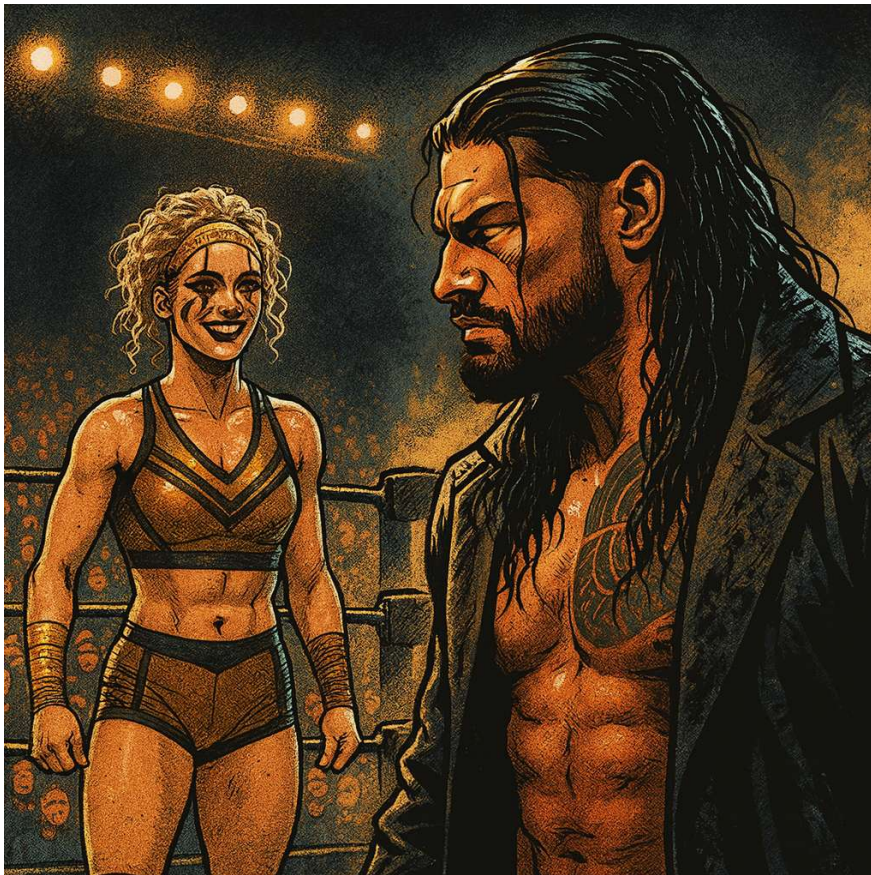
🎬 *[But one mistake — one second too long — and Hex charges through with a massive lariat that nearly turns Feral inside out. The crowd gasps at the impact.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Good God, Hex caught him! That’s the hammer shot that’s ended a lot of nights here in CFW.”

🎬 *[The first minutes are raw, heavy, neither man able to find rhythm. The crowd’s split, some chanting for Feral, others rallying for Hex. Momentum builds when Feral pops back up, springboards off the ropes, and nails a missile dropkick that launches Hex over the ropes to the floor.]*

🎬 *[Hex crashes down hard right in front of Venessa Vale. She doesn’t move — just tilts her head and smiles, hands folded calmly as she looks down at him like a scientist studying prey. Hex freezes for a beat, the unease clear even through his stoic frame. The crowd buzzes at the tension.]*



BERT MCDANIELS:

“Hex doesn’t get rattled... but that? That look from Venessa Vale would creep out anyone.”

🎬 *[Hex shakes it off, forcing himself back to his feet and rolling under the ropes. But the second he’s in, Feral is already on him — relentless stomps, hammering down, keeping Hex grounded in the corner as the Civic Center roars louder.]*

 *[The Civic Center is hot as Águila Feral tightens his grip on Hex, refusing to give the big man a breath. Every slam, every whip into the corner rattles the ring and leaves Hex staggering.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Feral’s not just attacking — he’s punishing Dominic Hex. This is relentless, this is personal.”

 *[Another violent whip sends Hex chest-first into the turnbuckle, the impact echoing. He stumbles out, body rocking — but snaps off a sudden lariat that cracks Feral across the chest. The crowd erupts!]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“There it is! There it is! Hex finally connects — and listen to this crowd come alive!”

 *[Hex shakes the pain from his arm, trying to string it together. He hooks Feral for a DDT — desperation, but dangerous. Feral shifts, muscles under, and launches Hex overhead with a sharp back body suplex that pops the crowd with shock.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Hex tried to change the tide, but Feral’s too quick — too sharp. That’s the danger, Bert: one mistake and you’re on the wrong end of a storm.”

 *[Feral slows the match down, dropping low and clamping a grinding headlock on Hex in the center of the ring. He wrenches down, smothering Hex against the canvas as the audience rallies with chants for Hex to fight back.]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Smart strategy by Feral. After the chaos of the opening minutes, now he’s dragging Hex into deep water — keeping him grounded, sapping that power with every crank of the neck.”

 *[Hex’s fists pound the mat, crowd clapping in rhythm, willing him back to his feet.]*

 *[Feral cranks the headlock, teeth gritted under the mask, the crowd rallying louder and louder — claps and chants shaking the Civic Center. Hex grimaces, then fights up to one knee, then to his feet, driving sharp elbows into Feral’s ribs. One, two, three — the hold finally breaks!]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Hex breaking free! The big man’s still got gas in the tank!”

🎥 *[Hex hits the ropes, building momentum — but Venessa Vale, calm as ever at ringside, snakes her hand under the ropes and grabs at Hex’s heel. He stumbles forward, losing balance, and barrels straight into Águila Feral.] *

BERT MCDANIELS:

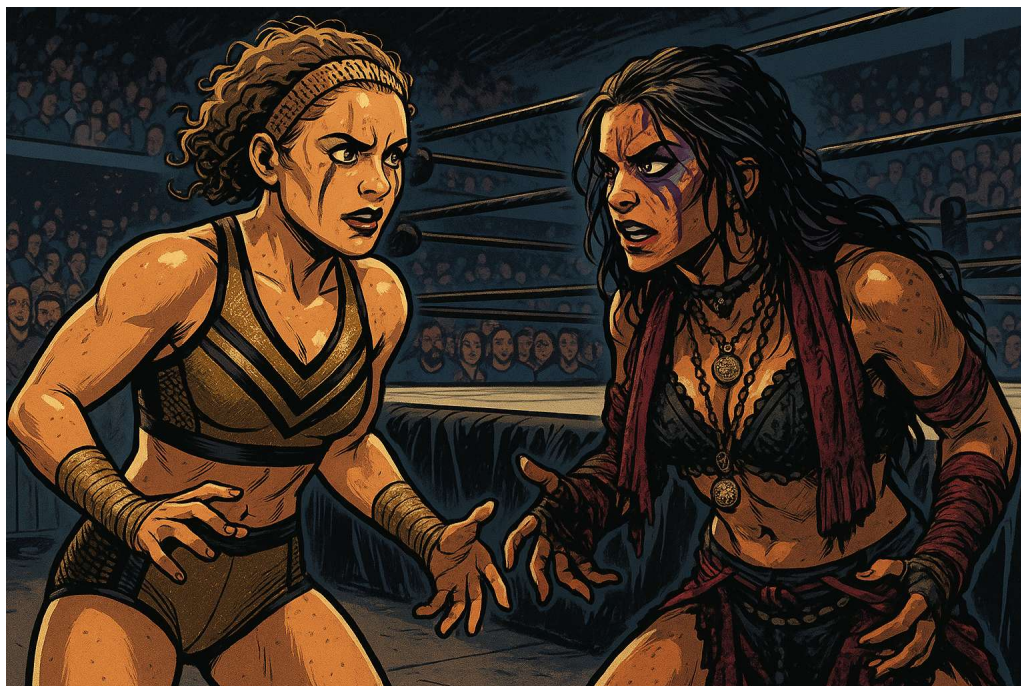
“Wait a second— Venessa just tripped Hex! Look out!”

🎥 *[Feral seizes the moment. With eerie precision, he plants Hex and spikes him with a devastating Canadian Destroyer. The crowd explodes — half in awe, half in outrage.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Canadian Destroyer! Feral just turned Hex inside out!”

🎥 *[On the far side, Marisol Vela has seen enough. She storms around the apron, pointing and shouting at Venessa Vale. The two lock eyes at ringside — Marisol furious, Venessa standing perfectly still, that same unsettling, wide smile carved across her face.]*



BERT

MCDANIELS:

“Oh, man... that’s chilling. Venessa Vale with that smile, and you can see it’s driving Marisol crazy. These two are seconds away from tearing each other apart!”

🎥 *[The camera lingers on the confrontation — Marisol seething, Venessa unblinking — while in the ring, Feral looms over Hex’s prone body, the atmosphere electric and uneasy.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Venessa Vale might want to be careful here... we’ve seen Marisol Vela in the ring, and she was very impressive. Venessa definitely has the aura, no question — but can she throw hands? That’s yet to be seen. Aura only gets you so far.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And you know what, Chaz? I’ve noticed it — I know you have too. Venessa’s been dressing the part lately. She’s not just standing at ringside anymore; she looks like she belongs in the fight.”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Yeah, she’s been showing up in gear, she’s been moving different... she’s *dressed to fight*. The question is — are we gonna see it?”

🎥 *[At ringside, Marisol Vela throws her hands up, backing off from Venessa Vale with a glare, then turns her focus back to the match — pounding the apron, shouting encouragement for Hex.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Marisol knows where her focus belongs — right back on Dominic Hex, who’s in deep trouble here.”

🎥 **[Inside the ring, Águila Feral keeps control, chaining together heavy slams and wrenching submissions — bending Hex’s spine, grinding him down. The crowd rallies louder with every stomp of the bleachers.] **

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Feral’s mixing brutality with precision, Chaz. Power moves, holds — he’s trying to carve Hex up piece by piece.”

🎥 *[Feral slingshots to the apron, springing up for the Alarido Mortal — his Mortal Screech twisting knee strike. The crowd gasps as he launches — but Hex twists free, catching Feral mid-flight and sending him crashing down with a desperate back body drop!]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Hex saw it coming! He had it scouted!”

🎥 *[Hex staggers up, eyes wild, crowd roaring. He charges across the ring — shoulder tackle. Feral stumbles. Hex hits the ropes, another tackle. The Civic Center erupts with each impact.]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Two in a row! That’s the Hex surge — pure adrenaline keeping him alive!”

🎥 *[The place is on its feet now as Hex circles, waiting, stalking. Feral rises slowly, clutching his ribs. Hex hoists him high onto his shoulders — spins — and drops him with a thunderous F-5! The ring shakes on impact. Hex collapses into the cover —]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“F-5! That’s gotta do it!”

Referee: *One... Two...*

🎬 *[Feral kicks out just before three. The crowd explodes in disbelief.]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Two! Only two! How the hell did Feral survive that?!”

🎬 *[Hex sits up, clutching his hair, wide-eyed as the crowd roars around him.]*

🎬 *[Inside the ring, Dominic Hex circles like a predator, his chest heaving. Feral lies stunned from the F-5. The Civic Center is at full volume as Hex sets up, measuring him for the Execution. The crowd knows what’s coming — this is the ender, the move that leaves most men unconscious.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Hex is stalking him! He’s got him lined up for the Execution — if he lands that spinning knee, this one’s over!”

🎬 *[Hex coils, ready to strike — but suddenly Venessa Vale hops up onto the apron, shrieking at the referee, her wild eyes locked on him, drawing his attention completely away from the action.]*

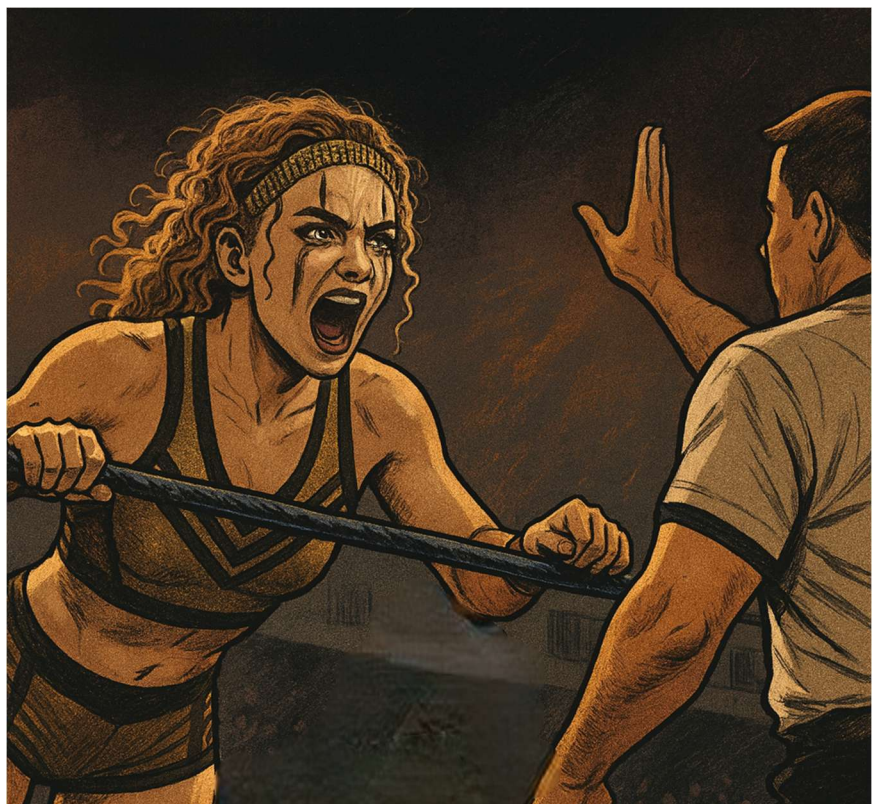
BERT MCDANIELS:

“What the hell is this?! Venessa’s on the apron — she’s got the ref wrapped up in a full argument!”

🎬 *[The distraction buys precious seconds. Feral, still dazed, drops to one knee — then surges forward with a low blow, straight between Hex’s legs. Hex crumbles to his knees in agony as the entire crowd erupts in boos.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“No! Come on! The referee didn’t see it! Vale had him turned around!”



 *[Feral wastes no time. He hauls Hex up, hooks the arms, and with sinister precision spikes him head-first into the mat with a brutal piledriver. The thud echoes sickeningly. Feral stays on his knees, glaring through the mask, then shoves Hex down for the cover as Venessa hops off the apron, smiling faintly at ringside.]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That was ugly... that was absolutely ugly!”

 *[In the ring, Feral snarls, drags Hex back up, and spikes him headfirst again with a second piledriver. Hex’s body folds sickly on impact. Feral covers, the ref drops down—]*

Referee: *One! Two!—*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“KICK OUT! HOW DID HE KICK OUT OF THAT?!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I don’t know, Chaz! Two piledrivers in a row and Hex is still breathing! That’s not human!”

 *[Feral’s masked face turns in disbelief, pounding the mat. Venessa Vale scrambles back up onto the apron, screaming at the official again, pulling his focus.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Not again! Venessa’s got the referee tied up a second time!”

 *[Suddenly, Marisol Vela charges around the ring, launches herself — and SPEARS Venessa clean off the apron! Both women crash to the floor with a brutal impact. The crowd explodes!]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Marisol just cut Venessa in half! Oh my God, what a spear!”

 *[Feral races to the ropes, staring down at the chaos, hands clutching the top rope, shouting for Venessa. But behind him, Hex stirs. He staggers up, somehow alive after two piledrivers, sweat pouring, crowd deafening. Feral turns around—]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“LOOK OUT!”

 *[Hex launches forward, swinging his knee like a guillotine — THE EXECUTION. The shot detonates against Feral’s jaw, dropping him instantly. Both men collapse, Hex falling across him for the cover. The crowd is on fire.]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“He’s got him! Hex has him pinned! This is it!”

 *[But the referee is still focused outside the ring, distracted by the chaos between Venessa and Marisol. The crowd begins their own count, roaring louder and louder as the ref argues.]*

FANS (counting):

“One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight!”

 *[Finally, the ref turns, sees Hex on top, and dives in for the count—]*

Referee: *One! Two!—*

 *[Feral throws a shoulder up! The crowd gasps in fury, booing and stomping the floor.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He kicked out! Hex had him beat for eight seconds! Hex was ROBBED!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“This place is losing it, Chaz! That was the Execution — that was the kill shot! But thanks to the chaos outside, the ref was late, and Hex got robbed blind!”

 *[The camera pans the furious crowd, fists pounding on the barricades, chanting “That was three! That was three!” as Hex pulls himself up by the ropes, rage burning in his eyes.]*

 *[Inside the Civic Center, both men are battered. Dominic Hex crawls, then pushes to his feet slowly, sweat dripping, chest heaving. Marisol Vela is back at her corner, pounding the apron, urging him on with fiery shouts. Across the floor, Venessa Vale stirs, clutching her ribs after the spear, dragging herself upright against the guardrail.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“I’ll tell you what, Bert — Venessa Vale has been a *real factor* in this match. A lot more involvement than we normally see from her.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“You said it, Chaz. The SEERS must fear this man, Hex, as they should. They’ve pulled out *all the stops* tonight to try and end his streak here in CFW. Trips, distractions, manipulation... and still Hex keeps fighting.”

🎥 *[Back in the ring, Hex wipes his face, shakes the sweat from his hair, then leans down and drags Águila Feral off the canvas. With a roar, he muscles Feral up across his shoulders — the crowd explodes, sensing it.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Hex has him! Hex is going for it again! Can he hit the F-5 one more time?!”

🎥 *[The camera closes on Hex’s grimace as he steadies Feral high on his shoulders, the Civic Center rising to their feet in anticipation.]*

🎥 *[Hex steadies Feral high across his shoulders, but the luchador writhes free, dropping behind him.*



Feral darts to the ropes, springboards up — twisting in midair — and flies for the Alarido Mortal, that springboard knee aimed straight at Hex’s skull. The crowd gasps—]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Alarido Mortal! If he hits this, it’s done!”

🎥 *[Hex sidesteps at the last second. Feral crashes down hard, missing entirely. Hex pounces, slipping behind and snapping off a crushing German suplex that rattles the ring. Feral’s body folds, and the Civic Center erupts to their feet, roaring for Hex!]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Hex with the German! He’s rolling, Chaz! He’s rolling, and this place is losing its mind!”

🎥 *[But on the outside — Venessa Vale, staggering and battered, claws her way back up onto the apron for the third time tonight. Her eyes are wild, hair disheveled, but that eerie smile is still fixed as she waves and shouts at the referee.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Not again! Vale’s up again — the referee demanding she get down, but she’s eating up all the attention!”

🎬 *[Suddenly, Marisol Vela sprints around the corner again. But this time, Venessa doesn’t wait for her. As Marisol reaches the apron, Venessa vaults forward — hurling herself off the apron and colliding with Marisol in a shocking dive. Both women crash to the floor, the impact echoing as the crowd erupts in disbelief.]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“She took her out! Venessa Vale just launched herself at Marisol Vela! That’s not a distraction, that’s all-out warfare!”



🎬 *[Inside the ring, Hex kneels in the corner, staring wide-eyed at the chaos outside, his chance slipping through his fingers as Feral stirs on the mat.]*

🎬 *[In the ring, Hex steadies himself, glaring at the chaos outside where Venessa and Marisol lie wrecked on the floor. He glances over, concern and rage flashing across his face.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Hex taking his eyes off the prize for just a second—”

🎬 *[Hex turns back, but it’s too late. Feral lurches forward and lands a brutal low blow, doubling Hex over. The referee, still distracted checking the carnage at ringside, misses it again. The crowd erupts in boos.]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“No! Not again! That’s the second time tonight! Come on ref!”

 *[Venessa Vale, crawling against the apron, screams at the referee, waving frantically. “Turn around!” The official whirls just in time—]*

 *[Águila Feral explodes off the ropes, springboards, twists midair, and connects with the **Alarido Mortal** — his knee smashing flush into Hex’s temple. The crack echoes. Hex collapses lifeless to the canvas as the Civic Center gasps in shock.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Alarido Mortal! Right to the skull! Hex is down — he’s out cold!”

 *[Feral sprawls over Hex’s body, hooking the leg deep. The ref dives in for the count.]*

Referee: One! Two! Three!

 *[The bell rings. The crowd erupts — half in shock, half in fury.]*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Águila Feral just did the unthinkable... he’s ended Dominic Hex’s undefeated streak in CFW!”

 *[The camera cuts to Venessa, back on her feet, smirking through exhaustion. Marisol pounds the floor in fury, reaching for Hex. In the ring, Feral rises slowly, mask glistening with sweat, eyes burning as the crowd hurls noise at him from all sides.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Two low blows, interference, chaos outside the ring — Feral may have the win, but what a stain on it. Hex was robbed here tonight, make no mistake.”

 *[The shot lingers on Feral standing tall over Hex, Venessa at his side — the arena shaking with noise, the streak broken.]*

Winner: Águila Feral w/ Venessa Vale

BERT MCDANIELS:

“They stole that one, Chaz! In my opinion, they robbed Dominic Hex of the streak tonight!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You’re not wrong, Bert. We know Águila Feral is capable without all the interference. We know he had a chance to win this on his own. But the SEERS wanted to make sure — they wanted to tip the scales.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And that’s the story, isn’t it? They wanted to flex their dominance in the ring. So much of their mind games have been backstage, in shadows, with whispers and warnings. But what we just saw right there? That was a big win, on the mat, in the center of the ring — whether the people like it or not.”

 *[The camera cuts between Marisol clutching Hex on the floor and Feral standing tall in the ring, Venessa smiling coldly at his side. The Civic Center is buzzing — half furious, half stunned into silence.]*



CHAZ DEL RIO:

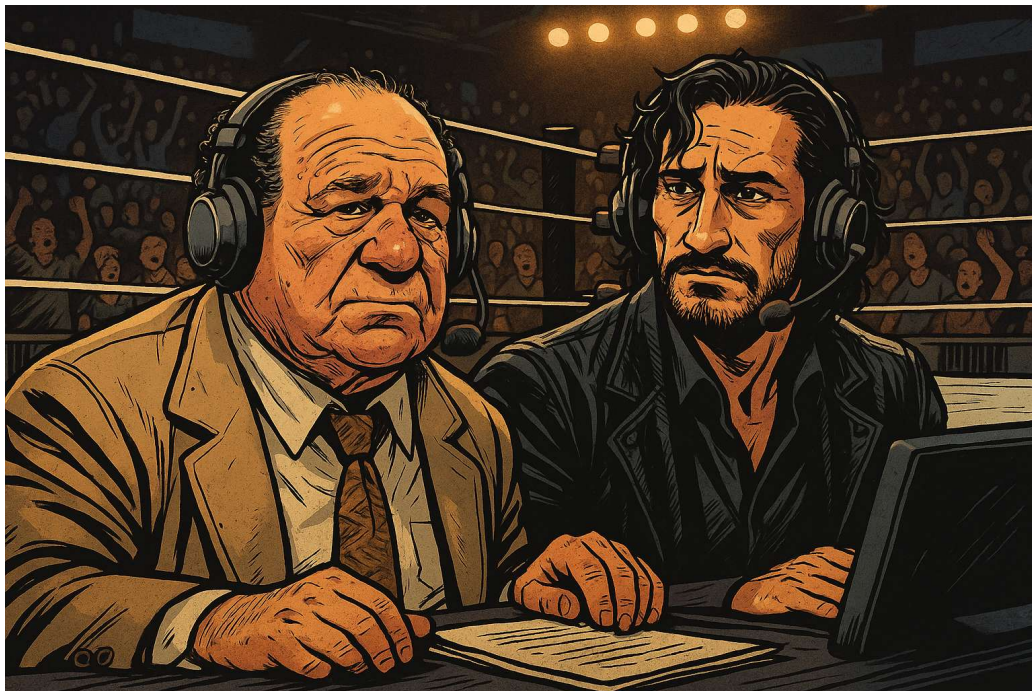
“We can only assume, Bert, that Venessa Vale was directed tonight by the leader of The SEERS — MAR himself. We’ve seen her recently taking directives from him, whether it’s involving herself with Ace Dalton, or more recently attempting to recruit Brandi Blight.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And Brandi... she was convinced to watch the Black Tape. We’ve seen the effects it’s had on people across CFW. Psychological, emotional — it’s like a poison that spreads. And now, we’re seeing it spill over into the ring.”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You said it. The SEERS flex their dominance, and this may not be the last time we see their influence tonight.”



 [The screen cuts to a highlight reel package. Quick flashes show the points battle in the women's division: Sudio's explosive victories, Lena Wilde's resilience, Shayna Vex's

viciousness. Cut to Brandi sitting in the glow of the TV, her face lit with flickering static as she watches the Tape.]

NARRATOR (voice-over):

“Sudio and Brandi Blight — two points apiece. Tonight, either woman could lock in their shot at Kingdom Come. Lena Wilde and Shayna Vex — both with one point, hungry to force this battle to continue. Four women. One chance. A division-defining opportunity.”

 [The package ends on Brandi's piercing gaze into the tv showing static and the faint screech of distorted tape. Fade back into the live crowd, which is buzzing with anticipation.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“And it’s next. Another fatal four-way. Brandi Blight watched the Black Tape... but the effects are yet to be seen. Tonight, we find out if it’s changed her — or if she’s still the same Brandi we’ve always known.”

 *[The crowd buzzes, split between cheers and jeers, as the camera pans to the entranceway. The anticipation is thick — the Women’s Division spotlight is about to take center stage.]*

 *[A harsh, pulsing beat hits. The crowd reacts with a mix of cheers and jeers as Shayna Vex walks out in taped fists, no frills, no fanfare — just fight in her eyes. She strides straight to the ring, laser-focused, rolling her shoulders as she slides under the ropes.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“These four women have been the fighting backbone of CFW. They stole the show at *Face Off* with the very first fatal four way, and it’s a safe bet the same thing’s gonna happen here tonight.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“A lot on the line tonight, Chaz. Sudio and Brandi are just one win away from locking down a championship match at *Kingdom Come* — and the power to choose their opponent. That’s huge. For Lena Wilde and Shayna Vex? This is their chance to drag the fight out and keep the race alive.”

 *[Shayna paces in her corner, crouched low, fists taped and flexing, her eyes never leaving the entranceway as the crowd buzzes for the next competitor.]*

 *[The lights flash neon pink and blue, the beat dropping heavy as **Sudio** bursts onto the stage. She spins, struts, sunglasses on under the hot Civic Center lights. The crowd pops loud, a mix of cheers and whistles, as she struts down the aisle like it’s her runway. She pauses mid-ramp to throw a mock kiss into the camera before rolling into the ring, bouncing on her feet and flashing that glam-punk grin.]*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Sudio’s got the crowd lit up tonight, Bert! You never know what she’s gonna pull out of her bag of tricks — but every time she steps in that ring, it’s pure electricity.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“She’s already got two points, Chaz. A win here and she’s punching her ticket straight to *Kingdom Come*. That’s a lot of fuel for someone who already fights like she’s plugged into a wall socket.”

♪ [The lights dim, and the crowd buzz turns restless. A sudden blast of heavy riffs hits, and the building *erupts*. **Lena Wilde** steps through the curtain — fists taped, hood up, every step raw and deliberate. She pauses at the top of the ramp, looks out over the Civic Center, and the reaction is deafening.]



👤 [Fans leap to their feet, pounding the barricades and chanting: “LE-NA! LE-NA! LE-NA!”]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Listen to this place! Lena Wilde has them on their feet!”

👤 [Lena pulls the hood back, slaps her chest twice, and storms down the ramp. She never looks away from the ring — her eyes locked on Sudio, then Vex pacing in the corner. She slides in, pops up fast, and climbs the turnbuckle to raise her fists high as the crowd roars louder than ever.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“She looks ready, Chaz. Lena Wilde isn’t here to survive — she’s here to win.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“You know, Chaz, I still can’t stop thinking about that emotional win Lena Wilde had at **Crossroads**. She

went to war that night — not just physically, but emotionally. You could see the toll it took when she pinned her good friend Sudio. These four women pushed each other to the absolute limit, and when the final bell rang, Lena was just... done. She was bawling her eyes out right there in the middle of the ring.”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Yeah, I remember that. That wasn’t celebration — that was release. That was everything pouring out after weeks of tension and doubt.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And that’s what makes her special, Chaz. These are fighters giving it their all. There’s no ego in that ring, just heart. I don’t think there’s any bad blood between her and Sudio — at least, I *hope* not. What we saw that night was respect forged through pain.”

🎬 [The camera pans across the crowd still chanting “LE-NA! LE-NA!” as she stands in her corner, jaw set, fists clenched, ready to run it back. Sudio stretches on the ropes, glancing over at her with that half-smile — part challenge, part understanding.]

🎵 [The lights in the Venice Civic Center dim to a cold gold hue. The opening shimmer of **Brandi Blight’s** theme hits — sleek, confident, but somehow hollow. The crowd reaction is mixed: some cheers, some boos, but mostly unease. The camera pans to the stage where Brandi appears, walking slowly through the haze.]

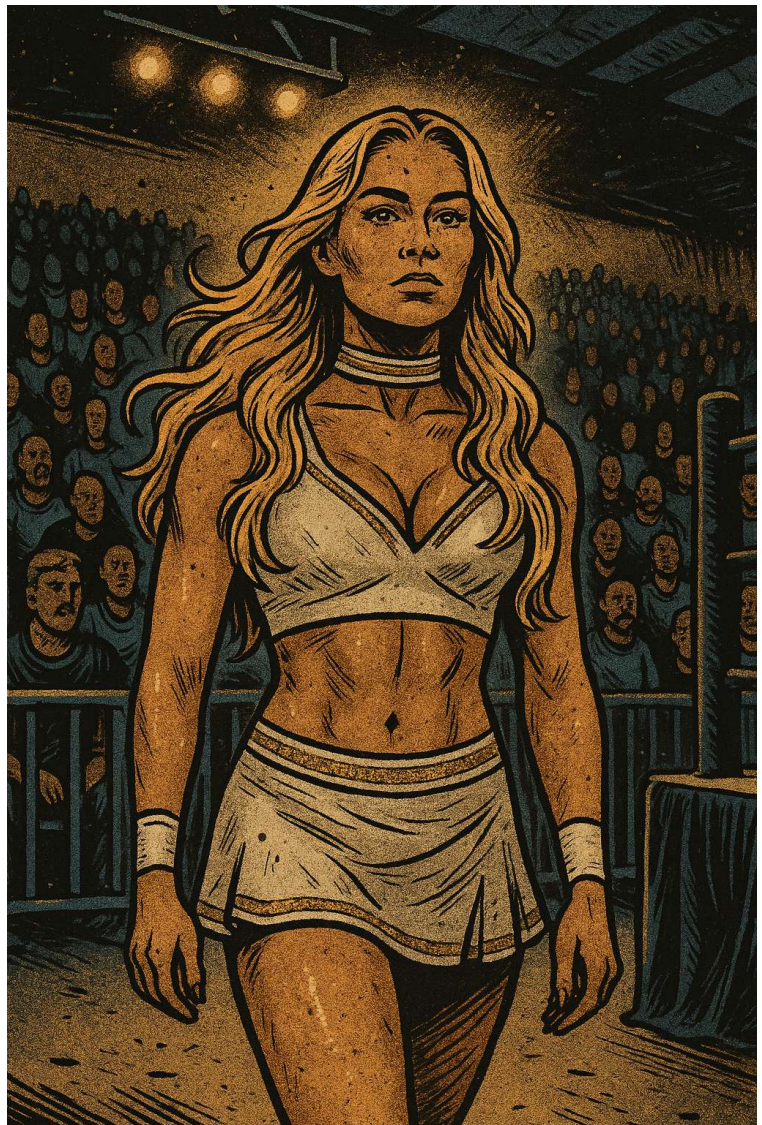
🎬 [She’s flawless as ever — white and gold gear gleaming under the lights — but her face is blank. No smirk, no glare, no pride. Just... nothing. Her eyes stare ahead, unfocused, as she makes her way to the ring without acknowledging the fans, the camera, or even her opponents.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Here comes the wild card, Chaz. The big question tonight — are we going to see the ruthless Brandi Blight we’ve come to know... or are we about to see something completely different?”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“I don’t know, Bert. I’ve called a lot of Brandi Blight matches, but this—this is new. This isn’t confidence, it’s not arrogance... she looks *unreadable* to me.”



🎥 [Brandi steps onto the apron and slowly enters the ring, her movements smooth but detached. She doesn't pose. She doesn't even blink toward the crowd. She just stands there, still as a statue, eyes distant.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“On *Black Light*, she was a witness to whatever’s on that damn Black Tape. And we’ve seen what that tape does to people. It’s got a hold on them — like it’s alive. I don’t know what she saw, but I’ll tell you right now, she’s not walking like the same Brandi Blight we’ve seen before.”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Yeah... and the way she’s standing there right now, it’s giving me chills. It’s a bit creepy, Bert. Something’s *off*.”

🎥 [The camera circles the ring. Lena, Sudio, and Shayna watch Brandi cautiously from their corners — tension thick, the crowd buzzing with uncertainty. The referee steps to the center, glancing between all four women as the lights steady and the atmosphere locks in.]



CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Everything about this match just changed. You can feel it in the air.”

🎥 [All four women stand in the center of the ring — Sudio’s colorful confidence simmering, Shayna’s focus razor-sharp, Lena’s fists clenched tight, and Brandi’s unreadable stare fixed straight ahead. The crowd hums with

anticipation, every person on their feet as the referee steps back and raises his hand, ready to signal for the bell.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You can *feel* this, Bert — the tension in this ring is unreal. These women have had battles. Every one of them’s got scars from the road that led here, and tonight it all comes to a head.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Look at that, Chaz — Lena and Brandi are staring a hole straight through each other. There is *no love lost* between those two, not after everything they’ve put each other through. And if Brandi really *was* changed by whatever she saw on that Black Tape...”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Lena doesn’t care. Not one bit. You can see it in her eyes — she’s not afraid of change, she’s not afraid of whatever darkness Brandi’s bringing in here tonight.”



[The four stand motionless, the crowd at a boiling point, chanting in bursts — “*C-F-W! C-F-W!*” — as the referee glances around the ring, sensing the storm about to break.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“They’re ready, Chaz. Every single one of them. You could cut the tension with a knife!”



DING! DING! DING!



[The bell rings — and Run It Back’s fatal four-way begins.]

Fatal Four Way Lena Wilde vs Sudio vs Brandi Blight vs Shayna Vex



[The bell barely finishes echoing before **Lena Wilde** explodes forward like a bullet — straight for **Brandi Blight**. The crowd roars as the two collide mid-ring and start throwing wild, unguarded punches, fists flying like a bar fight.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Lena didn’t waste a second! She went straight for Brandi — no feeling out, no collar-and-elbow, just raw emotion!”



[They crash into the ropes and then tumble into the corner, trading shots like two prizefighters. Brandi swings back, but Lena’s on fire — hammering forearms, wild punches, just unloading every ounce of frustration and fury she’s carried since their feud began.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“This isn’t wrestling right now, Chaz — this is a *fight*! They’re going full hockey style, fists flying, years of bad blood boiling over!”

🎬 [Across the ring, **Shayna Vex** seizes the chaos — shooting low and sweeping **Sudio** to the mat with a crisp double-leg takedown. The crowd pops as Shayna slides into top position, throwing short elbows while Sudio scrambles to defend.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Shayna Vex showing that MMA instinct — she saw her opening and took it! That’s smart wrestling right there!”

🎬 [Back in the corner, Lena’s got Brandi trapped, stomping her down against the bottom turnbuckle. The fans are loving it, the arena rattling with noise.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Lena’s unloading, Chaz! You can feel all that pent-up rage — all the frustration Brandi’s caused her since the day they both set foot in CFW — it’s all coming out right here!”

🎬 [Lena grabs a handful of Brandi’s gear, muscles her out of the corner, and with a roar whips her overhead in a *picture-perfect belly-to-belly suplex*. The ring shakes as Brandi crashes down.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“What a throw! Lena Wilde just launched her halfway across the ring!”

🎬 [Brandi rolls to her back, dazed — but Lena’s not done. She dives on top, raining down punches, the crowd rising to their feet cheering every strike.]



BERT MCDANIELS:

“The crowd loves it! They’ve been waiting to see Brandi get what’s coming to her — and Lena Wilde is *delivering* right now!”

🎬 [The camera zooms on Lena’s face — eyes wild, teeth grit, her fists flying as the crowd chants along: “LE-NA! LE-NA! LE-NA!”]

🎬 [On the far side of the ring, **Sudio** and **Shayna Vex** are locked in a blur of motion — counter for counter, strike for strike. Shayna catches a kick and shoves Sudio back, firing a vicious knee toward her ribs. Sudio ducks, spins, and lands a lightning-quick back elbow that snaps Shayna’s head to the side. The crowd gasps as both women reset, circling like predators, sweat flying under the lights.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Back and forth! You can feel the contrast — Shayna’s raw power against Sudio’s speed and finesse. Neither one giving an inch!”

🎬 [Meanwhile, in the chaos of the other corner, **Brandi Blight** suddenly kicks **Lena Wilde** off her from the mat, the force sending Lena tumbling backward. Both women lie for a split second — battered, gasping — before they slowly rise.]

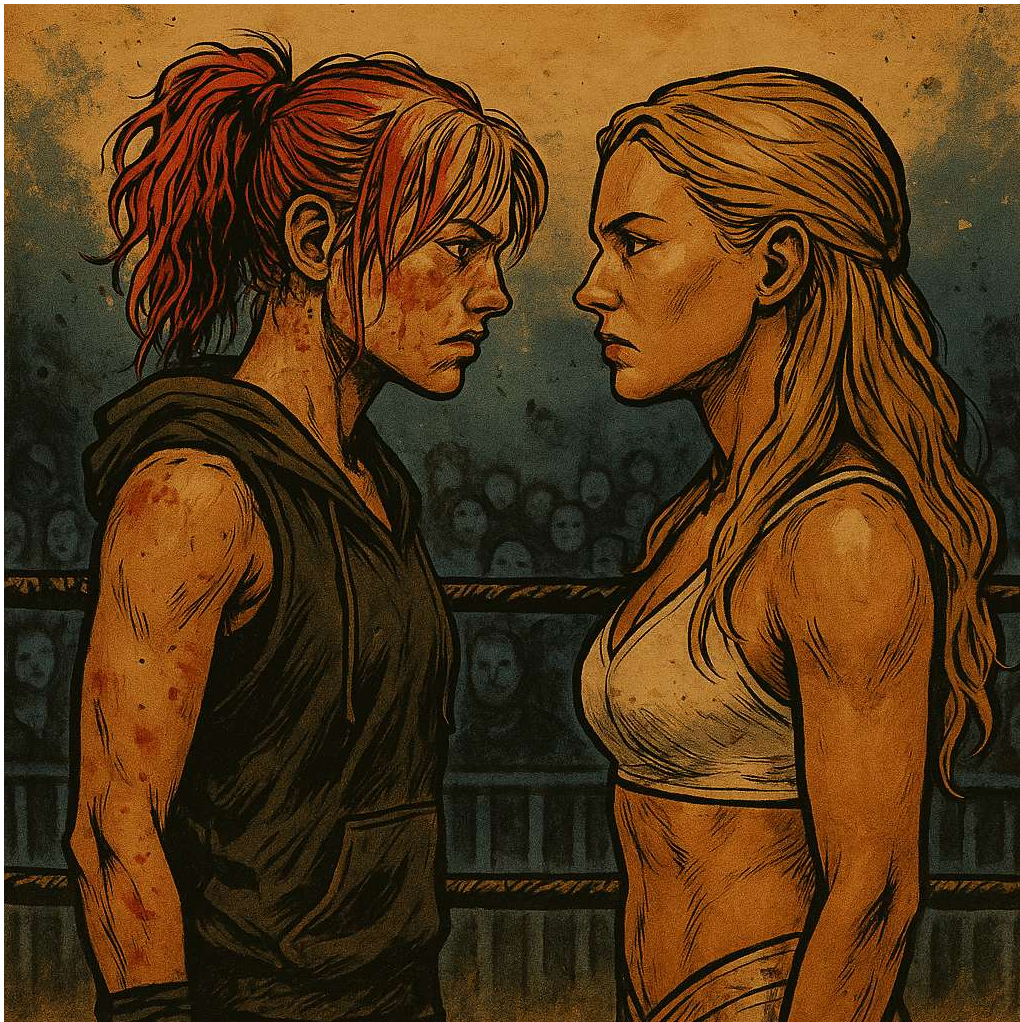
🎬 [The crowd builds into a roar as they stand in the middle of the ring, eye to eye once again. The two bitter rivals — the storm and the spark — face off under the arena lights,

their history
burning in every
breath.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Here we go again, Bert! You can feel it — this rivalry’s carved into the walls of CFW!”

🎬 [Brandi’s expression starts to change — the lifeless blankness cracking. Her brow tightens. Her lips curl. The cold stare morphs into pure venom.]



CHAZ DEL RIO:

“There it is...”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Yes, that’s the hatred we’re used to seeing in Brandi’s face — it’s *back*! These two can’t stand each other, Chaz. No supernatural force, no cursed tape, no dark secret can take *that* away from Brandi Blight. She *hates* Lena Wilde. Hates everything she stands for!”

 [The crowd is on fire as Lena yells something unheard over the noise — Brandi shoves her back — and they explode into another furious exchange of punches, forearms, and sheer emotion. The fans erupt in a deafening roar, chanting and stomping the floor.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“The crowd’s losing it, Bert! These two are tearing each other apart again — it’s pure, unfiltered hatred, and the fans are *loving it!*”

 [The camera pans the roaring crowd, flashes popping, the energy inside the Venice Civic Center reaching fever pitch.]

 [**Lena** and **Brandi** trade heavy shots — forearms cracking, bodies spinning with every hit — while across the ring, **Shayna Vex** muscles **Sudio** into the corner. Each elbow she throws lands like a cannon shot, driving Sudio deeper into the turnbuckles. The crowd groans with each strike.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Good god, Shayna’s unloading in that corner! She’s rag-dolling Sudio right now — every hit lands like a hammer!”

 [Shayna grabs a handful of Sudio’s hair, steps back, and yanks her forward with a vicious Irish whip. Sudio flies across the ring — and *collides* right into Lena and Brandi mid-brawl! All three hit the mat hard, the ring rattling under the impact.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Oh! Sudio just got launched like a missile! She took out both Lena and Brandi!”

 [Brandi rolls, seeing Lena down — and like a shark smelling blood, she pounces. She mounts Lena and starts throwing sharp, relentless punches. Each shot lands with pinpoint precision, her fury returning in full force. The crowd reacts with a mix of boos and wild cheers.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“There’s the Brandi Blight we know — ruthless! She’s grounding and pounding, trying to take Lena right out of this thing!”

🎥 [Shayna, ever the opportunist, turns her attention back to Sudio. She grabs her by the waist from behind and *snaps* her over with a perfect German suplex. The crowd pops at the crisp execution.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Beautiful German suplex by Shayna Vex! She’s in complete control now!”

🎥 [Shayna doesn’t let go — she rolls through, muscles Sudio up again, and hits a *second* German suplex, bridging for the pin.]

Referee: *ONE!*

🎥 [Sudio kicks out hard, twisting her shoulder off the mat.]

Referee: *TWO—NO!*

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Only a one-count! Sudio’s still got fight! Shayna thought she could end it early, but these women aren’t giving up that easy tonight.”

🎥 [Shayna sits up, expression calm and cold — she’s studying her opponents like prey, while Brandi keeps pounding away at Lena nearby.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You can feel it, Bert. This isn’t just a fight — this is chaos barely being held together by ropes!”

🎥 [**Brandi Blight**, cold and calculating, stands over a reeling **Lena Wilde** — and with eerie composure, she hauls her up by the hair. The crowd buzzes as Brandi spins her around and *whips* her across the ring with a vicious Irish whip.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Brandi just returned the favor! She sent Lena flying the same way Shayna did moments ago!”

🎥 [**Lena** rockets forward — straight into **Sudio**, who had just staggered to her feet near the ropes. The two collide chest-first and crash down hard in a tangle of limbs. The impact sends the front row into a frenzy.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Bodies flying everywhere! Brandi just turned Lena into a weapon!”

🎥 [**Shayna Vex** steps back from the corner, coolly watching the chaos unfold with a smirk before pacing toward the fallen pair.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Sudio’s getting up — but she looks rattled! You can see it on her face, she’s dazed and not happy about what just happened.”

 [Sudio spins, her wild hair flying as she locks eyes with **Lena**. The crowd can feel the tension as she gestures angrily, shouting over the noise. Lena throws up her hands, backing off, trying to explain.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Uh-oh! Miscommunication between friends here! Sudio thinks Lena charged her on purpose!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“And you can’t blame her, Bert — everything’s happening fast out there! One second you’re fighting, the next your partner in chaos is crashing into you!”

 [Before Lena can get another word out, *WHACK!* — **Brandi Blight** clubs her from behind with a vicious forearm to the back of the neck. Lena collapses forward, gasping. The crowd erupts with boos.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Classic Brandi! She saw the moment, waited for the opening, and pounced!”

 [At the same time, **Shayna Vex** slides behind Sudio again, arms locked tight around her waist. With pure precision, she *launches* her backward into yet another devastating German suplex — her third of the match.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Another German suplex! Shayna Vex has that move down to an art form! She’s running a clinic in here!”

 [Sudio folds on impact, clutching her neck and shoulder as Vex rises calmly, her taped fists flexing, eyes scanning for her next target.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“She’s been in control more than anyone so far, Chaz. Shayna Vex doesn’t waste movement — she just dismantles you.”

 [**Brandi Blight** stands tall for a moment, breathing slow and steady, the crowd’s jeers echoing through the Venice Civic Center. Then, with chilling calm, she lowers herself beside **Lena Wilde**, who lies dazed on the mat.]

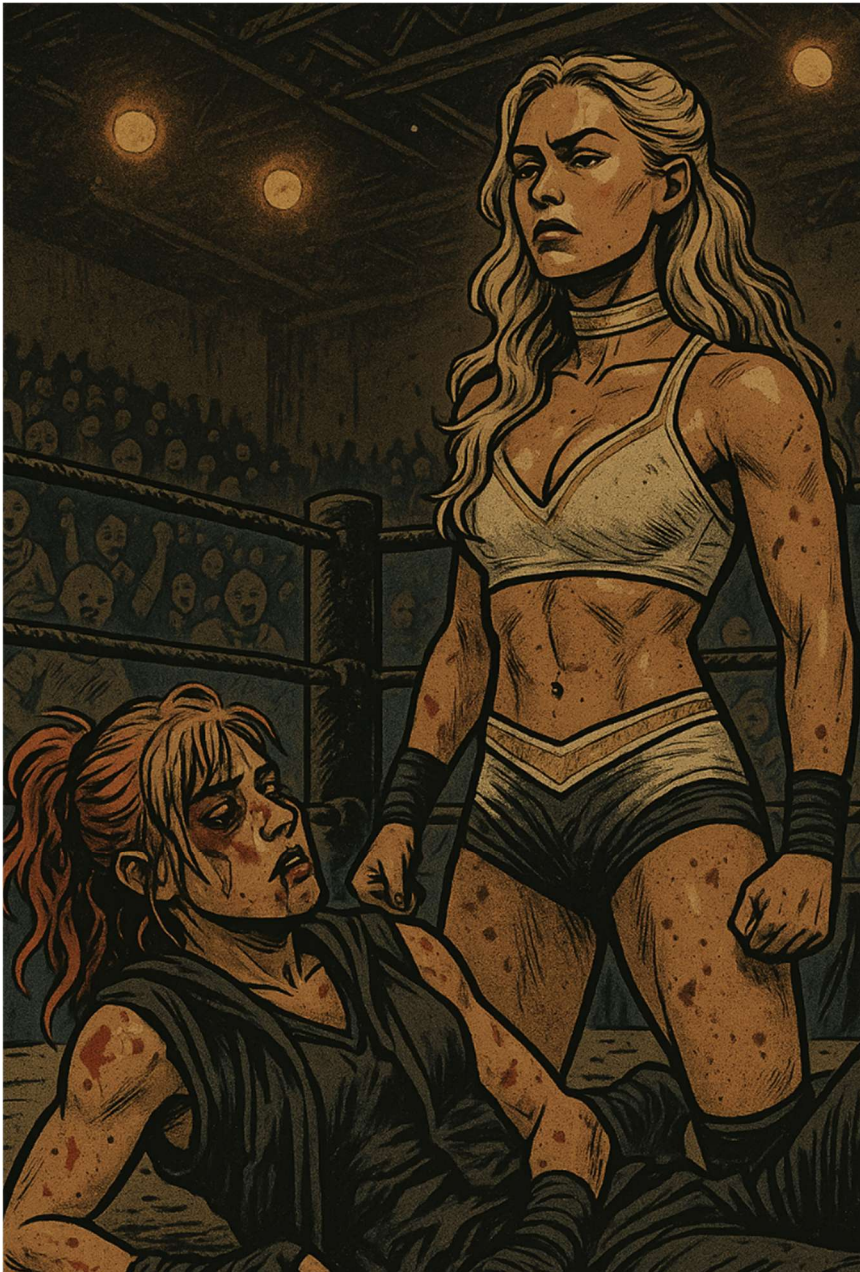
🎬 [Lena's face is bloodied — a small cut near her eyebrow dripping down as she tries to push herself up. Brandi tilts her head, studying her rival like a cat watching a wounded mouse. That blank, eerie look from earlier is gone — replaced with a ruthless sneer that could cut glass.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Look at Brandi! She's kneeling right beside Lena — that's the Brandi Blight we know! Cold, calculated, and absolutely merciless!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And Lena's bleeding, Chaz — that's from one of those elbows earlier! You can see it now,



Brandi's got that look in her eyes again... that mean streak's back and it's alive!”

🎬 [Brandi grips Lena's chin, forcing her head up just enough to sneer something inaudible — pure venom. Then she shoves her down and snaps her head toward the corner as she spots movement.]

🎬 [Shayna Vex has Sudio hooked on the mat again — she bridges back into another pin attempt.]

Referee: ONE! ... TWO—!

🎬 [Brandi *dives* across the ring, crashing into them to break the pin! The crowd gasps as the three collide.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“She broke it up! Brandi Blight just saved this match for herself!”

 [Shayna springs up furious, slapping Brandi across the face with a sharp crack that echoes.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Whoa! Shayna just *slapped* Brandi across the mouth! That’s not gonna sit well!”

 [Brandi stumbles a step, then glares back with pure hatred. Shayna grabs her around the waist, going for a *belly-to-belly suplex* — the same move Lena used earlier — but Brandi plants her feet, twists, and *fires off a vicious superkick* right under Shayna’s jaw. The impact snaps Shayna’s head back as the crowd erupts.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Superkick! Brandi just turned her lights out! That was out of nowhere!”

 [Shayna collapses hard to the mat, motionless for a second as Brandi steadies herself, one hand pressed against her cheek where the slap landed, the other still raised from the kick.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Say what you want about Brandi Blight, but that right there was perfect timing — she’s a viper, Chaz! Always waiting for the strike!”

 [The crowd buzzes as Brandi stands tall once again, glancing between all three opponents — Lena trying to pull herself up, Shayna down from the kick, and Sudio stirring near the ropes.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This match is chaos — everyone’s hurt, everyone’s fighting to stay alive! But Brandi Blight... she’s the one standing in the middle of it all right now!”

 [**Brandi Blight** doesn’t let up after the superkick. She pounces on **Shayna Vex**, driving forearms into her chest before pulling her up and smashing her head against the top turnbuckle. The crowd’s noise grows louder, the ring echoing with each impact.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Brandi’s not stopping! She’s got Shayna Vex right where she wants her — she’s like a shark that smells blood!”

🎬 [Meanwhile, across the ring, **Lena Wilde** starts to stir, blinking through the haze, her hand pressed against the small cut above her eyebrow. She struggles to her feet, eyes glassy from the beating. Not far away, **Sudio** gets up too — clearly fuming, her expression a mix of confusion and anger.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Hold on a second here, Bert — looks like we’ve still got tension between Sudio and Lena! You can see it on her face; Sudio’s still mad about that earlier collision!”

🎬 [Sudio storms toward Lena, pointing, shouting something over the roar of the crowd. Lena throws her hands up, shaking her head, trying to explain herself. The frustration on both faces is unmistakable.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Clearly some miscommunication there, Chaz! Sudio’s fired up — she thinks Lena came at her on purpose earlier in the match!”

🎬 [Lena, still wobbly, steps closer, pleading, but Sudio isn’t hearing it. The voices rise — the crowd watching like a powder keg waiting to explode. Suddenly Lena’s face twists with frustration — she shoves Sudio back.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Whoa! Lena just pushed her!”

🎬 [Sudio stumbles, then immediately fires back with a hard shove of her own — her colorful gear flashing under the lights as the crowd gasps. The two



women stand chest-to-chest, both shouting over each other.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Oh no! Here we go — they’re coming apart at the seams!”



[The shouting turns to chaos as Lena throws the first wild forearm — Sudio fires one right back — and the two explode into a full-blown brawl. Fists fly, hair whips through the air, and the crowd *erupts*, half cheering, half booing, unsure who to side with.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“The crowd doesn’t know who to get behind! These two have been through it all together — friends, rivals, whatever they are, right now they’re just *fighting!*”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“This Fatal Four Way is completely breaking down! Brandi’s got Shayna, and now Lena and Sudio are beating the hell out of each other — this place is chaos!”



[The match descends into pure chaos — the kind that defines CFW. **Sudio** and **Lena Wilde** stand toe to toe in the center of the ring, sweat flying with every strike. Each shot lands harder than the last — open-handed slaps, forearms, wild right hooks — neither giving an inch.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Listen to this place! They’re absolutely *losing it!* Sudio and Lena just throwing bombs!”



[Across the ring, **Brandi Blight** and **Shayna Vex** claw and swing their way out of the corner, Brandi’s hair flying, Shayna’s jaw tight with focus. They meet in the middle, their punches connecting in unison — four warriors, two battles, one ring.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Oh man — now look at this! Brandi and Shayna trading shots too!”



[The crowd rises to their feet as all four women are standing side by side in the center of the ring — **Lena and Sudio**, **Brandi and Shayna** — each pair locked in a furious exchange. The sound of the strikes echoes through the Civic Center, blending with the deafening roar of the fans.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“This is chaos, Chaz — beautiful, brutal chaos! None of them are backing down!”



[Camera flashes pop in the crowd, catching the raw emotion on each woman’s face — the fury, exhaustion, pride, and grit of four fighters who refuse to quit. The chant starts low and builds: “*C-F-W! C-F-W! C-F-W!*”]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“That right there says it all, Bert! These women *are* the fighting spirit of this company — toe to toe, going to war, giving every ounce they’ve got!”

🎬 [Each hit grows heavier, the energy peaking, the crowd pounding the barricades as the ring itself shakes from the intensity.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

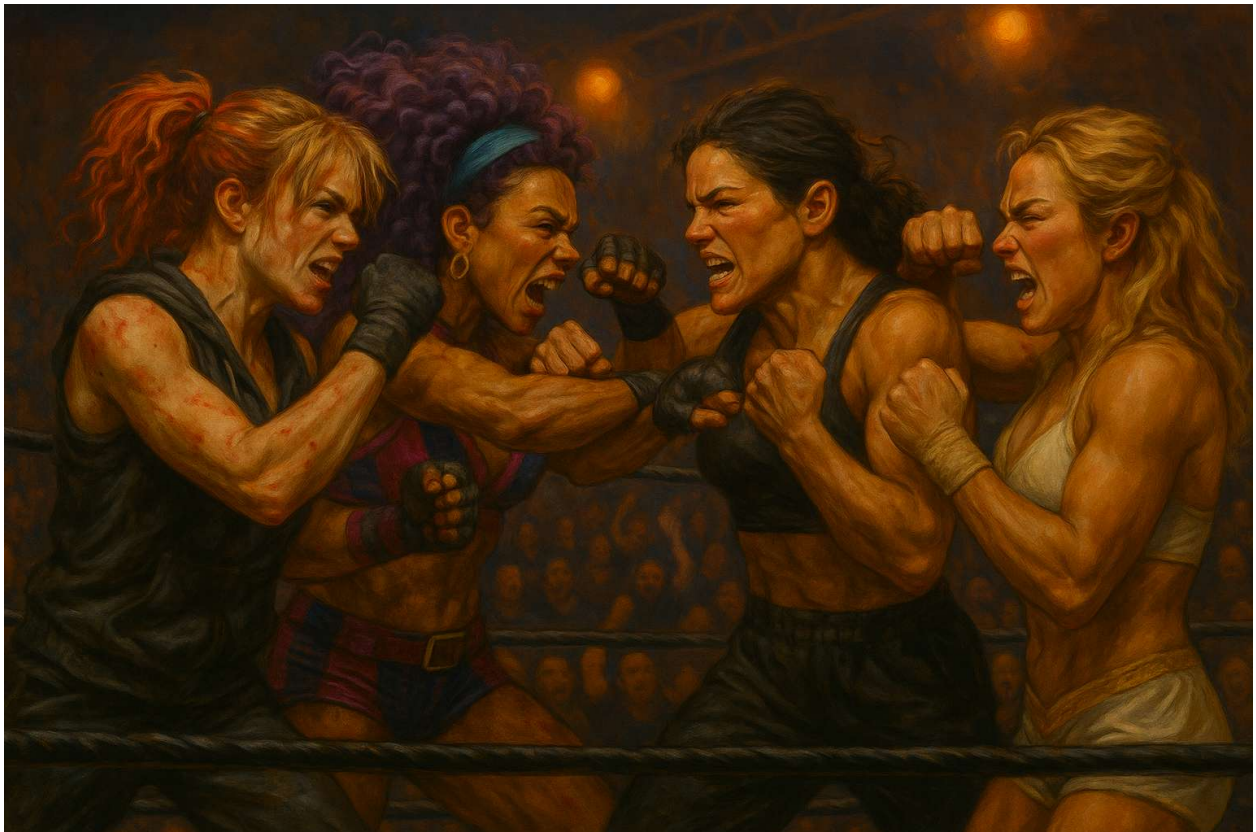
“They’re not just fighting for the win — they’re fighting to prove who belongs at the very top of CFW!”

🎬 [The center of the ring is absolute *war*. **Lena Wilde**, **Sudio**, **Shayna Vex**, and **Brandi Blight** are standing side by side, fists flying in every direction. The sound of forearms and slaps echo through the Venice Civic Center as the crowd erupts into a frenzy. There’s no order left — only chaos, pride, and pure fighting spirit.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“It’s broken down completely, Chaz! Fists flying everywhere — nobody’s holding back!”

🎬 [Each woman lands a hit and takes one back. Lena connects with a hard elbow to Brandi’s jaw, Brandi fires back with a sharp forearm. Shayna throws a knee toward Sudio,



who ducks and lands a sharp spinning backhand that sends Vex stumbling. The energy is explosive.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“I don’t even think the referee knows what to do — this isn’t about pins or points anymore, Bert, this is about *who can outlast who!*”

 [The fans are on their feet now — the entire Civic Center roaring as the four warriors unleash everything they have left. Every punch, every scream, every heartbeat fuels the crowd louder and louder until the floor itself seems to shake.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Listen to this place! It’s a standing ovation, Chaz! These four women are giving it everything they’ve got — this is what CFW is all about!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You said it, Bert — this right here is the heart of Creative Force Wrestling! Four of the toughest, most passionate fighters in the game — standing side by side, fists flying, fighting for pride, fighting for glory!”

 [The camera pans in slow motion — fists colliding, sweat and grit flying through the air under the hot lights — a moment that defines the show. The fans chant in unison, the building rumbling with “C-F-W! C-F-W! C-F-W!”]

 [The sound fades into the thunder of the crowd, the image of the four women locked in a storm of fury as the fight rages on.]

 [The chaos in the center of the ring keeps boiling over — fists still flying until **Shayna Vex** suddenly breaks free from the cluster, shoving **Sudio** back with a sharp forearm and ducking a wild swing from **Brandi Blight**. She hits the ropes at full speed, rebounds, and *mows through both Brandi and Sudio* with a pair of hard lariats that send them crashing to the mat.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Shayna Vex just cleared house! She ran right through both of them!”

 [The crowd pops huge as Vex roars, her taped fists raised, sweat dripping down her jaw. She turns sharply — and her eyes lock on **Lena Wilde**.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“She’s zeroed in, Chaz! Vex wants Wilde!”

🎥 [Shayna charges — and Lena meets her halfway, trying to brawl back — but Vex uses the momentum against her, hitting a crisp *hip toss*. Lena pops up — only to eat *another!* Then a *third!* Each one lands harder, the crowd reacting louder each time.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Look at those hip tosses! Shayna Vex throwing Lena Wilde around like a rag doll!”

🎥 [Shayna drags Lena up and slams her flat with a *powerful side slam*, rattling the ring. The crowd gasps at the impact as Shayna sits up, cold and methodical, scanning the damage she’s done.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s that MMA control, Chaz — once she’s got you down, you don’t get up easy!”

🎥 [Meanwhile, **Brandi Blight** rolls under the bottom rope, clutching her ribs, sliding out of the ring to the floor. She paces slowly, shaking her head, trying to buy time and catch her breath.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Smart move by Brandi Blight — sliding out, catching a breather, letting the chaos eat itself in the ring!”

🎥 [Inside, Shayna rises again — but here comes **Sudio**, shaking off the cobwebs, springing up behind her. The crowd erupts as Sudio wraps her arms around Shayna’s waist and hits a *snap dragon suplex!* The crowd roars as Shayna lands high and hard on her shoulders.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Sudio out of nowhere! Snap dragon suplex!”

🎥 [Sudio keeps her grip — rolls through, pops her hips, and *hits another one!* The crowd explodes as she bridges briefly before letting go, standing tall over Shayna with fire in her eyes.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Two in a row! That’s that Neon Dojo training coming through, Bert — all chaos, all speed, all heart!”

🎥 [The crowd chants “SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!” as she beats her chest, fired up. Behind her, Lena starts to stir again, dragging herself up by the ropes — the two women locking eyes for a brief, uncertain moment as Brandi lurks outside the ring, watching and waiting.]

🎬 [Lena Wilde pushes herself up on shaky legs, her face a map of bruises and blood. Across from her, **Sudio** watches cautiously, body tense, unsure of what to expect after the chaos between them. The crowd holds its breath as the two circle—no words, just raw instinct now.]

🎬 [Suddenly Lena *shoots low*—grabbing Sudio’s leg and *taking her down hard!* She scrambles on top, unleashing a flurry of hammer fists and forearms. The shots land heavy, drawing gasps from the audience.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Lena’s fighting blind, Bert! She’s been battered, she’s bleeding, but she’s still throwing bombs like her life depends on it!”

🎬 [The crowd buzzes, half in shock at the burst of aggression. **Sudio** manages to cover up, twisting her hips to reverse position. She shoves Lena off and pops to her knees, breathing heavy, eyes locked in. Both women rise, barely able to stand.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“You can feel the exhaustion! These two are digging deeper than anyone else on this roster right now!”

🎬 [**Shayna Vex** waits—watching, crouched, calculating. Her eyes never leave the ring, timing her moment like a predator in the tall grass.]

🎬 [**Sudio** hits the ropes, trying to seize momentum. She charges for a *lariat*, but Lena ducks under at the last second, hits the opposite ropes, and *comes flying back!* The crowd rises as Lena grabs Sudio by the head—]

💥 *SNAP!*

🎬 [The impact echoes through the Civic Center as Lena drives Sudio’s head into the mat with her signature *Bleed Out* DDT! The crowd *erupts!*]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“BLEED OUT! LENA WILDE JUST HIT THE BLEED OUT OUT OF NOWHERE!”

🎬 [Lena rolls onto her back, clutching her ribs, unable to capitalize. The crowd is thunderous, chanting her name as both women lay sprawled out.]

🎬 [Suddenly, **Shayna Vex** bursts into action—lightning fast. She grabs Lena by the arm, *hurls her under the bottom rope* and out of the ring, sending her crashing to the floor.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“She’s stealing it! Shayna Vex is looking to steal it!”

 [Vex dives down, hooks Sudio’s leg deep—]

Referee: *ONE!*

...TWO!

...THR—NO!!!

 [Sudio jerks her shoulder up at the last possible moment! The crowd explodes in a deafening 2.9 roar!]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“She kicked out! She kicked out! Shayna Vex was *this close* to stealing it!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Unbelievable heart by Sudio! I thought for sure she was done!”

 [The camera catches **Shayna’s** face—pure disbelief. She sits back on her knees, running her hands through her hair, shouting at the referee as the crowd chants “This is awesome!”]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This is what makes the CFW women’s division the best in the game! Nobody quits! Nobody dies easy!”

 [Outside the ring, **Lena** stirs again, one arm clutching the apron, her face a mask of exhaustion and rage as she drags herself up. In the ring, **Shayna Vex** rises slowly, breathing deep, recalibrating for the next strike.]

 [**Lena Wilde** drags herself up onto the apron, blood dripping from her brow, eyes wild. She slides under the ropes like a storm breaking through, charging straight for **Shayna Vex**.]

👤 [Lena slams into her with a tackle that drives Shayna backward into the corner — fists flying, forearms hammering, wild and unrestrained. Each shot lands heavy, raw, unpolished — pure emotion.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This match is far more brutal and physical than we could have ever imagined! We *knew* it wasn’t going to be pretty, but this—this is a war!”

👤 [As Lena unleashes on Shayna in the corner, **Brandi Blight** slides under the bottom rope on the far side, quiet and deliberate — cold calculation in motion. The crowd starts to buzz as she moves with eerie precision, eyes locked on her target.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s the thing about Brandi Blight, Chaz — she doesn’t rush in, she *hunts*. She’s waiting for her moment!”



👤 [Brandi pops to her feet, grabs a groggy **Sudio** by the hair, and hauls her up. Without hesitation, Brandi spins — *crack!* — lands a *vicious back elbow* flush across Sudio’s jaw, then hooks her waist and *snaps* her over with a perfect *German suplex!*]

💥 *THUD!*

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Golden Standard! Brandi Blight just nailed the Golden Standard out of nowhere!”

👤 [Sudio lies flat, motionless. Brandi bridges the suplex into a pin, her pristine white-and-gold gear smeared with the chaos of the fight.]

Referee: ONE!

🎥 [Meanwhile, in the corner, Lena winds up and *spins*, blasting Shayna in the face with a *spinning back elbow*! The impact sends Shayna flying out of the corner, dazed, staggering toward the center of the ring.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Lena just crushed her with that elbow! Shayna’s out on her feet!”

Referee: *TWO!*

🎥 [With pure instinct, Shayna throws herself forward, *diving across the mat*—and just in time, she *crashes into Brandi* to break up the pin!]

Referee: *TWO... THR—NO!*

🎥 [The crowd *erupts* as the referee waves off the count, both women lying tangled in the center of the ring.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Shayna Vex breaks it up at the last possible second! I thought Brandi had it!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That was instinct, Chaz! Pure fighter’s instinct! Shayna didn’t even know where she was — she just dove for that pin like her life depended on it!”

🎥 [The camera pans around the ring — all four women sprawled, broken, crawling in different directions, the crowd on their feet in awe of the brutality they’re witnessing.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“I don’t know who’s walking out of this one, Bert — but every single woman in that ring has earned her place in CFW history tonight.”

🎥 [**Brandi Blight** shoves Shayna off her in frustration, sweat pouring down her face. She wastes no time and dives onto **Shayna Vex** for a pin, hooking the leg tight.]

Referee: *ONE!*

🎥 [Shayna *powers out* instantly, bench-pressing Brandi off of her. Brandi sits up, eyes wide, the frustration etched across her face as the crowd’s roar grows heavier.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“She only got one! You can see it on Brandi’s face — she’s unraveling, Chaz. Every time she thinks she’s got this thing won, someone finds a way to survive!”

🎥 [Across the ring, **Lena Wilde** is back on her feet, blood running down her cheek, eyes burning with frustration and fire. She roars and charges at Brandi — full speed.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Lena Wilde’s not done yet! She’s running on nothing but heart!”

🎥 [Brandi spins — and *BOOM!* — catches Lena mid-charge with her signature move, the *Golden Standard!* A spinning back elbow cracks against Lena’s jaw, followed by a lightning-fast *snap German suplex* that whips her across the mat! The ring shakes with impact.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“The Golden Standard! Brandi hit it flush! Lena Wilde just got folded in half!”

🎥 [Brandi arches up for the bridge — but before she can even think of a cover, **Shayna Vex** is already moving. She pops to her feet the instant Brandi lands the move, grabs her around the waist—]

💥 *SNAP!*

🎥 [A *massive German suplex* from Shayna sends Brandi crashing down hard, the crowd exploding at the sight.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“German suplex from Shayna Vex! That’s payback for earlier! What a counter — what timing!”

🎥 [Shayna rolls to her knees, gasping, the energy of the crowd shaking the building. Behind her, chaos reigns — **Sudio**, running on instinct and adrenaline, barely conscious, stirs on the mat.]

🎥 [She looks over and sees **Lena**, laid out and motionless from the Golden Standard. Without thinking — maybe out of luck, maybe pure heart — Sudio throws an arm across Lena’s chest.]

Referee: ONE!

...TWO!

...THREE!

🎵 *DING! DING! DING!*

🎥 [The crowd *erupts* — the referee slides in, grabbing Sudio’s wrist and lifting it as the ring becomes a scene of exhaustion and disbelief. Shayna sits on her knees, staring, realizing

what just happened. Brandi rolls to the corner, fuming, smacking the mat in rage. Lena doesn't move, still down from the impact.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"She did it! Sudio wins it! I don't even think she knew what she was doing — instinct, heart, pure survival!"



BERT MCDANIELS:

"Out of nowhere, Chaz! Sudio steals it — she weathered the chaos, the hatred, the heartbreak — and somehow, *someway*, she's the one standing tall at Run It Back!"

🎥 [The camera zooms in on Sudio, sitting on the mat, eyes wide, chest heaving, realizing what just happened as the crowd chants her name: "SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O! SU-DI-O!" The lights flare, confetti barely visible in the haze of sweat and exhaustion.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"What a war. What a statement. Sudio just proved she's not just style and flash — she's got the heart of a champion."

BERT MCDANIELS:

“And with that win, Chaz — she’s *earned* her shot. At *Kingdom Come*, it’s official — Sudio just punched her ticket!”

Winner: Sudio

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Sudio sneaks out a win—pinning her friend Lena Wilde! Things got heated, Chaz, real heated.”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Yeah, Bert... I think Sudio felt she owed Lena one after what happened at *Crossroads*. You can see it all over her face—this wasn’t just another match for her.”

 [Sudio sits up, breathing heavy, staring at Lena with a mix of shock and guilt. The referee raises her arm, but her eyes don’t leave her fallen friend. The crowd gives a standing ovation, half in awe, half unsure what to make of it.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I’d *like* to think there’s no hard feelings between them, but after this match... I don’t know anymore.”

 [Sudio glances around the ring—Shayna kneeling in frustration near the ropes, Brandi glaring coldly from the corner, and Lena still down, dazed but conscious. The camera lingers on Sudio’s face—torn between triumph and conflict.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Both of them showed unbelievable heart tonight, Bert. No matter how you slice it, you can’t deny the will to win that burns in both Lena Wilde and Sudio.”

 [The celebration is over before it even begins. As **Sudio** kneels in the ring, still reeling from the chaos of the match, the cheers shift — the crowd’s noise changes from excitement to confusion. The camera snaps to **Brandi Blight**, rising slowly from the mat. Her eyes lock on Sudio — and something in her expression *changes*.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Sudio just pulled off the upset — but wait... wait a second... Brandi Blight — she’s still in that ring, and she doesn’t look happy.”

 [The sudden movement — like a switch flipped — **Brandi** lunges, *charging Sudio*, swinging wild, furious punches! The crowd erupts in shock as she tackles Sudio down and starts hammering her with fists and boots.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Here she goes! Brandi’s snapped! She’s *snapped!*”

🎥 [Each strike lands harder. The bell keeps ringing — *ding ding ding* — but Brandi doesn’t stop. She screams at Sudio between blows, her voice shaking with rage, mascara streaked from sweat and tears.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Brandi Blight has lost it! She’s furious, she’s screaming, she’s taking it all out on Sudio!”

🎥 [**Shayna Vex**, kneeling by the ropes, watches for a moment. Her face reads nothing but frustration. She exhales, shaking her head, and decides not to get involved. She slowly slips out of the ring, muttering to herself as the action continues.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Shayna Vex... she’s not helping. You can’t blame her — she’s battered, bruised, and tired. But this... this is ugly, Bert!”

🎥 [Brandi keeps swinging, the crowd now fully on their feet — half of them booing, half of them screaming for someone to stop her. **Lena Wilde** still barely conscious. **Sudio** tries to cover up, but Brandi just keeps pounding. Then she grabs a handful of Sudio’s hair and starts *slamming her head repeatedly* against the mat.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Come on! Somebody stop her! Brandi, that’s too much!”

🎥 [Then — *something shifts*. Brandi freezes mid-swing. The crowd buzzes again — from “boo” to “huh?” as her posture changes. She sits back slightly, one hand still clutching Sudio’s hair, her chest heaving.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Wait... what the hell is this?”

🎥 [The camera zooms in. Brandi’s expression has changed — her eyes, once full of fire, now seem empty. Hollow. A faint, dead-eyed smile creeps across her face.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Bert... what the hell... look at her face...”

🎥 [Brandi’s demeanor is gone. No screaming, no emotion — just that blank, unsettling look. The crowd’s noise shifts again — a wave of unease. The camera lingers, and the silence in the ring becomes heavy.]

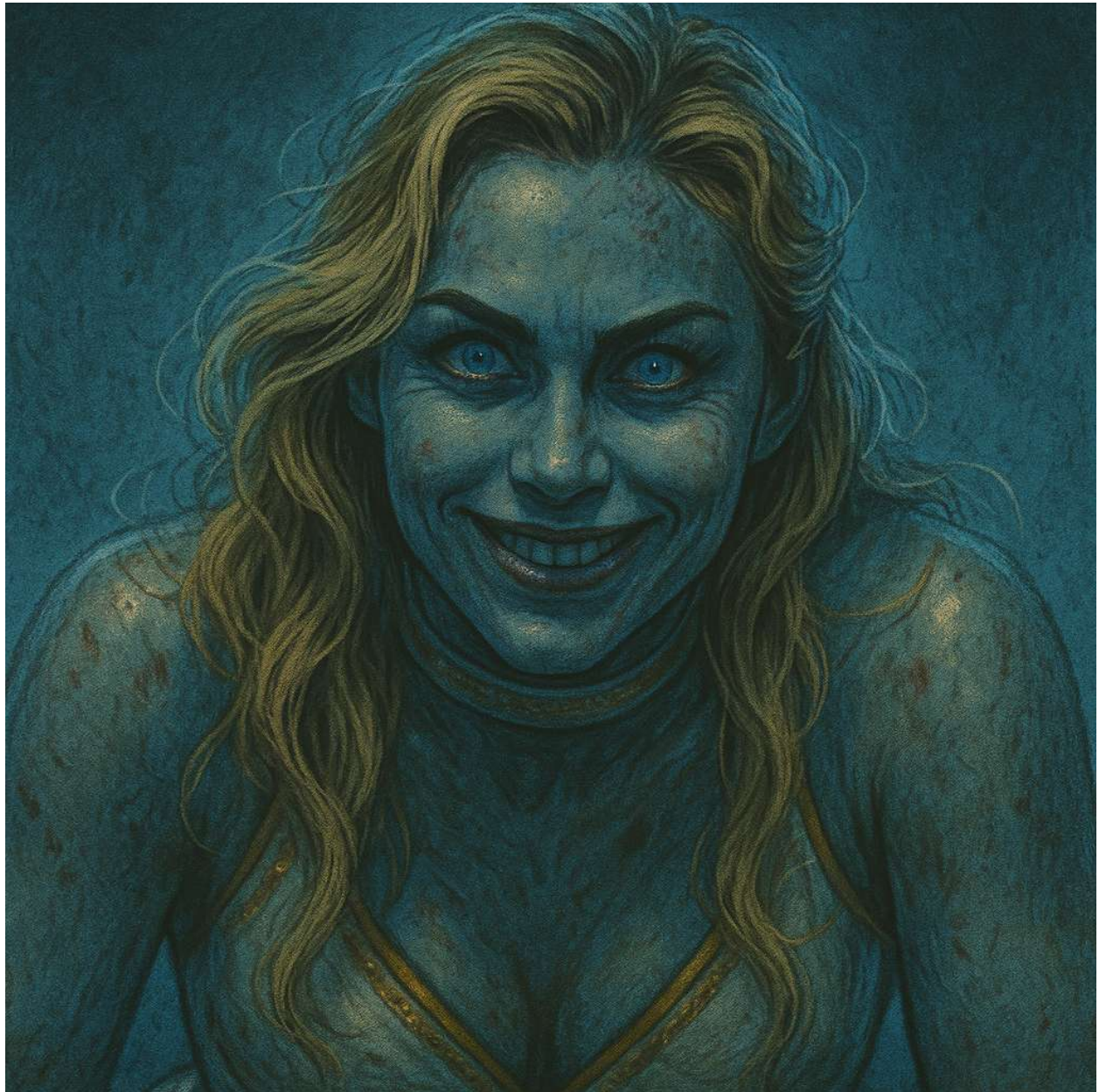
BERT MCDANIELS:

“Is she... is she playing us? Or is that... is that the damn tape again?”

🎬 [Brandi sits over Sudio, unmoving, that tiny creepy smirk forming on her face. The screen flickers — the lights seem to shift to a cold blue hue. The crowd begins chanting, not cheers, but confusion: “*What’s happening?!*”]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Something’s happening, Bert... I don’t know what, but whatever it is... it’s not good.”



🎥 [The eerie blue hue still bathes the ring. **Brandi Blight** stands motionless at its center — eyes distant, faint smirk unmoving. The crowd’s noise has dropped to a low, uneasy murmur.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“She’s just standing there, Bert. No movement, no emotion — what are we even witnessing right now?”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I don’t know, Chaz. I’ve seen mind games, I’ve seen breakdowns, but this—this is different. That’s the same look Ronnie had after watching that damn tape... the same look Vanessa had when she came back. I don’t care what anybody says, something’s off.”

🎥 [The camera tightens on Brandi’s face, that faint smirk still holding as the blue light pulses around her.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Y’know, wrestlers have called this stuff out for weeks — said it’s fake, it’s mind games, it’s just theater. But standing here right now... I don’t know, Bert. I don’t like this. I don’t *feel* right about it.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“You can call it superstition, you can call it acting — I don’t care. But I’m tellin’ ya right now, Chaz... Jace Valor, Ace Dalton, all those so-called purists can say it’s bullshit all they want, but I’m standing here seeing it with my own damn eyes! That’s not Brandi Blight”

🎥 [The crowd roars at the line, feeding off Bert’s passion. Brandi slowly turns her head toward the camera — that same lifeless gaze, the faint smirk never fading.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“I’ll tell ya this much, Bert — fake or not, whatever that is on her face... it’s *wrong*. I don’t like what we’re seeing here.”

🎥 [Brandi steps through the ropes, the eerie blue glow following her as she walks up the ramp in silence. The fans at ringside lean away as she passes, unsure whether to boo or stay quiet.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“There’s something happening in CFW, Chaz. And I don’t think any of us can explain it. But whether you’re a believer or not, that right there... that’s real.”

🎥 [The eerie blue glow still lingers faintly over the arena as **Brandi Blight** disappears through the curtain. The crowd buzzes — confused, murmuring, unsure if what they witnessed was real or staged. The camera cuts to the commentary desk.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

(quietly) “I... I don’t know what to say, Bert.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Neither do I, partner. That... that wasn’t normal. Not in any sense of the word.”

🎥 [The camera holds on them a moment longer. The blue hue gives their faces a ghostly cast — they look shaken, trying to gather themselves.]



CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Let’s... uh... let’s try to regroup here, folks. We’ve still got one more match — our main event. And it’s one that’s been months in the making.”

🎥 [The lights start to normalize, the eerie blue slowly giving way to the warm golden tones of the highlight reel. The big screen lights up with the words: “**VALOR vs. DALTON — RUN IT BACK**”.]

CFW: “Run It Back” Hype Reel — Valor vs Dalton

[Soft piano underscored by crowd ambience. The screen shows flickering indie-cam footage — half-empty gyms, folding chairs, two kids chasing the dream.]

Narrator (V.O.):

“Before the lights, before the Foundry... there were nights where nobody showed up.”

 *Young Jace Valor hits a diving knee to a pop of thirty fans.*

 *Ace Dalton finishes a match in a barn show, wrists taped with athletic cloth and hope.*

Narrator:

“Jace Valor — the natural. The indie darling who filled every room he entered.

Ace Dalton — the grinder, built from brick dust and long drives.”

 *Clips of them together — handshake backstage, tag match victory, side-by-side in an old locker room laughing.*

Narrator:

“Different paths. Same love.”

RECLAMATION – THE REBIRTH

 *The CFW Reclamation logo hits. Packed Foundry crowd.*

CHAZ DEL RIO (V.O.):

“When CFW came back from the dead, Jace Valor was the name on the marquee.”

 *Valor’s entrance from Reclamation, crowd chanting his name.*

BERT MCDANIELS (V.O.):

“And Ace Dalton? He was the soul underneath it all — every bruise, every mile leading here.”

FACE OFF – FRIEND vs FRIEND

 *Clips of them circling each other, respectful handshake, then hard-hitting exchanges.*

Narrator:

“At Face Off, respect met reality. And on that night... the grinder beat the golden boy.”

 *Ace hits his finisher, scores the three. He helps Jace up, raises his arm — brief smile, crowd roaring.*

Narrator:

“But every handshake leaves a scar.”

CROSSFIRE AT CROSSROADS

 *Footage of Ace’s fiery Crossroads promo, mic trembling with conviction.*

ACE DALTON (clip):

“I’m done with theatrics and ghost stories — I watched the tape, and I’m still here! This sport is about sweat and truth, not smoke and mirrors!”

 *Crowd chanting “ACE! ACE! ACE!”*

Narrator:

“He stood against MAR. Against the myth. For wrestling itself.”

BLACK LIGHT 21 – THE BREAK

 *Live crowd footage. Jace in the ring, passionate.*

JACE VALOR (clip):

“If you take a handout from MAR, you betray everything we built!”

 *Ace steps out, jaw tight.*

ACE DALTON (clip):

“So what, Jace? You want it handed to you because the fans buy your shirts?”

 *The two nose-to-nose, crowd split down the middle — chants of “JA-CE!” and “ACE!” colliding.*

Narrator:

“Brothers once... rivals now.”

THE WHISPER

 *Dark hallway — Venessa Vale approaching Ace’s locker room. Door closes.*

VENESSA (V.O., muffled):

“...he wants me in your corner...”

 *Static flicker. Silence.*

Narrator:

“Lines between truth and belief begin to blur.”

FINAL BEAT

 *Fast montage — Jace training alone under flickering lights; Ace wrapping his wrists, staring at the floor; quick flashes of MAR’s silhouette; the Seers’ whisper overlaying cheers*

of the crowd.

Narrator:

“Two men.

One bond.

One question left.”

🎬 Freeze on Jace’s determined glare. Then on Ace — conflicted, lit by faint blue hue.

Narrator (final line):

“Has the light changed the man... or just revealed him?”

🎵 Music swells — logo burn-in: **CFW RUN IT BACK**

Main Event

Jace Valor vs Ace Dalton

🎬 [The crowd inside the Venice Civic Center is electric — the air thick with anticipation.

The lights flash across a sea of handmade signs, fans chanting both names at once: “ACE!

ACE! ACE!” followed by “LET’S GO JACE!” The energy is split straight down the middle.]

🎵 [Ace Dalton’s music hits. The crowd *erupts*. A couple of beats pass before Ace steps out onto the stage. He stands still for a moment — shoulders squared, jaw tight — soaking in the reaction before beginning his slow walk to the ring.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Well, there’s a lot of questions surrounding this man, Chaz. Especially after what we just saw with Brandi Blight earlier tonight. We saw Ace with Brandi, and some say he hasn’t been himself ever since.”

🎬 [Ace moves with calm focus — no smiles, no theatrics. He adjusts the tape on his wrists, eyes locked on the



ring as the crowd chants his name. The camera catches a close-up — his face unreadable, every emotion buried under discipline.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Jace Valor said it loud and clear, Bert — these two know each other better than anyone. But Jace doesn’t think Ace has been himself since *Dominion*. That’s not coming from a place of hatred, that’s coming from concern.”

🎬 [Ace pauses ringside, glancing briefly toward the crowd, then steps through the ropes. He paces slowly, loosening up, rolling his shoulders. He looks toward the entrance, waiting.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“And remember — Venessa Vale said something about being in his corner tonight. I’m assuming she meant this match. There’s no sign of her though, and that’s gotta be a good sign.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

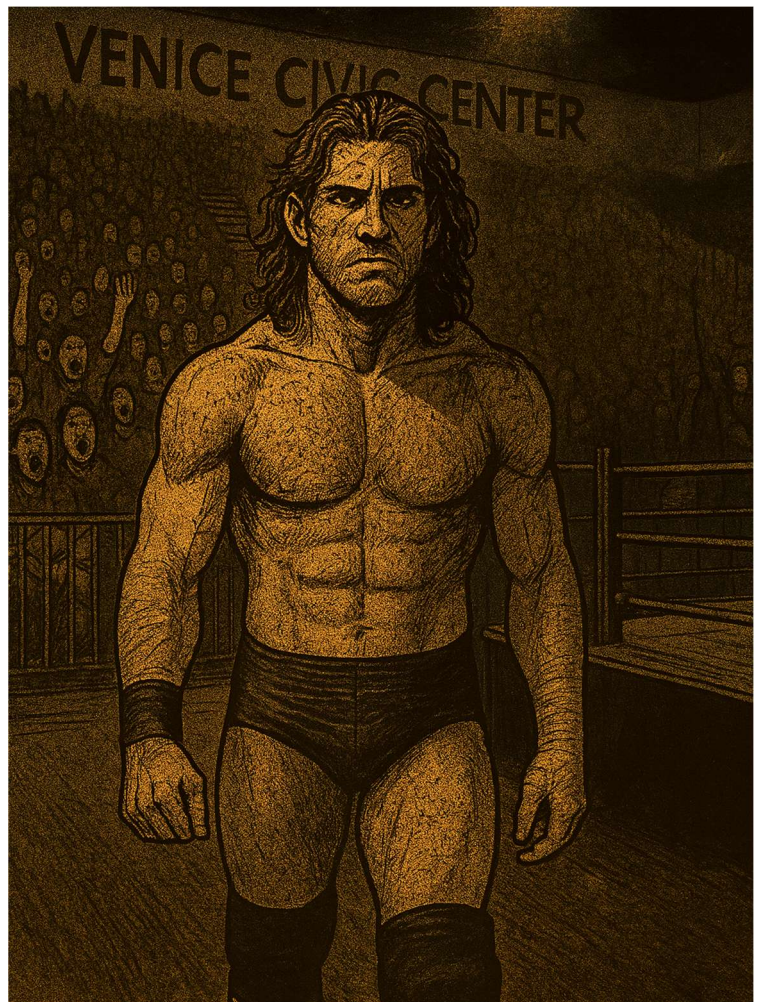
“Yeah, for everyone involved. The last thing Ace Dalton needs right now is another ghost whispering in his ear.”

🎵 [The lights drop. A low hum rolls through the building. The opening pulse of Jace Valor’s theme hits, and the Venice Civic Center comes unglued. Fans rise to their feet, the noise deafening.]

🎬 [Jace steps through the curtain — hoodie up, eyes locked on the ring. He stops at the top of the ramp, looking straight at Ace. The camera cuts to Ace returning the stare — two old friends, two rivals, one final reckoning.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Here comes Jace Valor — the heart of CFW, the pride of the Foundry. And listen to this crowd! The roof’s coming off this place!”



BERT MCDANIELS:

“This is respect turned rivalry, Chaz. These two built this company side by side, and tonight — they’re gonna tear it down together.”

 [Jace walks to the ring slowly, soaking in the moment. The chants shift rhythmically — “ACE DAL-TON!” “JA-CE VA-LOR!” The sound collides and blends into one roar.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“The first time they met at **Face Off**, it was about proving who the better man was. Tonight — it’s about a chance at gold!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s right, Chaz — both men know what’s at stake here. The winner gets the first shot at MAR and the CFW World Championship.”

 [Jace slides under the ropes and pops up to his feet. The two meet center-ring, nose-to-nose, tension thick enough to cut. The camera pans around them in a slow orbit — crowd flashing in the background.]

 [Both men stand center ring. The crowd quiets into an anxious buzz. You can feel it through the camera — that pulse before the storm. Jace and Ace are nose-to-nose, the space between them measured in inches and history.]

 [The referee holds his arm out between them, saying something neither hears. Their eyes never leave each other.]

 *DING DING DING*

 [The bell rings — but neither moves. They just stare. The tension doesn’t break; it *tightens*. The crowd murmurs louder. The hard cam catches Jace’s jaw moving — he’s saying something to Ace, but the mics don’t catch it.]

 [Ace doesn’t react — calm, breathing steady, the same way he starts every match. Jace steps closer, still talking. Louder this time. The veins in his neck start to show.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Look at this, Bert — Jace Valor’s not waiting to wrestle, he’s trying to *get inside* Dalton’s head!”

 [Ace finally lifts his chin, saying something back — quiet, deliberate. Jace shakes his head and steps in even closer until their foreheads meet.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Oh boy — this is going to explode any second now!”

🎥 [The crowd stands as the two press forehead to forehead, screaming at each other. The noise swells — every fan on their feet.]

🎥 [Jace shoves Ace hard in the chest.]

🎥 [Ace doesn't step back. He just blinks — then fires off a stiff forearm that *cracks* through the air.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“OH! And Ace fires first!”

🎥 [Jace reels, then fires right back — a blistering forearm of his own. The crowd erupts. The sound echoes through the small venue like a drum.]

🎥 [Another from Ace. Another from Jace. Back and forth. Flesh and fury.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“They're not even wrestling anymore — this is pride, pure and simple!”

🎥 [Ace catches the next forearm mid-swing, hooks Jace's arm, and pulls him straight into a tight waistlock — technician instincts firing instantly.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“That's Dalton's training right there — turns chaos into control!”

🎥 [Ace takes Jace down with a slick chain wrestling sequence — float-over, front facelock, rolls through into a grounded wrist control. The crowd claps in appreciation.]

🎥 [Jace rolls through, flips to his knees, breaks the grip, and *slaps Ace in the back of the head*. The crowd gasps.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Disrespect from Valor! He's saying ‘you might've beat me once — but not tonight!’”

🎥 [They lock up again — Jace forces Ace to the corner, forearms digging in. The ref counts. Jace backs off on four, hands up, jawing at Ace the whole way.]

🎥 [Ace steps forward — quick arm drag — another — chain transition — he keeps control. He's smoother, quieter, sharper.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This is where Ace Dalton thrives. The tie-dye might fool you, but once you’re on the mat with him, you’re playing his game — and there’s no winning that game for free.”

 [Ace hooks the arm, spins around into a hammerlock, and plants a knee in Jace’s back. Controlled, surgical. The crowd hums with respect.]

 [Jace grits his teeth, elbows free, spins out, and lands a stiff shot to the ribs — then a sharp kick to the thigh.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“There’s that hybrid striking — Jace mixing it up! Every hit has a message attached!”

 [Ace absorbs the kick and sweeps the leg, taking Jace down again, flowing instantly into a front chancery. His calm, methodical pace grinds against Jace’s fire.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You can see the contrast clear as day, Bert — Ace wants to slow this down, dissect it. Jace wants to *ignite* it.”

 [Ace transitions to a side mount — starts to wrench the shoulder — but Jace powers up, pushing Ace off and springing to his feet.]

 [The crowd cheers — both men up, circling again.]

 [They lock up again — collar and elbow. This time it’s fast, tense, each man digging for leverage. Ace rolls through, drops low, and grabs a single-leg takedown — Jace sprawls, trying to block. They roll — trading control on the mat.]

 [Ace floats over, trying to isolate an arm. Jace slips loose, reverses into a side headlock. Ace pushes to his feet, shoots him off the ropes — Jace rebounds, ducks a lariat, hits the ropes again, and both collide center-ring with a shoulder block that sends neither man down.]

 [They glare, both breathing heavier now. The crowd roars — the energy rising.]

 [Another lock-up — this time Jace spins into a standing switch. Ace counters with a hip toss. Jace lands hard, pops up fast — arm drag from Ace — Jace rolls through and grabs a wrist. Ace kips up to escape — Jace answers with a quick elbow to the ribs.]

 [Ace stumbles a half-step. Jace doesn’t hesitate — he fires another elbow, this one catching Ace flush on the temple. The sound echoes.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Whoa! That one caught him clean — Ace might be rattled!”



🎬 [Ace grabs the top rope, shaking the cobwebs. Jace's demeanor shifts — the calm, confident composure is gone, replaced by pure heat. He rushes in — fires a hard forearm to the jaw — then another — then grabs Ace by the wrist and *whips him hard* into the opposite turnbuckle.]

🎬 [Ace hits the buckles full speed — his back arches on impact. The crowd winces.]

🎬 [Jace charges full throttle — flying knee to the chest! The crowd explodes as Ace collapses to one knee.]

🎬 [Jace doesn't stop. He grabs the top rope and unloads with a flurry — spinning elbow — another — then a third that lands square against Ace's cheekbone. The noise in The Foundry is deafening.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Jace is taking this match really personal!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Of course he is, Chaz! He doesn't want to take another loss from Ace — not tonight, not with a *title shot* on the line!”

🎥 [Jace backs off just long enough for the camera to catch his face — intense, jaw clenched, every strike fueled by months of frustration. He wipes his mouth, turns back, and drags Ace out of the corner by the wrist.]

🎥 [Ace is dazed but still fighting. He swings blind — Jace ducks under, hooks the waist — Snap German Suplex! The ring shakes!]

🎥 [Jace rolls through, kips up, adrenaline surging — the crowd chanting “VALOR! VALOR!” as he paces the ring.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Jace Valor’s come out swinging — and this is exactly the kind of fire that made him one of the most talked-about names in the indie world!”

🎥 [Jace runs his hands through his hair, taking a breath, eyes flicking down to Ace, who’s pulling himself up with the ropes. The camera zooms tight on Jace’s face — the emotion’s boiling over now.]

🎥 [Ace shakes the sweat from his eyes, steadying his breathing. He glances at Jace — then gestures for him to come on. The crowd erupts again.]

🎥 [Jace obliges, firing another forearm — Ace absorbs it — another — Ace answers back with a blistering European uppercut that halts Jace mid-motion. The building rocks.]

🎥 [Ace grabs the wrist, pulls Jace down into a quick arm drag, transitions into a tight wrist lock, and wrenches it with precision — grounding the pace again, fighting to drag this war back into his rhythm.]

🎥 [Ace grabs a tight side headlock, wrenching Jace down toward the mat. His jaw is locked, sweat dripping from his forehead. He’s desperate — trying to slow the match, trying to stop the storm that’s been building against him.]

🎥 [Jace drives an elbow deep into Ace’s midsection — once, twice — but Ace grits his teeth and tightens the hold, dragging him back down, his forearm pressing into Jace’s jawline.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Ace is using this headlock as a way to take a breather from the onslaught!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He’s just trying to *hang on*! Jace Valor has been relentless tonight — every move, every strike with something to prove!”

🎥 [Ace leans in with every ounce of leverage he can find. The camera zooms close — you can see the tension in his arms, the muscles flexing as he grinds the hold tighter. Jace struggles, fists pounding against Ace’s ribs.]

🎥 [The crowd starts clapping in rhythm, split chants breaking out again — “LET’S GO JACE!” followed by “ACE DAL-TON!”]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Jace Valor is fighting with purpose tonight, Chaz! He wants to prove he can beat Ace Dalton — wants to prove he’s the *golden boy* of CFW!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“We know it’s more than that, Bert. Jace thinks Ace has been getting too close to MAR... and The Seers. He doesn’t think their antics belong anywhere near this ring.”

🎥 [Ace grinds the headlock deeper, whispering something to Jace the camera can’t catch. Jace grimaces, another elbow landing square against Ace’s ribs.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I’m starting to think they’ve gotten into Ace’s head too...”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“How can you not?”

🎥 [Ace holds on tighter, the veins in his forearms bulging. He’s hanging on, but the crowd can feel it — the pressure building, the dam about to break.]



🎥 [Jace clenches his fists, teeth grinding as he digs deep and surges upward — lifting Ace clean off the mat while still trapped in the headlock. The crowd gasps.]

🎥 [Jace powers through, snapping his hips and **slamming Ace backward with a suplex**, breaking the hold! Both men hit hard — the ring rattles, sweat and breath flying into the air.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Jace Valor just muscled his way out! That was pure strength and adrenaline!”

🎥 [Jace rolls to one knee, clutching his neck, eyes burning with intensity. He grabs Ace by the wrist and yanks him to his feet — full force — whips him into the ropes.]

🎥 [Ace rebounds — *BAM!* — Jace meets him in the center of the ring with a **huge lariat!** The impact echoes through the Civic Center. Ace flips backward and crashes to the mat.]

🎥 [Jace doesn’t stop. He drops to a knee beside Ace and fires down stiff forearms — quick, sharp, relentless — every shot filled with emotion.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Jace Valor staying aggressive here! You can see the frustration, the drive — he’s been waiting months for this!”

🎥 [Ace tries to cover up, rolling toward the ropes, but Jace grabs him by the arm and hauls him up again — this time hooking him for a short-arm clothesline. Ace ducks — but Jace pivots and fires another! *Crack!* It lands flush across Ace’s chest.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Jace is starting to wear him down!”

🎥 [Jace grabs Ace by the head, setting up for another suplex — but Ace slips free, spins, and fires off a **superkick** out of nowhere! It lands *flush* on Jace’s jaw.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“I spoke too soon!”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s gonna buy him some time, Chaz!”

🎥 [Jace drops hard, his body twisting as he falls. The crowd gasps again — half cheering, half stunned. Ace stumbles into the ropes, shaking out the cobwebs, chest heaving.]

🎥 [Ace looks down at Jace, who’s clutching his face, trying to push himself up. Ace steps forward and **kicks Jace under the bottom rope**, sending him rolling to the floor outside.]

🎥 [The camera pans up as Ace wipes his mouth, breathing through his nose, sweat streaking down his face. He looks out at Jace on the floor — then turns toward the corner.]

🎥 [The crowd stands — they know what's coming. Ace starts climbing the ropes slowly, one rung at a time, balance steady, movements deliberate. The spotlight catches his tie-dye headband as he reaches the top.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Oh no, what’s he thinking here?!”

🎥 [Ace stands tall, looking down at Jace outside the ring — the crowd is *on their feet*, noise swelling like a wave.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“He’s going high-risk, Chaz — and that’s never good news for anybody on the ground!”

🎥 [Ace steadies himself, eyes locked on his target. The Venice Civic Center is *buzzing* — flashes going off from cell phones, fans chanting “ACE! ACE! ACE!” as the tension builds.]

🎥 [Outside the ring, Jace starts to stir — hand pressed against the floor, eyes squinting through sweat. The crowd noise swells with every inch of movement. He looks up, blinking through the lights — and there’s Ace, standing tall on the top rope, a dark silhouette framed by the glow of the overhead rig.]

🎥 [Ace crouches low, balance steady, locked in like a predator. His headband clings to his sweat-drenched hair as he adjusts his footing, tracking Jace’s every movement like a hawk.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Oh no... Ace Dalton’s waiting for him to move! He’s stalking him!”

🎬 [Jace slides back into the ring — Ace shifts position, muscles coiled — and then *leaps!*]

🎬 [The crowd erupts as Ace **crashes down with a brutal double-foot stomp — a Coup de Grâce straight to the chest!** The sound echoes through the Venice Civic Center as Jace’s body folds on impact.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Good lord! He just drove every bit of air out of Jace Valor’s lungs!”

🎬 [Ace lands on his feet and immediately grabs Jace by the arm, dragging him up. No wasted motion — pure instinct. He hooks the arm, steps behind, and sets up for the **Spinal Bloom — his signature high-angle bridging dragon suplex!**]

🎬 [The crowd stands, everyone sensing it’s about to end.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“If he hits this, it’s over!”

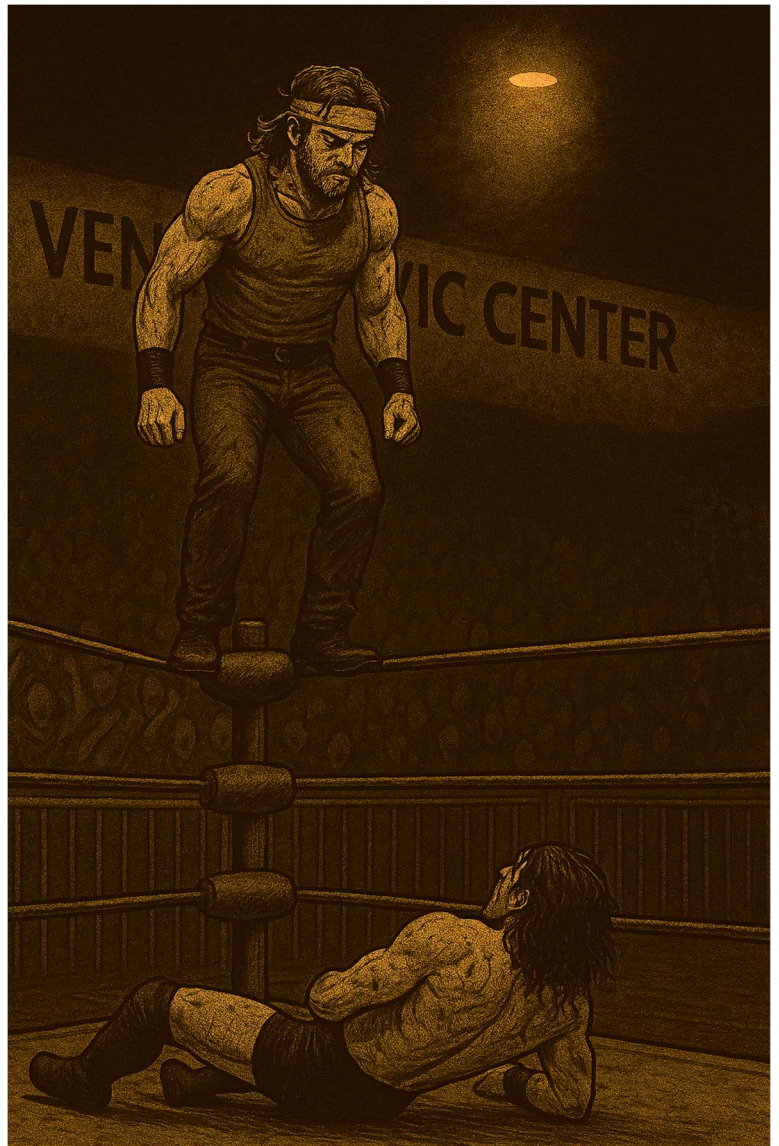
🎬 [Ace lifts — but Jace kicks his legs, slips free, flipping over Ace’s shoulder and landing on his feet! The crowd roars! Before Ace can turn, Jace fires a **jumping knee to the back of Ace’s head!**]

🎬 [The impact snaps Ace forward — chest-first into the ropes. He stumbles backward — right into Jace’s grip!]

🎬 [Jace hooks, pivots, and fires off a **lightning-fast snapping suplex!** The ring shakes as Ace hits hard and rolls to his side, clutching his lower back.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Valor with the counter! That’s pure instinct — and pure survival!”



BERT MCDANIELS:

“He had to! If Dalton landed that Spinal Bloom, this one was over — but Jace turned the whole match in one heartbeat!”

🎥 [Both men are down on the mat, the crowd standing, clapping in rhythm — the camera panning across faces in the crowd, the sense that they’re watching something special unfold.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This is why CFW exists, Bert! It’s not just about titles — it’s about *legacy*! These two are out here proving exactly who they are!”

🎥 [Ace rolls to one knee, shaking his head. Jace pulls himself up using the ropes. Both men glance at each other, exhausted but unbroken. The crowd surges again, roaring louder than before.]

🎥 [Both men slowly rise — bodies trembling, sweat pouring, the crowd rising with them. They lock eyes across the ring, staggering toward each other like two fighters running on pure instinct.]

🎥 [One step. Another. Then— *CRACK!*]

🎥 [Ace fires off another **massive superkick**, catching Jace flush on the jaw! The crowd *erupts*! The noise is deafening inside the Venice Civic Center.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Another superkick from Dalton! He caught him clean again!”

🎥 [Jace falls backward into the ropes, barely staying upright, his arms draped over the top strand. His chest heaves, eyes dazed.]

🎥 [Ace’s expression changes — the calm, measured composure turns sharp, predatory. He sees an opening. He rushes forward and **lunges low**, spearing Jace’s knee out from under him!]

🎥 [Jace collapses with a shout of pain, clutching his leg.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Oh no! Ace just targeted that knee, and you can see the pain written all over Valor’s face!”

🎥 [Ace grabs the leg and starts stomping — once, twice, three times — each one more violent than the last. The crowd boos, some still cheering the aggression, the divide splitting the air in half.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Dalton’s gone from technician to straight-up assassin, Bert! He’s picked a body part and he’s tearing it apart!”

🎬 [The referee slides in, shouting the count — “ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!” — before Ace steps back, hands raised, pacing in a tight circle like a caged animal.]

🎬 [Jace tries to crawl to the ropes, dragging his bad leg, but Ace cuts him off. He drags Jace back to the *center* of the ring, grabs the leg again, and drops down into a **vicious**

single-leg submission, wrenching the knee back at a brutal angle.]

🎬 [Jace screams, pounding the mat in agony as Ace leans back, face twisted in determination.]

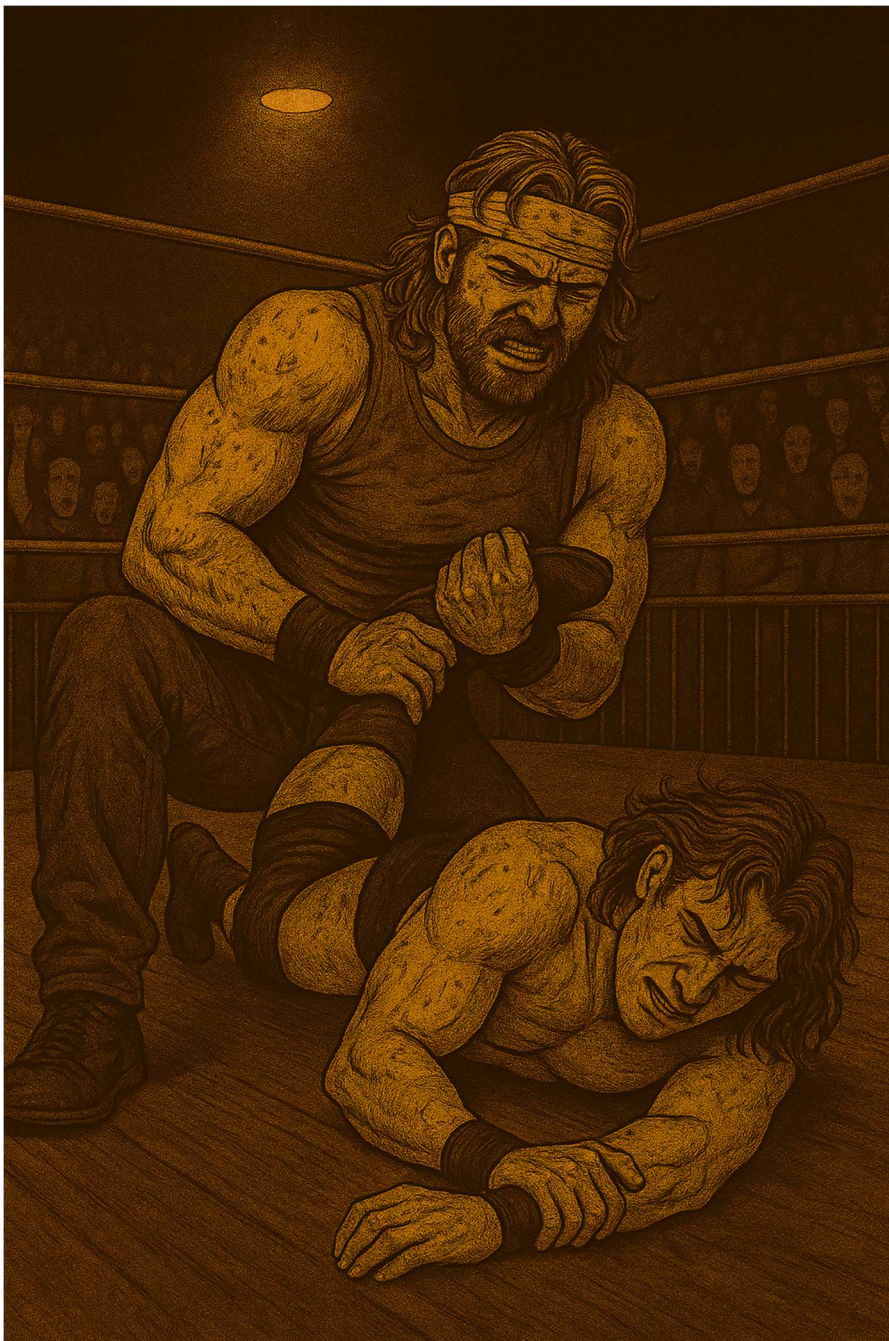
BERT MCDANIELS:

“He’s got him locked in deep! Ace Dalton is wrenching that knee like he’s trying to tear it clean off!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Look at the torque on that hold! This is what Ace does best — pick you apart, piece by piece, until there’s nothing left to fight with!”

🎬 [The ref drops down, checking Jace — “Do you give up?” Jace shakes his head violently, gritting his teeth, refusing to quit. He starts dragging himself inch by inch toward the bottom rope, the crowd clapping in rhythm.]



BERT MCDANIELS:

“He’s got nowhere to go, Chaz! That knee might be done!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“But you can see it — Valor’s not going to tap! Not tonight, not with everything that’s on the line!”

🎥 [Ace leans back even harder, the pressure twisting Jace’s leg at an unnatural angle. The crowd’s divided — half chanting for Ace, half screaming for Jace to fight out.]

🎥 [The referee warns Ace again — “Come on, break it if he gets the rope!” — as Jace stretches his arm out, fingertips brushing the bottom rope but just missing.]

🎥 [The camera cuts to a close-up — Jace’s teeth clenched, the pain flashing through his eyes, the entire crowd on its feet.]

🎥 [Jace stretches out, fingertips just inches from the bottom rope—his hand trembling from the strain. But before he can grab hold, Ace plants his feet, muscles flexing, and **drags Jace back** to the center of the ring. The crowd groans collectively as Jace’s nails scrape across the mat, coming up empty.]

🎥 [Ace sits deep again, wrenching back on the leg, his teeth bared as he twists and pulls. Every torque sends a visible jolt through Jace’s body.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Ace is relentless! He’s fighting with a viciousness we haven’t seen from him before!”

🎥 [Ace yells through gritted teeth, putting all his weight into the hold. Then, suddenly, he **lets go—only to grab Jace’s leg by the ankle and drive his knee straight down into the mat!** The sound of the impact echoes across the Venice Civic Center.]

🎥 [Jace cries out in pain, clutching at his leg, but Ace isn’t finished. He stomps down hard on the knee again—once, twice—then immediately **grabs the hold again**, locking it in even tighter than before.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He’s dissecting that leg, Bert! Every stomp, every twist—it’s surgical!”

🎥 [Ace leans back, veins bulging in his forearms, the strain visible across his face. Jace screams, pounding the mat in pain but refusing to tap. His jaw clenches, his breath ragged, fighting through every second of agony.]

🎬 [The referee drops down—“Jace, do you give up?!”—but Jace just shakes his head, shouting “NO!” as the crowd rallies behind him with rhythmic claps and chants.]

🎬 [Ace snarls, twisting harder, using both arms for leverage. He slams Jace’s knee down again—*BAM!*—and rears back with even more torque.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen Ace Dalton like this, Chaz! This is a different animal tonight!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“It’s like something’s gotten inside his head, Bert—he’s not just trying to win, he’s trying to *break* Jace Valor!”

🎬 [Jace grits his teeth, dragging himself an inch at a time toward the ropes. His face is twisted with pain, but his eyes burn with defiance. The entire arena is on its feet now—half chanting for Ace, half screaming for Jace to fight free.]

🎬 [Ace shakes his head, shouting something down at Jace—“You should’ve stayed down!”—and wrenches the hold again. The emotion in his voice is raw, almost shaking.]

🎬 [Jace claws forward, fingertips brushing the canvas, still miles from salvation.]

🎬 [Ace twists hard on the hold again — Jace howls in agony, his hand hovering above the mat but refusing to tap. Ace’s expression is fierce, almost unrecognizable, a man caught between focus and fury.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“What’s gotten into him, Bert? Jace claims that Ace is playing the same games MAR has been. He even suggested that Ace has *aligned himself* with them!”

🎬 [Ace snarls, driving his forearm deeper into the hold. He looks like he’s exorcising something — every twist sharper, every movement more violent than the last.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“He flat-out said it — and it didn’t sit well with Ace. Maybe *that’s* where this is coming from, Chaz. I know Ace Dalton — he’s a good man. He’s a wrestler. He doesn’t need to play the mind games MAR does. Maybe that’s why he’s fighting like this — he’s trying to prove he’s *not* one of them.”

🎬 [Ace slams the knee into the mat again, letting out a guttural yell before locking the hold back in. The emotion is raw — pride, anger, guilt — all bleeding through his face. The crowd doesn’t know whether to cheer or recoil.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“It’s almost like he’s trying to punish Jace for even saying it — trying to make him take it back!”

🎬 [Jace claws toward the ropes again, pain etched across every inch of his body. He stretches out — fingertips brushing the bottom rope.]

🎬 [Ace looks down at him, breathing heavy, eyes wide — then yanks him away from the ropes again, slamming the leg down hard. The crowd gasps.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I get wanting to prove a point, but at what cost, Chaz?! This isn’t just about pride anymore — this is personal!”

🎬 [Ace’s expression flickers for a moment — that hint of the old Ace underneath — before he doubles down again, wrenching the hold tight, jaw locked. Jace is in agony, but he’s not quitting.]

🎬 [The camera pans across the crowd — split, chanting both names, every fan knowing the line between competition and obsession is starting to blur.]

🎬 [Ace finally releases the hold, breathing hard. He sits back on his knees for a moment, chest heaving, eyes locked on Jace sprawled on the mat clutching his leg. A faint look of *satisfaction* crosses Ace’s face — dark, calm, and unsettling.]

🎬 [The crowd murmurs — some booing, some cheering — unsure how to react to the man they thought they knew.]

🎬 [Ace stands and methodically **stomps on Jace’s leg** again — slow, deliberate, each shot landing with a dull thud. He’s not rushing anymore; he’s savoring control.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This is calculated now, Bert. He’s slowing things down, staying in command. Every stomp’s a message.”

🎬 [Ace grabs a handful of Jace’s hair, pulls him upright, and hooks the arm. He lifts smoothly, bridging back with picture-perfect form — **Fisherman’s Suplex!**]

🎬 [Jace crashes to the mat — the ring shudders. Ace rolls through, still holding on for a moment before letting go, then pops to his feet.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s the Ace Dalton we know — precision, control, but there’s something colder about him tonight.”

🎬 [Ace paces briefly, jaw set, then drives a kick into Jace’s ribs — another — and another. Each one pushes Jace closer to the ropes. The referee shouts for space, but Ace ignores it, grabbing Jace by the wrist and hauling him up again.]

🎬 [Ace spins for another slam — but this time, **Jace counters!** He slips free, pivots, and looks for an opening — but his knee buckles! He drops instantly, clutching it, pain ripping across his face.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“The knee gave out! That same leg Ace’s been torturing — it couldn’t take the weight!”

🎬 [Ace’s expression snaps back into focus — no hesitation. He drops low, grabs Jace by the waist, and flips through with a sudden burst of motion — **Code Red!** The crowd *erupts!*]

🎬 [Jace’s head snaps back on impact, the crowd exploding with a mixture of cheers and disbelief. Ace sits up immediately, eyes wide, almost shocked by his own execution.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Code Red from Dalton! I don’t even think I’ve seen him pull that out before — he’s fighting with a whole new edge!”

🎬 [Ace doesn’t go for the cover. Instead, he stands, wipes the sweat from his brow, and looks down coldly at Jace’s leg again. The crowd begins to boo, sensing what’s coming.]

🎬 [He stomps on the injured knee — once, twice, three times — each one drawing a louder reaction from the crowd.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He’s unrelenting, Bert — this isn’t the Ace Dalton we’ve known. Something inside him has snapped!”

🎬 [Ace grabs the rope, leaning against it, breathing hard. The lights glint off his sweat-soaked headband as he looks down at Jace writhing in pain — and the expression on his face isn’t fury anymore. It’s something else. Something darker.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“He’s proving a point, Chaz... but I don’t know if anyone’s going to like what that point is.”

🎬 [Ace stands over Jace, sweat dripping from his jaw, chest heaving. He glares down with

an intensity that feels different — heavier, meaner. He shouts at Jace to get up, motioning with his hands.]

🎬 [The crowd's noise dips — a wave of tension rippling through the building.]

🎬 [Jace tries to rise, bracing on one hand, his knee still bent awkwardly beneath him. Ace leans forward and **stomps** hard across his shoulder, sending him right back to the mat.]

🎬 [Ace shouts again, his voice cracking through the crowd noise.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Chaz, I know there’s a title shot on the line, but Ace looks *incensed*! I don’t think this is about championships anymore.”

🎬 [Jace crawls again, his leg trembling. He pushes up to one knee — but Ace steps forward and **kicks the bad knee right out from under him!** Jace collapses face-first, clutching it, groaning in pain.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Dalton’s lost his composure — he’s punishing Valor!”

🎬 [Ace paces around him, shouting down — “Get up! You wanted this, *get up!*” — before delivering another sharp stomp to the leg.]

🎬 [Jace rolls over, forcing himself upright again, using the ropes for balance. He’s hobbling, barely standing — but still defiant. The crowd starts to rally, clapping rhythmically, trying to will him back.]

🎬 [Ace charges, looking to finish it — but Jace plants his good foot and fires off a **huge, stiff shot** to the jaw! The impact sends Ace staggering backward.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Out of nowhere! Jace Valor just threw a bomb!”

🎬 [Ace blinks, stunned — and Jace throws another! And another! The crowd explodes as each one lands, snapping Ace’s head back. Jace’s strikes are wild but heavy, fueled by desperation and heart.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Valor’s running on pure willpower, Bert! Look at him — the leg’s gone, but he’s still swinging!”

🎬 [Jace reels back, screams through gritted teeth, and **charges forward with a massive lariat!** The blow connects — both men crash to the mat, flattened by the impact!]



🎬 [The crowd *erupts*! The camera shakes as fans leap to their feet, the noise deafening inside the Venice Civic Center.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“They both went down! Valor might’ve just bought himself another chance!”

🎬 [Both men lie motionless for a moment, the referee looking back and forth, ready to start the count. The fans are on fire, chanting for both men — “LET’S GO JACE!” / “ACE DALTON!” — the sound splitting the room in half.]

🎬 [Ace rolls to his side, clutching his jaw. Jace lies on his back, staring at the lights, his chest rising and falling in slow, ragged breaths. The ring feels small now — two men surrounded by chaos, heart, and exhaustion.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“This is what CFW is built on, Bert — heart, pain, and pride! Neither man’s got much left, but neither’s about to stop!”

🎬 [Both men lie on the canvas, motionless except for the rise and fall of their chests. The crowd’s roar fades into a low hum — anticipation thick in the air.]

🎬 [Jace’s hand twitches first. Then his arm. He slaps the mat — once, twice, over and over — trying to will himself back to life. Each hit gets louder, syncing with the crowd clapping in rhythm.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“You can *feel* it, Bert — he’s fighting his own body right now!”

🎬 [Ace rolls to a knee, still shaken from the lariat. Jace drags himself up on the ropes, wincing with every inch. They face each other again, unsteady, exhausted, but ready to go to war.]

🎬 [Ace throws a wild right hand — Jace ducks! In a flash, **Jace wraps around behind him — SNAP GERMAN SUPLEX!** Ace bounces off the mat, flipping to his knees.]

🎬 [Jace stumbles forward, clutching his bad knee, but pushes through — the crowd surging as he pops up and **drills Ace with a pop-up knee strike!** The impact echoes through the building.]

🎬 [Ace drops, dazed, but before he can hit the mat fully — **Jace slides in low and cracks him with a sliding elbow to the jaw!** The sound draws a collective gasp from the Venice Civic Center crowd.]

🎬 [Jace collapses beside him, clutching his own leg in agony.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“He just inflicted a lot of pain on himself with that move! That knee might be done!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“No one’s got more heart than Jace Valor, Bert! He’s giving it *everything* he’s got — even if it means risking total injury!”

🎥 [The crowd leaps to its feet, exploding in pure adrenaline. Chants fill the air — “VAL-OR! VAL-OR! VAL-OR!” — echoing through the steel rafters.]

🎥 [The camera zooms in on Jace’s face — the pain etched deep, but his eyes blazing. He’s down, but the spark is there. He knows he landed it. He knows he’s still in this.]

🎥 [Ace lies on his back, jaw slack, dazed from the impact. Jace tries to crawl, grimacing with every pull, dragging himself toward him — fighting his own pain to make the cover.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That Breaker Sequence was a thing of beauty — but I don’t know if he’s got enough left to capitalize!”

🎥 [The crowd continues to roar as Jace collapses over Ace, arm draped across his chest. The referee slides in for the count — “ONE! TWO!—”]

🎥 [Ace kicks out *barely!* The pop shakes the arena again.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He almost had him! Jace Valor almost pulled it off right there!”

🎥 [Jace rolls onto his back, clutching his knee, the camera zooming in as he grimaces in pain — but behind the agony, there’s a small, stubborn grin. He knows he’s still in it.]

🎥 [Ace rolls over first, breathing hard, wiping blood and sweat from his mouth. He pulls himself upright, glancing down at Jace — frustration still boiling. He steps forward and **goes for another stomp**, aiming for the injured knee again.]

🎥 [But Jace reacts — pure instinct — he **hooks Ace’s leg** mid-stomp and sweeps him down to the mat! The crowd gasps.]

🎥 [Ace scrambles, trying to twist free, but Jace rolls through — now both men are tangled on the canvas, exchanging rapid-fire counters. Wrist locks, leg traps, escapes — it’s a technical war between two masters. The crowd claps in rhythm with each reversal.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Beautiful chain wrestling! These two know each other too well — every move answered, every counter scouted!”

🎥 [Jace breaks the sequence, pushing off Ace’s chest and hobbling up to one leg. He’s standing, barely, pain etched across his face.]

🎬 [Ace rises just behind him and fires a **massive forearm strike** to the back of Jace's neck! The sound of the impact echoes.]

🎬 [Jace sways on his feet — eyes glassy — nearly falling forward.]



BERT

MCDANIELS:

“He’s out on his feet, Chaz! I think that shot just shut him down!”

🎬 [Ace steps forward, winding up for another — swinging for the kill.]

🎬 [But this time, Jace ducks under — **hooks the wrist!** The crowd gasps as he spins out, yanking Ace’s arm across his own chest — **Modified Crossface locked in!**]

🎬 [They both fall to the mat — Jace twisting and securing his legs — locking in the **VALOR CLUTCH!** The crowd explodes to their feet!]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“VALOR CLUTCH! HE’S GOT IT LOCKED IN!”

🎥 [Jace screams through gritted teeth, pulling back on Ace’s face, wrenching the neck while trapping the wrist tight. Ace’s body twists in agony, reaching out in desperation — nowhere to go.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Jace Valor pulled that out of *nowhere*! What a counter! The crowd’s on fire!”

🎥 [The referee dives down, checking Ace. The crowd is thunderous — every fan on their feet chanting, “TAP! TAP! TAP!” The sound fills the entire arena.]

🎥 [Ace claws toward the ropes, his fingertips scraping the mat, his head twisting against Jace’s grip. Jace’s face is red with exertion, veins bulging as he pulls back with everything he has left.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He’s got the wrist trapped — there’s nowhere for Ace to go! He’s stuck!”

🎥 [The camera zooms in tight — Jace screaming with effort, Ace fighting through the pain, the referee hovering close. The crowd’s volume peaks, the energy pure chaos.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“This could be it! If he can’t break that grip, Ace Dalton’s title dreams are slipping away right here!”

🎥 [Jace roars through clenched teeth, twisting harder — the Valor Clutch cinched in deep, center ring — the crowd shaking the building to its foundation.]

🎥 [Jace wrenches back hard on the **Valor Clutch**, every muscle in his body trembling with exhaustion and fury. His face is twisted in effort, his jaw locked. The camera zooms in tight — veins bulging, sweat flying, every ounce of strength focused on breaking Ace Dalton down.]

🎥 [Ace claws at the mat, trying to shift his weight, but Jace has the wrist trapped tight. Ace’s face contorts — he kicks his legs, tries to twist, but there’s nowhere to go. The crowd’s roar grows louder, feeding the tension.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He’s got him locked in deep! The center of the ring — no escape!”

🎥 [Ace plants one hand, tries to push himself up — Jace screams, pulling harder, wrenching the crossface deeper! The sound echoes through the Venice Civic Center.]

🎥 [Ace's body begins to slump, his hand slipping from the mat. The ref drops down, checking on him closely. The crowd starts stomping their feet, clapping, willing Ace to fight.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Ace is fading! He's been in that clutch for too long — look at him! He's fading!”

🎥 [Ace stirs faintly, reaching out, but his body starts to go limp. The referee grabs his arm — lifts it — it drops. The crowd gasps. He lifts it again — and again it falls.]

🎥 [The ref goes to check a third time — the whole building is on its feet now, the tension electric — but suddenly, the *crowd noise changes*. It's not just volume — it's confusion, shock, unease.]

🎥 [The camera pans toward the corner — and there she is. **Vanessa Vale**. Standing on the ring apron, one hand gripping the top rope, her eyes locked coldly on the ring.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“What the hell is *she* doing out here?!”

🎥 [Vanessa steps fully into the ring corner, her face unreadable — the light hitting her gold and black gear, her warpaint streaked from sweat and time. She looks calm, but the atmosphere turns heavy, almost suffocating.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“She helped Feral steal a win earlier tonight — get her out of here! There's too much on the line here!”

🎥 [The referee notices her, shouting for her to get down — but she doesn't move. Her gaze never leaves Ace Dalton, still trapped in the clutch, his arm twitching weakly.]

🎥 [Jace's eyes shift — he sees her now. Confusion flashes across his face, but he tries to focus. He tightens the hold again, yelling through clenched teeth, “TAP!” — trying to block her out.]

🎥 [Vanessa steps closer, almost ghostlike, her presence cutting through the noise. The crowd is roaring, half in confusion, half in fury.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“What’s going on here, Bert? Is she here to help Ace or to ruin this match like she did earlier?”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I don’t know, Chaz, but her being out here changes *everything!*”

🎥 [Jace shakes his head, trying to focus, trying to shut it out. He yells again, wrenching on the clutch — Ace’s face twisted in pain, fading, the ref shouting, “Do you give up?!”]

🎥 [Vanessa doesn’t move. Her arms down, eyes locked on Jace now — cold, deliberate. The symbolism is unmistakable — she’s standing in Ace’s corner.]

🎥 [The crowd is at a fever pitch now, the tension unbearable. The ref kneels down, checking Ace again — Jace roaring, Vanessa looming in the corner like a shadow.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“This match is on a knife’s edge, Chaz — if Vanessa does anything, *anything*, it could blow this whole thing apart!”

🎥 [Jace keeps the hold locked tight, veins bulging in his arms. He’s trying to end this — to prove everything — but his eyes flick back toward Vanessa for just a moment, and that second of distraction changes the air in the room.]

🎥 [The fans are screaming, the referee torn, Vanessa still silent — and Ace... still barely hanging on.]



🎬 [Jace wrenches back with everything he has — the veins in his neck popping, his entire body shaking with effort. He yells out, his voice hoarse from the strain.]

🎬 [The crowd screams with him, the sound reaching a deafening pitch as **Ace shows faint signs of life**, his arm twitching, his head lifting just an inch off the mat.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He’s still in it! Ace Dalton’s still alive in that hold!”

🎬 [Jace yanks again, twisting hard — every muscle flexing, refusing to let go. But Ace won’t tap. Somehow, some way, he fights through the pain, his hand hovering above the mat but never falling. The referee’s down close, ready to call it.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Look at this! Valor’s giving it everything he has, but Ace won’t go down — he’s refusing to break!”

🎬 [The referee suddenly turns his attention away — shouting at Vanessa in the corner, waving for her to get down off the apron.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Come on, ref! Stay focused on the match!”

🎬 [Jace screams in frustration, wrenching one more time — but there’s no response. The referee’s distracted. Ace is still moving faintly. The moment begins to slip away.]

🎬 [Jace’s expression twists — disbelief, fury, exhaustion all blending together. He looks up and sees the referee’s back turned, still yelling at Vanessa to leave the ring.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“The referee’s completely lost control here, Chaz!”

🎬 [Jace’s grip loosens slightly. His eyes lock on Vanessa, who hasn’t moved — still standing in the ring, staring with that same cold, unreadable expression.]

🎬 [With a roar of frustration, Jace **lets go of the clutch**, slamming his hands against the mat in fury. The crowd gasps.]

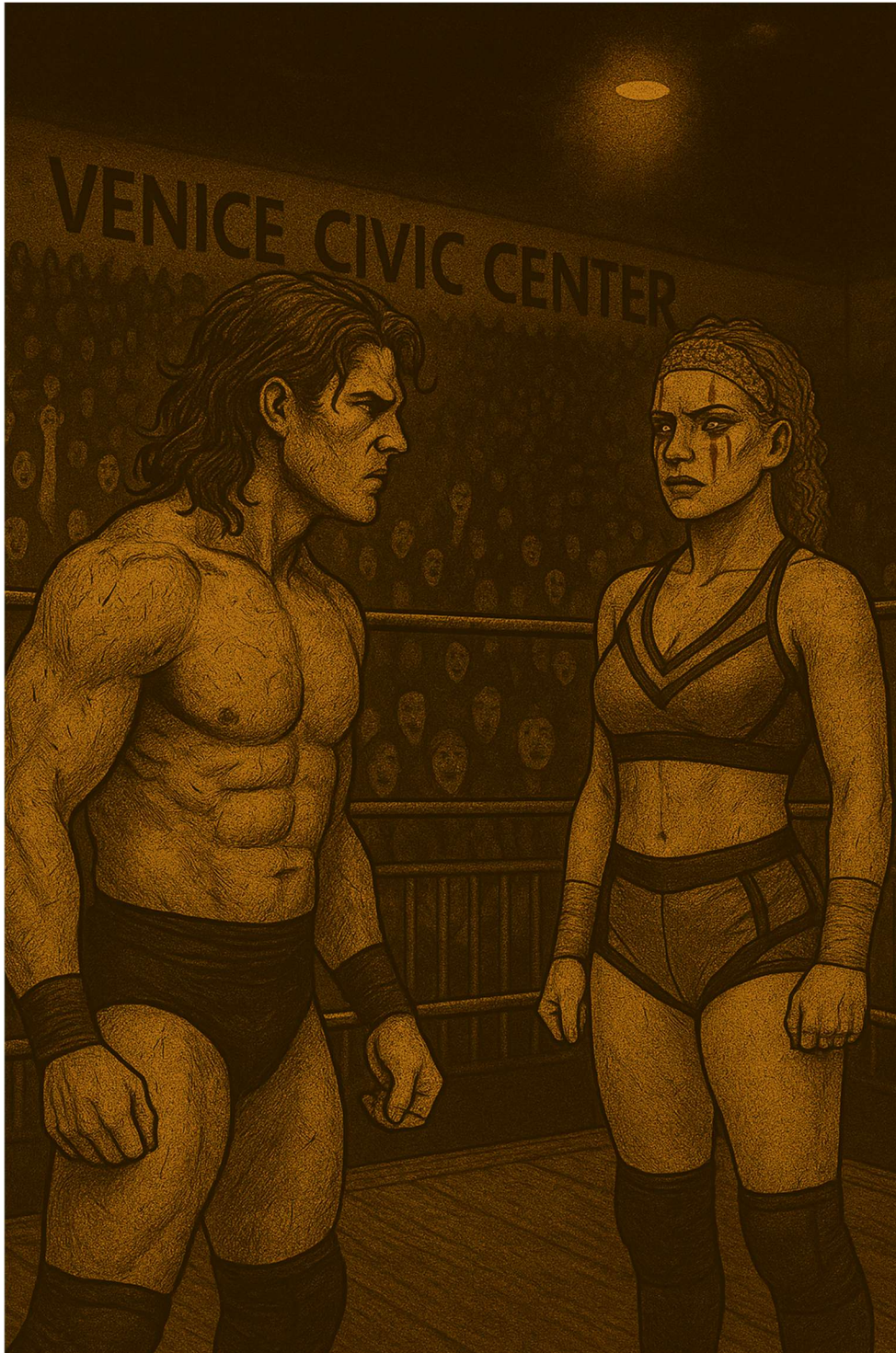
🎬 [He pushes himself up, chest heaving, glaring at Vanessa. His voice cuts through the noise, raw and shaking with emotion.]

JACE (shouting):

“You here to save him?!”

🎬 [The crowd pops at the line, the tension thick enough to taste. Jace stumbles to his feet, favoring his leg, pointing at her from across the ring.]

🎬 [He steps closer, the anger in his eyes burning hotter with each stride.]



BERT MCDANIELS:

“Oh boy... this isn’t good! Valor’s snapped, Chaz!”

🎬 [Vanessa doesn’t flinch. She stands perfectly still, her face stone serious — no emotion, no response, her eyes locked on Jace like she’s waiting for something.]

🎬 [Jace stops just in front of her, inches away, chest heaving, sweat dripping from his chin. The camera angle tightens — his fury against her calm, fire and ice face to face.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“She’s not even moving, Bert! She’s not afraid — she’s *meant* to be here!”

🎬 [The crowd’s volume rises again,

sensing something bigger is about to happen. Jace's expression teeters between confusion and rage. He shakes his head, muttering under his breath.]

 [Behind him, Ace begins to stir.]

 [Vanessa remains frozen— that same unreadable, serious expression on her face. The crowd is still buzzing.]

 [Behind Jace, **Ace Dalton** drags himself upright. Every breath is a war. His body trembles from exhaustion, but his eyes — locked on Jace — burn with grim determination.]

 [He steadies himself on the ropes, sweat pouring down his face. He looks once at Vanessa... then at Jace, standing only feet away, yelling in her direction. The noise from the crowd swells again, realization dawning.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He’s up, Bert! Ace Dalton’s back on his feet!”

 [Ace stumbles forward, limping but focused. His jaw is set, his breathing uneven, but there’s no hesitation in his eyes now. He steps in *behind* Jace, lining him up perfectly.]

 [The crowd begins to scream — “TURN AROUND, JACE!” — but it’s too late.]

 [Ace hooks both arms — tight. One deep breath. He lifts — **bridging high** — and snaps backward with a violent whip of his hips.]

 [**SPINAL BLOOM!** The high-angle bridging dragon suplex connects clean — Jace’s body slams into the mat at a brutal angle, the sound echoing through the Venice Civic Center.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“SPINAL BLOOM!! RIGHT FROM BEHIND!!”

 [Ace holds the bridge, back arched, every muscle locked in place, his wrists cinched around Jace’s arms. The referee dives in beside them for the count.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Ace is going to steal this, Chaz! He’s going to steal this right here!”

 [The crowd erupts, the camera catching Vanessa in the background — still unmoving, her face unreadable, like a statue in the storm. Jace is motionless beneath the hold as the referee’s raises]

🎵 *ONE!*

👥 [The crowd's collective breath catches — no one moves. The sound of the referee's hand hitting the mat echoes like a cannon.]

👥 [Time seems to *slow*. The lights blur, camera flashes from the stands flicker through the haze of sweat and smoke.]

🎵 *TWO!*

👥 [The entire Venice Civic Center counts with him, the sound swelling to a breaking point. The referee's hand rises again — coming down fast — but at the very last heartbeat—]

🎵 *KICKOUT!*

👥 [**Jace Valor kicks out!** The crowd *explodes* — a wall of sound, disbelief, and adrenaline crashing over the ring. Ace's bridge collapses as he rolls off to the side, staring in shock.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"HE KICKED OUT! JACE VALOR JUST KICKED OUT OF THE SPINAL BLOOM!"

👥 [Ace sits upright, running both hands through his sweat-drenched hair, eyes wide. He looks at the referee, shaking his head in disbelief.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

"I don't believe it, Chaz! He *kicked out!* I don't think Ace had all of it — but still!"

👥 [Jace lies flat on his back, chest heaving, one leg still bent awkwardly from the earlier damage. His eyes are glazed but open, the faintest spark of defiance still flickering behind them.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"These two men are running on fumes at this point — pure instinct, pure heart!"

👥 [Ace sits on his knees, hands gripping the back of his head in disbelief. The roar of the crowd crashes around him — pure chaos, pure energy. He shakes his head, muttering under his breath, "No... no way."]

👥 [Slowly, Ace pushes himself up, every movement heavy, deliberate. His chest heaves, each breath dragging like fire through his ribs. He glances at the referee, then at Jace — still lying flat, motionless except for the rise and fall of his chest.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“Ace Dalton thought that was it, Chaz. He thought the Spinal Bloom would end it. But somehow, Jace Valor’s still in this fight.”

🎬 [Ace wipes the sweat from his brow and staggers toward Jace. He bends down, grabbing him by the wrist and hair, slowly pulling him to his feet. Jace’s body sags — dead weight — the crowd rallying behind him, clapping, screaming, “VAL-OR! VAL-OR!”]

🎬 [Ace steadies him, both men wobbling. He spins him around, one arm hooking under Jace’s shoulder, the other around the waist — his muscles trembling with effort.]

🎬 [Ace stumbles, catching his balance, nearly collapsing. He tightens the grip, breathing raggedly, his voice barely audible over the crowd.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He’s going for it again! Ace Dalton’s trying to end it with another Spinal Bloom!”

🎬 [The crowd loses their minds — the sound a mix of disbelief and awe. Ace closes his eyes for half a second, gathering every last ounce of energy left in him. Then, with a guttural yell—]

🎬 [He **wrenches up!** The veins in his arms pop, his back arches, and Jace is lifted high into the air again — **SECOND SPINAL BLOOM!** The impact shakes the ring to its core!]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“A SECOND SPINAL BLOOM!!”

🎬 [Ace’s bridge begins to shake, his legs trembling, muscles screaming from exhaustion. He’s holding on by instinct alone, the veins in his arms and neck pulsing.]

🎬 [But his body gives out — the bridge collapses! Ace’s back slams flat against the canvas. The shift in weight causes Jace’s body to roll slightly, his shoulder turning just enough to slip free of the pin.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“He hit it, Chaz — he *hit* the second Spinal Bloom! But he let go at the end! Normally he can hold on for the pin — that might’ve saved Valor!”

🎬 [Vanessa stands still, her expression unchanged — cold, distant, unreadable. She watches the aftermath of the second Spinal Bloom unfold. Ace and Jace lie motionless, side by side, broken shells of two warriors who’ve given everything.]

🎥 [For the first time, Vanessa moves. She glances toward Jace once more — a faint look of satisfaction crossing her face — then steps down from the apron. Without a word, she turns and begins walking through the crowd, disappearing into the sea of faces.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“After two Spinal Blooms, Vanessa Vale seems to think her work here is done!”

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“I still don’t believe Ace Dalton would align himself with the Seers, Bert. There’s got to be *more* to it than this. The Ace Dalton I know... he wouldn’t want to win like this.”

🎥 [Back in the ring, both men stir again. The crowd is on its feet, half chanting for Jace, half chanting for Ace, the air thick with adrenaline.]

🎥 [Ace moves first, pushing up to one knee, shaking his head to clear the haze. He looks down at Jace — who’s still struggling to sit up — and slowly gets to his feet.]

🎥 [Ace wipes his mouth, breathing heavy, frustration written all over his face. He grabs Jace by the arm, dragging him up to his feet, talking under his breath — words the cameras can’t catch.]

🎥 [He hooks him again, setting up for a **third Spinal Bloom** — his arms locked in position, the crowd gasping.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“No way! Not a *third!*”

🎥 [Ace pulls, trying to lift — but Jace plants his feet, blocking it. Ace tries again — Jace slips free, spins behind, ducks under a swing — and with a burst of desperate energy, sprints toward the ropes.]

🎥 [The crowd explodes as Jace hits the middle rope and **springboards up and over** Ace — twisting in midair — flipping behind him—]

🎥 [**THE VALOR BREAKER!** A springboard sit-out reverse DDT connects perfectly! The crowd *erupts* as both men crash to the mat!]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“THE VALOR BREAKER! HOW IN THE WORLD DID HE DO THAT WITH THAT INJURED KNEE?!”

🎥 [Jace lands hard and immediately clutches his bad knee, screaming in pain, rolling to his side.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“I don’t know, Chaz, but that might’ve *cost him!* He didn’t go for the pin! The kid’s hurt — Ace is *out* — this is your opportunity, Jace!”

🎥 [Jace grits his teeth, pounding the mat with his fist, his face contorted in agony. The crowd is at a fever pitch — pure disbelief, pure emotion.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Jace Valor hits that move when you *think* he’s too beat to move — and it pops the crowd *every single time!*”

🎥 [The hard cam pulls wide — both men down again, Jace clutching his leg in agony, Ace flat on his back, eyes glazed over. The noise in the Venice Civic Center is *deafening*.]

🎥 [The referee looks between them, ready to count. The crowd chants in unison — “VAL-OR! VAL-OR! VAL-OR!” — shaking the building to its foundation.]

🎥 [Jace lies on his side, clutching his knee, his face twisted in agony. The crowd is losing its mind, begging him to crawl — to cover Ace. Every fan is on their feet, clapping, screaming.]

🎥 [Jace plants one palm on the mat, dragging himself inch by inch toward Ace Dalton, who’s still flat on his back, unmoving. He reaches out, trembling, desperate to finish it.]

🎥 [Just as Jace collapses across Ace’s chest to make the cover— **Ace rolls away!** Slowly, almost lifelessly, slipping just out of reach.]

🎥 [Jace’s eyes widen, disbelief washing over him as his moment slips away. He slaps the mat in frustration, the noise echoing through the arena.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He had him, Bert! He *had* him! But Ace Dalton’s ring awareness just saved his skin!”

🎥 [Ace continues rolling, one shoulder against the mat, inching toward the ropes like a wounded animal retreating to safety.]

🎥 [Jace forces himself up again — his bad leg barely holding him. The crowd cheers him on, their voices unrelenting. He limps across the ring, closing in on Ace, who’s slumped against the bottom rope.]

🎥 [Jace reaches down, grabbing for Ace’s wrist — but just as he leans forward—]

🎬 [Ace *springs to life!* Out of nowhere, he **rolls Jace up** into a tight cradle, using every bit of momentum he's got left!]

🎬 [The crowd gasps as the referee dives into position.]

🎬 [Ace's body contorts, pressing hard — his **feet now up on the ropes for leverage!** The crowd erupts in boos as the ref doesn't see it.]

🎵 ONE!

🎵 TWO!

🎵 THR—KICKOUT!

BERT MCDANIELS:

"Ace is trying to *steal* this thing! I didn't want to believe it, Chaz, but he damn sure is! What the hell has gotten into him?!"

🎬 [Jace explodes out of the roll-up just before three! The entire building *erupts*, the sound shaking the rafters. Ace rolls to his knees, staring at the referee in disbelief, his chest heaving.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

"He almost stole it, Bert! He almost stole this match right under Valor's nose!"

🎬 [Jace slaps the mat, glaring at Ace — a mix of anger, heartbreak, and disbelief flashing across his face. The crowd chants louder than ever, the tension off the charts.]

🎬 [Ace leans on the ropes, his body trembling, sweat pouring down his face. For the first time all night, he looks conflicted — almost guilty — before shaking his head and muttering to himself.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

"This isn't the Ace Dalton we know, Chaz. I don't know if it's desperation or something darker — but something's changed in that man."

🎬 [Both men move like ghosts — slow, unsteady, barely standing. Jace clutches his knee, hobbling toward the ropes for balance. His chest heaves, sweat pouring from his face, the pain etched deep into every movement.]

 [Ace uses the ropes to pull himself upright. His head droops between the strands for a second, eyes half-glazed, body still rattled from the Valor Breaker.]

 [The crowd is at a fever pitch — standing, screaming, knowing this could be the end. Both men stumble forward — drawn to each other like magnets in the chaos.]

 [Jace limps closer, raising a fist. Ace senses movement behind him — **fires a back elbow!** It connects clean across Jace’s jaw.]

 [The crowd gasps. Jace staggers back, nearly dropping — but refuses to go down. Ace steadies himself, swings another back elbow — **connects again!**]

 [Ace spins, throws a third — but **Jace ducks!** The momentum whips Ace all the way around — a full 360 — leaving his back exposed.]

 [In a split second, Jace grabs the opening — hooks Ace’s head, arm across the chest — **Reverse DDT!** He plants Ace hard into the mat! The crowd explodes!]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“Valor caught him! That’s half of the Valor Breaker — right on the money!”

 [But Jace doesn’t let go. Somehow, through pure exhaustion, he keeps the grip, dragging Ace’s limp body up again. His leg trembles violently, his body screaming to quit.]

 [He stumbles, adjusts — then turns Ace once more — **plants him with a second Reverse DDT!** The ring shakes!]

 [Jace collapses beside him for a second, gasping — then crawls over, throwing an arm across Ace’s chest.]

 *ONE!*

 *TWO!*

 *THREE!*

 [The bell rings — *DING DING DING!* — and the Venice Civic Center erupts like thunder! The referee grabs Jace’s wrist and raises it as the fans explode in celebration.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“After *all that* — Jace Valor gets him! He did it, Chaz! He did it!”

Winner: Jace Valor

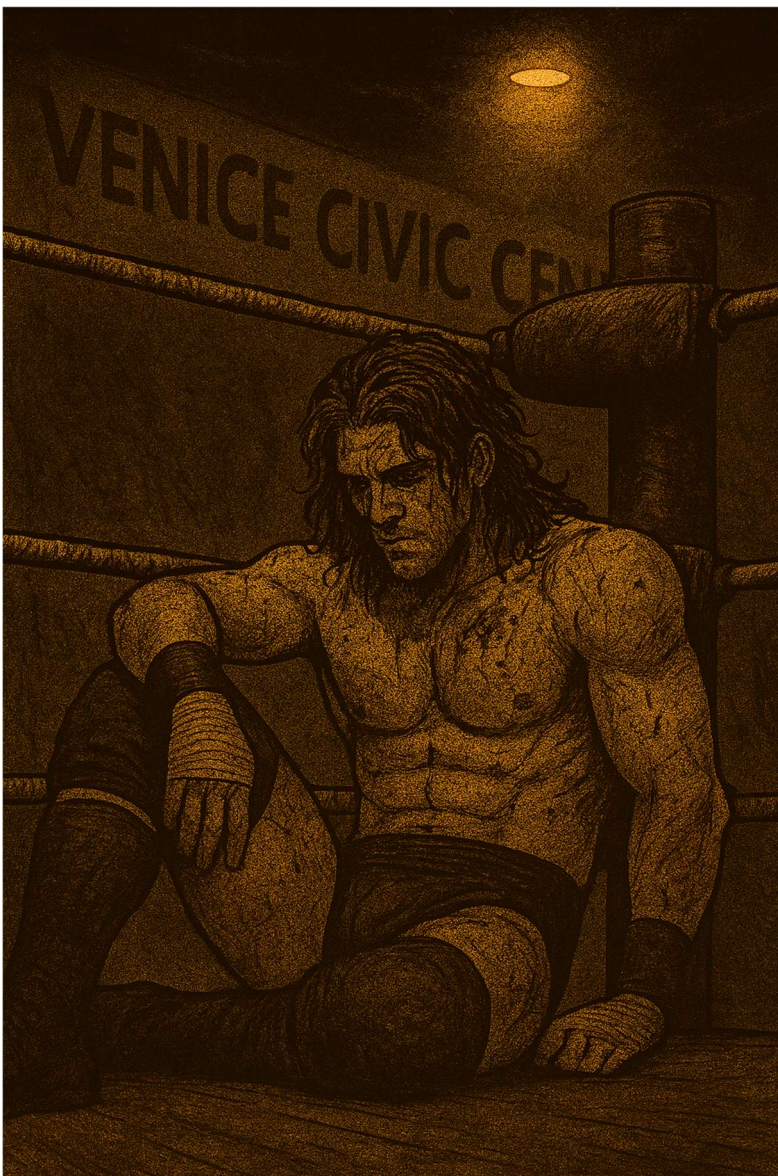
🎬 [Jace collapses backward, hand over his face, every emotion spilling out at once — pain, relief, exhaustion. The camera pans over the chaos: fans pounding on the barricades, Ace lying still on the mat, Vanessa gone, and Jace Valor victorious.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“He fought through pain, through mind games, through everything that stood in front of him — and he *earned* it! Jace Valor has done it here at Run It Back!”

🎬 [The final shot lingers — Jace on one knee, clutching his injured leg, eyes glassy but burning bright, as the crowd chants his name.]

🎵 “VAL-OR! VAL-OR! VAL-OR!”



🎬 [The camera catches Jace Valor crawling toward the corner, every movement agony. His right knee nearly buckles beneath him — he grabs at it instinctively, wincing as he finally slumps back into the turnbuckles.]

🎬 [The crowd roars, chanting his name — “VAL-OR! VAL-OR!” — as he leans there, drenched in sweat, chest heaving. His face tells the story: exhaustion, pain, but a glimmer of pride. The war is over. He did it.]

CHAZ DEL RIO:

“That was a war. That man in the ring right now — Jace Valor — just *earned* himself a shot at the CFW World Heavyweight Championship.”

BERT MCDANIELS:

“That’s what it’s all about, Chaz! The winner gets a shot at MAR and the title! The Seers said it themselves!”

🎬 [Ace Dalton slowly rolls out of the ring, dazed. He stumbles, his face pale with fatigue and frustration. The crowd’s cheers shift to an uneasy rumble. He looks back toward the ring — locking eyes with Jace, who’s still seated in the corner clutching his knee.]

🎬 [The camera catches the look on Jace’s face — a mix of pain, confusion, and heartbreak. He mouths something to Ace: “*Why?*”]

🎬 [Ace staggers halfway up the ramp, the lights flickering faintly in the haze above him. He stops — shoulders trembling — his breathing ragged.]

🎬 [The camera zooms in on Ace’s face. He’s sweating, twitching, his jaw clenched tight. Then—]



🎬 [Ace clenches his fist. His entire body tenses. He lets out a guttural scream — and in one shocking motion, **punches himself in the side of the head!**]

CHAZ DEL RIO:
“Ace! What the hell are you doing?!”



🎬 [Ace stumbles a step, still trembling. He grips his head, pacing — then suddenly... he freezes.]

🎬 [His arms fall at his sides. His breathing steadies. His expression goes eerily blank. The entire crowd falls silent.]

🎬 [The camera pans behind Ace... and the crowd gasps in unison.]

🎬 [Emerging from the shadows — **MAR**. The CFW World Champion. Standing ominously behind Ace with the gold draped over his shoulder, his painted face expressionless.]



**BERT
MCDANIELS:**
“WHAT THE
HELL— MAR!
MAR IS HERE!”

**CHAZ DEL
RIO:**
“Ace... ACE...”

🎬 [The two
figures stand
together — Ace
in front, MAR
behind him, the
eerie light
reflecting off
the gold plate
of the
championship
belt.]

🎬 [Ace’s head
tilts slightly —
not looking
back, not
moving — just
standing,
frozen, under
MAR’s
shadow.]

BERT MCDANIELS:

“They’re standing side by side, Chaz! Side by side!”

 [The crowd’s noise builds into chaos — shock, confusion, anger. The camera pans between Jace’s stunned face in the ring and the haunting sight at the top of the ramp.]

CHAZ DEL RIO (pleading):

“Ace... *why?*”

...

[Run It Back ends]