

BLACK LIGHT LIVE 23!



CREATIVE FORCE WRESLINTG PRESENTS: BLACK LIGHT LIVE 23!

Black Light Live 23 – Opening Commentary

The Foundry lights blaze as the crowd roars, banners waving, and the thrum of anticipation fills the air.

Chaz: *“Welcome everybody to **Black Light Live 23!** We are coming to you from the heart of the Foundry, and folks, tonight feels massive already!”*

Bert: *“That’s right, Chaz. You can feel it in the air—this place is electric! And trust me, the card tonight is loaded. But I’m not wasting time—because we’ve got a surprise for you right out of the gate.”*

Chaz: *“Oh yeah, drop it on them, Bert.”*

Bert (grinning): *“Tonight’s main event is going to be a **triple threat** match—Reign Rokk vs. Alaric Green vs. Dominick Hex! That’s right! Hex steps into the ring with not one but TWO men who’ve been chomping at the bit to get at him.”*

Chaz: *“Unbelievable! Rokk and Green both want their shot, and now they’re getting it together. And folks, this could be the night—Hex’s undefeated streak? It’s in real jeopardy.”*

Bert: *“The odds don’t look good for Hex, Chaz. Triple threats are chaos, and with two bruisers like Rokk and Green in there, his back is against the wall. Can he survive? Or does one of these hungry challengers finally crack the streak?”*

The camera pans across the wild Foundry crowd chanting, “CFW! CFW!” before cutting back to the ring where Wyatt Storm is waiting to kick things off.

[Wyatt Storm stands in the center of the ring, mic in hand. He paces, breathing hard, eyes wild — the Foundry is loud.]

Wyatt Storm:

“Lucas Knox is a psycho. You don’t know the half of it. I’ve been warning you all — especially you, Jace Valor. Knox is a loose cannon, and it’s only a matter of time before he snaps.

He’s been following me. Lurking. I see it in his eyes. Nobody else seems to see it, but it’s there. He’s not all there. Why, Lucas? Why the obsession? Because I beat you? Is that it? A smaller guy stepped into this ring and took you down and you can’t handle it?

Or maybe it’s something else — maybe it’s your record. (He sneers and taps his phone.) Oh that’s right... 0 and 3. No singles wins. You only got one because you brought a buddy with you.

(Crowd stirs, mixed reactions.)

Now hold up — I'm not out of line here. This man is not right. I'm not saying I can fix him... but I am saying I'm gonna try.

Let me be crystal clear: I do **not** fear Lucas Knox. But I'm not gonna stand by while he spirals and takes someone with him. So here's what we're gonna do — because this isn't a bar fight, this is CFW.



Lucas Knox — I'm calling you out. Steel cage. Black Light Live: **Locked In 3**. One night. One cage. No running. No interference. Just you, me, and four walls.

(Crowd erupts.)

You want to see if you're really that dangerous? You want to prove you're not just smoke and noise? Then come prove it. Locked In 3 — steel cage. I'll see you there."

[Wyatt drops the mic. The Foundry explodes as his music hits and the camera cuts to the commentary table.]

Chaz Del Rio:

"I don't know, Bert... I'm not sure that was such a good idea. You

heard the words coming out of Wyatt's mouth — he may have just lit a fuse on Lucas Knox."

Bert McDaniels:

"Yeah, Chaz, I'll tell you straight: that might've been out of line. Knox is already unstable, already unpredictable... and Wyatt just dared him to snap. And not just anywhere — he called him out for a steel cage at *Locked In 3*."

Chaz:

"Why the hell would you want to poke that man, and then lock yourself in a cage with him?"

Bert (leaning in, shaking his head):

"I have no idea. But I'll give the kid this — you've gotta respect the guts. Wyatt Storm is willing to put himself in the fire to prove a point. Whether that's bravery or insanity... I guess we'll find out at *Locked In 3*."

[Backstage – The Foundry locker room. The scene has that raw, dim glow. Rokkit and Lola Rose sit on worn couches, taping wrists and sipping water bottles. The crowd in the arena can be faintly heard chanting in the distance.]



Rokkit: "Hey — congrats on the big win for you on *Black Light*. That's no small thing."

Lola Rose (smiling, humble): "Thanks... it still doesn't feel real. And I've gotta say, I love your style out there. The way you go, it's just... fearless."

[Rokkit gives a polite smirk, but the compliment stings just a little — since her own record has yet to

reflect the heart she puts in. She nods it off, masking any frustration.]

Rokkit: *“Appreciate that. Just trying to do my thing, you know?”*

[Lola realizes the unintentional dig, shifting awkwardly to save face.]

Lola Rose: *“I didn’t mean it like that. Honestly, I’m just excited to be here, and even more excited to see your brother in the main event tonight. Reign Rokk against Hex and Green? That’s huge.”*

[Rokkit nods, the tension loosening. She leans back, arms folded, proud but measured.]

Rokkit: *“Yeah... he’s got his hands full. But that’s Rokk. He lives for nights like this.”*

[The two share a respectful look. The vibe remains friendly, but the flicker of tension lingers beneath the surface.]

Main Event – Triple Threat Match

Dominick Hex vs. Reign Rokk vs. Alaric Green

The Foundry felt like it was ready to burst as three bulls entered the ring for a collision of pride, legacy, and survival. Dominick Hex, carrying the weight of his undefeated streak, stalked the ropes with that eerie intensity that’s haunted CFW since day one. Reign Rokk, larger than life, looked ready to steamroll everything in his path, wild eyes daring anyone to stop him. And then there was Alaric Green — the grizzled veteran, carrying the kind of scars and hunger that can only come from decades of fighting to stay relevant.

From the opening bell, chaos reigned. Hex and Green briefly doubled up on Rokk, but the monster shrugged them off, smashing both men into corners with thundering strikes. The Foundry crowd roared as Rokk soaked it in, but Hex wasn’t about to let him have the spotlight. The eerie powerhouse took shots at both men, slowing the pace with suffocating holds and grinding punishment.

Green played it smart, picking his spots, refusing to get swallowed up by the bigger men. Every time Rokk’s power threatened to flatten him, Green answered with precise, bruising shots — stiff elbows, snapping suplexes, the kind of grinding offense that reminded the crowd why he’s been gold everywhere he’s gone.

The match swung like a pendulum. Rokk thundered through Hex with a sidewalk slam that rattled the boards, only for Hex to rise back up like a shadow. Green nailed a picture-perfect DDT on Rokk, only to get crushed in the corner by Hex’s running lariat. Bodies were

flying, the crowd standing, every man looking like the one about to take control — until the next strike landed.

As the minutes wore on, fatigue set in, and the desperation grew. Hex nearly ended it after planting Green with his spine-jarring powerbomb, only for Rokk to yank him out of the cover and hurl him into the guardrail. The fans were rabid, chanting for Green, booing Hex, and roaring with every monster shot Rokk delivered.

The finish came in a frenzy. Rokk cornered Green, unleashing a storm of strikes that had the



crowd gasping, setting him up for another crushing slam. But Green ducked under, roared back to life, and came flying off the ropes with the Iron Verdict — that short-arm lariat delivered with every ounce of fury in his body. Rokk folded like a tree falling in the forest, crashing to the mat as the Foundry erupted.

Hex scrambled, clawing his way back onto the apron, but his body gave out. He reached for the ropes, helpless, as the referee's hand slapped the mat — ONE! TWO! THREE!

Alaric Green had done it.

The Foundry exploded as Green sat back on his knees, sweat dripping, eyes wide. Reign Rokk lay sprawled, broken by the Iron Verdict. And Dominick Hex? He was left on the outside, seething, forced to watch as his undefeated aura took another chip. He hadn't

been pinned... but he hadn't won either. A tag match loss, and now a triple threat defeat — the cracks in the myth of Hex were showing.

Winner: Alaric Green

Chaz Del Rio:

"Alaric Green has redeemed himself tonight in the biggest way possible! After stumbling in his Black Light debut, he just shook the entire foundation of CFW with a win over Rokk and Hex in one match!"

Bert McDaniels:

"Yeah, Chaz, that wasn't just a win — that was a statement. Green proved he's still every bit the threat he claimed to be, and he did it on the biggest stage we've seen so far."

[Backstage – The Foundry. The camera follows Vennessa Vale down a dim hallway, her expression unreadable. She walks with purpose, eyes locked ahead. She stops at a door, slowly pushes it open.]

[Inside, Ace Dalton sits alone in his locker room. He's hunched forward, hands clasped, staring at the floor. He barely glances up at Vennessa — unusual for the normally vibrant Ace.]

Vennessa Vale (soft, almost reverent):

"Brother."

[She steps in, shutting the door firmly behind her. The camera man scrambles to adjust, catching only the closed door. He edges closer, pressing the microphone against the wood.]

[The audio is muffled, distorted. We hear fragments — a few scattered words.]

Vennessa (muffled):

"...it's been approved."

[We can't make out Ace's reply — his voice is low, indistinct. The mic struggles to catch more. The camera wobbles, desperate for sound.]

[Finally, just before the sound cuts completely, one last phrase breaks through.]

Vennessa (clearer, firm):

"...take the match."

[Static. The cameraman lowers his rig, the lens tilted toward the floor. The feed cuts abruptly to black.]

Chaz Del Rio (stunned):

“What the hell was that? ‘Take the match?’ What does that mean? Did we just... did we just see Ace Dalton in there with the Seers?”

Bert McDaniels (leaning back, conflicted):

“Chaz, I don’t know what to think. We didn’t hear the whole conversation. Maybe Ace is playing his own game. Maybe he’s being manipulated. Or maybe... maybe the Seers were right all along. After watching the Black Tape, is he one of them?”

Chaz (cutting in, uneasy):

“Or is this all smoke and mirrors? There’s just enough deniability to keep us guessing — but if you ask me, this doesn’t look good for Ace Dalton.”

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Vennessa (muffled):

“...he wants me in your corner...”

[A pause. Ace responds, but his words are too quiet to pick up. The mic buzzes faintly with static.]

Vennessa (muffled again):

“...it’s been approved.”



[Ace’s reply is still inaudible. The cameraman leans harder into the door. The last thing that comes through is sharp and clear, just before the sound cuts.]

Vennessa (firm):

“...take the match.”

[Static. The cameraman lowers his rig, the lens tilted toward the floor. The feed cuts abruptly to black.]

Chaz Del Rio (stunned):

“What the hell was that? ‘He wants me in your corner’? ‘Take the match’?”

[end show]