

Episode 19 9/20/25



Creative Force Wrestling presents: **Black Light**



[Scene opens in a dimly lit retro arcade. Neon lights flicker against the glass of pinball machines. Reign Rokk is intensely focused on a pinball game while Rokkit sits casually on the machine, swinging her legs as they talk.]

**Rokkit**  
(smirking):  
“Crossroads

was awesome. Honestly, I really feel like I could’ve beaten Gale if I had made the card. But guess what, bro? Someone in CFW—the owners, the commissioner, *somebody*—sees something in me. Because I’ve been given another chance. Not only that... I got signed to the main roster!”

**Reign (snapping his head up):** “No way!”

**Rokkit (grinning wide):** “Yep. Me and my big bro, on the main roster together. And get this—on the next live *Black Light Live*, I’ve got a match with Marisol Vela.”

**Reign (laughs, proud):** “Yo! That’s awesome. You’re gonna crush it.”

**Rokkit (slapping his hand in a high-five):** “Thanks. So what’s next for you? You know... after... (pauses, awkward) your loss at Crossroads?”

[Reign tilts his head, lets the pinball drain, and leans on the machine.]

**Reign (calm but determined):** “Well, sis... if I want to dominate here—and I *do*—I need big wins. And the biggest win I can think of is one against my partner from Crossroads. Hex’s undefeated streak has made him the target of the whole roster, and understandably so. Guys like Alaric Green think that just because they made a name elsewhere, they can skip the line and call out Hex on *our* show. I don’t blame him... but I can stop him.

Alaric, if you think you can take Hex, then prove you can get through me first. You’re not the only one gunning for that streak. What do you say?”

**Rokkit (grinning ear to ear):** “Hell yeah. I *like* that!”

**[The camera lingers on the siblings, neon glow surrounding them, before fading out to the *Black Light* graphic.]**

**[Scene opens with cameras following Gale storming through the back hallways of the Foundry. She’s pacing quick, fuming, muttering under her breath.]**

**Gale (snapping):** “*Where the hell are they? Huh? Somebody’s gotta be running this dump.*”

[She stops, points at a random door.]

**Gale:** “*Here?*”

[She yanks the door open. Empty. Slams it shut.]

**Gale:** “*Figures.*”

[She pushes forward, finds another door. Shoves it open and steps inside. A dingy office, flickering light overhead. A balding man in a cheap shirt and tie sits behind a cluttered desk, startled by the intrusion.]

**Gale (pointing aggressively):** “*You! You work here, baldy?*”

**Official (nervous):** “*Uh—yes, Gale. I’m on the board... What can I—*”

**Gale (cutting him off, voice sharp):** “*What the hell is going on with this women’s number one contender points battle nonsense? Did you think this out at all? Do you even have any idea what you’re doing?*”

[Camera lingers on Gale’s face, breathing heavy, eyes blazing. The official swallows hard, caught like a deer in headlights.]

**Gale (furious):** “*How long is this going to drag out? Huh? How many matches does Brandi have to have before you clowns are satisfied?*”



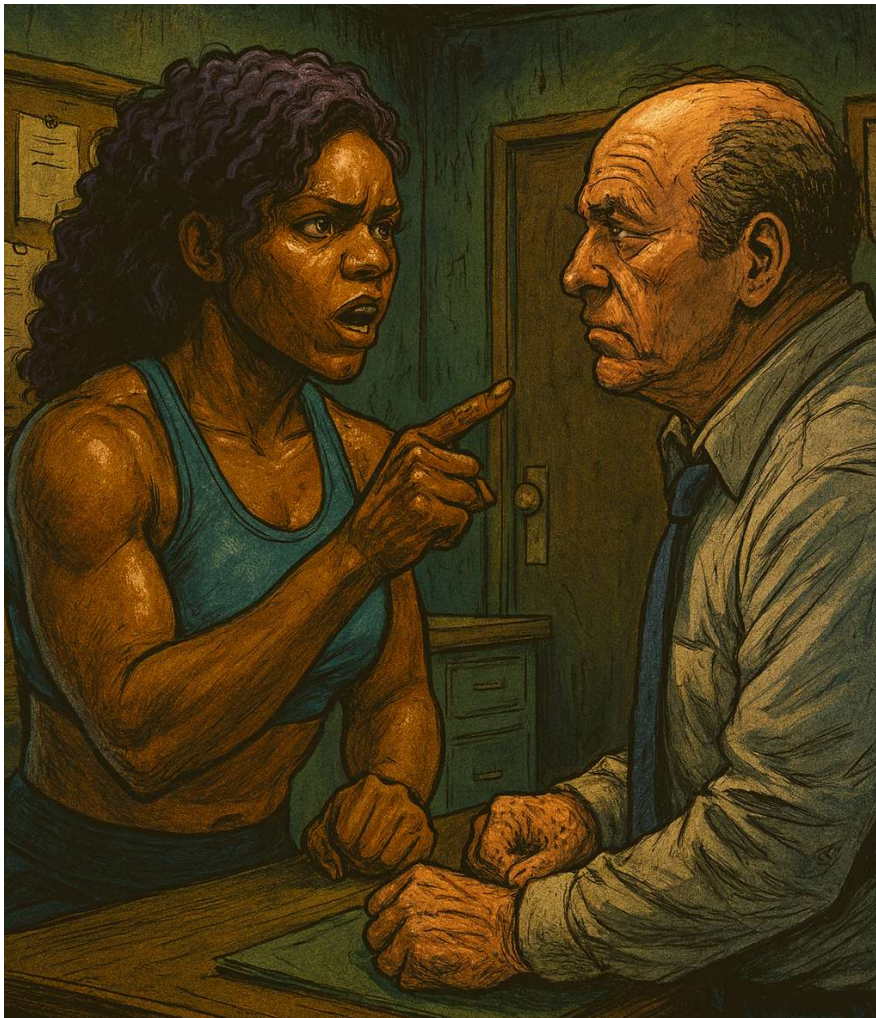
**Official (raising an eyebrow):** *“So Brandi sent you? She can talk to us directly. We’d be more than happy to discuss it with her. We take the women’s division—and the future title match—very seriously.”*

**Gale (snapping back):** *“Very serious? This is dragging out forever. Lena should be out already. But no—we’ve got to sit here and watch this thing drag on for weeks because she squeaked out a lucky—”*

[She stops, unable to bring herself to say “victory,” biting the word off bitterly.]

**Official (calm, almost guilty):** *“Look, Gale... we... well... it is dragging out like you say. We’ve been paying close attention, and we’ve been discussing it. But fairness is at the core of this organization. We can’t change the rules midway just because it isn’t happening as fast as some want.”*

**Gale (leaning forward, voice sharp):** *“Fine. Then what happens when Brandi finally wins this long, ridiculous maze you put in front of her and becomes the number one contender?*



*You just hand-select an opponent, give them a free pass, while Brandi had to walk through fire for months? What’s your plan, baldy—”*

**Official (cutting her off, staying cool):** *“I understand the frustration, believe me. We’ve had similar concerns. But those women in this points battle—they’ve carried CFW on their backs to where it is right now. The last thing we want is to undermine their sacrifice. That said...”*

[He pauses, looking directly at Gale, steady but deliberate.]

**Official:** *“...we do have a solution. A fair one. One that gives the winner more of what they deserve. But—we want all participants to agree. We were going to announce this later, but... I’ll tell you now. On the next live **Black Light**, there will be a contract signing.”*

**[Gale tilts her head, listening intently.]**

**Official:** *“That contract will be offered to all four women in the points battle. It will lay out the next step: a second **Fatal Four-Way** match at the next pay-per-view. And... an agreement that whoever reaches three points first... will have the right to choose their opponent at **Kingdom Come** for the CFW Women’s Championship.”*

**Gale (shocked):** *“...Choose any opponent?”*

**Official (nodding):** *“Anyone.”*

[The camera lingers on Gale’s face—part disbelief, part calculation—before fading out.]

**[Black Light Ends]**