



CFW: SpeedRun – Episode 5

Live from the Foundry

Venice Florida

12/1/25

Website: CreativeForceWrestling.com

Discord: [Join for more CFW](#)

Main event context: [Black Light 31](#)

Wrestlers referenced: [Ace Dalton](#), [Brandi Blight](#), [Lola Rose](#), [Rokkit](#)



🎥 [OPEN ON: The Foundry — ringside]

The handheld camera jitters slightly as it settles on the SpeedRun commentary desk.

BERT McDANIELS and **CHAZ DEL RIO** sit stiffly, visibly shaken.

A murmur rolls through The Foundry — confused, restless, uneasy.

BERT

(clears throat, voice shaky)

“...O—okay, folks... we’re... we’re gonna get started here... sorry.”

CHAZ

(soft, unsteady)

“Yeah. Right. Okay.”

Both men glance toward the ring, then back at the camera, trying — and failing — to look composed.

BERT

“Sorry, folks, we’re a little... taken back. We... we weren’t expecting this.”

(swallows)

“Apparently... our old broadcast colleague... **Ronnie Kixx**... is here. And he’s... opening the show.”

The crowd reacts with a confused buzz — then a wave of boos begins to ripple outward.

CHAZ

(barely above a whisper)

“What is this about...?”

🎥 [CUT TO: The ring]

Under a single amber spotlight stands **RONNIE KIXX**.



The makeup.

The ornate patterned suit.

The calm, deliberate posture.

It is not the Ronnie the Foundry remembers CFW’s beginnings.

He lifts the microphone slowly — almost reverently.

The Foundry **erupts in boos**, loud and venomous.

Ronnie closes his eyes, taking the sound in like incense. A faint smile ghosts across his lips.

He raises one finger toward the rafters — a gesture that feels practiced, ceremonial.

The building falls into an uneasy hush.

Ronnie opens his eyes.

He is ready to speak.

Ronnie lowers his raised finger slowly...

Lets the boos rain down — long enough for him to enjoy them, long enough for the discomfort to deepen.

He finally brings the mic to his lips.

RONNIE KIXX

(soft, amused)

“What’s the matter...?

You two act like you’ve seen a ghost.”

He tilts his head, eyes narrowing toward the commentary desk.

RONNIE

“I never left my broadcast job, you know.

I’ve simply been... busy.

Busy with **higher callings**.

Busy learning truths you two couldn’t begin to fathom.”

The crowd boos louder — he smiles wider.

Ronnie shifts in his ornate jacket, pacing with a slow, theatrical ease.

RONNIE

“But this—” *(gestures around the ring)*

“This is still my job, Bert.”

He points directly at **BERT**

McDANIELS, who stiffens.

RONNIE

“So do me a favor...

Pick up your fat jowls from the desk... and pay attention.”

The Foundry explodes with boos.

BERT

(off-mic, offended, muttering)

“Jesus...”



Ronnie chuckles — a warm, unsettling chuckle that doesn't match his painted face.

RONNIE

“I have a job to do.”

He pauses.

Lets the silence stretch.

Lets everyone lean in.

Ronnie inhales slowly, savoring the crowd's disgust as if it's incense in a ritual.

RONNIE KIXX

(voice smoothing into something sermon-like)

“My job tonight... is to announce something **historic**.”

He gestures as if addressing a flock.



RONNIE

“A new planting season is upon us...

A time to **sow seeds**... the way MAR taught us.

Seeds of revelation.

Seeds of correction.

Seeds that will grow... and grow... until they can be **harvested** for MAR and **his kingdom** at *Kingdom Come*.”

The Foundry boos him relentlessly — Ronnie only smiles wider.

He taps the mic gently, like knocking on a chapel door.

RONNIE

“Yes... yes, I said it.

Kingdom Come... is **for MAR**.

About MAR.

A celebration of the new order he is building here in CFW.”

He paces inside the ring, dragging a finger along the top rope like carving a line in the soil.

RONNIE

“And to begin this glorious season...
To start the planting...”

He stops dead center, posture tall, eyes wild.

RONNIE

“I am announcing a **battle royal**.”

The crowd reacts — loud, confused, angry.

RONNIE

“A battle royal that is an **open invitation**.
To anyone here in this building...
Anyone in this company...
Anyone in **any** company...
Every fed, every territory, every so-called *kingdom*.”

He raises his voice now, booming, theatrical:



RONNIE

“ALL KINGDOMS...
ARE WELCOME TO STEP INTO MAR’S
GARDEN.”

He lets the last line hang in the air — heavy, unsettling, grandiose.

RONNIE

(lower, dark)
“This will not be a mere match.
It will be a **rite**.”

Ronnie slowly lowers his hand from the air, letting the crowd settle into a thick, uneasy murmur before he speaks again.

RONNIE KIXX

“Oh, make no mistake...”
(smirks)
“This battle royal... *is open to all*.”

He sweeps his arm theatrically across the arena.

RONNIE

“Every dreamer... every pretender... every hopeful little pilgrim from every so-called kingdom is free to enter.”

The boos rise — Ronnie raises his voice over them.

RONNIE

“But hear me clearly—

They.

Will.

Fall.”

The last word hits like a hammer; Ronnie’s expression sharpens.

RONNIE

“Because this isn’t a showcase.

This isn’t an opportunity.

This is a **summoning**.”

He steps closer to the hard camera, face paint catching the light in thin jagged strokes.

RONNIE

“I am entering the battle royal at Kingdom Come.”

The Foundry erupts in hostility.

Ronnie doesn’t blink.

RONNIE

“I enter not as your former broadcaster...

Not as the man you once laughed with at this very desk...”

(glances briefly toward Chaz and Bert)

“But as the one chosen...

Sent...

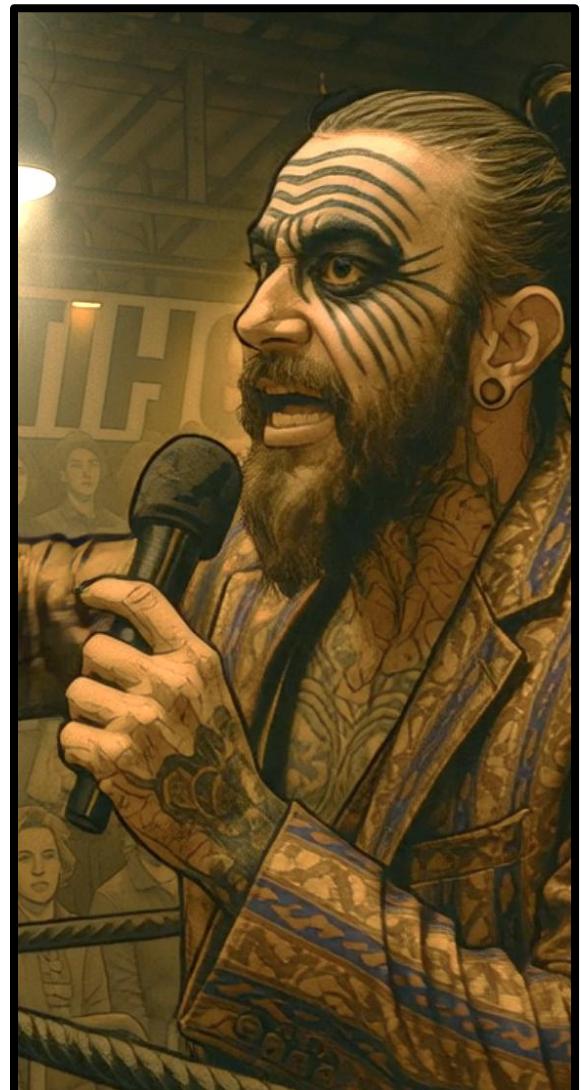
Ordained by MAR himself.”

He taps two fingers to his painted temple — slow, deliberate.

RONNIE

“The victory I claim at Kingdom Come...

It carries meaning far beyond belts or bragging rights.”



He tilts his head, voice dropping to a dark whisper that somehow feels louder.

RONNIE

“It is a ritual.

A cornerstone.

A necessary **first stone** in the foundation of MAR’s kingdom.”

His eyes widen with a fanatic’s certainty.

RONNIE

“And when I win — because I *will* win —

MAR’s rise will no longer be whispered...

It will be undeniable.”

He lets the crowd roar in fury.

Ronnie closes his eyes, almost basking in the hate, then opens them slowly — calm again.

RONNIE

“And the harvest... begins with me.”

Ronnie lifts his chin slightly, as if listening to something only he can hear.

RONNIE KIXX

“At Kingdom Come... the sowing does not end with me.”

“There will be a **great harvest** that night. A blossoming. ... the work already begun.””

He spreads his arms like a preacher before a congregation.

He lowers his voice, almost reverent.

RONNIE

KillJoy and Feral... faithful instruments of MAR’s will... will do their part.

The crowd boos — Ronnie continues, undeterred.

RONNIE

“Let us now speak of **Ace Dalton**.”

A ripple moves through the crowd — some cheer reflexively for Ace, others don’t know what to make of this.

Ronnie smiles.

RONNIE

“Oh, Ace... Ace is a man who believes he is using destiny...
But destiny, in truth, is **using him.**”

He paces slowly, finger tracing the ropes like he’s dragging a blade in the dirt.

RONNIE

“At Kingdom Come... Ace Dalton will be **ordained** the CFW Champion.”

Mixed crowd reaction — loud boos, confused pockets, a few stunned murmurs.

RONNIE

“And in that moment — that sacred, crowning moment —
Ace will experience revelation.
A revelation he has not yet seen...
Because he follows now out of convenience...
But at Kingdom Come... he will follow out of **conviction.**”

He jabs a finger toward the sky.

RONNIE

“His true awakening...
His **full realization** as a disciple of MAR...
Will come *only* when the gold rests upon his shoulder.”

Ronnie inhales deeply through his nose, as if savoring the vision.

RONNIE

“And he will not be alone.”

He tilts his head, eyes wide.

RONNIE

“She who sees clearly...
She who sees without fear or pride...”
(*a cold smile*)
“**Brandi Blight**... too... shall be **ordained champion.**”

Now the crowd **erupts** in fury.

Ronnie lifts his voice over the wave of hate:

RONNIE

“MAR’s kingdom requires deliverance...
And at Kingdom Come, that deliverance shall be **pleasing...**

A signal fire to all who witness...
That the night belongs not to doubters...
But to the **chosen.**"

He closes his eyes.
Holds the moment.
Then lowers the microphone... letting the tension boil.

Ronnie exhales slowly, the kind of breath that seems to drain warmth from the air.

RONNIE KIXX

"But before a harvest...
Before the chosen rise...
The field must be **prepared.**"

He steps toward the center of the ring,
head tilted, voice softening into something
disturbingly gentle.

RONNIE

"You do not plant in wild soil.
You do not sow among weeds.
You do not harvest where old roots cling to
life."

The Foundry crowd boos, sensing where
he's going — Ronnie relishes it.

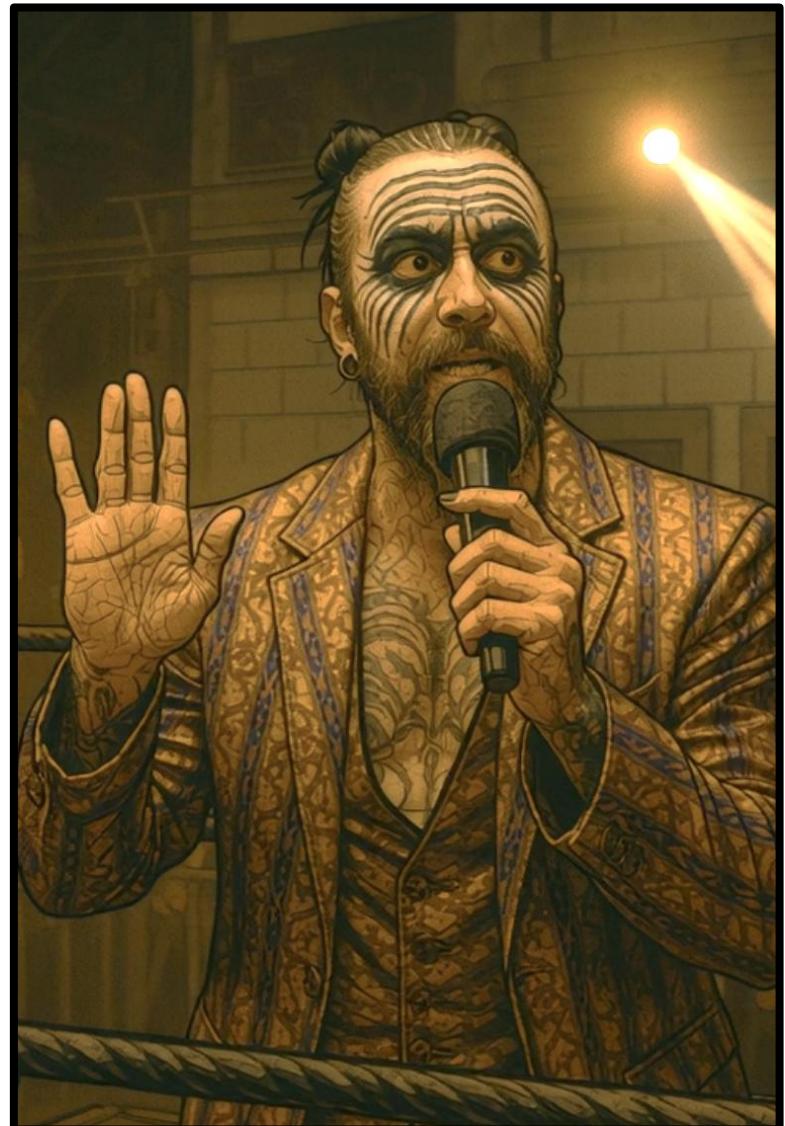
RONNIE

"To make way for MAR's brothers and
sisters...
For the bounty of his coming kingdom..."
(*voice sharpening*)
"We must **clear the field.**"

He spreads his fingers slowly, as if letting
something crumble between them.

RONNIE

"We burn what stands in the way.
We cut down what refuses to bow.
We tear out the last desperate roots...
So the new crop may flourish."



He turns his head toward the camera, eyes cold, unblinking.

RONNIE

“And that brings me...
To your *hero*.”

The boos rise — he talks over them.

RONNIE

“At Kingdom Come...
Your beloved, battered, stubborn little fighter...
Lena Wilde...”

A pause.

Silent.

Cruel.



RONNIE

“...will be **cut down**.”

The crowd explodes in fury.

Ronnie raises one hand for quiet
— not expecting it, not needing it.

RONNIE

“She will not fall by MAR’s hand...
Nor by mine...
But by the hand of a woman who
sees truth clearer than any of
you.”

He smirks — slow, deliberate.

RONNIE

“At Kingdom Come...
It will be **Vanessa Vale** who steps forward...
And **culls** what must be removed.”

Gasps. Shock.

Chaz’s voice cracks off-mic: “No — no way—”

Ronnie ends it with a whisper that somehow feels louder than a scream:

RONNIE

“The field... must be cleared.
Lena Wilde... is the first cut.”

He lowers the mic.
Lets the hate wash over him.
Lets the camera drink in the full transformation.

 **[CUT BACK TO: Ringside]**

The camera snaps back to the announce desk.

BERT McDANIELS and **CHAZ DEL RIO** are still staring toward the ramp, visibly shaken as Ronnie Kixx disappears behind the curtain.

Bert finally exhales — a shaky, disgusted sound.

BERT

“...All that. All *that*... just to say he’s entering a battle royal.”
(shakes his head, sneers)
“I hope he gets his ass kicked.”

Chaz sits up fast — not in disagreement, but trying desperately to regain the broadcast tone.

CHAZ

“Okay— okay, Bert, let’s... let’s keep it together. That was... that was a lot.”

He adjusts his headset, trying to steady his voice.

CHAZ

“Folks... SpeedRun rolls on. We *do* have some incredible action coming your way tonight. Prospects looking to break through, some new faces, some returning ones — and I promise you, the rest of this show is going to feel a whole lot more grounded than... whatever that was.”

Bert mutters under his breath one more time:

BERT

“Tch. Unbelievable...”

Chaz clears his throat, forces a smile toward the camera.

CHAZ

“Don’t go anywhere — SpeedRun continues... right after this.”

🎥 [FADE TO TITLE CARD]

🎥 [FADE TO BACK TO THE RING]

Nico Blaze vs Sawyer Creed

The bell rings and both men launch into a blistering pace, the kind of opening that feels like two prospects fighting for their entire future in under twenty minutes. Nico Blaze darts in and out with sharp arm drags, springboard feints, and explosive bursts of speed, while Sawyer Creed answers with thudding forearms and momentum-killing slams that rattle the ring. The Foundry senses immediately that this won’t be a learning experience — this is a fistfight disguised as a showcase. Their styles clash beautifully: Blaze flipping out of Creed’s grip, Creed planting Blaze into the mat like he’s testing gravity’s limits.

The match shifts violently when Blaze goes for a tilt-a-whirl headscissors and Creed steps straight through him with a sudden spinning back elbow that lands flush across the eyebrow. Blaze drops immediately, blood streaming down the side of his face. He blinks hard, wipes it once, and springs back into motion like someone too gutsy — or too foolish — to accept the damage. **Creed notices the weakness instantly**. Outside the ring, he ragdolls Blaze with gutwrench throws and apron slams, battering the high flyer’s ribs while the blood from Blaze’s brow drips onto the floor. Blaze refuses to stay down, dragging himself upright on the guardrail, then launching into a reckless suicide dive that should have shifted the momentum — but Creed catches him mid-air and powerslams him spine-first onto the apron in one fluid motion. The crowd roars, stunned by the impact and by Blaze’s insistence on crawling back into the ring, half-blind but unbroken.

From there, the match becomes a brutal stalemate. Blaze hits a desperate barrage: a rope-run enziguri, a foggy superkick from the bad eye side, a standing shooting star that lands clean despite the blood impairing his vision. **Creed fires back with a half-nelson backbreaker**, a snapping corner lariat, and a bear-trap suplex that nearly folds Blaze in half. Neither man gets more than two seconds of control before the other claws the momentum back. Every move feels like it could end the match, but every kickout feels like stubbornness keeping the match alive. The Foundry splits into dueling chants as the clock ticks down and the match pushes toward its twenty-minute limit.

The house mic calls the five-minute warning, and both men ignite. Blaze goes for one last aerial blitz, climbing the ropes with blood dripping from his chin, launching himself into a

high crossbody meant to seal the match. But Creed meets him in mid-air again — this time spinning with the catch, pulling Blaze into his orbit, and firing off a devastating spinning elbow as they land. The strike crashes against Blaze's jaw with sickening precision, and Blaze drops instantly, limbs slack, body collapsing into the mat without resistance. Creed falls into the cover, hooking the leg deep, and the **referee's hand hits three**.

Sawyer Creed rises slowly, chest heaving, sweat pouring, expression wild with adrenaline — not triumphant, just surviving. Nico Blaze rolls to the ropes, face smeared with blood, exhausted but conscious, earning loud applause for the guts he showed in a losing effort. What both men delivered wasn't just a SpeedRun opener. It was a statement. A war fought on heart, instinct, and refusal. A match that proved exactly why prospects come to The Foundry: to be tested — and to be remembered.

Winner: Sawyer Creed

[BACK TO RINGSIDE — BERT & CHAZ]

The camera cuts back to the announce desk, both men still energized from the banger they just witnessed.

BERT McDANIELS

“Man... what a fight that was. But folks, we've got an even bigger one waiting in the wings tonight for our SpeedRun main event.”

CHAZ DEL RIO

“Yeah — and to properly set the table, let's talk about what happened on *Black Light 31*.”

A graphic of Lola Rose & Rokkit flashes on the screen.

CHAZ

“Last week, Lola Rose confronted Rokkit — calmly, respectfully — about that eye rake that led to Rokkit scoring the win. Lola didn't yell, didn't accuse, didn't point fingers... she just wanted clarity.”

BERT

“Yeah, and I'll be honest, Chaz — I actually thought Lola handled herself like a pro. No tantrum, no drama. Just... ‘hey, did you mean to do that?’ And Rokkit? She... well, she didn't really give a straight answer.”

CHAZ

“Right. Rokkit brushed it off, said it was heat-of-the-moment. And we've gotta be fair —

sometimes things *do* happen fast in there. Fingers fly, hands slip, eyes get caught. Not always intentional.”

BERT

(a little skeptical)

“Sure. And look, I’m giving Rokkit the benefit of the doubt. I really am. But... I can’t help sensing a little bit of jealousy creeping in. Lola’s been on a streak, she’s been winning hearts in The Foundry, she’s one win away from joining the *main roster*. That’s a spotlight shift. Some wrestlers handle that well... some don’t.”

CHAZ

“She’s right on the edge of something huge, Bert. Lola Rose is a young prospect with four wins under her belt — and one more puts her on the main roster of Creative Force Wrestling.”

BERT

“And Rokkit knows that. You can tell. So tonight? This rematch is massive. For Lola... it’s a doorway. For Rokkit... it’s pride.”

CHAZ

“Lola requested the rematch herself — respectfully, confidently, and directly. She wants proof. She wants closure. And she wants to earn that fifth win the right way.”

BERT

“Well we’re gonna find out. Main event tonight — Lola Rose vs. Rokkit, Round Two.”

CHAZ

“And folks... that one’s going to be special.”

Rokkit vs Lola Rose

Rokkit stands dead center under the hot Foundry lights, fists clenched, shoulders tight, eyes fixed on the entrance ramp. There’s no dancing, no posing — just intensity. A simmering frustration that’s been building since Black Light.

CHAZ DEL RIO

“Rokkit looks laser-focused tonight. She’s been waiting for this rematch ever since Lola approached her backstage last week.”

Lola Rose’s music hits — and The Foundry **erupts** instantly.

A wall of cheers rolls through the building as she bursts through the curtain, all heart and momentum, feeding off the crowd as she jogs to the ring.

CHAZ

“And listen to this reaction! Lola Rose has quickly become a full-blown fan favorite here on SpeedRun. Everywhere she goes in The Foundry, they’re behind her.”

BERT McDANIELS

“Yeah — and I’ve gotta say it, Chaz. I think that right there...”

(gestures to the cheering fans)

“...is where a little of Rokkit’s edge is coming from tonight. Might be a bit of jealousy brewing when you hear a crowd roar like that for someone else.”

CHAZ

“Could be. Could definitely be. Either way — this rematch means everything for both of them.”

Lola slides into the ring, eyes locked with Rokkit — intensity vs. heart, pride vs. momentum — as the crowd buzzes for the main event.

Lola and Rokkit step forward until they’re nearly chest-to-chest, the tension humming through The Foundry like live wire. The ring announcer begins the introductions, voice steady — but both women are staring daggers, refusing to blink.

Halfway through the announcement, Rokkit snaps.

No warning. No hesitation. Just a sudden, vicious **sucker punch** straight to Lola’s jaw.



The crowd **erupts** — a mixture of shock and fury.

Lola stumbles back, clutching her face, eyes wide with disbelief. Rokkit storms forward again, wild and furious, needing to be restrained.

BERT McDANIELS

(disgusted)

“Yup. There it is. We called it — she’s lost it completely!”

CHAZ DEL RIO

“She couldn’t wait! Rokkit is furious — this is pure frustration boiling over!”

The referee wedges himself between them, arms out, shouting, trying to restore even an ounce of order. Rokkit is seething, pacing like a caged animal. Lola wipes her jaw, checks her mouth for blood, and forces herself upright — hurt, angry, but refusing to back down.

After a tense few seconds, the ref finally pushes Rokkit to her corner, checks Lola quickly, and signals for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

The moment the bell rings—

Rokkit *charges*.

The rematch is officially underway.

What began as competitive tension is now pure emotional release — Rokkit is wrestling angry, wrestling wounded, wrestling like she needs to prove something to herself more than to the fans. Lola refuses to crumble under the onslaught, absorbing the hits, rolling with the momentum, and answering back with tight grappling and sharp counters that slow Rokkit’s chaos into something she can manage. But **Rokkit’s speed is a storm**, and for the early minutes, Lola is simply trying to survive long enough to find her footing.

When the match spills into the middle stretch, Rokkit hits a gear The Foundry has never seen from her — something darker, harder, meaner. She strings together blistering combinations of high-velocity strikes: a springboard shotgun dropkick that folds Lola in half, a running basement meteora that smashes her into the corner, then a tornado DDT attempt that nearly spikes Lola onto her head. Lola rolls away instinctively, but Rokkit is on her again, dragging her up by the hair, screaming in her face, and whipping her into the buckles with everything she has. A sick thud echoes as Rokkit crushes her with a running forearm, then another, then a spinning heel kick that sends Lola crumpling to the mat. It looks like the match might end right there — Rokkit covers deep, pressing every ounce of weight into it — but Lola kicks out with a gasp, leaving Rokkit staring at the referee in

disbelief. Something inside her snaps; she mounts Lola and rains down strikes, unfiltered frustration pouring from her fists. For the first time in her short CFW career, Rokkit looks vicious.

Lola battles back through instinct and heart alone. Even as Rokkit's offense turns cruel, Lola keeps finding tiny cracks — a slip under a clothesline, a duck out of a wild roundhouse, a counter roll-up that nearly steals the whole match. Every time she rises, the crowd rises with her, pouring energy into her lungs when her body starts failing. Rokkit tries to drown that momentum at every turn, throwing Lola with reckless abandon — a snap suplex that leaves Lola gasping, a flying knee that nearly ends it, and finally the setup for her Rocket Launch, **dragging Lola toward the corner** like she's ready to end the hopeful story before it begins. But Lola fights free, staggering into the ropes, bleeding confidence but refusing to fall. Rokkit charges again — and Lola sidesteps at the last possible moment, sending Rokkit crashing shoulder-first into the post.



The final minutes are a desperate war of attrition. Both women are exhausted, drenched in sweat, chests heaving as they claw their way back to their feet. Rokkit, wild-eyed and furious, throws herself at Lola with renewed desperation, hitting a spinning knee that nearly knocks her cold. Lola drops to one knee, swaying, barely conscious. Rokkit hauls her up again, screaming something lost under the roar of the crowd, then swings for a brutal finishing shot — but Lola ducks under, wraps her arms around Rokkit's waist on sheer muscle memory, and lifts her into a ragged, stumbling scoop. Rokkit thrashes, trying to slip free, but Lola holds on, pivots with a burst of adrenaline that feels almost supernatural, and spins hard enough to make the arena gasp.

In one wild, breathless motion, Lola plants Rokkit into the canvas with the **Heartbreaker** — a sit-out slam delivered with every last ounce of strength she has left. She clutches Rokkit tight, locking down the pin with desperation and hope welded together.

One.

Two.

Three.



It's over.

Lola's body collapses backward, spent, trembling, the final victory finally landing in her chest like a tidal wave. Rokkit lies beside her, arms sprawled, staring at the lights, fury evaporating into shock. The Foundry explodes into cheers — a wall of sound that shakes the steel beams and baptizes Lola Rose as not just a prospect... but a star who just earned her way to the main roster.

The match went the distance.
It demanded everything.
And in the end, heart won.

Winner: Lola Rose

[POST-MATCH — CUT TO RINGSIDE]

The Foundry is still shaking as Lola Rose sits in the ring, breathless, eyes glassy, the crowd **chanting her name** in one rolling wave of pride.

CHAZ DEL RIO

“What a moment... what a night. Lola Rose just fought her heart out, earned her fifth win, and earned her place on the CFW main roster. You can hear The Foundry — they are so proud of her.”

BERT McDANIELS

“She deserves every cheer in this building. That was guts, passion, and pure willpower on display. Congratulations, Lola Rose — what a rise it's been.”

Lola raises an arm toward the fans, exhausted but smiling through it as the crowd continues to roar around her.

CHAZ

“Folks, that’s gonna do it for us here on SpeedRun. Thank you for joining us for an unforgettable night.”

BERT

“Take care, everybody — we’ll see you next time.”

 [FADE OUT — SPEEDRUN LOGO]