

Black Light: Episode 20



[Ronnie stands in front of the glowing SEERS logo, MAR behind him, the championship draped across his shoulder like a relic.]

Ronnie (low, deliberate): *“The Seers are those who see. Those who watch. And all who watch... see. I see. Venessa sees...”*

[He pauses, looking off to the side with a knowing grin.]

Ronnie: *“...KillJoy... Feral....”*

[He leans closer to the camera, his voice sharp, the pause dragging until it breaks.]

Ronnie (shouting, emphatic): *“...ACE.”*

[The crowd noise (or imagined audience) stirs. Ronnie straightens, pacing, eyes wild.]



Ronnie: *“These are the Seers. The Seers of MAR. His vision of the TRUE past. Lies upon lies upon lies—but he can show you where to look.”*

[He holds the black tape high, clutching it as though it's holy scripture.]

Ronnie (urgent, whispering, frantic): *“It's all here. It's always been here. The reel spins, the static hums, and the truth bleeds through. You can't stop it. You can't look away. The*

Seers don't need you to believe... only to SEE.”

[Ronnie presses the tape to MAR's chest. MAR doesn't flinch, doesn't speak—only stares forward with the title. KillJoy and Feral step into frame, towering like sentinels.]

Ronnie (manic, leaning into the lens): *“Open your eyes. Open your eyes before Kingdom Come... because when it arrives—there is no unseeing.”*

[Ronnie chuckles, looks down, then tilts his head back with a sly smile. The theatrical cadence drops — suddenly he’s almost conversational.]

Ronnie (warm, disarming): “You want me to be more clear? Alright. This is me. Ronnie Kixx. No act. No mask. This is real. That belt is real. That tape is real. This man changed my life — for real.”

[He pats MAR lightly on the chest; MAR remains motionless, title heavy on his shoulder.]

Ronnie (shrugging, embarrassed grin): “Sometimes I get excited and the dramatics just... spill out. Forgive me. I’ve always had a flair for the dramatic — I mean, look at the suit.”

[A half-laugh. Then his tone goes softer, insistent.]

Ronnie (quiet, direct): “But I want to have a heart-to-heart. What’s on that black tape isn’t a story. It isn’t a gimmick. It isn’t for show. It’s a life-changing vision. It changes the people who see it.”

[He fixes the camera with steady eyes.]

Ronnie (more sinister, intimate): “And that includes you, Ace — my brother. My brother in MAR. You wear that mask for reasons only you know. MAR knows why. Maybe you don’t need me to understand. He’s family. You’re family.”

[He steps forward, voice low but clear.]

Ronnie (earnest, almost smiling): “Which is why we’re doing this the right way. Kingdom Come isn’t just a show to MAR — it’s his kingdom. And the first defense of his title... will be given to one of us.”

[He holds the black tape out like an invitation.]

Ronnie (final, deliberate): “Ace — you’re being offered the chance to face your father in that kingdom for the CFW World Championship. That’s not a threat. That’s a calling. Will you take it... brother?”

[Beat. MAR never blinks. The camera zooms; Ronnie’s smile stretches — triumphant, predatory. Static flakes at the edges of the frame. The SEERS logo blooms behind them as the feed cuts to black.]

[The feed flickers. The SEERS logo returns, grainier this time—like an old film reel. VHS static creeps at the edges. Águila Feral and KillJoy stand like sentinels, a step behind Venessa. She's centered, breathing slow, eyes fixed on the camera. The Foundry is silent in the background; the only sound is the low hum of the projection.]

Venessa (soft, steady; she speaks directly into the lens):

"Ace... brother. This time I'm speaking. I'm not pretending to be mute."

(she nods once, referencing the social posts; there's no accusation—only an attempt to connect.)

Venessa (voice small, then growing with feeling):

"I watched the tape. At first it filled me with terror—more than I ever imagined. I was the most terrified girl in the building. I could hardly believe what it showed. I couldn't believe he chose me to see."

[She swallows, eyes glisten, but she steels herself.]

Venessa (softer, intimate):



"And then—after the fear—something else came.

Gratefulness. A strange, lonely gratefulness I can't fully explain. Why fight it and live in a lie if the truth is standing right there?"

Venessa (reaching, sincere):

"I think you're fighting the same thing I fought. I saw your posts. I saw the

questions. I felt it looking at you at Crossroads. I felt the fear that sits under your skin. I know that pain. I know the doubt. I'm not here to shame you. I'm here to tell you—I'm here for you."

Venessa (a whisper that cuts through the static):

"Come talk to your sister, Ace."

[She holds the camera with steady eyes. Behind her, KillJoy's and Feral's silhouettes are unreadable—protective, not threatening. The projection hums. For a beat the feed is still, then the studio lights flicker as if the tape itself is breathing.]