

BLACK LIGHT LIVE: EP 21



CREATIVE FORCE WRSTLING PRESENTS: BLACK LIGHT LIVE!

[BLACK LIGHT – LIVE EPISODE]

The screen flickers from the Black Light logo into a **live shot of The Foundry**. No moody pre-tapes this week — just the roar of the crowd bleeding through the speakers. The venue is lit darker than a normal CFW event, but the energy is *huge*.

 **CHAZ DEL RIO** (over headset, standing at ringside):

“Welcome back to Black Light... and tonight, we are LIVE from The Foundry in Venice, Florida!”

 **BERT MCDANIELS** (grinning wide, tie loosened):

“And the place is already shaking, Chaz! This is no studio, no shadows — this is Black Light in the flesh, and the people are ready to erupt!”

They pause, letting the noise rise. The cameras sweep the crowd, chants of “C-F-W! C-F-W!” bouncing off the wooden beams.

Then—

Jace Valor's music hits.

The roof nearly comes off.

The crowd *erupts*, stomping and clapping as Jace storms through the curtain in **black pants and a wild animal-print button-down**, looking like he just walked out of a rock dive and straight into a fight. His expression is sharp, focused — but he can’t hide the flicker of a smile as the chants roll over him:

“JA-CE VA-LOR! JA-CE VA-LOR!”

He slides into the ring, soaking in the reaction. The Foundry faithful stand shoulder-to-shoulder, recording on their phones, screaming themselves hoarse.

Jace snatches a mic from ringside. The cheers spike again, forcing him to hold back, pacing the ring with a grin. He nods, raising the mic to his lips — but the sound is drowned out again.

The fans won’t stop.

“JA-CE VA-LOR! JA-CE VA-LOR!”

Finally, he laughs, leaning against the ropes, pointing to the crowd. He waits it out.

When the wave calms, he raises the mic again.

JACE VALOR (breathless, genuine):

“Thank you.”



The cheers spike once more, echoing through the rafters.

Jace lowers his head, lets the moment breathe, and steps back to the center of the ring.

The crowd quiets — anticipation buzzing.

Now, he's ready to speak.

Jace:

“Thank you so much. It’s good to be here live in the Foundry!”
(Big pop. He lets it breathe, smiles, nods, waits for the noise to settle.)

“I love this place. I love this building. Coming here to CFW has been more fulfilling than I ever could have imagined.

I’ve wrestled all over the world. I’ve fought

on the biggest stages, in front of sold-out arenas. But coming here? To CFW? That came with risk.

Because let's be honest... CFW failed before. We all know that. It wasn't what it is today. It was legendary, yeah... but it was legendary because it *failed*. It never took off. The hype became a meme — and memes only get you so far.

So yeah, there was intrigue. There was myth. But that was it.

And when I got the call to be part of the rebirth at *Reclamation*... I had my doubts.

But then I looked at that card. I saw names I knew. KillJoy. Lucas Knox. ...Ace Dalton." (*pop*)

"I saw those names and I knew this relaunch wasn't gonna be built on smoke and mirrors. It was gonna be built on wrestlers. Real wrestlers." (*big pop building*)

"And I knew right then — that's where I wanted to be." (*crowd cheers*)

"And it's the best damn decision I've made in a long, long time." (*crowd pops again, Jace lets it breathe, soaking it in*)

Bert McDaniels: "They love this kid, Chaz. You can feel it. He's got the whole Foundry in the palm of his hand."

Jace (pacing, soaking it in):

"The business... this business... it's my life. It has been since I was thirteen years old.

So let me cut to the chase.

Ace Dalton — brother — your rise here has been nothing short of phenomenal. You bested me one-on-one at *Face Off*. I've got nothing but respect and love for you.

You being part of this company is one of the reasons I believed CFW could be legit this time."

(*Long pause. Crowd claps, nods along. Jace lowers his tone, then explodes*)

"But if you take a **bullshit title match handout** from some clown in face paint pretending to be champion... then I don't know who the hell you are anymore!!"

(*Crowd erupts — mixed gasp, then cheers. Jace lets it breathe.*)

"You said it yourself, Ace. Championships are earned. Not gifted.

Look — MAR... Dale... whatever name you want to give him — I'll give him credit. He's the reason CFW even got recognition in the first place. It was built around him. Credit where it's due.

But this time? It's not being built on spook shows. It's not being built on smoke and mirrors. This time it's being built on wrestling as the foundation."

(*The crowd pops. Jace leans on the ropes, looking right into the camera.*)

"And Ace, you know it. You taking a free handout? That's not wrestling. That's not what we stand for.

I don't know if anyone's noticed... but the women's division here is on fire."

(*HUGE POP. Crowd starts chanting "C-F-DUB! C-F-DUB!"*)

"Those women are scratching and clawing, week after week, for a glimpse at gold. They're tearing the house down — tearing *themselves* apart. And it's inspiring. That's what this place is about.

So MAR can call himself champion, fine. He's got the belt, he's got the pull. If that's how things start, whatever. But if we're gonna make that title mean something — and it does, by the way, it was forged by real wrestling federations, with real legacies behind it — then it's our duty to keep it that way.

And to do that, Ace? We don't take free handouts. We earn it.

So fight for it. Fight for your chance at gold... just like the women. Just like everyone else in this company.

Fight for it!"

(*HUGE POP — crowd on their feet, chants of "FIGHT FOR IT! FIGHT FOR IT!" as Jace throws down the challenge.*)

[Ace's music hits. He steps into the ring, mic in hand. The crowd is hot.]

Ace:

"Look man, I get it. Trust me — nobody hates MAR's Spirit Halloween ass more than I do."

(*Crowd laughs, chant breaks out: "SPI-RIT! SPI-RIT!" Ace smirks and lets it ride.*)

"That title — that belt forged in blood — it needs to be back in the hands of professional wrestlers. The ones who put their bodies on the line and made it what it is.

He called me out. So you bet your ass I'm going to step up to the plate."

(*Big cheer. Ace paces, crowd with him. Then — pause, Jace raises his mic.*)

Jace:

“Ace—”

Ace (interrupting, sharper, crowd gasps at the cut-off):

“Hold on, let me get this straight. You want to call me out for accepting a world title challenge? You think it’s being handed to me?”

So what exactly are you suggesting, Jace? That it should just be... handed to you?

Why should I give you my spot?”

(Crowd reacts, oooohs, tension rising.)

Jace (steady, passionate):

“I’m not asking you to give me your spot. I want a rematch for it.”

(HUGE POP, chants of “RE-MATCH! RE-MATCH!”)

Ace (cuts him down, firm):

“A rematch? So I give you a rematch for an opportunity at a championship match? Again — why you? Because you’re the indie golden boy?”



(Gasps, mixed heat. Ace leans in, intense.)

“You think you get to step in front of wrestlers who’ve been grinding more than you? Who’ve got better records than you?

You’re damn right we’ve noticed the women’s division — they’re absolutely killing it. And wins matter.

We’ve got a guy like Dominic Hex, undefeated, wrecking everybody in his path. But Jace Valor gets to go to the front of the line because the fans buy his t-shirts?”

(*Crowd mixed — cheers and boos. Ace lowers the mic for effect.*)

Jace (snaps back, fiery):

“MAR and his pull alone doesn’t get CFW off the ground.

Who did they call to main event their first show? ...Me.

So call me the golden boy. Call me whatever the hell you want, Ace. It’s the truth. I’m here because they needed me.”

(*Crowd ERUPTS, some huge cheers, some boos for the arrogance. Jace keeps going, doubling down.*)

“I give all the credit and respect in the world to everyone here — including Hex. But he’s not on my level.

And you know it.”

(*The Foundry explodes — split reaction, half chanting “JA-CE!” half booing. Ace glares, pacing. The tension is off the charts.*)

Ace (lower voice, admitting):

“No one can take away your stardom, Jace. You’re my friend... my brother in this business.

But if we’re being honest? You haven’t exactly been the most... giving... in CFW so far.”

(*Crowd murmurs, Jace stiffens. Ace presses on.*)

“Ask Chris Titan. (big crowd reaction)

So I’m gonna tell you the same thing you told him... when he asked you for a favor.

No.”

(*Crowd groans, then pops HUGE at the callback. Some chant “TITAN! TITAN!” as Jace stands frozen, face tight. The tension hangs heavy as Ace lowers the mic. They have a tense standoff.*)

Chaz Del Rio (low, awed):

“Jace Valor. Ace Dalton. You can feel it — they’re both red hot in CFW right now.”

Rokkit vs Marisol Vela

The Foundry crowd came alive for Rokkit, her energy infectious from the second she hit the ring. Marisol Vela, though, carried herself like a storm — crisp, confident, and in control

from the opening bell. For long stretches, Vela looked untouchable, snapping off stiff strikes and grinding Rokkit down with a pace that felt suffocating. But the fans refused to let Rokkit die. Every time she found a sliver of daylight — a springboard dropkick, a wild dive to the floor, a desperate flurry of forearms — the place roared her name, pushing her forward. There were moments where it felt like she might actually topple the favorite, but Marisol was a wall. Calm, ruthless, always a step ahead. In the end, when Rokkit charged one last time, Vela snatched her into position and drilled her with the **Vela Cutter** — a snap rolling cutter that left no doubt. One, two, three.



Winner: Marisol Vela

Women's contract signing

The lights dim slightly as the contract table is set in the center of the ring, a crimson cloth draped across it with four crisp papers waiting. One by one, the competitors enter to standing ovations from The Foundry faithful.

First, Lena Wilde. Hood pulled low, her bruises still visible from Crossroads. The crowd chants “LE-NA! LE-NA!” as she steps into the ring and takes her corner, fists clenched.

Then, Sudio. The glam-punk whirlwind struts out in full color, the crowd singing her name in rhythm. She spins once at ringside but drops the smile as she locks eyes with the table — this is business.

Third, Shayna Vex. Cool. Calculated. Her taped fists and stoic glare say everything. She climbs into the ring without theatrics, her body language sharp as a blade.

Finally, Brandi Blight. Drenched in white and gold, flawless as ever, her entrance draws both cheers and jeers. She doesn't react, doesn't blink — her focus is locked across the table on Lena Wilde.

The four women stand around the table, the atmosphere suffocating. Their eyes tell the story: four fighters who've been through hell, clawing for the same prize. Lena and Brandi, opposite sides, their hatred almost tangible.

Chaz Del Rio steps up with the mic.

“These four women have fought tooth and nail for a chance at history. And tonight... this contract makes it official. By signing here, you agree to enter the next Fatal Four Way in the points run.”

(*Crowd pops big, stomping in approval.*)

“And the first to earn three points will secure their spot at *Kingdom Come*... with the right to choose their opponent for the CFW Women's World Championship.”

The Foundry explodes — chants of “C-F-DUB! C-F-DUB!” thunder through the rafters.

No words are needed. The intensity is deafening.

Lena leans in first, pen scratching across the paper.

Sudio follows, flamboyant posture but dead serious as she signs.

Vex steps up next, cold and clinical, no hesitation.

Finally, Brandi Blight. She doesn't move at first, frozen like a statue, her glare locked on Lena. The seconds tick like minutes. Then — slowly — she lowers her head, takes the pen, and signs with a sharp flourish.

The crowd erupts. The visual of all four names on the contracts, all four women standing around the table, is electric. No one speaks. They don't need to. The scars on their bodies, the fire in their eyes — it says everything.



The Foundry roars as the screen fades to black.

[BLACK LIGHT ENDS]