

Black Light Live 25!



Creative Force Wrestling Presents: A special live episode of Black Light

[Opening shot: commentary desk at ringside in the Venice Civic Center.]

Chaz:

“Welcome to a very special presentation of *Black Light Live!* Tonight isn’t about matches—it’s about announcements and about the future of CFW.”

Bert:

“That’s right. The Foundry has been home to CFW from the very beginning, but look around—tonight we’re here in the *Venice Civic Center*! And for the first time ever, this will be the site of a CFW pay-per-view.”

Chaz:

“Mark your calendars: Friday, October 24th—***Run It Back!*** A brand-new ppv, at a bigger stage, and the stakes higher than ever.”



Bert:

“And tonight, we’ve got something just as special. For the first time, *Ace Dalton* and *Jace Valor* will confront each other live through a

video conference call. No fists, no cage —just two of the biggest names in CFW speaking their minds in front of the world.”

Chaz:

“And if you know their history, you know the air is already thick with tension. Whatever happens tonight could shape the future of this company.”

[Camera fades into a short hype reel of Ace and Jace highlights before transitioning to the split-screen video call.]

[Split-screen: Jace Valor on the left in his home office, a bandage across his cheek from the Lucas Knox assault. On the right, Ace Dalton, in his tie-dye, sitting upright at home but with a serious expression. The commentary team fades off as Chaz introduces them.]

Chaz:

“Joining us now, two of the biggest names in CFW — Jace Valor and Ace Dalton. Gentlemen, thank you for being here.”

[Jace wastes no time. He leans forward, frustration painted on his face.]

Jace Valor:

“Ace, I don’t know what’s going on with you, ‘brother’...” *[the sarcasm stings]* “...but whatever game you’re playing doesn’t sit well with me. What the hell was that with Vennessa? The guy who’s been anti-bullshit in pro wrestling sure does hang with a lot of bullshit. I’ll just come out and say it — what was she talking about? ‘*He approves*’? ‘*Vennessa in your corner*’? ‘*Take the match*’? Did you get the blessing from your new leader,



MAR, for a rematch? Is that what you needed? You’re playing their bullshit game now?!”
[Jace’s voice rises.]

[Ace shifts, the calm fading fast as anger creeps into his tone.]

Ace Dalton:

“Jace, shut the hell up if you don’t know what you’re talking about — and clearly, you don’t. You’re gonna sit there and call me a liar to my face? I stood in front of the Foundry and spilled my guts, drew a clear line in the sand, and told the world which side I stand firmly on! I said it, and I meant it. Nobody is more against the bullshit theatrics MAR pulls than me. This is *wrestling*, not a sideshow! And for you to accuse me of playing the same games... that really fucking pisses me off!”

[Jace leans closer to the camera, cutting him off.]

Jace Valor:

“Then what the hell *was that*, Ace?!”

[The tension on screen boiling.]

Chaz:

“Alright, alright — gentlemen, let’s step back here. Emotions are clearly running high. But we’ve got something we need to share. Some new footage surfaced after *Black Light 25* went off the air. Ace... a lot of us are wondering the same questions Jace is asking. This footage might answer them, or it might just raise more.”

[Jace shifts in his chair, curious but tense. Chaz continues.]

Chaz:

“Jace, you haven’t seen this. Nobody has, until now. But first, let’s recap what went down earlier that night. We saw Vennessa Vale approach Brandi Blight backstage — she wanted, presumably, to show her the tape. The same tape you, Ace, were forced to watch at Dominion in that disgusting display. Later, we caught another glimpse — Brandi standing alone, watching the tape herself.”

[Chaz pauses, leaning forward.]

Chaz:

“But what you don’t know, Jace... what nobody has seen yet... is this. Later on, after the cameras should have stopped rolling. Play the clip.”



[The screen cuts to shaky, handheld footage. A camera peers through a slightly open doorway. Inside, two figures sit on a couch with their backs to the camera. The shapes are unmistakable: Ace Dalton, with his tie-dye headband visible, and Brandi Blight beside him. Brandi leans her head against

Ace’s shoulder; his arm is draped around her. Neither notices the camera at the door.]

[The feed cuts back to the split screen, Jace’s jaw tight as he processes what he’s just seen. Ace sits frozen, expression unreadable.]

[Split-screen: Jace Valor (left), a fresh bandage on his cheek. Ace Dalton (right), tie-dye and headband, sitting rigid.]

Jace (seething, pauses to let it land):

“How cute, Ace. You and Brandi— COS playing with evil magic VHS tapes. What the hell is wrong with you?”

[Ace doesn’t flinch. Jace’s face goes harder, like a realization snapping into place.]

Jace (erupts):

“Hold on—so while I’m getting my face stitched up after the show, you’re down the hall getting *fresh* with Brandi?”

Ace (cold):

“Shut the hell up. Jace, you’re out of line. Who I talk to—who I get fresh with—none of your goddamn business. Take it however you want. Twist it to boost your ego or your narcissistic wrestling persona.”

Jace (tries to interrupt):

“Whoa—”

Ace (cuts him off, sharper):

“Yeah, I said it. You’re awful full of yourself, acting like you’re the only one who cares about this business. You heard Chaz—October 24th is *Run It Back*. That’s what you wanted, right? Fine. Let’s do it.”

(beat, quieter but deadly serious)

“So run it back, Jace. I’ll beat your ass again like I did the first time. If you want my spot with MAR, you earn it. Beat me at *Run It Back*, and it’s yours. Plain and simple.”

Jace (level, furious, final):

“You’re taking this the wrong way, man. Whatever you’ve got going on—set the games aside and show up like I know you can. Run it back like you did at *Face Off*. Let the best wrestler win.”

[END SHOW]