

The Iron Way: The Iron Way I

September 12, 2025 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

Opening Video Package

Black screen. A deep, metallic clang echoes like hammer on steel. Sparks fly across the frame. The words "THE IRON WAY" slam onto the screen in jagged letters.

Narrator (gravelly, deliberate):

"In Birmingham, a forge burns hotter than ever. The Foundry has become more than an arena... it is the proving ground of Iron City Wrestling."

Quick montage: Graysie Parker winning the Iron Crown, standing bloody but victorious. TD3 smirking in his paisley blazer, the Grapplerz flanking him. Eric Dane Jr. defiantly staring into the hard cam.

Narrator:

"Heroes have risen. Villains have schemed. And tonight... the road leads here."

Cut to Jesse Collins small-packaging Eric Dane Jr. and scoring the shocking upset, Rich Mahogany at ringside celebrating. Smash cut to Sammy Starr screaming, "I'M THE SUPERSTAR!"

Narrator:

"Dreams ignite in the heart of the underdog. But in the shadows, new stars are born... and some shine dirty."

Flash of Astrid and Duchess tearing through the Urban Ninjaz, then cut to their staredown. Images of chairs, kendo sticks, and chains laid out like an arsenal.

Narrator:

"Partnerships fracture. Friendships end. And rivalries turn to war."

Clovis Black double-chokeslamming two locals. Jack Havok screaming in the back lot, chains wrapped around his fists.

Narrator (voice rising):

"Two monsters collide where steel meets asphalt. For the Continental Television Championship... there are no rules. No escape. Only survival."

Montage: The Rich Young Grapplerz cheating their way through the Tag Team Tournament. Brothers Gluck tossing bodies. A shot of TD3 raising the Grapplerz' hands with dollar bills raining around them.

Narrator:

"History waits for no one. Tonight--new champions will be crowned. New legacies will be written."

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Final sequence: Graysie Parker holding both the Iron Crown and WrestleZone titles, screaming in triumph. TD3 sneering directly into the lens.

Narrator (firm, final):

"And at the end of The Iron Way... only one truth will remain. In Iron City... glory is forged in fire."

The package ends with a thunderous crash of steel. The Iron City logo pulses on screen, then dissolves into the live shot of the Foundry crowd exploding.

Welcome to the Show!

The camera fades from the opening video into the buzzing Foundry. Fans are on their feet in the tightly packed bleachers and folding chairs, pounding the guardrails and waving handmade signs. The curtain by the entrance sways with the crowd noise bleeding through. Just a few feet away, the Commentation Station sits ringside, where Eric Dane Sr. and Angus Skaaland flank Robbie Ray Carter.

RRC (voice raised over the din):

"Birmingham, Alabama--this is the night we've all been waiting for! Welcome to The Iron Way! I'm Robbie Ray Carter, joined by the Godfather of Violence himself, Eric Dane, and the ever-incorrigible Angus Skaaland. Gentlemen, the Foundry is sold out, and tonight Iron City Wrestling makes history."

Eric Dane (leaning in, calm but intense):

"Double-Arcee, history isn't claimed, it's earned. Tonight we're going to see who can stand tall when the lights are bright and the stakes are heavy. Titles, pride, and legacies are all on the line before this night is over."

Angus (smirking, cutting in):

"Yeah, yeah, history, legacies, blah blah blah. Let's call it what it is--tonight, the rich get richer, the strong get stronger, and somebody's gonna bleed all over the parking lot. That's my kind of night!"

RRC (with excitement):

"And it starts right here. Jesse 'Iron Kid' Collins goes one-on-one with the loudmouth 'Superstar' Sammy Starr."

Eric Dane:

"Collins has been turning heads since the first time he set foot in this building. He's young, hungry, and reckless--but that's exactly why the people love him. Tonight is his chance to prove that fire can carry him when the pressure's high."

Angus:

"Or it's his chance to get embarrassed. Starr's got years of experience running his mouth and plenty of ring savvy to back it up. You think a kid from Birmingham's going to outshine a Superstar? Get real."

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RRC (steady):

"After that, it's Astrid Reichert and Duchess Vaughn in a No Holds Barred grudge match. This one's personal."

Eric Dane:

"They were a team built on violence, and now that same violence is aimed straight at each other. Astrid's a world-class shooter, Duchess made their name in the London underground--you put those styles together with no rules, and it's going to be a war."

Angus:

"War? More like a demolition derby. Whoever walks out of this one is going to be stitched up and smiling about it."

RRC:

"Eric Dane Jr. also has business tonight. He'll step into the ring with a member of the New Untouchables."

Eric Dane (measured, serious):

"My son's no stranger to pressure. But the Untouchables? They're a pack of wolves. It doesn't matter which one comes out that curtain, Jr. is going to have to fight like hell to keep from getting swallowed whole."

Angus:

"I'm torn here, Eric. Your kid is a certified pain in the ass, but I cannot STAND the Noots! Those Untouchapunks can get all the way wrecked, and I hope Junior's got the salt to put whoever they put in front of him out to pasture!"

RRC (picking up the pace):

"And then it's the fight everyone's been waiting for--Jack Havok and Clovis Black in a Parking Lot Brawl for the very first ICW Television Championship."

Eric Dane (leaning forward):

"That's not a match, Robbie Ray. That's a test of survival. Havok bleeds for fun, Clovis breaks bodies without blinking. Put them outside on concrete with weapons everywhere? This one's going to get ugly."

Angus (grinning):

"And beautiful! Don't forget, beautiful. This is what ICW was built on--chaos, brutality, and a whole lot of blood. Somebody's leaving on a stretcher, and I can't wait to see who."

RRC:

"The Rich Young Grapplerz and the Brothers Gluck will also collide tonight in the finals of the Tag Team Title Tournament."

Eric Dane:

"Two very different philosophies at work here, RC! The Grapplerz bend every rule, and with Todderick

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Davenport pulling the strings, they're never alone. The Glucks? They're blunt force, and they've got Daeriq Damien keeping them laser-focused. Tonight we'll find out if money and trickery can overcome grit and raw power."

Angus:

"Don't overthink it. The Grapplerz have already shown they'll cheat, steal, and swipe every advantage. And guess what? They're good at it. You don't get points for being the better men--you get titles for being the winners."

RRC (voice rising with gravity):

"And in our main event, Todderick Davenport the Third challenges Graysie Parker for the Iron Crown."

Eric Dane (firm, deliberate):

"Graysie Parker is the heart and soul of this company. She's already carrying two championships, and she's never backed down from a fight. But TD3? He's ambitious, he's arrogant, and he's got Trust Fund at his back. If anyone can play spoiler, it's him."

Angus (smug):

"Not spoiler--champion. This is a coronation. And whether you like it or not, it's happening tonight. I love Graysie as much as the next guy, and I've known her since she was a doe-eyed rook with a head full of dreams and nothing to offer but raw power, but I'm not convinced she's got the brain power to turn back Hot Toddy's scheming and sheer numbers advantage."

Eric Dane:

"Much as I hate to admit it, you might be right about that one."

RRC (leaning forward, steady):

"Every match on this card could change the shape of Iron City Wrestling. This is The Iron Way, and it starts--now."

The camera lingers on the roaring Foundry faithful before cutting back toward the curtain for the first segment of the night.

Hi! My name is...

The shot hangs on the buzzing Foundry crowd as the commentators reset at the desk. The curtain suddenly parts and a man in a cheap-but-flashy suit struts through with all the confidence in the world. His hair is slicked back a little too greasy, his sunglasses a little too shiny for the dim house lights. He carries himself like the second coming of southern wrestling's sleaziest managers.

RRC (confused, cautious):

"Wait a minute--who the hell is this?"

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Eric Dane (arching an eyebrow):

"That, Robbie Ray, is a familiar type. I've seen that walk before. That's a man who wants a cut without ever throwing a punch."

Angus (grinning):

"And I already love him. Look at that jacket--it screams money well laundered."

The man reaches the ring, snatches the house mic from the announcer, and taps it twice, letting the jeers rise. He smirks wide, then lifts the microphone with purpose.

Ricky Dale Cash:

"Ladies and gentlemen of Birmingham... my name is Ricky Dale Cash."

The crowd boos at the drawn-out delivery. Cash leans on the top rope, unfazed, practically feeding off the heat.

Ricky Dale Cash:

"And I am here tonight to do what no one else in this company has the guts, the brains, or the bankroll to do--present to you the future of Iron City Wrestling. My client... the one, the only... the Iron City Superstar... Sammy Starr!"

The Foundry erupts in boos as "Sharp Dressed Man" by ZZ Top hits. Sammy Starr struts through the curtain in his sequined robe, arms wide, soaking in the hate. He spins on the ramp, pointing back to Ricky Dale Cash, who claps like he just unveiled a million-dollar investment.

RRC (groaning):

"Oh, good lord. This place just got a little louder, and a lot more obnoxious."

Eric Dane:

"I'll say this--Starr's got himself somebody who knows how to make a scene. And in this business, that can take you places."

Angus (laughing):

"Take him places? Cash just rocketed Starr from karaoke nights at VFW halls straight to the main event lifestyle! Birmingham, meet the Superstar upgrade package."

Starr climbs into the ring, hugs Cash with exaggerated flair, then struts to each corner, pointing to himself. Cash raises Starr's arm high as the boos rain down.

Ricky Dale Cash (shouting over the noise):

"Tonight, Jesse Collins steps into this ring not against just some man--no, no, no! He's stepping in against a Superstar with brains, brawn, and a Cash flow that'll never run out. Iron Kid, say your prayers--because the Superstar era begins right now!"

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Superstar Sammy Star vs Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins

Inside the Foundry, Ricky Dale Cash stands ringside in his cheap suit, grinning ear to ear, clapping along as Sammy Starr struts and poses in the corner to a chorus of boos. The referee tries to restore order when the curtain parts again--this time the building shakes.

RRC (voice spiking):

"Listen to this place!"

The house lights dim to a warm gold wash. A pulsing beat kicks through the PA, and the Foundry crowd leaps to its feet. Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins bursts through the curtain in black-and-gold tights with a Birmingham city patch stitched on the hip. He pumps his taped fists in the air, pointing to the rafters, before racing side-to-side to slap hands along the rail. Streamers fly from the bleachers, raining over the guardrail as the local kid makes his walk.

Eric Dane (measured):

"Collins is soaking in every ounce of this. The pressure's real--you open a night like The Iron Way, you'd better deliver."

Angus (snapping back):

"Pressure? Please. That's just adrenaline. Give him five minutes with Starr, and that gas tank's gonna hit empty."

Collins circles the ring, slapping hands, before leaping up onto the apron in one smooth motion. He points to the crowd, chest heaving, then vaults over the top rope with a clean springboard hop. The crowd roars. Starr scoffs in the corner, leaning back with mock applause. Ricky Dale Cash waves his hands dismissively, shouting "Sit down, marks!" toward the bleachers.

RRC (steady):

"This building is behind Jesse Collins one hundred percent. The Iron Kid's got the heart of Birmingham, and he'll need every bit of it against Sammy Starr tonight."

The referee calls for the bell.

DING DING DING

Starr immediately bails through the ropes, wagging a finger and pointing to his temples, soaking in boos as Ricky Dale Cash pats his back like a proud manager.

RRC:

"And here we go, but Sammy Starr already stalling--he doesn't want a piece of Jesse straight away."

Eric Dane:

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"That's experience, Robbie Ray. Let the kid burn hot while you take your time. Oldest trick in the book."

Angus:

"And the smartest. Why fight when you can make 'em wait?"

Collins stomps the mat, rallying the crowd into a clap. Starr finally slides back in. They lock up--Starr immediately yanks Collins by the hair and dumps him to the mat, throwing his hands up like he's done nothing wrong. The Foundry boos. Ricky Dale Cash cheers, "That's my Superstar!"

RRC:

"Hair pull right in front of the referee!"

Angus (chuckling):

"Legal until you get caught. Starr's playing chess while the kid's still learning checkers."

The early minutes are all Starr's games--stalling in the ropes, raking the eyes on the break, jawing at the crowd. Each cheap shot buys him more control. Collins rallies with a sharp dropkick that sends Starr sprawling to the floor. The Foundry erupts as Jesse vaults over the top with a flying crossbody, crashing onto Starr!

RRC (fired up):

"Collins takes flight! He's not here to play games--he's here to win!"

Cash scrambles to his client, fanning him with a handkerchief. Starr staggers up and eats a flurry of forearms from Collins before being tossed back inside. Collins climbs to the top--missile dropkick connects! Cover--

Referee:

"One! Two--kickout!"

Eric Dane:

"Good cover, good urgency. But that two-count just tells you Starr's not done yet."

Momentum shifts again as Cash hops on the apron, waving his arms at the referee. The distraction lets Starr slip in a low blow mule kick behind the ref's back. The crowd explodes in boos as Collins collapses, clutching his midsection.

RRC (furious):

"Are you kidding me? A blatant low blow--and Ricky Dale Cash earns his paycheck already!"

Angus (grinning):

"That's what managers do, Robbie Ray. They manage. Don't hate the player, hate the hustle."

Starr struts, blowing kisses to the hard cam, before dropping a big elbow across Collins' chest. He hooks the

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leg--

Referee:

"One! Two--kickout!"

The pace quickens. Starr hits a back suplex for another near fall. Collins fights back with desperation forearms, ducks a clothesline, springboards--

Eric Dane (snapping):

"Look out--"

--into a spinning powerslam from Starr! Cover--

Referee:

"One! Two! Thr--kickout!"

The crowd explodes. Starr slaps the mat in frustration, screaming at the ref. Cash hops onto the apron again, waving his hands. Starr drags Collins up, signaling for a piledriver. As he lifts--Collins kicks his legs, shifting weight, drops down, and rolls Starr up tight with a schoolboy!

Referee:

"One! Two! Three!"

DING DING DING

The Foundry erupts! Collins rolls clear, fists pumping as Starr sits up in shock, screaming at the referee. Ricky Dale Cash storms the apron, waving his arms frantically, insisting it was a fast count. Collins backs up the aisle, pointing to the crowd, smiling through the pain as the Foundry roars for their hometown Iron Kid.

RRC (elated):

"He did it! Jesse Collins just beat Sammy Starr on the biggest night in Iron City Wrestling history!"

Eric Dane:

"Opportunistic. Starr got too cocky, Cash got too involved, and the kid took advantage. That's how you win on the big stage."

Angus (furious):

"That was a fluke! A fast count! Sammy Starr got robbed, and Ricky Dale Cash better get an audit on that referee!"

In the ring, Starr throws a tantrum, stomping the ropes, screaming "I'M THE SUPERSTAR!" while Cash tries to calm him down, pointing furiously at Collins up the aisle. Collins celebrates with fans at ringside, the Birmingham crowd squarely behind him as the commentary resets.

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Eric Dane, Jr vs a New Untouchable to be named

Robby Ray: Folks, up next we've got what's shaping up to be a barnburner. Eric Dane Jr., the son of the Only Star himself, finally gets his hands on Lee Scott Rothlesberger of The New Untouchables.

Angus: Thank God. The Noots make me wanna puke in my own lap.

Eric Dane Sr.: Easy, Angus. Look, I don't like the kids either. They remind me of the worst parts of their mentors. Jeff Andrews? I respect what he's done, but I can't stand the man. Kai Scott? Talented, sure, but he was impossible to deal with in a locker room. If Lee R. is anything like him, then Junior's in for a headache tonight.

Robby Ray: But still, an opportunity for Junior to prove himself. We've seen him throw caution to the wind before, and against an opponent as crafty as LSR, he's going to need all of that and more.

"Dead Man Shuffle" by PROF hits.

[Eric Dane Jr. strides down, microphone already in hand, jaw set. He doesn't milk the entrance--he's pacing with energy, like a man with something to say.]

EDJr: Yo, let's not waste time. Kai Scott's whole bit was leaving everybody sitting on their hands while his music looped. We're not doing that tonight. Lee, you got twenty seconds. If you're not standing in this ring by then, I'm flipping this into Falls Count Anywhere and dragging you out here myself.

BIG CROWD REACTION.

[The arena waits. No New Untouchables. Junior leans on the ropes, smirking at the hard cam.]

EDJr: Just so we're clear? I'm not kidding. This is straight up, dead serious. Timer's ticking, Lee.

Robby Ray: Dane Jr. isn't here to play games. He wants this fight.

Angus: Should've started swinging already!

[Finally, Dane Sr. stands from the desk and snatches a house mic, glaring toward the stage.]

Dane Sr.: I was sick of this crap when Scott pulled it in DEF. I'm even sicker of it now. If those New Untouchables aren't out here in twenty seconds, I'm ringing the bell and starting this match wherever they are.

CROWD POPS HUGE.

"You're Gonna Go Far, Kid" by The Offspring hits.

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[Lee Scott Rothlesberger and Jeffrey Daniels strut onto the stage, smug grins and greasy swagger. They stop halfway down the ramp, mics in hand.]

LSR: Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold up! Junior, buddy, you've got us all wrong. We're not like that. We wouldn't pull some Kai Scott mystery entrance on you. You've completely misjudged us. I mean--you're the one that threw down the gauntlet. If I wasn't cool with this match then, why would I be cool with it now?

EDJr: Then quit stalling and get in the ring.

LSR: See, that's the thing. I told you you'd get a match against a New Untouchable. I never promised you'd get a match against me.

EDJr: Bro, I don't care if it's against Jeffrey! Same difference, except he's rocking that early-onset LeBron hairline!

HUGE CROWD POP.

[Daniels instantly clutches his hairline, horrified. He storms toward the ring, ready to fight, only for LSR to yank him back.]

LSR: No, no, no, stick to the plan! Juju, think about it--me being Kai Scott, him being Jeff Andrews, duh. And obviously there's not gonna be a Ronnie Long--your dad's running the place. But maybe you forgot about Mom. I mean... Heidi.

MIXED CROWD REACTION -- gasps and boos.

Angus: Did he just say "Mommy Heidi"? Somebody's got issues.

Dane Sr.: ...

Robby Ray: That is not a wise button to push.

LSR: And hey, if you don't know her, Junior, after tonight you can ask Graysie about it. Because, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce...the third New Untouchable.

[He hands the microphone to Jeffrey Daniels and then turns, sweeping an arm dramatically toward the curtain.]

Daniels: And introducing the opponent! Returning, at long last, from Parts Unknown! She is the Perilous Princess of the Prolonged Pinfall! The Majestic Monarch of the Mat Ride! The Amazing Ankle-Pick Assassin! The Queen of the Crushing Quads! The Almost-Olympian Amateur Overlord! Hailing from Amherst, Massachusetts, and weighing in at 149 lbs...

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"In Walks Barbarella" by Clutch hits.

Dane Sr.: You've got to be shitting me.

Daniels: KIKIKIKIKIKIRRRSTYYYY... MMMMMMAACKIIIIIIINNNNNEEYYYY!!!!

[Kirsty McKinney strides out, no frills, but not without presence. She glances to either side of the aisle, smirks faintly, shakes her head like the whole spectacle is ridiculous, then breaks into a jog down the ramp. She slides into the ring, pops up, and plants herself between Junior and the New UTs.]

Angus: Who the fuck?

Robby Ray: That's... that's not quite a regulation amateur singlet.

Dane Sr.: It doesn't have to be. This isn't sport wrestling, this is pro wrestling. And uh, if you guys don't know what Lee meant by asking Graysie, Kirsty pinned Graysie several years back while they were still in SWAT.

Robby Ray: Fair enough, but either way, this is a surprise.

Angus: Surprise? Try shock. She hasn't done anything in years. You sure she's even kept up with Graysie Parker?

Dane Sr.: I don't know what she's been doing, but I do know what she's done - and who told her to do it. You don't forget things like that.

[Inside the ring, Eric Dane Jr. stares, mouth open, mic in hand.]

EDJr: Hold up. Who is this? I've never even heard of you. You're just some random in a singlet they scraped out of the woodwork. This is supposed to be my match, my fight, and you--what, you're supposed to scare me?

[Kirsty takes the microphone, calm and flat.]

Kirsty: Shh. It's okay, Junior. Mommy's here.

CROWD ERUPTS IN BOOS AND LAUGHS.

Angus: Oh my God, she went there!

Robby Ray: That's a psychological dagger if I've ever heard one.

Dane Sr.: ...

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[Kirsty waits for the noise to settle, then adds with cool exasperation.]

Kirsty: But she doesn't really want to be here. So let's just see how fast we can put you to sleep, alright?

HEAVY HEEL HEAT.

[Junior drops the microphone. The referee signals for the bell.]

DING DING DING!

[Junior circles, light on his feet, smirking like this is going to be a breeze. He lowers his stance, expecting a flashy lucha-style tie-up. Kirsty doesn't play along. The second he reaches, she darts in, grabs the ankle, and dumps him flat on his back.]

Robby Ray: Ankle pick! That was too easy!

[Junior scrambles, trying to twist into guard, but Kirsty's already stacking him up. She folds him with a tight cradle--]

ONE!

[Kicks out. Kirsty transitions seamlessly, snaring his leg and rolling him into another pin attempt.]

ONE!

[Kicks out again, frustrated. Before he can reset, Kirsty shifts her hips and stacks him high with an Oklahoma roll.]

ONE! TWO!

[Junior flails free, pops up--only to get taken right back down by a snap fireman's carry into a cover.]

ONE!

Angus: She's speed-running this dude!

Robby Ray: Half a dozen pinning techniques, bang-bang-bang, and Dane Jr. can't get his bearings!

[Junior kicks out wild, rolling toward the ropes. Kirsty doesn't even chase--she just sits back on her haunches, arms folded, exasperated smirk on her face.]

Dane Sr.: That's what I was afraid of. Junior came in here thinking he was gonna get another high-flyer. But Kirsty McKinney is an amateur prodigy. She knows how to take him apart piece by piece.

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[Junior clutches the ropes like a lifeline, eyes wide, realizing for the first time he's in way deeper than he thought. He slaps the mat in frustration, pulls himself up on the ropes, and storms back in with fire. He whips off a spinning chop across Kirsty's chest, then a second, then an enzuigiri that staggers her on her feet.]

Robby Ray: Junior's trying to turn this into a slugfest!

[Junior bolts off the ropes, rebounds--SMASH!--and gets nailed with a diving spinning back elbow right across his jaw. Junior crumples, clutching his face.]

Angus: Where the hell did that come from?!

Dane Sr.: You don't train under Andrews and Heidi without learning a strike or two. She doesn't throw a lot, but the ones she throws land clean.

[Junior staggers up, swinging wild with a high kick. Kirsty catches the leg, pops her hips, and drills him with a kitchen sink knee lift that folds him in half.]

OOHHHH!

[No pause--Kirsty snatches him around the waist, hoists him up, and muscles him into a stalling Greco gutwrench suplex, holding him in the air for a heartbeat before driving him to the mat. She floats over effortlessly, pinning from side control.]

ONE! TWO!

[Junior twists a shoulder up--only to be rolled right into another pin attempt, an amateur stack this time. He flails, desperate, before scrambling toward the ropes again, grabbing hold like a lifeline.]

Robby Ray: That's the story right there--every time Dane Jr. thinks he's found an opening, she shuts him down and folds him up!

Dane Sr.: It's not even about big moves. It's the efficiency. Junior's playing checkers, Kirsty's playing chess.

Angus: Kid better learn the rules fast or he's cooked.

[Junior hangs on the ropes, chest heaving, eyes wide. Kirsty stays kneeling in the center of the ring, brushing hair back into place, looking exasperated as if to say "Is this all you've got?"]

[Junior clings to the ropes, stalling, trying to catch his breath. Kirsty kneels mid-ring, calm and waiting.]

Robby Ray: I'll be honest, Eric, I don't know much about Kirsty McKinney beyond that upset of Graysie Parker a few years back. What's her story?

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Dane Sr.: Cliff notes? First time I crossed paths with her, I was managing Graysie down in SWAT. Jeff Andrews was managing Kirsty. They cheated, she won. Then Jeff disappeared for a while, and she wound up under Daeriq Damien--you know, the guy who manages the Brothers Gluck.

Robby Ray: I do, yeah.

Dane Sr.: Well, Damien didn't do much with her except use her as a bodyguard. Then Heidi Christenson stepped in around 2022, said she was taking over Kirsty's training. That was the last I'd heard from her until tonight.

Robby Ray: So she hasn't been sitting on the shelf after all. She's been sharpening her game.

Dane Sr.: Looks like it. And Junior's the unlucky one who gets to find out how sharp.

Angus: Yeah, sharp like a guillotine. Kid's getting diced up out there.

Dane Sr.: Also, I could've sworn she used to be from Bluefield West Virginia.

[Junior clings to the ropes, shaking his head, while Kirsty kneels mid-ring, exasperated. Finally, she decides she's had enough and storms toward him.]

Robby Ray: McKinney's not gonna let him stall all night--she's moving in!

[Junior suddenly yanks the referee between them. As Kirsty tries to angle around, Junior shoots past the ref with a sharp thrust kick to the stomach. THUMP! Kirsty doubles over. He follows with a stiff kick to the chest that straightens her back up, then spins into a corkscrew enzuigiri that cracks her across the side of the head!]

OOOHHHHHHH!

Angus: Finally! Kid hit the combo!

[Kirsty drops hard to the mat. Junior scrambles into position for a cover--then freezes, looking down at her. For a half-second, he doesn't commit, the memory of being tied up in knots on the mat still hanging over him.]

Robby Ray: He's hesitating! He doesn't want to be on the canvas with her--even after flooring her!

[Junior finally dives into the cover, pressing down with more urgency than confidence.]

ONE! TWO!

[Kirsty bridges hard, rolling onto her hip and shrimping free. In one smooth motion, she swings behind Junior, climbing into back mount and snaking her arm under his chin.]

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Robby Ray: Look at that transition! She's rolling this kid around like it's nothing!

Angus: Oh, hell, she's fishing for that choke!

[Kirsty locks her hands, cranking for the Pitty Choke from back mount. Junior's eyes go wide as he thrashes, dragging himself across the canvas until he hooks the bottom rope with both arms.]

REF COUNTS FOR THE BREAK.

[Kirsty wrenches until four, then lets go coldly. Junior coughs, draped on the ropes. The ref ushers her back a step--just enough space for Junior to lash out. He grabs her by the head, drops down, and guillotines her throat-first across the top rope. Kirsty snaps back, clutching her neck, and Junior launches forward with a low dropkick that knocks her flat.]

Robby Ray: Come on! That was a blatant rope guillotine!

Angus: Guess Junior learned something from dear old dad after all.

Dane Sr.: Angus...

[There's not really an applicable crowd reaction sound effect here. It's kind of a combination of muted cheers, confused mutters, and a few boos.]

Robby Ray: Listen to this crowd! Dane Jr. came in here wanting to prove himself, but he's losing the people with every shortcut he takes!

Dane Sr.: He's rattled. He's been made to look like a fool for five straight minutes, and now he's grasping for anything. That's not who he wants to be, but it's what's happening.

[Junior wipes his mouth, pacing with frustration. The boos are scattered, the cheers are half-hearted -- it's not the reaction he wanted. He shakes his head, muttering to himself, then climbs the ropes.]

Robby Ray: Junior's going high risk--maybe trying to win the people back!

[He launches with a corkscrew cross body, crashing into Kirsty and flattening her. The crowd gives him a little pop. Instead of covering, Junior drags her a few feet, lines her up, and slingshots off the ropes for a lionsault--BAM!--he nails it clean and finally hooks the leg.]

ONE! TWO!

[Kirsty doesn't just kick out--she rolls with the momentum, spinning out underneath him so that Junior winds up on top in a loose sprawl. The crowd murmurs as he freezes, unsure what to do with the "dominant" position.]

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Dane Sr.: See, that's the difference. He got the move, he got the position, but he doesn't have the training to know how to finish from there.

[Kirsty seizes the opening, slipping her arm under his leg and sweeping him into a takedown reversal. She plants him flat, climbs into mount, and rains down quick, vicious elbows.]

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

Angus: Whoa! That's some ground-and-pound straight outta MMA!

[Junior tries to cover up. Kirsty grabs his wrists, pins them down, and spikes him with a nasty headbutt that leaves him stunned.]

Robby Ray: That one landed flush! Junior's seeing stars right now!

[Kirsty sits back on her knees, brushing hair out of her face, looking exasperated as the crowd buzzes with shock at her violence.]

[Junior lies stunned from the headbutt, rolling onto his side and trying to push up. Kirsty calmly reaches out, hooks his ankle, and just waits. Instinctively, Junior turns, exposing his belly to escape--and that's when she pounces, sliding onto his back and snaring his leg in a Turk ride.]

Robby Ray: She's got his leg hooked! Look at the control!

Angus: What the hell even is that? I've never seen somebody just... tie a guy up like that!

Dane Sr.: That's an amateur wrestling turnover. It's been a long time since I took a class, but that's what this is--pure mat control.

[Kirsty leans forward and snakes in a half nelson, using the Turk to keep Junior's hips immobilized. She doesn't even rush to roll him; she just stays there, grinding the weight of her body down while Junior thrashes helplessly, face red with exertion.]

Robby Ray: She's not even trying to end it--she's letting him waste his energy!

Angus: This is sick! She's just sitting there while he looks like a fish on a hook!

Dane Sr.: And here's the thing--there's no escape unless she lets him. He can flail all night, but with that leg ride locked, he's not going anywhere.

[Junior finally claws for the ropes with his free arm, dragging both of them toward the edge of the ring. Kirsty maintains the ride, looking exasperated, until the ref forces her to release. Kirsty rises, calm as ever, brushing hair from her face. Junior drags himself up on the ropes, chest heaving. Then--BAM!--he charges in and

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starts throwing wild punches.]

Robby Ray: Oh, Junior's had enough--he's throwing fists now!

Angus: He's dropping the flips, dropping the kicks--just straight knuckle sandwiches!

Dane Sr.: That's desperation. He's out of ideas, out of options, and now he's just fighting mad.

[Junior hammers away, sloppy but furious, clubbing Kirsty against the ropes. The ref warns him, but he shoves past, firing lefts and rights like he's in a parking lot brawl. Kirsty covers up, gritting her teeth, then bails under the bottom rope.]

BOOOOOOO!

[Kirsty drops to the floor. LSR and Daniels rush to her side, arms outstretched, both talking over each other.]

LSR: Whoa, whoa, time out! That's not wrestling, that's assault!

Daniels: You good? You good? Don't let him mess you up, you're fine, you got this!

Robby Ray: And now Kirsty's regrouping with her crew on the outside, while Junior is left fuming in the ring!

Dane Sr.: This is exactly what Daniels and Lee R. wanted. They got under Junior's skin, and now instead of wrestling, he's swinging. That's not his game--and it's not going to beat Kirsty McKinney.

[Kirsty bails to the floor, nursing her head, pacing it off. She's not panicked, but she's feeling that flurry.]

Robby Ray: Kirsty's regrouping now, taking a moment with the New UTs.

Angus: Yeah, the Noots are buzzing around her like flies.

[Junior paces in the ring, chest heaving. The crowd gives him a little swell of noise--some cheers, some jeers. He soaks it up with a snarl, storming to the ropes and leaning out, shouting down at LSR and Daniels.]

EDJr: You think this is funny? You think you're running me? I'll drop every single one of you!

[Daniels and LSR shout back, both jawing at once. Junior leans further over the ropes, pointing down--when suddenly Kirsty grabs his ankles and yanks him out to the floor. She hoists him up, SMACK!--spine-first into the apron. Again. And again.]

OOOHHHH!

[With a grunt, she muscles him around and launches him with a German suplex onto the floor! Junior arches

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his back, writhing in pain, before Kirsty grabs a handful of hair and rolls him back under the bottom rope.]

Robby Ray: Good lord! That's nothing but raw punishment!

Dane Sr.: That's Jeff Andrews' fingerprints right there. The apron shots, the floor suplex--Andrews loved to do that kind of damage. Looks like his student learned the lesson.

Angus: Junior's spine is screaming bloody murder! He might not walk straight tomorrow!

[Junior crawls toward the corner, clutching his back, teeth gritted in agony.]

[Kirsty stalks behind Junior as he crawls out of the corner, clutching his back. She seizes his ankle again, and when he rolls instinctively to his belly--she pounces, sliding on top and threading her leg through for the Turk ride.]

Robby Ray: She's got the Turk ride locked in!

Angus: That's what it's called?

Dane Sr.: And from there, he's stuck. That's a control position--he can flail all he wants, he's not going anywhere.

[Kirsty snakes in the half nelson, cranking Junior sideways. She twists--and then keeps twisting--forcing his shoulders and neck into angles they were never meant to go. Junior's face contorts in agony as he slaps the mat over and over.]

TAP TAP TAP!

DING DING DING!

Angus: What the fuck even was that?!

Robby Ray: That was a Turk ride into a half nelson, twisted until Eric Dane Jr. had no choice but to submit!

Dane Sr.: I have never been less happy to see such drastic improvement in a wrestler ever before in my life. But there's no denying she looked good in there.

[Kirsty lets go of the half nelson, but keeps the Turk ride locked in. She leans over Junior, smirking faintly.]

Kirsty: You're done? Already? Really?

[Junior claws at the mat, trying to pull himself free.]

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Kirsty: Nah, you're not done. Take it like a man.

[She wrenches the half nelson back in. Junior screams in pain, slapping the canvas, not in submission but in sheer desperation. The ref tries to intervene, waving his arms--until security hustles down the aisle. But before they can get near the ring, LSR and Daniels swarm them, cutting them off and jawing at the guards.]

Angus: Here we go again! The Noots running interference, just like always!

Robby Ray: This is getting out of control! Junior is helpless in there!

Dane Sr.: ...

[Kirsty keeps the hold locked in, wrenching while Junior thrashes. Suddenly, a roar rises from the crowd as Graysie Parker storms out from the back, steel chair in hand.]

HUUUUUGE POP!

[She charges down. Daniels is locked up with a security guard--CRACK!--chair to the back drops him flat. LSR sees it coming, ducks, and bails up the ramp without a second thought. Graysie slides into the ring, chair raised high. Kirsty, still tied up with Junior, glances up and gets her arms up just in time. CLANG! The chair smashes across her forearms, glancing off her head. She crumples to the mat, stunned, then rolls out under the bottom rope.]

Robby Ray: Graysie Parker with the save!

Angus: About damn time somebody shut this down!

[Kirsty regroups on the floor, clutching her arms, jaw set in irritation rather than fear. She helps a dazed Daniels to his feet, while LSR waves them back up the ramp, jawing at the ring. Graysie paces with the chair, eyes locked on the retreating New UTs. Junior writhes on the canvas, clutching his neck, rolling side to side in visible pain. Finally, Graysie tosses the chair aside and kneels next to him, one hand on his shoulder, her gaze never leaving the ramp.]

Robby Ray: Graysie Parker's got a match later tonight against TD3, and she still came out here to stop this madness.

Angus: She didn't have a choice! Junior was gonna get torn in half!

[On the floor, Daniels is bouncing on his heels, clapping and laughing, still holding his back where the chair landed. LSR's doubled over, hands on his knees, practically crying with laughter. Between them, Kirsty McKinney stands with her arms folded, head tilted, exasperated smirk on her face. She tries to look above it all, but there's no mistaking the flicker of satisfaction she can't quite hide.]

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Dane Sr.: Look at her. That's the scary part--Kirsty McKinney is carrying herself like a pro wrestler now. Not just a shooter, not just a project. She knows exactly what she's doing, and she's pleased with the result.

Robbie Ray: Junior is in agony. Graysie Parker is kneeling beside him, but her eyes are locked on the New UTs. This thing isn't finished--not by a long shot.

[The camera lingers: Graysie, protective and furious, kneeling next to a broken Dane Jr.; the New UTs halfway up the ramp, Daniels and LSR practically giddy, Kirsty coolly exasperated but proud. The uneasy balance hangs in the air as the segment closes.]

Astrid Reichert vs Duchess Vaughn

[Crowd buzzing as the camera pans commentary.]

Robbie Ray: Folks, up next we've got ourselves a fight born out of frustration, betrayal, and a whole lotta bad blood.

Angus: Bad blood? That's a polite way of puttin' it, Robbie. I said it after the Battle Royale on our very first show -- you put Astrid Reichert and Duchess Vaughn together and you've got the makings of a wreckin' crew.

Dane Sr.: To be fair, they looked like it at first.

Angus: Damn right they did! First night as a team, they chewed up the Urban Ninjaz and spit 'em out. Sent those boys back to San Jose so bad we ain't seen hide nor hair of 'em since!

Robbie Ray: But then came the Glucks. And we all saw what happened -- Astrid and Duchess couldn't keep on the same page, the teamwork collapsed, and when Astrid decided she'd had enough...

Dane Sr.: She choked her own partner out. Off With Her Head, tied up in the ropes. A bit later Carlton Gluck hit a Gluckbuster, made the cover, and Duchess ate the loss.

Robbie Ray: Which brings us here tonight. Neither of these two were booked for the PPV, but after that kind of implosion there was only one match to make -- Astrid Reichert versus Duchess Vaughn, one on one.

Angus: And I'll tell you what, Robbie, these two ain't here to trade wristlocks. This is gonna be ugly. This is gonna be stiff. And I love it! Take it away, oldtimer!

[Cito Conarri gives Angus a Look, trying to decide between irritation and laughter, before getting down to business.]

Cito: The following contest is set for one fall, with no time limit!

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[Arena darkens. Organ strains of "Requiem (The Fifth)" by Trans-Siberian Orchestra hit the PA, cold and theatrical.]

Cito: Introducing first... from Linz, Austria... weighing in at one-hundred and sixty-six pounds... she is the Punk Rock Baroness -- Astrid Reichert!

[Astrid emerges under stark purple and white lights, leather and ink on display, the python emblem gleaming. Normally she'd milk the regal "Baroness" affectation, but not tonight -- her pace is clipped, jaw set, eyes fixed on the ring. She shrugs her jacket off fast instead of posing, the sneer tugging at her lips more feral than elegant.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid Reichert looks like she's ready for a fight -- not a coronation.

Dane Sr.: That's the same Astrid who ended Heidi Christenson's career with body shots and a choke. Not the one who toys with submission chains -- this one is hot under the collar.

[Astrid slides into the ring and stalks to the far corner, pounding a fist into her palm, eyes still locked on the entrance way.]

Angus: Good! I was sick of the Baroness schtick. This is the Astrid I wanna see.

[Astrid paces in the ring, rolling her shoulders, sneer on her face. The crowd buzzes as a new theme - Duchess Vaughn's - kicks up, pounding over the speakers.]

Cito: And her opponent... from Brixton, South London... weighing in at one-hundred and seventy-eight pounds... the Concrete Queen -- Duchess Vaughn!

[Duchess storms out onto the stage, broad frame silhouetted under the lights. No theatrics, just heavy steps and a scowl. They're already jawing at the crowd before they even reach the ramp, spitting insults in that thick South London accent.]

Robbie Ray: And here comes Duchess Vaughn -- six feet tall, built like a brick wall, and never short on words for the fans.

Angus: That's Bronson Box's blood right there, Robbie. You think they care about pleasing these slobs? Nah! Duchess is here to hurt people.

[Duchess marches ringside, barking at a fan who shouts back, then slides in under the bottom rope. They pop up quick, stomping across the canvas and going face-to-face with Astrid without hesitation.]

Dane Sr.: Look at that stare down. This isn't a wrestling match, it's a street fight waiting to happen.

Robbie Ray: Astrid Reichert and Duchess Vaughn -- former partners turned bitter enemies -- set to settle the

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score tonight at the pay-per-view.

[Referee wedges in between as Astrid smirks coldly and Duchess mouths off, the bell about to ring.]

[The bell rings. Astrid and Duchess circle, lock up collar-and-elbow. The crowd leans in.]

Robbie Ray: Here we go--two big strikers, but look at this--they're starting technical.

[Duchess muscles Astrid back a step, sheer frame giving them leverage. Astrid tries to pivot, catching the arm and looking to roll Duchess over her hip with a judo-style throw--but Duchess plants wide, blocks, and shifts into a waistlock. With a grunt, they drag Astrid down to the mat into a back ride.]

Angus: Ha! Sit on her back, Duchess!

Dane Sr.: That's good wrestling. That's pressure, that's grit.

[Astrid doesn't panic--she snakes an arm, uses it to turn, and spins herself around into a snug front facelock. She cinches down like she might slip the guillotine choke.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid looking for that choke early--

[Duchess braces, won't let her close it, and scoops a single-leg to dump Astrid flat. Astrid lands hard but fires back instantly, kicking from her back to roll Duchess off balance. Both scramble up, staring, chins up, neither giving ground.]

Dane Sr.: That right there is a draw, boys. Nobody came out on top, but both came out with a message.

Robbie Ray: Equals in skill, equals in grit--and you can feel the tension building.

[They circle again. Duchess storms forward, muscling Astrid toward the corner. Astrid digs in, suddenly pivots--reverses leverage and spins Duchess back-first into the turnbuckles. Astrid buries a couple hip checks, then drives body shots into Duchess' ribs.]

Angus: See that? Baroness thinks she's a prizefighter now!

Robbie Ray: Angus, she literally is.

[Astrid straightens, sneering, starting to strut away with that Baroness flair--but Duchess surges out, yanking her backward by the hair and throwing her to the mat. The crowd gasps.]

Robbie Ray: No regal exit there!

[Duchess hops onto the middle rope, turns, and comes down with a heavy driving elbow--Astrid rolls clear,

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and Duchess eats canvas. As Duchess kneels to push up, Astrid clobbers them across the jaw with a forearm. Duchess reels--then blasts Astrid with a short, thudding body shot to the ribs. Astrid staggers back a step, clutching her side. Both rise, glaring, breathing heavy.]

Dane Sr.: That's the game right there. One tries to strut, the other answers with raw violence. Nobody's backing down.

[They circle again, the crowd clapping in anticipation. Astrid suddenly steps in and whips a forearm across Duchess' jaw. Duchess takes it, snarls, and fires back with a clubbing elbow to Astrid's ribs. Astrid answers with another forearm, stiffer this time. Duchess plants their feet and cracks a forearm of their own. The crowd roars as the two stand chest-to-chest trading blows.]

Robbie Ray: And now the fists are flying--these two are standing in the pocket and letting it rip!

Angus: This ain't a wrestling match anymore, Robbie, this is a bar fight!

Dane Sr.: Not quite. This is psychology, too. They're telling each other, "I can take what you've got." That's a test of will as much as bone and muscle.

[Astrid switches--short uppercut to the body, then a lariat into Duchess' chest that knocks them back a step. Duchess comes roaring back with a heavy lariat of their own, spinning Astrid half around. Astrid stumbles into the ropes, rebounds, and drills a sharp European uppercut. Duchess reels, then plants and throws a haymaker that catches Astrid flush and sends her staggering into the corner.]

Robbie Ray: These shots are echoing through the arena!

Angus: That's Bronson Box's blood right there--those hands don't miss!

Dane Sr.: And Astrid's not backing down. She's as vicious as they come. This isn't about fancy holds anymore, this is about who blinks first.

[Duchess' haymaker staggers Astrid back into the turnbuckle. Astrid shakes her head, slides out under the bottom rope, clearly rattled.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid's bailing to catch a breather--

Angus: Don't give her an inch, Duchess! Go get her!

[Duchess doesn't hesitate, stepping through the ropes and dropping to the floor. They close the distance fast, swinging heavy hands as Astrid tries to circle. The two scrap right there on the outside--short forearms, body shots, snarls.]

Dane Sr.: This is the South in the '80s, Robbie. You take it to the floor, you better be ready for a fight.

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[Duchess seizes control, shoving Astrid backward, then gripping her by the hair. They pull Astrid toward the ringpost, setting up to slam her head first into the steel--]

Robbie Ray: Oh no, Astrid's about to meet the post--

[Astrid suddenly shifts--grabs Duchess' right arm, pivots, and with a sharp pull, smashes their arm straight into the steel post. The thud echoes, and Duchess reels back clutching the arm.]

Angus: NO! She suckered 'em in!

Dane Sr.: Classic Astrid. She's been setting that up since she bailed. Arm control, ringpost for emphasis--that's targeted punishment.

[Astrid backs up a step, eyes narrowed, breathing heavy, then moves in on Duchess, already focusing her attack on the injured arm.]

[Astrid doesn't let up on the outside. She grabs Duchess' wrist, yanks their arm around the ringpost, and starts to torque back, twisting cruelly.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid's got control of that arm, she's trying to bend it in half around the post!

[Duchess grimaces, clutching at Astrid with their free hand--then suddenly shifts. With just their left arm, Duchess cinches Astrid into a waistlock from behind, powers her up, and with a grunt lifts Astrid clear off her feet before dropping her down hard across the steel guardrail, thighs smashing into the top bar.]

Angus: YEAH! That's one arm, Robbie! One arm, and Astrid's getting broken in half!

[Astrid spills off the rail, clutching at her legs. Duchess stumbles back, cradling their right arm against their body, shaking it out, face twisted in pain.]

Dane Sr.: That's the story of this match right there. Duchess shows raw strength, Astrid shows calculated cruelty, but neither can quite seal the deal. It's all one-upmanship, and so far it's just punishment both ways.

[Duchess finally works the kinks out of their arm and straightens, but by the time they do Astrid is already pushing up on the apron, jaw set, ready to go again. They lock eyes--two fighters too stubborn to stay down, circling back toward the ring.]

Robbie Ray: And listen to this crowd--they're not picking sides, they're just here for the spectacle.

[Duchess steadies herself, finally shaking the ache out of their arm. Astrid slides up behind, rakes a hand straight across Duchess' eyes. The crowd boos as Duchess staggers, blinded.]

Robbie Ray: Eye rake! That's the shortcut Astrid Reichert loves to take.

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Angus: So what? Duchess would've done worse if she thought of it first!

[Astrid grabs Duchess by the head, yanks them forward, and rolls them across the apron so their upper body is draped flat on the edge. Astrid follows, driving a series of sharp elbow strikes down into Duchess' shoulder and neck, each one popping like a gunshot.]

Dane Sr.: That's that brutal post-Lancashire style right there--elbows to soften the body, no wasted motion, no wasted energy.

[Astrid snarls, hooks Duchess under the arms, lifts their torso up off the apron, then slams them chest-first back down across the edge. Duchess bounces and crumples to the floor, clutching their ribs.]

Robbie Ray: That's the hardest part of the ring--and Astrid just planted Duchess right across it!

[Astrid stands over them for a moment, smirking at the crowd, then rolls back inside to break the ref's count. She leans over the ropes, hissing at Duchess to get back up.]

Dane Sr.: This is Astrid Reichert at her most dangerous--when she's not just fighting, but taking pleasure in punishing.

[Astrid drags Duchess back into the ring, pushing them down into a front facelock. She twists, looking to snake her legs and cinch in Off With Her Head right in the middle of the canvas.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid's trying to end this one early--she's hunting that choke!

[Duchess fights, their right arm still aching but functional enough to brace. They block Astrid's legs, muscle their way back to one knee, then both feet. Astrid still hangs on tight, jaw clenched, trying to wrench the neck. Duchess lets out a guttural roar, plants their feet, and with one huge heave, lifts Astrid straight up out of the hold--then arches back into a massive overhead belly-to-belly suplex.]

Angus: Good lord! Astrid just got launched!

[Astrid crashes hard, rolling across the ring clutching her back. Duchess drops to a knee, shaking out their right arm again, then slams the mat with their left hand, psyching themselves up.]

Dane Sr.: That's what Duchess brings to the table. Astrid had the hold locked, technically sound, but Duchess' raw power broke it wide open. That's strength you can't teach.

[Astrid pulls herself up in the corner, glaring daggers, while Duchess steadies themselves center-ring. The crowd claps in approval of the display, split between the two fighters.]

[Duchess hauls Astrid up, looks to cinch a waistlock for their powerbomb. Astrid reacts fast--drops low, scoops a single-leg, and drags Duchess down to the mat before they can clasp hands. Both fighters roll,

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tangling legs, and in a flash they each grab for a heel hook.]

Robbie Ray: Double heel hooks--both of 'em cranking for the submission!

[They kick at each other, boots smacking ribs and thighs. Neither gives an inch, until finally they both let go at the same time, rolling away and popping back to their knees, eyes locked, breathing hard.]

Dane Sr.: That's telling. Each one thought they had the counter, but all it did was cancel out. They're equals, and they know it.

[Duchess slaps their chest with the left hand, barking across the ring in a thick South London accent.]

Duchess: Come on then! That all you got?!

[Astrid rises slowly, lip curling. She spits back with a sneer.]

Astrid: Mädchen.

[The word drips with contempt, and even though nobody in the arena knows what it means, the intent is crystal clear. The two close distance and start throwing--Astrid's tight forearms against Duchess' heavy fists. The crowd roars at the sheer violence of the exchange.]

Angus: That's it! Stand there and fight, Duchess! Knock her teeth down her throat!

Robbie Ray: Neither backing down, neither giving ground--this is turning into a slugfest!

Dane Sr.: Every shot here is about pride. They're not just fighting for a win, they're fighting to prove the other isn't on their level.

[The fists fly faster and heavier, Astrid snapping sharp forearms, Duchess throwing heavy hands. The crowd rises with each crack--until Duchess finally lands a monster right hook square to Astrid's jaw. Astrid's head snaps back, and she drops flat to the canvas.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid's down! Duchess Vaughn just decked the Baroness!

[Duchess wastes no time--drops across her chest, hooks the leg.]

ONE! ... TWO--

[Astrid kicks out, twisting to her side. Duchess sits up, snarling at the ref, then immediately grabs Astrid around the chin and yanks her back into a grinding chinlock.]

Angus: Smart! Keep her down, Duchess, wear her out!

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Dane Sr.: That's more than just a chinlock. Look--Duchess is trying to transition to the Garrison Lock. If they cinch those arms in, Astrid's in real trouble.

[Duchess starts threading their massive arms into position, trying to trap Astrid's head and arm. Astrid squirms, clutching the back of Duchess' head with one hand. She plants her feet, then drives a knee up into Duchess' face, breaking the grip. Both scramble back, backing off to opposite corners, breathing hard, eyes locked.]

Robbie Ray: That was close--Astrid was a second away from being in a vice.

Dane Sr.: Again--neither of these two can pull all the way ahead. Every time one gets the advantage, the other answers back.

[Astrid wipes her mouth with the back of her hand, glaring daggers. Duchess shakes out their right arm, flexing the elbow, and stomps forward. They meet mid-ring with a crash.]

[Astrid ducks under a swing, clamps a waistlock, and with a grunt muscles Duchess up and over with a high-angle backdrop suplex. Duchess folds hard on landing. Astrid bridges for the cover.]

ONE... TWO...

[Duchess powers free, rolling to their side. Astrid snarls, yanks them up, and snaps a double underhook suplex, dumping Duchess on their back again. A float over and another cover--]

ONE... TWO...

[Duchess kicks out harder this time, shoving Astrid off. The crowd buzzes louder with each exchange.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid Reichert digging deep into her arsenal now--dropping Duchess with suplex after suplex!

[Astrid pulls Duchess up again, reaching for a front facelock--maybe setting up Off With Her Head--but Duchess explodes, scooping her and slamming her spine-first across a pendulum backbreaker. Astrid writhes in pain as Duchess roars, holding her across the knee for a beat before shoving her to the mat.]

Angus: There it is! Duchess showing they can hit just as hard, and maybe harder!

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[Duchess shakes out the right arm once more, then hauls Astrid up by the hair, setting her for the sit-out powerbomb. Astrid throws short punches to the ribs, fighting out, but Duchess clubs her across the back and muscles her up anyway.]

Dane Sr.: Watch this--if Duchess lands it, this could turn the tide completely.

[Duchess hoists Astrid up for the powerbomb--Astrid writhes, raining shots down--but Duchess staggers two steps, then plants her with the sit-out powerbomb! The ring shakes as Astrid bounces off the canvas. Duchess holds for the cover.]

ONE... TWO... THR--

[Astrid just manages to roll her shoulder free. The crowd pops.]

Robbie Ray: Two and nine-tenths! Astrid survives, but barely!

[Astrid rolls onto her side, clutching her ribs after the sit-out powerbomb. Duchess growls, shakes out their right arm, and hauls her back up. Duchess immediately hooks one of Astrid's arms, trying to thread the other arm between her legs for the pumphandle. When Astrid refuses to give up her arm, Duchess shifts her grip and hurls her up and over with a brutal side suplex. Astrid crashing with a sickening thud.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid just got launched! That's raw, brute force from Duchess Vaughn!

[Duchess drops across Astrid for the cover, hooking the leg.]

ONE... TWO... THR--

[Astrid kicks free, twisting onto her stomach. The crowd gasps, then cheers at the sheer violence of the exchange. Duchess sits up, slapping the mat with their left hand in frustration. They glare at the referee, shaking their head, then look down at Astrid, jawing in that thick South London accent.]

Angus: That was three! That was three, Robbie!

Dane Sr.: No, it wasn't. That was two. And that frustration--you can see it eating at Duchess. The longer Astrid stays alive, the more dangerous she gets.

[Duchess snarls, tugging Astrid up by the hair again, clearly intent on putting her down for good. They yanks Astrid up for another slam, but Astrid wriggles free--slipping behind, snagging the right arm and delivering a nasty 6-12 elbow to the tricep. Duchess grunts, clutching the limb, and Astrid seizes the moment.]

[Astrid raises her right arm high, flexing the python tattoo for the crowd, sneer curling across her face. Then she surges forward, swinging that same arm into Duchess' jaw with a brutal lariat, catching them flush and hauling them down into a crushing backbreaker across her knee. Duchess sprawls, clutching their mouth.]

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Robbie Ray: Astrid just bent Duchess in half--and did it with a touch of the Baroness for good measure!

[Astrid doesn't go for a clean cover. Instead, she sprawls across Duchess' chest, grinding her forearm hard across their face in a vicious, smothering lateral press.]

ONE... TWO...

[Duchess kicks free, shoving Astrid off. Astrid sits up snarling, brushing hair from her face, while Duchess rolls to their side, pawing at their jaw, defiance still in their eyes.]

Dane Sr.: That right there tells the story. Astrid wants control. Duchess refuses to stay down, no matter how nasty the tactics get.

[Astrid hauls Duchess up from the canvas, immediately twisting into a standing wristlock. She yanks down hard, torquing Duchess' already sore right arm. Duchess winces but rolls through, cartwheeling on their shoulder to relieve pressure and reversing into a wristlock of their own. The crowd applauds the exchange.]

Robbie Ray: And look at that--Duchess answering Astrid hold-for-hold.

[Astrid grimaces, then drops to a knee, forward rolls under Duchess' arm, and comes up with the wrist still in her grip, flowing smoothly into a hammerlock. She grinds it in, using her free forearm to shove Duchess face-first toward the mat. Duchess powers to their knees, bulling up, but Astrid floats over and traps them in a seated armbar, wrenching at the elbow joint.]

Dane Sr.: This is Astrid's wheelhouse. Leverage, control, and that steady grind on the arm.

[Duchess grits their teeth, fists the canvas with their good hand, then rolls sideways to stack Astrid's shoulders. The referee slides in--]

ONE... TWO...

[Astrid releases and bridges up to break the count, then immediately dives back into a short-arm scissors. Duchess flails, then plants a knee across Astrid's chest and muscles free, shoving her down and staggering up clutching their arm. The crowd claps again for the technical sequence.]

Angus: Bah, they're just showing off now. Hit each other in the mouth already!

Dane Sr.: No, that's the psychology, Angus. Astrid wants to wear that arm down for the choke. Duchess won't give her the satisfaction. They're equals, and every exchange proves it.

[Duchess shakes out their arm, takes two deliberate steps back, then suddenly surges forward. Astrid springs up too quickly and eats a big boot flush in the face. She stumbles, staggering on her feet. Duchess takes half a step back and nails a second big boot, this one dropping Astrid flat to the canvas.]

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Robbie Ray: Those boots nearly took Astrid's head off!

[Duchess follows her down, dropping across the chest and forcing Astrid's knees toward her ears in a stack pin.]

ONE... TWO...

[Astrid kicks free, but as she does she latches onto that worked-over right arm, rolling her hips and snapping into an omoplata. Duchess grunts in pain as Astrid shifts seamlessly, sliding behind into back mount.]

Dane Sr.: There it is. That's what Astrid's been grinding for. She chipped away at that arm, wore down the defense, and now she's on the back.

[Astrid snakes an arm under the chin, setting up Schlechte Nacht. Duchess knows the danger, tucking their chin tight and clamping both elbows close to their body, fighting like hell not to let Astrid sink it in.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid's hunting that choke!

Dane Sr.: Duchess has it scouted, but this is still trouble. Pride says don't reach the ropes, but where's the way out?

[The crowd buzzes, half cheering, half groaning as Astrid cranks, her teeth bared in a vicious sneer. Duchess thrashes, refusing to give the hold away, but every second drains them a little more.]

[Duchess plants their feet and starts powering up, Astrid clinging to their back like a backpack. Duchess roars and tries to sling her off over the top. Astrid shows her cunning--spins with the motion, lands in a sprawl, and in the same instant snakes her arm around Duchess' throat. She yanks up hard, dragging them off balance, then rolls backwards into the full bodyscissor version of Off With Her Head.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid's got it--guillotine choke locked in, center of the ring!

[Duchess thrashes, red-faced, trapped tight. Astrid arches back, teeth clenched, python ink stretched across her flexing arm. Duchess, gasping, jams their bad right forearm across Astrid's cheek, blocking the choke from cutting into the windpipe. With a guttural roar, they start hammerfisting with the left hand, driving shot after shot into Astrid's temple.]

Dane Sr.: That's as badass as it gets. They're in the choke, but they're not giving it up--they're fighting their way out.

[Astrid finally has to release, kicking Duchess over backwards to create space, scrambling up to her feet with fury etched on her face. Duchess sprawls on the mat clutching their arm, breathing ragged but defiant. Astrid paces in circles, fuming, wiping sweat from her eyes, seething that her best weapon didn't finish it.]

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Robbie Ray: Duchess Vaughn just survived Astrid's most dangerous hold!

Dane Sr.: Survived, and fought loose. That's the kind of grit you can't teach.

[Duchess staggers up, shaking out their right arm, then scoops Astrid for the pumphandle toss. They hoist her--but the arm gives way, and Astrid slips free behind. Quick as a flash, she cinches Duchess' neck, locking in Schlechte Nacht tight and proper this time.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid's got it snug--Schlechte Nacht!

[Astrid cranks the choke, chickenwinging one of Duchess' arms behind their back with her free arm. Duchess, eyes wide, stumbles forward, trying to march toward the ropes. Astrid leans back hard, forcing them to bend and stagger. Duchess sets their feet, roars, and with sheer grit pushes backward, pushing both of them into the ropes. The referee waves for the break.]

[The crowd claps loudly at the spectacle. Astrid untangles and rises, brushing her hair back, Baroness smile creeping across her face. She raises her chin, sneer curling as she looks down at Duchess on hands and knees, gasping.]

Dane Sr.: That's exactly what Reichert wanted. Duchess didn't break it on their own--they needed the ropes. Astrid feels the weakness setting in, and that plays right into her game plan.

[Astrid flexes her python arm once, smirking as the crowd buzzes, the satisfaction written across her face.]

[Duchess pushes up to their feet, chest heaving, defiance blazing in their eyes. They roar and charge, unleashing a flurry--short lariats, heavy forearms, even a desperate hammerfist or two. Astrid staggers under the barrage, knocked into the ropes. The crowd surges, feeling the Concrete Queen's comeback.]

Robbie Ray: Duchess Vaughn digging deep--they're throwing everything left in the tank!

[Astrid covers up, absorbing the storm. Duchess whips her across the ring and throws a wild clothesline--Astrid ducks, rebounds, and the two collide mid-ring with dueling shots. Duchess wobbles but won't go down. They throw another, and another, but the steam is gone. Each strike slower, each breath heavier.]

Dane Sr.: I've seen this before. Pride is carrying them, not oxygen. Duchess is spent.

[Astrid grins a cruel grin, seeing the fatigue. She pivots, cuts Duchess down with a sharp kick to the bad arm, then cracks them across the jaw with a snapping forearm. Duchess sways, their legs rubber. Astrid sneers and shakes her head, eyes gleaming.]

Robbie Ray: You can see it--the gas tank is empty. Duchess isn't done, but Astrid Reichert is fresher, colder, and more dangerous.

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[Astrid stalks forward, hand flexing into a claw, brushing sweat from her brow, ready to clamp down for the kill.]

[Duchess swings wildly again, but Astrid slips in tight, clamps the front facelock, and wrenches. She jerks Duchess down into a standing guillotine choke. The crowd gasps as Astrid sneers, flexing the python ink on her arm.]

Robbie Ray: Astrid's got it tight--guillotine choke locked in the middle of the ring!

[Astrid suddenly steps across Duchess' body, drags them down, and mounts, cinching her legs over their hips. But Duchess, desperate, clamps one of Astrid's legs between theirs, locking a scissor around it to block the full squeeze. Astrid snarls, shifts posture, plants a knee hard into Duchess' belly, and cranks the choke sideways into a punishing neck crank.]

Dane Sr.: That's new. Astrid's turned it into a neck crank--torque on the jaw, torque on the neck--Duchess is in hell right now.

[Duchess' face reddens, eyes wide, teeth grit. They hammer at Astrid's back with their left arm, fighting through the agony, but the scissored leg starts to slip. The gas tank's gone. Their grip fades--Astrid seizes the opening, rolling smoothly onto her back, snapping in the full bodyscissor version of Off With Her Head.]

Robbie Ray: That's the kill shot--full choke, full body control!

[Astrid arches back, squeezing with everything she's got. Duchess claws at her arm, fighting with pride, but it's too late. Their movements slow, then stop, body going limp in Astrid's coils. The referee checks the arm--drops once, twice, three times.]

[The bell rings.]

Cito: Here is your winner... by technical submission... the Punk Rock Baroness, Astrid Reichert!

[Astrid finally releases, shoving Duchess aside with disdain, rising with a Baroness smirk plastered across her face. She flexes her tattooed arm for the crowd, eyes wild, reveling in the violence.]

Dane Sr.: Duchess Vaughn didn't quit. They didn't tap. But Astrid Reichert drained the tank and forced the nap. That's dominance, plain and simple.

Robbie Ray: And a statement--Astrid Reichert just proved that if you step into her world, eventually, she'll choke you out.

[Astrid rises, arm raised by the referee, Baroness sneer on her lips. She lifts her chin, tries to strike her usual regal pose... but her chest heaves, sweat pouring down her face. Her legs wobble slightly before she steadies herself on the ropes. The smirk fades, just for a second, into a tired grimace.]

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Robbie Ray: Astrid Reichert may look like she's celebrating, but make no mistake--that took everything she had.

[Astrid flexes her tattooed arm one more time for the cameras, then half-turns, wiping sweat from her eyes. She shoots one last look at Duchess, who stirs on the mat, still clutching their neck but defiantly conscious again. Astrid starts to sneer, to mouth off... then exhales, shakes her head, and rolls out under the ropes.]

Dane Sr.: She tried to slip back into the Baroness, but you can see the truth. She's hurting, she's drained, and she wants a hot shower more than a coronation.

Angus: But she still walked out the winner, didn't she? Duchess is lying there, Astrid's walking tall--that's all that matters!

[Astrid staggers up the ramp, pausing only once to glance back at the ring. Duchess is on one knee now, battered but unbroken, glaring after her. The crowd buzzes, split in their reactions, but united in respect for the war they've just seen.]

Robbie Ray: Neither competitor's stock went down tonight. That was a fight that will be remembered in Iron City Wrestling for a long time.

[In the ring, Duchess pushes up on one knee, hand clasped to their neck. They can't stand, not yet--but their eyes are locked on Astrid, burning holes in her back. Hate radiates off them, defiance written across every line of their battered face.]

Dane Sr.: Yep. That sure is Bronson Box's niece there.

Angus: You're damn right it is! Beat to hell, but not broken.

[Astrid pauses at the top of the ramp, finally turning her head. The sneer flickers back across her face as she sees Duchess down on their knees, still staring. That wide, vicious smile etches itself across her face, and she slowly licks her teeth. The crowd buzzes with a mix of boos, cheers, and murmurs of respect for the brutal fight they just witnessed.]

A Trust Fund Guarantee

The live feed from The Foundry cuts to a slick pre-tape. The camera glides through the interior of the Birmingham Country Club, a setting that looks like it belongs on a stock portfolio commercial. Crystal chandeliers glow above a polished mahogany boardroom table. Fresh-cut flowers rest beside silver trays of hors d'oeuvres. A pair of uniformed staff stand silently by with champagne bottles at the ready.

Seated at the head of the table is Todderick Davenport III, paisley suit jacket tailored to perfection, shades reflecting the golden light. To his right, Darian Darrington leans back in his leather chair, vest straining

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against his chest, smirking as he eats grapes one by one. To the left, Jacoby Jacobs paces with his phone raised high, livestreaming. A professional camera crew is also in the room -- one on a dolly, one on handheld, and even a boom mic dangling from above. The absurdity of multiple angles on the same promo is impossible to miss.

Jacoby (grinning into his phone):

"Shareholders, stakeholders, haters, and broke marks -- welcome to the future of Iron City Wrestling. You're tuned in, you're logged on, and you're broke as hell watching real wealth in action."

The dolly cam cuts dramatically to TD3, who removes his sunglasses with a flourish. He swirls a glass of bourbon and smirks into the hard cam.

TD3 (smooth, deliberate):

"Tonight is not about hope. It is not about chance. It is about inevitability. The Rich Young Grapplerz will claim the Tag Team Championships. I will claim the Iron Crown. And when the night is done... every piece of gold in Iron City Wrestling will rest where it belongs: with Trust Fund Incorporated."

The handheld cam swings to Darian, who gulps from a champagne flute and then slams it down hard on the table, flexing his arms for the boom mic operator.

Darian (booming):

"The Brothers Gluck? We're foreclosin' on that farm loan tonight. And Graysie Parker? You ain't walkin' out with your precious crown. You're lookin' at the baddest, richest, most dangerous crew in the game. Bet on it!"

The butler silently pours more champagne into TD3's glass. TD3 doesn't even acknowledge him. Jacoby slides into frame, phone tilted at just the right angle, grinning smugly.

Jacoby (mock sincerity):

"You're not just watching wrestling anymore -- you're watching a hostile takeover. Multiple angles. 4K. Dolby surround. 'Cause when you're rich enough, you don't just win matches -- you win history."

Quick cuts: Darian eating grapes and flexing. TD3 is clinking a glass against the lens. Jacoby shouts, "Adjourned!" while the crew keeps filming from every possible perspective.

The screen fades back to The Foundry, where the live crowd unleashes a wall of boos at the spectacle they just watched.

RRC (disgusted):

"They're not even hiding it anymore. They're flaunting real money, real influence -- and they're calling their shots."

Eric Dane (measured, grim):

"And they might just back it up. You don't need pyro when you can buy the building."

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Angus (laughing):

"Get used to it, Birmingham. That wasn't arrogance -- that was a preview. Trust Fund walks out tonight with the gold, and you'll all be drinking champagne with 'em whether you like it or not!"

Parking Lot Brawl: How we got here...

The screen fades to black. A low, distorted hum rattles the speakers. The word "HAVOK" slams onto the screen in jagged red letters. Cut to clips of Jack Havok tearing through enhancement talent: chair shots, chain whips, a man stacked on top of another and pinned under his boot.

Narrator (gravelly, deliberate):

"Jack Havok. A man who came to Iron City not to wrestle... but to destroy."

Slow-motion of Havok snarling, chains wrapped around his fists, spittle flying as he screams into the camera.

The word "CLOVIS" crashes onto the screen in stark white block letters. Smash cut to Clovis Black double-chokeslamming two local wrestlers, stacking their bodies, and planting a massive boot on them. The crowd's horrified reactions are spliced in quick succession.

Narrator:

"Clovis Black. A monster who leaves nothing standing."

The package splits the screen: Havok's blood-soaked brawls on the left, Clovis' brutal squashes on the right. Each clip escalates -- Havok laughing as a chair bends over his back, Clovis snarling as he hurls bodies like ragdolls.

Narrator (rising):

"Two forces. Two predators. One territory. And there's only room for one."

Clips from ICFC 1.3: Havok at commentary, chains dangling, shouting threats as Clovis storms out. The Foundry crowd losing their minds as the two nearly come to blows. Security holding them apart. The following week's highlight -- Clovis crushing two locals in seconds, then snarling into the camera, calling out Havok. Smash cut to Havok in the parking lot, pacing like a rabid wolf, daring Clovis to come fight him on the asphalt.

Narrator (growling):

"No ring. No rules. No escape."

Montage: close-ups of asphalt under streetlamps, chains clattering to the ground, broken glass scattering across concrete. Havok's manic eyes. Clovis' grim sneer. Quick cuts back and forth, faster and faster.

Narrator (final, booming):

"Tonight... the Foundry's war zone moves outside. Jack Havok. Clovis Black. The first ICW Television

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Champion will be crowned... in a Parking Lot Brawl."

Final shot: both men, nose to nose, security pulling them apart as the crowd screams. The screen slams to black with the words:

"ICW TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP -- PARKING LOT BRAWL"

Jack Havok vs Clovis Black

The hype package fades to black. The feed cuts back to the Commentation Station, where the Foundry crowd is buzzing with nervous anticipation.

RRC (voice low, deliberate):

"Folks... I don't even know if we can call this a match. This is about to be sanctioned violence."

Eric Dane (nodding grimly):

"It's not a wrestling match, Robbie Ray. It's a crime waiting to happen. And the ICW Television Championship's on the line in the middle of it."

Angus (grinning):

"And I love it! Finally, some action where you don't have to worry about wristlocks and armbars -- just pure, uncut brutality in the parking lot!"

RRC:

"Alright, let's... let's take it out there."

The feed cuts to a handheld camera in the dimly lit parking lot outside The Foundry. A scattering of cars, a couple of dented dumpsters, and cracked pavement set the scene. The crowd noise from inside the building seeps faintly into the night air. The referee is already present, Steel Brigade security lingering uneasily on the perimeter. In the middle, Clovis Black paces like a caged animal, his bald head gleaming under the yellow parking lot lamps. He shouts into the night air, voice booming.

Clovis Black (roaring):

"Where you at, Havok? COME ON! Let's do this!"

Suddenly--

SKEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEERK

VRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMM

A black Impala hotrod fishtails into frame, headlights cutting through the dark. The camera jerks to follow as

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the car accelerates straight toward Clovis.

RRC (shouting):

"GOOD GOD--he's trying to run him down again!"

Eric Dane (half-rising at the desk):

"This ain't wrestling, this is attempted murder!"

Angus (howling):

"Hit the gas, Havok! End it before it starts!"

At the last possible second, Clovis sidesteps, narrowly avoiding the hood. The hotrod smashes into a parked car with a thunderous crash, metal crumpling, glass shattering. Steam hisses from the engine block. The driver's side door won't budge--but through the open window, Jack Havok snarls and thrashes like a madman.

Clovis charges. He clamps his massive hands into the window frame, rips Havok halfway out through the glass, and rains down clubbing right hands. The handheld camera is right there, capturing every sickening thud as Havok's head snaps back against the steel frame.

RRC (horrified):

"Clovis Black's dragging him out of the wreckage and just unloading on Havok!"

Eric Dane (leaning into his headset):

"That's raw power, Robbie Ray. Havok thought he could out-crazy him with the car, but Clovis is answering with bare knuckles and brute force!"

Angus (yelling over them):

"He's molly-whopping him! This is insane! This is beautiful!"

The referee, visibly shaken, calls for the bell right there in the lot. A faint DING DING echoes through the PA inside The Foundry, almost drowned by the live crowd roaring on the monitors.

RRC:

"And there's the bell -- this Parking Lot Brawl is officially underway, and it's already pure chaos!"

Clovis finally rips Havok fully through the window, dumping him on the asphalt in a heap. He drags Havok to his feet by the hair, barking in his face, then hurls him spine-first into a nearby dumpster. Havok bounces off the dented dumpster and crumples onto the asphalt. Clovis stalks after him, breathing hard through his nose like a bull. The handheld camera gets right up in their faces as the monster grabs Havok by the hair and hauls him upright again.

RRC (urgent):

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"Clovis Black is rag-dolling Jack Havok out there -- this is dominance!"

Eric Dane (measured):

"Clovis isn't just strong. He's mean. There's no wasted motion here, Robbie Ray -- every slam, every throw is meant to hurt."

Angus (shouting gleefully):

"And it's working! Havok looks like yesterday's trash, and Clovis is taking him out with the rest of it!"

Clovis whips Havok across the lot -- Havok slams shoulder-first into the hood of a parked sedan, denting the metal with a sickening thud. He slides down to the ground, clutching his arm. The crowd inside the Foundry groans as they watch on the big screen.

Clovis doesn't let up. He drags Havok to his feet again, snarling, and drives him head-first into the side of a dumpster. The hollow clang echoes through the night air. Havok staggers, blood starting to trickle from his forehead.

RRC:

"Havok's already bleeding! We're not even five minutes into this fight!"

Eric Dane:

"And he'll keep fighting. That's who he is -- he doesn't care how much it costs, as long as he can dish some back."

Clovis bellows and scoops Havok up -- body slam across the hood of another car! The roof caves in slightly under the impact. Havok writhes, holding his back, but laughs through the pain, crimson already streaking down his face.

Havok (shouting, manic):

"COME ON! MORE! HIT ME HARDER!"

Angus (howling):

"He's laughing! He's begging for more! This guy's sick!"

Clovis snarls and lines up another shot, but as he lumbers forward, Havok rolls off the hood and staggers toward the back of a nearby pickup truck. He yanks the tailgate down with a crash. The camera rushes in close as Havok digs into the truck bed and pulls out a coiled tow chain, greasy and heavy.

RRC (shocked):

"What the hell--Havok's got a chain! He just pulled a chain out of that truck!"

Eric Dane (darkly):

"And this is where Jack Havok thrives. Concrete, steel, blood, and chains. The longer this goes, the uglier it's

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going to get."

Clovis storms toward him, but Havok kicks him in the gut and whips the chain across his back with a violent crack. The sound makes the crowd inside the Foundry gasp. Clovis arches in pain, snarling, but Havok doesn't let up -- another lash, and another, each one echoing through the lot.

Havok wraps the chain around his fist, stalking in close, and smashes Clovis across the skull with a sickening right hand. Clovis stumbles back to a knee, clutching his head, blood starting to well at his temple.

RRC (horrified):

"Havok just leveled Clovis Black with a chain-wrapped fist! This is out of control!"

Angus (nearly laughing):

"Out of control? This is perfect! Havok found his equal, and now he's turning him into meat!"

Havok mounts Clovis and starts raining down chain-assisted punches, screaming through blood and spit. The handheld camera shakes with every blow, closing in on the carnage. The fight has evened -- Havok has found his weapon, and now both monsters are bleeding in the lot.

Havok snarls, chain wrapped around his fist, blood dripping from a cut above his brow. He stomps toward Clovis, grabbing him and dragging him by the head toward a nearby car with grim intent. Havok slams Clovis' face down on the hood once, twice, then lines him up, shouting through gritted teeth.

Havok (screaming):

"Stay down, you son of a bitch!"

Havok cocks back, looking to smash Clovis' skull through the windshield. But Clovis plants both hands flat on the hood, roars from the pit of his chest, and shoves Havok back. Havok stumbles, swinging the chain wildly--Clovis ducks under, scoops Havok up across his chest, and lifts him up high in a military press.

RRC (shouting):

"Clovis has him--oh, no--"

Clovis heaves Havok high overhead and, with monstrous force, hurls him forward. Havok crashes head and shoulders first through the windshield. The glass explodes outward in a rain of shards, the sound sickening as Havok's body sprawls halfway into the front seats. His legs dangle out of the car, twitching as the handheld camera rushes in close to catch the carnage.

Eric Dane (grim, low):

"...Jesus Christ."

Angus (ecstatic):

"YES! Break that glass! That's a souvenir for every fan in Birmingham!"

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The crowd inside the Foundry, watching on the big screen, erupts into a thunderous chant:

Crowd (chanting):

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Clovis stumbles back from the wreckage, his bald head streaked with blood, chest heaving. He plants his hands on his thighs, breathing like a locomotive, glaring at Havok. The handheld camera pans back to the wreck, showing Havok writhing in the front seat, shards of glass sticking to his arms and back. He lifts his head, crimson mask spreading, and starts to laugh. He laughs a hoarse, guttural, madman's laugh.

RRC (disbelieving):

"He's laughing! Jack Havok just went through a windshield--and he's laughing!"

Eric Dane (serious, steady):

"Robbie Ray, I've been in this business thirty years. I've seen a lot of dangerous men. But Havok? He scares me. Because that laugh? That means he's not done."

Angus (snorting with glee):

"Not done? He's just gettin' warmed up! Somebody better check the insurance policies on those cars, 'cause these two monsters are gonna wreck the whole damn lot!"

The referee hesitates at the periphery, hands in his hair, unsure if this can even continue. Steel Brigade security looks on in wide-eyed silence, none daring to step in. The handheld camera lingers on Havok, slowly crawling out of the wreckage, blood and glass clinging to his skin, still cackling through the pain.

RRC (soft, measured):

"This isn't about championships anymore. This is about survival. And both men are already paying a price no belt can cover."

The shot lingers on both men: Clovis towering and breathing hard, Havok clawing his way out of the windshield wreckage, laughing like a rabid animal. The lot feels like a war zone. The pace slows, the chaos hanging in the air like smoke as the two monsters reset for whatever comes next.

Havok claws his way out of the shattered windshield, shards of glass sticking to his skin, crimson dripping down his face. He's laughing hoarsely, staggering forward like a man who doesn't feel pain. But Clovis Black is already on him. The monster grips Havok by the throat with both hands, snarling like a bear, and marches him across the pavement.

RRC (with urgency):

"Where is he taking him--"

Clovis hoists Havok off his feet and launches him headfirst into a steel dumpster. The hollow CLANG echoes through the parking lot as Havok crumples to the ground in a bloody heap. The Foundry crowd groans

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through the monitors.

Eric Dane (grim):

"That's a concussion waiting to happen. You don't bounce off steel like that and walk away whole."

Angus (grinning ear to ear):

"You kidding? That's a recycling program I can get behind! Crush him, Clovis!"

Clovis isn't done. He grabs Havok by the hair, yanks the lid open with one hand, and stuffs Havok halfway inside. With the other, he slams the lid down across Havok's back once, twice, three times. Each slam reverberates like a gunshot. Havok kicks his legs, screaming, blood splattering the rim of the bin.

RRC (horrified):

"Good God, he's treating Havok like garbage--literally!"

Eric Dane:

"That's called dominance, Robbie Ray. Clovis Black wants everyone watching to know: this is his yard."

The camera zooms tight as Havok wriggles free, falling back onto the asphalt. His face is a crimson mask, his laughter cracked and ragged, but he claws at the dumpster's interior. His hand emerges with a broken length of wood, maybe from a discarded pallet. He stumbles up and swings it wildly, cracking Clovis across the ribs.

Angus (cackling):

"Ha! The trash fights back!"

Another swing -- the wood splinters across Clovis' shoulder. The big man grunts, staggering back. Havok finds a discarded hubcap in the bin and frisbees it into Clovis' skull, the clang sending the crowd into a frenzy on the screens inside the Foundry.

RRC (shouting):

"Havok's using anything he can get his hands on -- he just leveled Clovis Black with a hubcap!"

Clovis shakes his head, blood pouring from his temple, and swings a wild haymaker. Havok ducks, rakes at his eyes, then drives him backward into the side of a car with wild rights and lefts. Both men are stumbling, both dripping red, both running on fumes already.

Eric Dane (low, intense):

"This isn't a match anymore. This is survival in its ugliest form."

The camera lingers on both monsters, standing chest-to-chest, bloodied and snarling, as the crowd inside The Foundry chants "FIGHT FOREVER!" Havok hurls his broken wood aside, screaming wordlessly into Clovis' face.

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Both monsters stagger from the dumpster war, their faces streaked with crimson, their bodies heaving. Havok swings wild, and Clovis answers with a clubbing forearm that nearly knocks Havok off his feet. They brawl their way toward a black Ram pickup parked at the edge of the lot. Its hood gleams under the yellow lamps, a perfect steel stage.

RRC (strained, voice rising):

"They're heading right for that Ram truck! Nothing good can come of this--"

Clovis clubs Havok across the back, grabs him by the hair, and rams his face off the hood. Once. Twice. The hollow thud echoes, Havok's blood smearing across the steel. The crowd inside The Foundry groans audibly on the big screen.

Eric Dane (measured):

"That's not a canvas. That's Detroit steel. Every slam rattles bones."

Clovis hauls Havok up, hooking him around the waist, trying for a powerslam onto the hood. Havok thrashes, elbows flying. He wriggles free, lands behind Clovis, and wraps his arms tight around the monster's waist.

Angus (shouting, gleeful):

"He's not--he's not crazy enough--"

Havok snarls, blood spraying as he screams, and with a guttural roar he lifts Clovis off his feet. He hoists him just high enough and spinebusters him down across the hood of the Ram. The steel buckles on impact, the hood caving in with a sickening crunch as Clovis' massive frame crashes down. The windshield spiders in a fresh web of cracks from the shockwave.

RRC (screaming):

"GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY--HAVOK JUST SPINEBUSTERED CLOVIS THROUGH THE HOOD OF THAT TRUCK!"

The crowd inside the Foundry erupts into a booming chant:

Crowd (chanting):

"ICW! ICW! ICW!"

The handheld camera zooms tight on Clovis, writhing in the caved-in hood, blood pouring down his face. Havok stumbles back a few steps, laughing through crimson, arms out wide as if he's soaking in the destruction he caused. He can barely stay upright, leaning against the truck, but he's grinning ear to ear.

Eric Dane (grave, low):

"That right there is what separates a TV fight from a war. That's a man breaking another man on steel."

Angus (half-laugh, half-holler):

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"And I LOVE IT! Somebody get Ram on the phone -- Havok just sold 'em a commercial!"

Clovis groans, rolling off the hood and collapsing to the pavement. Havok staggers after him, dripping sweat and blood, dragging his chain behind him like a trophy. The camera holds on both men sprawled at the foot of the wrecked truck, the referee checking nervously on the carnage as the fight trudges on.

The referee crouches low, checking on Clovis, who's sprawled against the dented pavement beside the busted Ram. Havok staggers upright, his face a crimson mask, his laughter echoing like a horror movie villain. He drags the greasy tow chain behind him, links scraping the asphalt with a metallic rasp.

RRC (urgent, almost pleading):

"Havok's got that chain again -- someone's got to stop this!"

Eric Dane (flat, dark):

"You don't stop it. You survive it. And right now, Clovis Black is in real danger."

Havok loops the chain around his fists, eyes wild, and stomps over to Clovis. He yanks the monster upright by the throat, then slings the chain around Clovis' neck from behind. With a guttural roar, Havok wrenches backward, dragging Clovis across the lot by the chain like a prize catch.

Angus (ecstatic):

"Look at him choke the life outta that big ox! Reel him in, Jack! Reel him in like a damn marlin!"

Clovis claws at the chain, eyes bulging, blood slicking his bald scalp. Havok leans back, planting his boots on the pavement for leverage, screaming as he cinches tighter. The referee hovers close, shouting at Havok to release, but Havok just bares his teeth, eyes rolling back in bloodlust.

RRC (frantic):

"Clovis Black is fading! We might be seconds away from this being over!"

The handheld camera zooms tight on Clovis' face -- red, straining, teeth bared in pain. Then, with a sudden surge of power, Clovis lurches to his feet, hauling Havok up with him even while chained. He throws his head back, smashing Havok with a brutal headbutt. Blood sprays as Havok reels. Clovis snarls, grabs the chain with both hands, and yanks Havok forward -- slamming him spine-first into the side of another car with a bone-rattling thud.

Eric Dane (snapping):

"That's brute strength! That's a man too big and too mean to be strangled out!"

Havok slumps against the car, chain slipping from his grip, wheezing through crimson. Clovis staggers, the chain still dangling from his neck, gulping air like a drowning man. Both men sway on their feet, bloodied wrecks, the referee unsure if either one can continue.

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RRC (somber, steady):

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are watching two men drag each other past the breaking point. This isn't about titles anymore -- it's about survival."

The camera lingers on both monsters, each barely upright, eyes locked in hate. The chain lies between them on the asphalt, glistening under the lot lamps. The war isn't over, but both men look half-dead already.

Both men sway on their feet after the chain choke struggle, barely able to stand. The parking lot looks like a war zone: glass shards, dented cars, trash everywhere. The handheld camera pans wildly as Clovis Black staggers toward a parked SUV. He yanks the back hatch open, rummaging with bloodied hands until he pulls out a sleek black duffle bag.

RRC (confused, cautious):

"What... what the hell is Clovis doing?"

Eric Dane (grim):

"I've seen that bag before. That's not gear, Robbie Ray--that's gold."

Clovis rips the bag open with a growl. The camera zooms tight as he pulls free the brand new ICW Television Championship belt, gleaming under the yellow lamps. The crowd inside the Foundry roars at the sight on the screen. Clovis grips it by the strap, raises it high... and with murder in his eyes, he charges Havok.

Angus (yelling):

"Yes! Do it! Take his damn head off and keep the belt for yourself!"

Clovis swings a wild decapitating shot with the belt--

RRC (shouting):

"HAVOK DUCKED IT!"

Havok explodes forward, seizing Clovis in a double-underhook. With blood pouring down his face, he lets out a guttural scream, hoists Clovis up, and spikes him head-first into the asphalt with the Chaos Theory. The thud is sickening -- a crack of flesh on concrete that makes the Foundry crowd gasp in unison.

Eric Dane (grave, hushed):

"...that's it."

Havok collapses across Clovis, chain still dangling from his wrist. The referee dives in.

Referee:

"One! ...Two! ...Three!"

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DING DING DING

The Foundry explodes. The handheld camera zooms in as the referee crawls to retrieve the Television Championship belt, still smeared with dust from the lot. He hands it to Havok, who clutches it to his chest, rolling onto his back, blood streaking his face like war paint.

RRC (voice full of awe):

"Jack Havok... through blood, glass, and steel... is the first-ever ICW Television Champion."

Eric Dane (low, firm):

"He didn't just win a title. He survived the unforgivable. That belt? It was baptized in blood tonight."

Angus (half-cackling, half-shouting):

"Look at him! He's smiling through the crimson! That's not a champion, that's a monster wearing gold!"

The camera lingers on Havok, belt in one hand, chain in the other, snarling into the lens. Behind him, Clovis Black lies motionless on the pavement, chest rising just enough to prove he's still alive. The referee signals frantically for medics. The screen fades back to the desk, the image of carnage burned into the night.

The feed cuts back inside The Foundry. The crowd is still buzzing, faces a mix of awe and shock after what they've just seen on the big screen. The camera finds the Commentation Station, where Robbie Ray Carter looks pale, Eric Dane is leaning forward with intensity in his eyes, and Angus Skaaland is still half-grinning like he just watched his favorite horror flick.

RRC (voice heavy, deliberate):

"Folks... I don't even know what to say. We just witnessed one of the most violent encounters in the history of this company. Jack Havok... went through glass, steel, and concrete... and came out the other side as the very first ICW Television Champion."

Eric Dane (low, firm):

"That belt isn't shiny anymore, Robbie Ray. It's stained. Stained with blood, glass, and asphalt. That's what it means to be champion here -- not to pin shoulders in a ring, but to survive a war zone."

Angus (snapping back, grinning):

"And that's exactly what Havok did! He survived, he conquered, and he's laughing through the blood! That's a champ you can get behind! The man's a damn folk hero now -- folk hero for the maniacs, the psychos, the freaks!"

RRC (cutting in, sharp):

"Don't glorify it, Angus! Jack Havok might have survived, but Clovis Black may never be the same again. That Chaos Theory on the asphalt -- I don't even want to think about the damage."

The camera cuts briefly to a replay reel: Havok crashing through the windshield, Clovis pressing him into the

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hood of the Ram, and finally the Chaos Theory onto the asphalt with the belt just missing Havok's head. Back to the desk.

Eric Dane (measured):

"Tonight, the bar was set. If you want to call yourself a champion in Iron City Wrestling, you'd better be willing to bleed, suffer, and drag yourself through hell. Jack Havok just proved he will."

RRC (steadying himself):

"The Foundry faithful are still in shock, but this night rolls on. History has been made -- the first ICW Television Champion has been crowned. And now, ladies and gentlemen, the Tag Team Titles will be decided. Rich Young Grapplerz. Brothers Gluck. The finals are next."

Angus (smirking as he leans in):

"And I hope those Glucks took notes, 'cause after what we just saw, you're gonna need more than farm-strong arms to walk out with gold tonight."

Tag Team Title Tournament Video Package

The screen fades to black. A metallic clang echoes, followed by stark white letters flashing across the screen:

"IRON CITY TAG TEAM TITLE TOURNAMENT"

Clips begin to roll: all eight teams who entered the tournament flash onto the screen in rapid succession -- Top Notch Team, Rich Young Grapplerz, Brothers Gluck, Night Riders, Urban Ninjaz, Astrid & Duchess, New Untouchables, Eric Dane Jr. & Graysie Parker. Each team is shown in action for a heartbeat before a red "X" slams across them one by one as they fall from contention.

Narrator (gritty, deliberate):

"Eight teams. One goal. The first-ever ICW Tag Team Champions."

The package cuts through the early rounds: Urban Ninjaz soaring into dives only to be crushed by Astrid and Duchess; the Night Riders hammered down by the Glucks; Top Notch Team grinding Jacoby Jacobs into the mat with tight holds; Graysie Parker and Eric Dane Jr. battling the New Untouchables until chaos took over.

RRC (voice-over):

"Every match was a fight. Every fall brought us one step closer."

The semifinals come fast and hard. Astrid and Duchess argue mid-match, the Glucks scooping them into a thunderous double powerbomb. Daniels and Rothlesberger rally for the Untouchables, only for Todderick Davenport to distract the referee long enough for Darian Darrington to put Daniels down and steal the victory.

Eric Dane (voice-over):

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"Grit and determination weren't enough. If you didn't have power or backup, you didn't last."

The contrast sharpens now. Rich Young Grapplerz mug for the cameras, Jacoby preening into his phone, Darian flexing with arrogance, Todderick smirking in his paisley jacket. Then the scene smashes to the Brothers Gluck -- wild-eyed, stomping down the ramp, Daeriq Damien screaming scripture at their backs as they maul opponents without mercy.

Angus (voice-over):

"Flash, force, and money. That's the Grapplerz way."

RRC (voice-over):

"The Glucks are a storm. A natural disaster in tag team form."

The music crescendos. A spotlight shines down on black velvet where the brand new ICW Tag Team Championship belts gleam. The narration builds to its peak.

Narrator (booming):

"Tonight, history is forged. The Rich Young Grapplerz. The Brothers Gluck. At The Iron Way, the first ICW Tag Team Champions will be crowned."

The screen slams to black, the words appearing in jagged steel letters:

TAG TEAM TITLE TOURNAMENT FINAL

Rich Young Grapplerz

vs

The Brothers Gluck

Fade back to the roaring Foundry crowd.

Rich Young Grapplers vs The Brothers Gluck

The Foundry is a boiling pot, fans shoulder-to-shoulder, stomping the steel floorboards. The buzz is restless--this is the semi-main, the culmination of the tournament, and the promise of history hangs thick in the air.

RRC:

"Birmingham, Alabama... it all comes down to this. The Iron City Tag Team Tournament began with eight, and tonight--right here, right now--we crown the first-ever ICW Tag Team Champions!"

Eric Dane:

"History ain't written in books, Robbie Ray--it's written in blood, sweat, and a little bit of sleight of hand. And don't think for one second the Trust Fund boys don't have their pens ready."

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Music hits--something glossy and smug. Jacoby Jacobs struts through the curtain, phone held high, already livestreaming to the Trust Fund faithful. Darian Darrington lumbers behind him, flexing and jawing at the crowd like he owns the building. Then Todderick Davenport III follows in his paisley blazer, shades indoors, waving like a conquering king. He stops mid-ramp to "thank his shareholders," even as the jeers rain down.

Angus:

"Look at these clowns. Suits, selfies, and securities fraud. They're actin' like the gold's already in their bank account."

Dane:

"Don't laugh too hard. They've cheated every step of the way, but the record shows wins. And wins put you right here in the finals."

Music shifts. Gritty southern rock growls over the PA. The Brothers Gluck march out with Daeriq Damien at their side. Carlton steady, grim-eyed; Chapps restless, jawing at the crowd with that mean streak. Damien keeps a hand out, corralling the chaos like a trainer with a pair of pit bulls. The Foundry roars, half out of respect, half out of sheer anticipation for the smash-mouth fight they're about to see.

RRC:

"No flash. No filters. Just Mississippi grit and iron knuckles. The Gluck boys have fought their way through this tournament the hard way--and with Daeriq Damien holding the reins, they might just pull the whole wagon home."

Eric Dane:

"Make no mistake--this ain't about honor or heart. This is about straps. Whoever walks out of this match is etched in ICW forever as the first Tag Team Champions."

RRC (steady, big call):

"History will be written tonight. The only question is--will it be Trust Fund's smug empire, or the Brothers Gluck's blood and bone, that sets the standard?"

The referee raises the championship belts high, the crowd on its feet, the air electric.

? DING DING DING!

The Foundry erupts as the Glucks charge across the ring like twin freight trains. Darian eats a lariat from Carlton that nearly folds him in half, and before Jacoby can even blink, Chapps scoops him and plants him with a thunderous back-drop that rattles the canvas.

RRC:

"The Glucks are comin' out like a house on fire! Big lariats, backdrops--the Rich Young Grapplerz don't know which way is up!"

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Eric Dane:

"That's what you do against Trust Fund. Don't give 'em a second to pull out their tricks. Hit hard, hit fast, and keep 'em scrambling."

Chapps barrels across the ring, manic grin splitting his face as he blasts Darian off the apron with a running elbow. Darian crashes hard to the floor while Jacoby stumbles into the corner, wide-eyed.

Angus:

"Look at Chapps Gluck! Kid looks like he's tryin' to punch a hole through the whole damn world!"

The Foundry roars as Chapps stomps, slaps his own head, then launches into another wild clothesline that sends Jacoby spinning. He follows it with a reckless senton splash that nearly caves in the Grappler's ribs.

RRC:

"The Foundry faithful are on their feet--Chapps Gluck is running wild!"

Jacoby bails out of the ring, clutching his chest, scrambling toward the Trust Fund corner. TD3 immediately rushes in, yanking him back by the wrist before Chapps can grab him again. Carlton leans over the ropes, eyes locked on Davenport.

RRC (pointed):

"And look at Carlton Gluck--he's not saying a word, just pointing dead at Todderick Davenport the Third!"

Eric Dane (with bite):

"That's a bad omen for young Mr. Trust Fund. You can only hide behind contracts and commas for so long before somebody collects in blood."

TD3 waves Carlton off with his smug grin, brushing invisible dust from his lapel while the ref tries to restore order. The Glucks pace the ring like caged hounds, the crowd still on fire.

Chapps whips Jacoby hard into the ropes--ready for another lariat--when TD3 reaches up from the floor and snatches Chapps' boot. The big man stumbles, snarling down at the paisley-clad parasite. That one second is all it takes.

RRC:

"Come on! Todderick Davenport just hooked the ankle--classic Trust Fund tactics!"

Jacoby seizes the moment, diving into Chapps with a chop block to the knee. The Foundry erupts in boos as Chapps crumples. Jacoby scrambles, slapping the mat like he's calling a board meeting, and tags Darian back in.

Eric Dane:

"And here we go. The shortcut's found, and now the Grapplerz can start cutting the ring in half."

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Darian storms in with heavy boots, stomping the downed Chapps. Quick tag--Jacoby back in. Snapmare, basement dropkick. Another tag--Darian again. The Grapplerz are in and out, swarming like jackals.

Angus:

"Fast tags, phantom claps--hell, I don't even think that one was legal, but the ref's buying it!"

The ref argues with Carlton trying to get in, and behind his back Jacoby stretches Chapps' throat across the middle rope. TD3 leans in with a smug grin, tugging the rope down for extra pressure while livestreaming the whole thing on Jacoby's phone.

RRC:

"They're choking the life outta Chapps, and the official doesn't see a damn thing!"

Chapps claws his way up, throwing wild rights, but Darian muscles him up--tilt-a-whirl powerslam that shakes the ring. The crowd gasps, but Darian doesn't cover. Instead, he spreads his arms wide and barks down at the hard cam while Jacoby snatches his phone to mug alongside him.

Eric Dane:

"Textbook mistake. You've got a man beat up, and instead of finishing, you're worried about your follower count."

Chapps lunges for Carlton--he's fingertips away--when Jacoby slides back in, cutting him off with a running knee to the temple. TD3 hops on the apron, waving his arms, shrieking at the referee about "illegal tagging procedure" just long enough to drag Chapps back to the wrong corner again.

RRC:

"Every time Chapps gets close, it's the same story--Todderick Davenport III sticking his nose in and saving his boys from disaster!"

Angus (snide):

"Hey, that's just good management. You don't like it? Hire yourself a paisley-suited lawyer."

The Grapplerz keep the pressure, isolating Chapps in their corner, stomps and tags piling up. The crowd builds a rumbling chant, trying to will the Glucks back into this fight.

Chapps finally shoves Darian off with a desperate elbow, swings wild, and crashes forward--TAG! Carlton storms in to a thunderous roar from The Foundry!

RRC:

"Tag made! Here comes Carlton Gluck!"

Carlton barrels through Jacoby with a big boot that nearly decapitates him. Darian charges--eats a spine-jarring powerslam. Back to Jacoby--Carlton hoists him high and plants him with a thunderous sidewalk

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slam. The crowd is molten, stomping in rhythm.

Eric Dane:

"That's the difference-maker. Carlton Gluck's a wall of muscle, and once he gets moving, good luck stopping him."

Carlton whips Darian hard into the corner, follows with a crushing avalanche splash, then scoops Jacoby for a brutal fallaway slam that sends him skidding across the canvas. Both Grapplerz are sprawled, the Foundry rocking on its foundations.

But here comes TD3--up on the apron in his paisley blazer, waving his arms like he's calling a stockholder meeting.

RRC:

"Oh, come on! Davenport's up on the apron again!"

Carlton's eyes narrow. He lunges for Toddy, fingers outstretched. The smug smile slips from TD3's face as he backpedals frantically along the apron. Carlton's about to grab him when--

--the crowd erupts as Daeriq Damien storms around ringside, peeling off his jacket and giving chase. TD3 panics, hops off the apron, and sprints around the ring with Damien right on his heels.

Angus:

"Finally! Somebody's chasing that paisley parasite right outta the building!"

RRC:

"Listen to this crowd! Daeriq Damien's got Todderick Davenport on the run!"

TD3 dives headfirst back through the ropes to escape, Damien sliding after him--just enough to throw the referee into chaos, trying to separate managers from combat. The distraction opens the door wide.

As Carlton turns back from the commotion, Jacoby rockets in low with a chop block. Carlton buckles, Darian clobbers him from behind, and suddenly the Grapplerz are back in control.

Eric Dane (sharp):

"And just like that--chaos creates opportunity. The Grapplerz may not have power, but they've always got timing."

The match breaks down into chaos--bodies flying everywhere. Carlton shoves Darian into the corner and tags Chapps, who comes in hot. He barrels across the ring and SMASHES Jacoby with a reckless corner avalanche that nearly caves the buckles in. The Foundry explodes.

RRC:

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"Chapps Gluck with a freight-train avalanche--Jacoby Jacobs is flatter than a board meeting gone bad!"

But as Chapps turns, Jacoby springs off the ropes with a flying knee out of nowhere, cracking Chapps across the jaw. Chapps stumbles back, dazed. Darian storms in, scoops Carlton, and DRIVES him down with a thunderous spinebuster.

Angus:

"Spinebuster! That one nearly drilled Carlton through the mat!"

The Grapplerz pump themselves up, but the Glucks aren't finished. Chapps rallies, shaking out the cobwebs, and the brothers connect eyes. The crowd rises, knowing what's coming.

RRC (excited):

"They're calling for it--the Gluck 'n' Roll! Doomsday Clothesline incoming!"

Carlton muscles Jacoby up onto his shoulders. Chapps scales the ropes, wild-eyed, ready to decapitate him with the flying lariat--

--but TD3 scrambles up on the apron and yanks Jacoby's leg at the last possible second, spilling him off Carlton's shoulders before Chapps can launch. The Foundry ERUPTS in boos.

RRC:

"Oh, for the love of--Todderick Davenport just saved Jacoby from disaster!"

The referee wheels around, finger pointed, shouting at TD3. The crowd roars, chanting "THROW HIM OUT! THROW HIM OUT!" The official looks ready to eject him, but Jacoby collapses to his knees, pleading desperately, hands clasped, begging the ref not to toss their "manager."

Eric Dane (gritting his teeth):

"He should've been tossed five minutes ago. But the Grapplerz are milking this distraction for everything it's worth."

Carlton shakes the cobwebs, rage written all over his face. He snatches Jacoby, muscling him up across his shoulders. The Foundry roars as he steps into the corner--

RRC:

"Carlton Gluck's got him hooked--it's time for the Gluck Bomb! Running powerbomb incoming!"

Carlton charges--BUT TD3 dives in from the floor, wrapping his arms around Carlton's ankles. Carlton stumbles, fighting to keep his balance, and the ref shouts down at the interference.

That's when Daeriq Damien explodes, storming around the ring and blasting into Toddy. The two managers collide in a furious brawl at ringside--suits flying, fists thrown. The referee leaves the ring to break them up,

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crowd losing its mind.

Eric Dane:

"About damn time Daeriq got his hands on Davenport! Look at 'em go!"

Angus:

"Somebody get security! We got a whole different main event breaking out!"

Inside the ring, Jacoby wriggles free of Carlton's grasp, rolls him up tight--SMALL PACKAGE--angled toward the Grapplerz' corner. Darian rushes in, shoving Jacoby's boots up onto the middle rope for leverage.

At the same moment, TD3, half-scrapping with Damien, dives back in and pins Carlton's legs to the apron from outside.

RRC (furious):

"No! No, not like this--come on, referee!"

The official slides back in just in time to see the shoulders down--completely oblivious to the triple cheat in progress.

Crowd:

"BOOOOOOO!"

Referee:

"ONE! TWO! THREE!"

? DING DING DING

The Foundry erupts--not in cheers, but in venomous, furious boos. Jacoby scrambles free of the small package, Darian hauling him up in celebration. TD3 dives into the ring, clutching both of their arms, pointing to himself like he just won the belts. The referee, looking harried, collects the championship straps and reluctantly hands them over.

RRC (spitting mad):

"History made under the darkest cloud possible! The Rich Young Grapplerz are your first-ever ICW Tag Team Champions--and they STOLE IT!"

Eric Dane:

"Doesn't matter how it's written, Robbie Ray. Tonight the books say Grapplerz. First champions. You don't have to like it--you just have to remember it."

The Glucks pound the mat in frustration, Daeriq seething at ringside as TD3 hugs the belts like they're stock dividends. The Grapplerz pose, one belt apiece, while TD3 snaps a live selfie in the middle of the ring. The

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boos shake The Foundry to its steel bones.

Angus (smug):

"Get used to it, Birmingham. The future's rich, and the future's now!"

The bell is still ringing as TD3 rips both belts from the referee, thrusting one into Jacoby's hands and the other into Darian's. All three huddle together in the center of the ring, raising the gold high as if they just conquered the world. Toddy barks into Jacoby's phone, livestreaming every smug second. Confetti cannons pop from the corners, silver and gold streamers raining down as if the moment were noble, not crooked.

RRC (heated):

"The Rich Young Grapplerz didn't win these titles--they STOLE 'em! We all saw it plain as day!"

On the ramp, Carlton and Chapps sit on their knees, sweat pouring, eyes burning with fury. Daeriq Damien stands over them, jaw tight, pointing back toward the ring. They weren't beaten--they were robbed, and the look on their faces promises this ain't over.

Eric Dane (cold, steady):

"Doesn't matter, Robbie Ray. First-ever tag champs--the record book don't come with an asterisk. History remembers winners, not the fine print."

Angus (snide):

"And the fine print says Birmingham just got bought out."

The Grapplerz parade up the ropes, belts high, TD3 blowing kisses into the hard cam as the Foundry drowns them in venomous boos. Behind them, the Glucks glare up the ramp like a pair of dogs straining their leashes, ready to maul when the chance comes.

Final image: the Trust Fund trio bathed in falling streamers, smug grins plastered on their faces, while below the celebration burns the anger of the Glucks--and the Foundry faithful.

Hot Toddy vs The Iron City Ace

The screen fades from black. A lone spotlight cuts through the dark, illuminating the Iron Crown gleaming on a velvet pedestal. A heartbeat thunders under the audio track, slow and deliberate.

Narrator (measured, solemn):

"Every company has its heart. Every fight has its soul. For Iron City Wrestling... it is the Iron Crown."

Footage rolls: Graysie Parker winning the Iron Crown Gauntlet, battered and bloodied, hoisting the crown

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high. The Foundry faithful erupting around her. Her second title draped across her shoulder, the WrestleZone Championship gleaming.

RRC (voice-over):

"She's not just a champion... she's our champion."

The music shifts, low strings building tension. The shot cuts to Todderick Davenport III -- stepping out of a limousine, adjusting his paisley jacket, smirking under neon lights. Clips flash of him orchestrating Trust Fund ambushes, the Rich Young Grapplerz raising his arms after cheap wins, champagne toasts in country club boardrooms.

Eric Dane (voice-over):

"He doesn't fight fair. He doesn't fight clean. But he doesn't have to. He's got money, muscle, and malice."

Cut: Clovis smashing Graysie in 1.1. TD3 standing smug over her in 1.2. Grapplerz cutting her off at every turn. Clips of their ambushes play in rapid succession.

Narrator (rising, heavier):

"One woman stands as the heart of the Foundry. One man believes he was born to own it."

Graysie training: running the hills of Birmingham, sweat dripping, chain wrestling drills at The Foundry, the ICW faithful chanting her name in handheld footage. Cut to TD3 sipping bourbon, lounging in luxury, Trust Fund cronies laughing behind him. The juxtaposition is stark: labor vs. leisure, sweat vs. silk.

Angus Skaaland (voice-over, dripping with sarcasm):

"Let's be honest -- you don't bet against money. You invest in it. And Todderick Davenport III? He's the smartest investment in wrestling today."

Music surges, now pounding with drums. Rapid cuts: Graysie hitting her finisher, TD3 mocking fans, Grapplerz beating down opponents two-on-one, Graysie standing tall with both belts. Each shot synced to the percussion.

Narrator (booming now):

"Tonight, the Foundry bears witness to a collision. The ace who carries two worlds on her shoulders... versus the heir who would burn it all to wear the crown."

Final montage: Graysie holding both championships high, sweat and blood mixing on her face. TD3 smirking with the Grapplerz at his back. The Iron Crown hovering in the center of the screen as both images slam toward it. The music cuts to silence.

Narrator (final, emphatic):

"Graysie Parker. Todderick Davenport the Third. The Iron Crown. History is not given... it is taken."

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Black screen. White letters slam across with an echoing metallic crash:

"IRON CROWN CHAMPIONSHIP -- MAIN EVENT"

Todderick Davenport III

vs

Graysie Parker

Fade to the Foundry crowd, molten with anticipation.

GTFO~!

The Foundry is still buzzing after the tag title match. Inside the ring, Todderick Davenport III preens in his paisley jacket, smug as ever, flanked by Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington. The Rich Young Grapplerz are holding their newly won ICW Tag Team Championships aloft, laughing and strutting like conquering kings. TD3 struts to the hard cam, motioning around his waist as if the Iron Crown already belongs to him.

RRC (disgusted):

"After everything we've seen tonight, after all the shortcuts, these three jackals are still in there celebrating like they built this company brick by brick."

Angus (grinning):

"Brick by brick? More like dollar by dollar, Robbie Ray. And I'd say it paid off beautifully. Look at 'em -- gold draped on both shoulders, soon to be a crown on TD3's head. That's how dynasties are made."

At commentary, Eric Dane Sr. slowly rises from his chair, pulling off his headset. The crowd immediately perks up, buzzing. He points toward the ring with fire in his eyes.

Eric Dane Sr. (shouting from ringside, no headset now):

"You two clowns -- OUT. OF. HERE. You're barred from ringside. The Grapplerz don't get a damn thing to do with this main event!"

The Foundry explodes into cheers. In the ring, TD3's jaw drops. Jacoby starts screaming into his phone, Darian flexes at Dane in a show of defiance. TD3 throws a fit, stomping the mat like a child denied dessert.

RRC (fired up):

"Eric Dane has had enough! The Grapplerz are banned from ringside! This main event will be one-on-one, as it should be!"

The crowd senses blood. Almost instantly, the chant builds in the bleachers, growing louder and louder until it overtakes the building:

Crowd:

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"NAH NAH NAH NAH... NAH NAH NAH NAH... HEY HEY HEY... GOODBYE!"

Jacoby covers his ears, screaming at the fans. Darian hurls his championship belt down in fury. TD3's face is beet-red, throwing his blazer off in frustration. Finally, security escorts the Grapplerz up the aisle to a thunderous ovation as they argue the whole way.

Angus (fuming):

"This is a travesty! A conspiracy! You don't eject the champions on the biggest night in company history!"

RRC (cutting in, defiant):

"No, Angus. You don't cheat your way through every damn match and expect to get away with it forever!"

The lights dip. The noise swells. "Sweet Home Alabama" rips through the speakers. The curtain parts, and out steps Graysie Parker. The Iron Crown sits proudly on her head, the WrestleZone Championship strapped tight around her waist. She pauses at the curtain, soaking in the ovation as fans leap to their feet, fists pumping in rhythm to the music.

Streamers fly from the bleachers as Graysie strides to the ring with purpose, eyes locked dead on TD3. She removes the WrestleZone belt, hoisting it high in one hand while keeping the Iron Crown steady with the other. The camera captures the moment: the people's champion walking straight into battle against the spoiled heir.

RRC (emotional):

"Listen to this crowd! That's the sound of Birmingham standing with their champion!"

Eric Dane (leaning back into headset, intense):

"She's walking into the lion's den, Robbie Ray. TD3's got tricks up his sleeve, make no mistake. But Graysie Parker? She's the backbone of this company. If anyone can carry Iron City Wrestling through fire, it's her."

Angus (spitting, bitter):

"Backbone? Please. She's walking into a coronation, and she doesn't even know it yet. Tonight belongs to Todderick Davenport the Third!"

Graysie slides into the ring, standing nose-to-nose with TD3. The referee takes the Iron Crown and raises it high for the cameras. The Foundry crowd is molten, the main event of The Iron Way about to begin.

Todderick Davenport III vs Graysie Parker

DING DING DING!

The bell hasn't even stopped ringing when Graysie launches out of her corner like a shot. TD3 is screaming about "lawsuits" at Eric Dane Sr. and doesn't see her coming--CRACK! A running forearm blasts him right in

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the mouth. He stumbles into the buckles, clutching his jaw in shock.

RRC (fired up):

"She caught him square, and now Davenport's in for a long night!"

Graysie steps in and lights him up with machine-gun chops--each one snapping through the Foundry like a rifle crack.

Crowd (counting):

"ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! FIVE!"

TD3's chest is already glowing red. He yelps, trying to cover up, but Graysie shifts gears and buries three stiff shoulders to the gut in rapid succession, each one driving the wind further out of him.

Eric Dane Sr. (measured, proud):

"That's fighting spirit. He wanted a championship fight--he's getting one."

She grabs his wrist, whips him hard across the ring--BANG! TD3 hits the opposite buckle chest-first, bounces back--BOOM! Graysie snatches him and hurls him overhead with a beal throw that sends him sliding across the canvas.

TD3 scrambles up, wide-eyed. Graysie's already moving. She barrels forward with a shoulder tackle that knocks him flat. He pops up on instinct--second tackle! He tries again--third tackle! On the fourth, she roars, scoops him up, and slams him with a powerslam that rattles the ring!

RRC:

"She's tossing him like a rag doll! No Grapplerz, no excuses--Todderick Davenport is being exposed!"

Cover!

Ref:

"One! ... Two--"

TD3 jerks a shoulder up, gasping.

Graysie doesn't even blink. She yanks him to his feet, rattles him with a pair of forearms, then whips him into the ropes. TD3 ducks a line--he tries a leapfrog on the return, but Graysie snatches him out of the air mid-hop and drives him down with a spinebuster that makes the whole Foundry pop!

Eric Dane Sr.:

"She's not just fighting--she's dictating pace. Davenport's got no clue what to do without his entourage."

The crowd chants her name in rhythm--

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Crowd:

"GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE!"

Graysie looks out into the sea of fans, points to the rafters, then hoists TD3 up like dead weight. She presses him overhead in a gorilla press, holding him high, walking a slow circle to show off her strength as the Foundry goes ballistic. TD3 kicks his legs, panicked--Graysie dumps him flat on his back with authority!

She drops into a lateral press--

Ref:

"One! ... Two--"

Kickout again, just barely. TD3 rolls to his side, gasping, sweat already beading on his forehead. He crawls to the ropes, throwing his hands up, begging off, mouthing "time out" to the ref as if it were a basketball game.

Angus (furious):

"This is a mugging! Somebody stop her before she breaks him in half!"

RRC (defiant):

"No, Angus--this is justice. After all the shortcuts, after all the cheating, Graysie Parker is beating the entitlement out of Todderick Davenport!"

Graysie isn't fooled. She stomps forward, dragging TD3 off the ropes by the hair. The spoiled brat yelps, pleading, eyes darting for any escape--but there's none. She cocks back, ready for another big shot--

--and that's when TD3 drops to his knees, throwing his hands up, eyes wide, desperate to stall, desperate to find a lifeline. The crowd rains down jeers as the referee moves in, trying to create space.

Eric Dane Sr. (sharp):

"He's already on the ropes--literally and figuratively. If he doesn't find something cheap, this is gonna be over fast."

The referee backs Graysie away from the corner for a half-second, making sure Davenport isn't tangled in the ropes. That's all the opening the spoiled brat needs. TD3 lunges forward, jabbing a thumb right into Graysie's eye. She reels back instantly, clutching at her face.

RRC (snapping):

"Oh, come on! Right in the eye! Davenport knew he couldn't outfight her, so he had to gouge his way back into this!"

Eric Dane Sr. (gritting his teeth):

"And the ref didn't see it. That's how guys like him operate -- wait for one blind spot, and take the shortcut."

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Graysie swings a wild arm, half-blinded. TD3 ducks under, cackling, and dives low with a vicious chop block to the back of her knee. Graysie crumples to the mat, clutching her leg. The crowd immediately turns volcanic with boos.

Angus (gleeful):

"Brains over brawn, Robbie Ray! That's what separates Todderick Davenport from the rest of this dump. That's legacy!"

RRC:

"Legacy? That was a cheap shot, plain and simple. He didn't outsmart her, he cheated her!"

Davenport scrambles up, panting like a man who just survived drowning. He struts toward the ropes, puffing his chest out, and points at himself with both thumbs.

TD3 (to the hard cam):

"WHO'S SOFT NOW?!"

The Foundry responds with a thunderous chorus of boos. Streamers that were meant for Graysie earlier now get hurled at the ring in disgust.

Graysie forces herself up on one knee, still clutching at her eye. TD3 notices, smirks, and immediately grabs her wrist. He yanks her forward and snaps her arm against the top rope with a violent crack. Graysie winces, instinctively clutching at her shoulder. TD3 doesn't let go -- he snakes behind her and plants his knee between her shoulder blades, pulling back on a nasty hammerlock.

Eric Dane Sr. (analyzing):

"He's doing exactly what parasites always do -- find a weak spot and grind it down. He's not trying to win clean. He's trying to keep her grounded, keep her gasping."

Graysie squirms, her face twisted in pain, but TD3 leans all his weight onto her arm, yelling at the fans as if he's conducting an orchestra. The referee counts to four before he finally breaks, throwing his hands up innocently like he's done nothing wrong.

Angus:

"That's ring awareness! Davenport's not cheating -- he's just innovating the five count."

RRC:

"Innovating? He's milking it for everything it's worth, Angus. And if the official had a backbone, he'd have thrown him out with the Grapplerz already."

Graysie rolls toward the center, shaking her arm. TD3 pounces, stomping her shoulder mercilessly, then drops a precise elbow right across the collarbone. He sprawls across her, a lazy cover, pressing his forearm into her jaw.

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Ref:

"One! ... Two--"

Kickout at two. The Foundry surges, rallying behind Graysie. TD3 immediately slaps the mat like a child denied dessert. He shoots the ref a glare, mouthing, "Do your job!" Then he pops to his feet and struts in a slow circle, one hand cupping his ear like he expects adoration.

Crowd:

"YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK! YOU SUCK!"

Eric Dane Sr. (acidic):

"He asked for the ovation, and he got it. Welcome to Birmingham."

Graysie sits up on her knees, trying to gather herself. TD3 doesn't give her the chance. He grabs a handful of her hair, dragging her toward the corner, and slams her face-first into the turnbuckle once, twice, three times. On the fourth, he plants his boot across her throat, leaning back on the ropes for maximum leverage.

Ref:

"One! Two! Three! Four--"

TD3 throws his hands up and steps back, smirking. The referee warns him sternly. Davenport rolls his eyes, then winks at the camera like he's in on the joke.

RRC:

"That's not a champion. That's a con man in a \$2,000 suit."

Angus (snapping back):

"Correction, Robbie Ray -- that's a future Iron Crown Champion."

Graysie slumps in the corner, gasping for air. TD3 charges in, driving his shoulder into her ribs. He steps back, adjusts his invisible crown, then charges again -- another shoulder! Then a third! He backs away with a strut, blowing a kiss to the front row as if he's already won.

The fans boo him mercilessly.

Eric Dane Sr.:

"This kid's prancing like he's on top of the world, but look at him -- he's sweating buckets just to keep her down."

Graysie stumbles forward, clutching her midsection. TD3 cuts her down with a sharp swinging neckbreaker, snapping her back to the mat. He sprawls for another cover.

Ref:

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"One! ... Two--"

Graysie kicks out with authority, and the crowd explodes in cheers.

RRC:

"She's still got fight left! The Iron Butterfly won't fold this easily!"

Frustrated, TD3 slaps the mat again, shouting, "COUNT FASTER!" He gets up, stomps around the ring, and then plants a boot right into Graysie's neck, grinding her face into the canvas.

He leans down, sneering into her ear.

TD3 (taunting):

"You don't belong here. That crown's already mine."

He lets go, stands up, and does a slow bow to the hard cam. The crowd showers him with garbage.

Angus (giddy):

"Now that's a champion's confidence. He's teaching her humility."

Eric Dane Sr. (biting):

"Humility doesn't come from stepping on someone's throat. That comes from fighting with honor -- something Davenport wouldn't recognize if it hit him in the mouth."

TD3 pulls Graysie up again, hooks her head, and slams her down with a DDT. He doesn't even go for the pin -- instead, he rolls her over, mounts her back, and locks in a grinding chinlock, pulling her head back while jamming his knee into her spine.

The Foundry starts clapping in unison, stomping their feet, rallying behind their champion.

Crowd:

"LET'S GO GRAY-SIE! clap clap clapclapclap LET'S GO GRAY-SIE!"

Graysie's fists tremble on the mat. She fights to a knee. TD3 shakes his head violently, screaming, "NO! STAY DOWN!" He wrenches harder.

RRC (pleading):

"Listen to this building -- they're trying to will her back into it!"

Graysie digs deep, rising to her feet with TD3 on her back. The Foundry erupts. She drives an elbow back into his gut -- once, twice -- on the third, he releases, gasping. She whips around--

--but TD3 snatches a handful of hair and yanks her straight back down to the mat! The crowd groans in fury

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as he smirks, wiping imaginary sweat from his brow.

Eric Dane Sr. (disgusted):

"And there's the real Davenport. When it looks like he's about to get beaten at his own game, he just cheats again."

Davenport struts across the ring, leaning against the ropes like he's posing for a photo shoot. He pantomimes strapping the Iron Crown around his waist, basking in the heat.

Graysie crawls to the ropes, pulling herself up. TD3 sees it and charges -- clothesline! Graysie folds against the ropes, nearly spilling to the floor. He follows up by ramming his knee into her back, forcing her throat against the middle rope.

The referee counts again -- "One! Two! Three! Four!" -- and TD3 releases with a theatrical gasp, stumbling back like he's shocked at the accusation. He throws his arms wide to the jeering fans.

Angus (defensive):

"He's not cheating, he's strategizing! You keep the air out of her lungs, you keep the fight out of her heart."

RRC (spitting mad):

"Strategizing?! He's strangling the champion! That's not strategy, that's cowardice!"

TD3 drags Graysie to her feet again, whips her into the corner, and follows with a running elbow. She slumps to the mat, and he grinds his boot into her face for another four-count. The fans boo louder than ever.

This time, Davenport stops mid-count, smirking, and leans down to pat Graysie mockingly on the cheek.

TD3 (sneering):

"Stay down, sweetheart. This is my show now."

Graysie's eyes flash with defiance, but she's winded, hurting.

Davenport pulls her up and plants her with a snap suplex. He floats over for another cover.

Ref:

"One! ... Two--"

Kickout again! The crowd erupts. Davenport slaps the mat a third time, screaming, "THAT WAS THREE!" His face flushes red with fury.

Eric Dane Sr.:

"You notice how every pinfall he hooks lazy, every cover he wastes half a second on? That's the difference -- Graysie fights to win, Davenport fights to pose."

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Frustrated, TD3 whips her into the ropes again, ducks for a back body drop--Graysie instinctively kicks down, stopping herself--but TD3 answers with a desperate drop toe hold, sending her throat-first across the bottom rope.

She gasps for air, clutching at her windpipe. TD3 immediately slithers over and drapes himself across her back, using the ropes for leverage as he chokes her. The ref doesn't catch it at first, but the crowd points and screams.

RRC (furious):

"He's got his hands on the ropes! He's using the ropes for leverage!"

The referee looks up just in time and yells. TD3 throws his hands up again, backing off with a smirk, acting as if he's innocent.

Eric Dane Sr.:

"He's burning fuel with all this posturing. He thinks he's buying time, but every second Graysie Parker breathes is another second closer to a comeback."

Graysie pushes off the mat, the crowd stomping their feet in rhythm. TD3 grabs a handful of her hair again -- but this time, she fires a headbutt right into his sternum. Davenport staggers back, gasping for air, and Graysie surges up with a roar.

RRC (fired up):

"She's still in this fight! The Iron Butterfly refuses to stay grounded!"

Graysie rattles him with a stiff forearm. Then another. The crowd counts along as she fires a third, a fourth, a fifth--each one snapping TD3's head back. She hits the ropes and BLASTS him with a running lariat that nearly turns him inside out.

The Foundry erupts.

Graysie hauls him up, whips him across the ring--powerslam! Cover--

Ref:

"One! ... Two!"

TD3 kicks out, barely, flopping like a fish.

He crawls to the corner, clutching his ribs. Graysie follows, but as she leans in--POW! Davenport throws a desperate mule kick between her legs, hidden from the ref's line of sight. The crowd boos furiously as Graysie crumples, clutching her gut.

Eric Dane Sr. (cold, disgusted):

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"Every time he's in danger, he cheats. Every time."

Davenport collapses on top for a cover, hooking the tights for extra leverage.

Ref:

"One! ... Two! ..."

Graysie kicks out!

The Foundry explodes, stomping the bleachers.

Crowd:

"GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE!"

TD3 slaps the mat in frustration, then staggers up, pointing to his temple as if to say brains over brawn. He waits for Graysie to rise, then lunges for a roll-up, yanking her by the tights--

Ref:

"One! ... Two!"

Graysie kicks free, sending TD3 tumbling headfirst into the middle turnbuckle! The crowd pops huge.

Graysie rises, grabs him by the waist, and launches him with a German suplex! She bridges--

Ref:

"One! ... Two! ... Thr--"

Kickout! The Foundry groans in unison, hands on their heads.

RRC:

"She had him! That was so close!"

Angus (smug):

"Close don't pay the bills, Robbie Ray. Only winners do -- and that's Todderick Davenport."

Both are slow to rise. Graysie swings first -- TD3 ducks, spins, grabs a schoolboy roll-up with his feet on the ropes for leverage!

Ref:

"One! ... Two!"

The crowd screams, pointing at the ropes. The official looks up, sees the feet, and waves it off just before three! The Foundry erupts in relief, booing Davenport mercilessly.

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Eric Dane Sr. (snapping):

"He'll try every con in the book, but without his Grapplerz, he can't hide for long."

TD3 loses his mind, screaming at the referee, jabbing a finger in his chest. Graysie takes advantage -- she charges, scoops him up--big Samoan drop! She covers--

Ref:

"One! ... Two! ..."

Kickout again!

The fans can't believe it. Streamers are still littering the floor from earlier, fans stomping and chanting for Graysie.

Both wrestlers are slow up. TD3 plays possum, staggering like he's out cold. The ref leans in to check him--suddenly TD3 pulls the official close, feigning a knee injury. As the ref checks his leg, TD3 digs into his boot, trying to slip out a pair of brass knux!

RRC (shouting):

"He's got something in his boot! Watch him!"

Before he can swing, Graysie catches his wrist, pries the knux loose, and hurls it into the crowd! The Foundry erupts as the prop disappears. TD3 spins in panic--BAM! Graysie clocks him with a running knee lift that drops him flat. She covers--

Ref:

"One! ... Two! ... Thr--"

TD3 barely kicks out, rolling his shoulder just in time.

The crowd groans, some even throwing their hands on their heads, but the noise never dies down.

Eric Dane Sr. (serious, intense):

"Without his Grapplerz, he's got no safety net -- but you see how desperate he is. He'll try anything to crawl out with that crown."

Angus (snarling):

"And it's working! Graysie can't put him away, and every second that ticks by is another second closer to the Davenport dynasty!"

Graysie wipes sweat from her eyes, rallying the crowd again with a war cry. She pulls TD3 to his feet, looking for the Graysie Driver--but Davenport wriggles free, slips behind, and rolls her up--this time stacking her with both feet on the ropes again!

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Ref:

"One! ... Two! ... Thr--"

The referee sees it again and waves it off, kicking Davenport's feet clear. TD3 pops up, red-faced, screaming at the official.

Crowd:

"YOU F'D UP! YOU F'D UP!"

Graysie is back up--she spins him around--DISCUSS LARIAT! Davenport is turned inside out, crashing to the mat. The Foundry detonates in cheers.

Both wrestlers are down now, the referee checking them as the camera zooms in on the Iron Crown gleaming on the timekeeper's table.

Crowd:

"LET'S GO GRAY-SIE! TODDY SUCKS! LET'S GO GRAY-SIE! TODDY SUCKS!"

Eventually both wrestlers are on their knees, sweat pouring, trading shots.

Crowd (counting along):

"ONE! ... TWO! ... THREE!"

Graysie's forearms rock Davenport back. He swings back with a wild slap, missing by a mile. She springs up, hooks him by the waist--she's thinking Graysie Driver!

RRC (screaming):

"She's going for it! The Driver--this could end it right here!"

TD3 thrashes wildly, knees buckling, and slips out the back. He stumbles into the corner, frantic. Graysie charges--but TD3 ducks away, snatching at his boot. The crowd catches it instantly, a tidal wave of boos. He pulls out a chain, wrapping it around his fist.

RRC:

"No! Don't let this happen!"

Eric Dane Sr. (furious):

"He's got that chain! How much plunder can one man fit in his boots, Double-Arcee?"

Davenport turns, swinging wildly--Graysie ducks under! He nearly collides with the referee, who leaps back just in time. The whole Foundry gasps, thinking the official just got wiped out.

RRC:

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"The ref almost ate it! We nearly lost control of this match!"

Graysie spins Davenport, rips the chain free, and tosses it into the crowd. The place erupts. She seizes him-- Graysie Driver! She plants him dead center, covers deep, the crowd on their feet.

Ref:

"ONE! ... TWO! ... THR--"

--but the referee is dragged out of the ring by his ankle!

The camera whips to the side--JEFFREY DANIELS! The Foundry goes nuclear. He yanks the official to the floor and decks him with a right hand.

RRC (voice breaking):

"What the hell?! Jeffrey Daniels just pulled the referee out of the ring! This is robbery!"

Lee Scott Rothlesberger slides in from the other side, and suddenly the New Untouchables are in the ring, stomping down on Graysie Parker.

Eric Dane Sr. (biting, furious):

"I knew it! I knew he couldn't do it alone! The New Untouchables are Davenport's damn insurance policy!"

The crowd is molten, booing so hard the camera shakes. Daniels hauls Graysie up while Rothlesberger pounds her ribs. They whip her into the ropes--double spinebuster! The whole ring rattles as Graysie crashes.

RRC (yelling over the chaos):

"This is disgusting! Davenport had no Grapplerz, so he bought himself another set of vultures!"

Angus (laughing, smug):

"Call it whatever you want, Robbie Ray--I call it diversification! That's how empires are built!"

The Untouchables drag Graysie to her knees, holding her in place while TD3 staggers up, arms wide, beaming like he's already won. He points to his head, then kicks her square in the face. The boos are deafening, trash raining down toward the ring.

Eric Dane Sr. (growling, venomous):

"This isn't insurance. This is a goddamn hostile takeover."

The Untouchables stand tall over Graysie, TD3 smirking ear-to-ear behind them, as the camera zooms in on the Iron Crown still gleaming at ringside. They continue to stomp Graysie down in the corner, TD3 strutting around like he's already the champ. Suddenly--

The camera cuts to the aisle just as Eric Dane Jr. sprints out of the locker room, half-dressed, boots barely

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laced, hair wild. The Foundry erupts with a sound like a jet engine.

RRC (screaming):

"Dane Jr.! Dane Jr. is here! The kid's coming to fight!"

Jr. slides under the ropes and pops up like a man possessed. Daniels lunges--RIGHT HAND! LSR charges--back elbow! TD3 swings wild--Jr. ducks under and plants him with a beautiful snap DDT.

The Foundry comes unglued as Jr. pops up, fire in his eyes.

Eric Dane Sr. (intense, proud):

"By God, that's my boy--handle your business, kid!"

Daniels jumps on Jr.'s back--he flings him off with a hip toss. LSR rushes in again--FLAPJACK! Right over the top rope, Rothlesberger crashes to the floor in a heap.

Jr. turns back, eyes locked on TD3, who's staggering to his feet. The crowd swells, sensing something huge. Jr. hooks him--lifts--and DRIVES HIM DOWN with the Stardriver! A SHEER DROP BRAINBUSTER, just like his father used to end careers. TD3 folds like an accordion, motionless.

RRC (voice cracking):

"STADRIVER! STADRIVER! He dropped him right on his head!"

The Foundry is absolutely seismic.

Jr. shoots back up, chest heaving, adrenaline pumping. Daniels is still in the ring, crawling on his hands and knees. Jr. spots him, slaps the mat, and charges. He leaps--FLYING KNEE!

But Jeffrey Daniels sidesteps at the very last heartbeat--

--and Jr. LEVELS GRAYSIE!

Crowd:

"OOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

The arena dies for a split second in shocked silence before exploding in horrified gasps and boos. Graysie crumples lifelessly to the mat.

RRC (stunned, voice breaking):

"No--no, no, no! He hit Graysie! He hit Graysie by mistake!"

Eric Dane Sr. (anguished, guttural):

"Goddammit, Eric--look what you've done!"

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The chaos is deafening. Jr. is frozen in shock, hands to his head. Daniels pounces, shoving him through the ropes and sending him sprawling to the floor.

Daniels seizes the moment. He drags TD3's limp body over and drapes him across Graysie. The boos are deafening, trash flying from the rafters.

Daniels drops to the floor, slapping the referee awake, screaming, "DO YOUR JOB!" He rolls the official back inside. The ref crawls toward the bodies, dazed, and begins the count.

Ref:

"One! ...

... Two! ...

THREE!!!"

DING DING DING!

The bell rings as the crowd erupts into unfathomable, nuclear heat. Some fans are throwing cups, while others scream obscenities; many bury their heads in despair.

RRC (disgusted, near tears):

"This is a nightmare. This is a damn nightmare! Todderick Davenport the Third just **STOLE** the Iron Crown!"

Eric Dane Sr. (furious, bitter):

"He didn't win it. He didn't earn it. He conned it. He conned all of us."

Angus (gleeful, shouting over the riot):

"History, Robbie Ray! A dynasty has been born tonight! Hail the Crown! Hail Todderick Davenport the Third!"

The camera zooms in on TD3, barely conscious, his arm weakly raised by Daniels before the New Untouchable powders out, collecting his partner and finding their way back to the locker room.

RRC (broken, furious):

"This is disgusting. This is sickening. Graysie Parker fought her heart out, she had him beat, and now--this--this theft is what we're left with!"

Eric Dane Sr. (low, venomous):

"He didn't win a crown. He stole it. And he's going to have to live with that--for however long he can keep it."

Angus (gleeful, nearly shouting):

"Live with it?! He's going to **THRIVE** with it! This is a dynasty, Robbie Ray! The Trust Fund era has **BEGUN!**"

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RRC (somber):

"Ladies and gentlemen... we'll see you next time from Iron City. For Eric Dane and Angus Skaaland, I'm Robbie Ray Carter... and tonight, Birmingham witnessed history--but not the kind this city deserves."

The screen fades to black as the boos continue to thunder, Trust Fund celebrating in a storm of hatred.

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Show Credits

Segment: "Opening Video Package" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Welcome to the Show!" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Hi! My name is..." - Written by justin.

Match: "Superstar Sammy Star vs Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins" - Written by justin.

Match: "Eric Dane, Jr vs a New Untouchable to be named" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Astrid Reichert vs Duchess Vaughn" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "A Trust Fund Guarantee" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Parking Lot Brawl: How we got here..." - Written by justin.

Match: "Jack Havok vs Clovis Black" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Tag Team Title Tournament Video Package" - Written by justin.

Match: "Rich Young Grapplers vs The Brothers Gluck" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Hot Toddy vs The Iron City Ace" - Written by justin.

Segment: "GTFO~!" - Written by justin.

Match: "Todderick Davenport III vs Graysie Parker" - Written by justin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite