

# Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

September 22, 2025 | Von Braun Center - Huntsville, Alabama

## Show Opening

Ozzy Osbourne's "I Don't Wanna Stop" blasts through the Von Braun Center as pyro rattles the rafters. The Rocket City crowd is thunderous, waving signs and pounding on the rails. The theme cuts, and the shot falls to the commentary desk where Robbie Ray Carter and Angus Skaaland sit ready.

Robbie Ray Carter (all fire):

"Huntsville, Alabama -- Rocket City, welcome to the Heart of Dixie Tour! This is Iron City Fight Club, Episode 2.1, and we are LIVE!"

Angus Skaaland (grinning):

"First time outta Birmingham, Robbie Ray, and these Huntsville folks are LOUD. They came to see a fight, and buddy, they're gonna get it."

RRC (settling):

"I'm Robbie Ray Carter, joined by Angus Skaaland, and folks, the dust is still settling from The Iron Way. Jack Havok bled his way into history as the first-ever Television Champion. The Rich Young Grapplerz cheated and clawed their way to the brand-new Tag Team Titles. And for the first time since ICW opened its doors, Graysie Parker is no longer Iron Crown Champion. Todderick Davenport the Third pulled it off -- and he's already calling it the beginning of the Trust Fund era."

Angus (mocking grin):

"And he's not wrong! Hot Toddy's got the crown, he's got the gold, he's got the Grapplerz on speed dial -- and tonight, he's throwing himself a gala to celebrate. Huntsville, break out the caviar, 'cause Trust Fund is living large."

RRC (firmly):

"But let's not forget -- Graysie Parker is still the WrestleZone Champion. And earlier this week, she threw down an open challenge: if anyone wants to collect the bounty UTA put on her head, come and take it. Rumors are swirling that somebody intends to answer that call tonight -- right here in Huntsville."

Angus:

"If they've got the guts, we'll see if they've got the game. Graysie doesn't just hand belts over."

RRC (rolling into the lineup):

"And the rest of tonight's card is stacked. Jack Havok puts his Television Title on the line in his first defense against Lowlife Larry Edwards. Jesse Collins collides with 'Primetime' Preston Price. Sunny Holliday goes one-on-one with Astrid Reichert in women's action. And in our main event -- Eric Dane, Jr steps back into the ring!"

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

Angus (leaning in):

"But first -- we kick things off in style, or at least in arrogance. The Trust Fund Live Coronation Gala, hosted by none other than Eric Dane, Sr himself. TD3's about to tell Rocket City that the future is rich, and the future is his."

RRC (with weight):

"Ladies and gentlemen, buckle up. The Heart of Dixie Tour begins -- and it starts right now."

Camera pans to the ring, where a gaudy Trust Fund gala set gleams under spotlights, ready for Todderick Davenport III and the Rich Young GRPLRZ so-called coronation gala.

### Trust Fund Live Coronation Gala

The camera cuts back to the ring after the commentary desk intro. A velvet-draped podium stands under a spotlight. Three covered belts rest on top. The mat is lined with red carpet, gaudy gold banners hang from the corners, and a neon "TF" glows above the entryway. Inside the ring, the Rich Young Grapplerz strut in tailored blazers, phones raised, already livestreaming. A smug Todderick Davenport III steps forward in a paisley suit, shades still on, the Iron Crown championship strapped lazily over his shoulder. Eric Dane Sr. is at the podium, microphone in hand, looking none too pleased.

Eric Dane Sr. (gruff, clipped):

"Ladies and gentlemen of Huntsville... your new Iron Crown Champion... Todderick Davenport the Third."

The arena erupts in boos. TD3 steps forward, smirk wide, and snatches the microphone right out of Dane's hand.

TD3 (mock polite):

"Thank you, Mister Dane. That'll be all. You can... stand to the side, old man. This is my night."

Crowd boos louder. Dane Sr. folds his arms and takes two steps back, glowering.

TD3 (grinning, pacing the podium):

"Last week at The Iron Way, I did what everyone in Birmingham said was impossible. I beat their golden girl, Graysie Parker, and I walked out with the Iron Crown. The symbol of this company. The prize that all those steel-dust bumpkins swore was untouchable."

He sneers, lifts the Iron Crown championship off his shoulder, holds it by two fingers like it's tainted.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Wow. Just... wow.

Angus Skaaland:

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

I can't even explain how not funny it is, him out here acting like he didn't win that title by the skin of his dick and on the backs of those idiot Noots!

Hot Toddy continues.

TD3 (contempt dripping):

"Look at it. Smells like sweat. Smells like Birmingham. And I don't do Birmingham. So tonight--tonight, in front of the world, I bury the past and I unveil the future."

TD3 drops the Iron Crown onto the velvet, dusts off his hands. He grips the cloth covering the first belt.

TD3 (voice rising):

"Ladies and gentlemen, peasants and paycheck-to-paycheck mouthbreathers... behold the new standard. The crown re-forged into something worthy of a Davenport..."

With a flourish, he yanks the cover away, revealing the gleaming Trust Fund International Championship. The lights hit the platinum and gold and diamonds, the globe centerpiece shining. The Grapplerz clap like trained seals. The crowd roars boos.

TD3 (holding it high):

"The Trust Fund International Championship. The real world title of Iron City Wrestling. And I? I am the first... the only... Trust Fund International Champion!"

The Grapplerz whoop and jeer at the fans. Darian gestures to the other covered belts. Together, he and Jacoby rip the velvet away, unveiling the Trust Fund Tag Team Championships. They sling them over their shoulders with exaggerated pride.

Jacoby Jacobs (into his phone, live-streaming):

"History, people! Millions watching live! Huntsville, Alabama, you're welcome -- you get to see greatness up close, even if you can't afford the ticket."

Darian Darrington (flexing, yelling to the hard cam):

"Tag team gold never looked this good! Grapplerz run this division, run this company, and now we shine brighter than anything else in ICW. Too rich to fail, baby!"

Crowd jeers, "YOU SUCK!" chants echoing. TD3 steps back to the podium, resting the International title across it.

TD3 (confident, sneering):

"The Iron Crown is dead. The Trust Fund International Championship is the future. This is the era of privilege. The era of power. The era of Todderick Davenport the Third. And no underdog, no broke brawler, no cheap hometown hero is going to change that."

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

Eric Dane Sr. finally steps forward, pulling the mic back. He stares TD3 down, the crowd buzzing.

Eric Dane Sr. (measured, sharp):

"You know, Toddy, you talk like you've already got it all figured out. But the thing about underdogs? They've got teeth. Jesse Collins -- the Iron Kid -- already said he's coming for that shiny toy you just made up. And I promise you, son... it only takes three seconds for a kid with heart to flip your whole little Trust Fund world upside down."

The crowd pops big at the mention of Jesse Collins. TD3's smug smirk falters for just a beat before snapping back into a cocky grin. He waves Dane off.

TD3 (mocking laugh):

"Jesse Collins? That pipsqueak? The kid from Birmingham playing wrestler? Please. He'll never be on my level. He's not competition -- he's a charity case. And I don't do charity."

Jacoby (snorting into his phone):

"Sorry, Jesse. You just got priced out."

Darian (pointing to the crowd):

"Keep dreamin', Rocket City. Ain't nobody touching us."

TD3 lifts the Trust Fund International Championship high, the Grapplerz raise their Tag Titles beside him. The Huntsville crowd rains boos as the Trust Fund logo glows over the stage. Commentary cuts back in.

Robbie Ray Carter (voice over the noise):

"They've got the gold, they've got the arrogance, and they've got the nerve to spit on everything ICW's built. But the Iron Kid has already staked his claim -- and if he gets his shot, this Trust Fund Era might not last as long as Toddy Davenport thinks."

Angus Skaaland (snide):

"Please. That belt's more secure than a Swiss bank account. Jesse Collins doesn't stand a chance."

The segment ends with Trust Fund posing in the ring, bathed in boos, as the camera fades to black.

## New Untouchables running the show

[Ryan Caudill is mid-frame with the microphone, maintaining a professional tone as Jeffrey Daniels, Lee Scott Rothlesberger, and Kirsty McKinney step into shot. Daniels looks smug, Lee's playing cool behind his shades, Kirsty is stone-faced and cracking her knuckles.]

Ryan Caudill:

"Joining me now are the New Untouchables. Last week, Eric Dane Jr. expected to face Jeffrey Daniels or Lee

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

Scott Rothlesberger -- instead, it was Kirsty McKinney. And Kirsty, you dominated. You made Dane Jr. submit to a Turk Ride Neck Crank. That was a decisive debut."

Kirsty McKinney: (flat, shooter's cadence)

"He wasn't ready for me. None of them are."

Daniels: (arm around Kirsty, grinning)

"Did you see it, Ryan? That wasn't just a win. That was an exhibition. Junior Dane got folded, spindled, mutilated, humiliated, and tapped out. She didn't just beat him, she made him regret ever putting pen to paper. Beautiful."

[Kirsty shrugs Daniels' arm off her shoulders with an eye roll.]

Ryan Caudill:

"But Jeffrey, Lee -- it's hard not to notice that Kirsty's been the one doing the wrestling. Meanwhile, you two..." measured pause "...well, let's talk about that payoff from the Trust Fund. You got paid to take a dive."

Daniels: (mock gasp, big eyes at the camera)

"Paid? Ryan, I was just moved by the spirit of sportsman ship. And by moved, I mean moved... ..to a BIGGER HOUSE!"

LSR: (nodding, smug as ever)

"Yes. Multiple houses, in fact. We're living the dream. Trust Fund money in the bank, properties on the coast, lake house in the hills. We could rent you a room, Ryan -- but honestly, you wouldn't make the cut."

Ryan Caudill: (frowning, but holding it together)

"Everyone knows that payoff wasn't nearly that big. You're overselling it. The reality is -- Daniels, Rothlesberger -- you've done everything but actually wrestle."

Daniels: (snaps his fingers, pacing now, eyes gleaming)

"And that, Ryan, is because we're TOO good. If we wrestled? If the New Untouchables really cut loose in that ring? It would be like dropping Michelangelo in a kindergarten art class. Alabama would collapse under the sheer weight of excellence. The economy would nosedive, the crops would wither, the Crimson Tide would never win another game! The state would never recover from seeing something so beautiful."

Lee Scott Rothlesberger: (smirking, adjusts his shades)

"You should be thanking us, Ryan. We're sparing Alabama. We're sparing humanity."

Ryan Caudill: (finally sighs, shaking his head)

"I can't do this. Interview's over."

[Daniels cackles and throws finger-guns at the camera, Lee lazily adjusts the lapels of his longcoat, Kirsty smirks and looks upwards towards the ceiling. Caudill steps out of frame in disgust as the segment fades.]

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

### A Veiled Vow

\*STATIC\*

Beneath a sky void of moonlight, the handheld camera quivers in unsteady hands, each wavering frame a pulse of foreboding. The alley behind The Foundry feels alive with damp rot, its brick walls slick with mold and memory. At its center, a corroded oil drum bleeds a guttering flame--an undying pyre whose hiss and pop devour the distant roar of the arena, as though this secluded corridor were the world's marrow. Through that flickering amber glow, three phantoms emerge--draped in punk-emo leathers and crowned with raven feathers. Their silhouettes shift like living graffiti against crumbling concrete. Every breath they draw seems laced with brimstone, every glance cast into the void a silent invocation of chaos.

Torunn Sigurjonsson paces at the fire's edge, her braided blonde hair catching embers as if wired with flame. Her ice-blue eyes reflect molten fury; her fists clench and un-clench, veined like coiled serpents. The runes on her steel bracelets catch the light, ringing softly like tolling bells each time her arm swings. She snarls, a low, guttural sound that vibrates in the stagnant air.

Torunn Sigurjonsson: "Often I feel de blood in my veins drummin' like war-drum, each beat rrising me to smash, smash, smash! Dis is bloody suck--I'm tired of waitin' when dere is flesh to tear apart! Let me loose on dem fools, and I promise I'll send 'em straight to Valhalla's gates! Why we wait, Van Tassel?! Every second we stand here, dey get to breathe one more time... and I wanna take deir air."

Kazama Kuroha stands a half-step behind, her slender frame wrapped in smoke. She tilts her head, lips curved in a predatory smile, listening to a dirge that echoes only within her own mind. Her dark eyes gleam with spectral hunger, as if she already tastes the terror she will unleash.

Kazama Kuroha: "Deir screams... to my flesh dey sing. One hit--just one--and crack deir wor-uld I will, desu. I yearn for deir fear. Let me slip inside deir minds, find de fracture, den watch dem break. Deir joy is sweet like candy... a taste I savor... before it turns to ash."

At the rear, Alexandra Van Tassel steps into the halo of firelight, radiance and ruin intertwined. Scarlet hair spills over alabaster shoulders; emerald eyes gleam with cold intellect. Raven tattoos coil along her forearm like living runes, each feather a silent sentinel in the flickering blaze. Her gloved hand descends upon Torunn's bicep--a gentle weight that stills the beast's growl. The firelight dances off her polished nails as if casting omens on the walls.

Alexandra Van Tassel: "Silence, my ravenous sisters. We are not unthinking beasts fueled by impatience, but deliberate architects of terror. The old gods command our patience; our power lies in the promise of devastation, not its premature release. Let them wage their petty battles beneath the arena lights. Let them thrill in their shallow victories. We are the specter at their feast. Every drop of sweat is a bead of fear. Every cheer, a false prayer. They are merely carving their own tombstones with every move they make."

Torunn exhales a guttural laugh, her impatience curling into a hungry grin. Kazama's pale lips twitch with

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

anticipation, her silhouette poised like a stalking raven.

Torunn Sigurjonsson: "So when, Alex? When de ancient ones whisper 'Go,' I'll be thirsty for blood--don't keep me waitin' in dis stiflin' dark!"

Kazama's voice is soft, a rhythmic cadence of anticipation.

Kazama Kuroha: "One moment is all we ask. Once loose, we will rain ruin upon dem unsuspecting souls, desu. We will be de final sutorike."

Alexandra Van Tassel lifts her chin, her gaze ascending as though reading omens in an unseen sky. Her tone is calm velvet, each word a ritualized incantation that lodges in the air like a curse.

Alexandra Van Tassel: "When the old gods whisper, it will be in the thunder. When the earth groans and the winds howl their names. When the veil thins and the blood moon rises. Then, and only then, my sisters, will we release the fury they cannot comprehend. The echoes of their dying cries will become the mortar that seals their fate. And the world will be reminded that true power does not reside in the light, but in the all-consuming dark that follows."

A final flare bursts from the barrel, illuminating their three forms in one blazing tableau--witches of chaos bound by prophecy. The footage shudders, fractures, and plunges into absolute black, leaving only the echo of Van Tassel's vow entwined with the crackling fire.

\*STATIC\*

## Jack Havok(c) vs Larry Edwards

The Foundry dims to a gritty blue wash. The piano keys of Nas' "N.Y. State of Mind" echo as Lowlife Larry Edwards emerges. Buzzcut short, beard full, grit in his eyes. From Yonkers, New York, he jaw-jacks with the fans before sliding into the ring. He paces, tugging at his beard, shadowboxing to stay loose.

RRC:

"Larry Edwards -- the man who stood across from Jack Havok in his very first ICW match. And tonight, fate brings him back into the Outlaw's path, this time with the Television Championship at stake."

Angus:

"And the poor bastard's got worse luck than a black cat on a Friday, Robbie Ray. First opponent then, first title defense now. Larry's tough, but this might be like running head-first into a freight train... again."

The lights cut. The low growl of a Harley shakes The Foundry before Metallica's "Seek and Destroy" explodes. The boos cascade as Jack Havok rides into view on his Harley, the ICW Television Title draped across the handlebars. He parks, slings the belt over his shoulder, and stomps to the ring, eyes locked on

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

Larry.

RRC:

"There he is -- the inaugural Television Champion, 'The Outlaw' Jack Havok. And folks, let's not forget how he won that belt. At The Iron Way, in a Parking Lot Brawl with Clovis Black. Concrete. Steel. Violence. That's what it took to crown our first champion."

Angus:

"And Havok didn't just survive it -- he thrived in it. Look at him now. Riding high, belt on his shoulder, like he owns the place."

Ring Announcer:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this match is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the Iron City Wrestling Television Championship!

Introducing first, the challenger -- from Yonkers, New York, weighing in at 228 pounds... Lowlife Larry Edwards!"

Larry raises a fist to a respectful cheer.

"And his opponent -- from the wreckage between right and wrong, weighing in at 235 pounds... he is the reigning, defending, inaugural Iron City Wrestling Television Champion... 'The Outlaw' Jack Havok!"

The boos rain as Havok hoists the belt high. The referee holds it up for the crowd, then signals for the bell.

RRC:

"Folks, take this in -- history is about to be made here at Iron City Fight Club. This is the very first defense of the Television Championship. Jack Havok carved his name into the record books at The Iron Way... but tonight begins the reign. This is where the legacy of that title truly starts."

Angus:

"And it might end quick for Larry Edwards. Bell's about to ring, Robbie Ray. Pray for him."

[Bell Rings]

They circle. Collar-and-elbow tie-up. Havok muscles Larry into the corner. Ref calls for a break -- Havok slaps Larry across the face. Larry fires back with a chop. Havok answers with one of his own, loud enough to echo. They trade chops, the crowd roaring with every strike. Larry strings three together, but Havok's single chop nearly buckles him.

Larry swings forearms, forcing Havok back. He hits the ropes -- running forearm smash! Havok stumbles. Larry hits again -- another forearm! The crowd rallies, chanting "LET'S GO LARRY! LET'S GO". Havok answers with a brutal short arm lariat that flips Larry inside out.

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

RRC:

"Larry Edwards showing no fear, but Havok cuts him down in a heartbeat!"

Havok stomps the ribs, hauls Larry up by the beard, and smashes him with back elbows in the corner. A vicious headbutt drops him. Larry rolls under the ropes and crumbles to the floor.

On the floor, Havok whips Larry, back first, into the barricade, then bounces his head off the steps. He sneers at the fans, jawing with the front row. Larry fires back -- right hand! Another! Havok staggers. Larry whips him into the guardrail, pumping his fist as the crowd erupts.

RRC:

"The Foundry is behind Larry Edwards! He's firing up on the champion!"

Angus:

"Don't celebrate too soon. The Outlaw's got a short fuse."

Larry rolls him back inside, climbs the ropes, and connects with a double hand hammer. Havok reels. Larry charges -- running clothesline! Havok sways, refusing to fall. Larry points to the crowd, hooks Havok for a DDT--

Blocked. Havok shoves him off, spins, and crushes him with a backfist. Larry collapses. Havok plants him with a snap DDT, glaring into the hard cam.

Angus:

"And just like that -- lights out, Larry."

Havok drags him up, hooks both arms, and spikes him with the Detroit Destruction. He plants a boot across Larry's chest.

Ref:

"ONE! TWO! THREE!"

Ring Announcer:

"Here is your winner... and still Iron City Wrestling Television Champion... 'The Outlaw' Jack Havok!"

"Seek and Destroy" rattles the building. Havok rips the belt from the referee, climbs the ropes, and mouths "Cry Havoc" into the camera as the boos pour down.

RRC:

"Jack Havok, victorious in his first title defense. Larry Edwards gave him a fight -- he stood tall, he chopped, he rallied this crowd -- but in the end, history repeated itself. Havok stands over him, still the champion."

Angus:

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

"Larry fought with heart, but Havok fights with hate. And hate wins, Robbie Ray. It always wins."

RRC:

"And now the question hangs over Iron City Wrestling. Clovis Black couldn't stop him at The Iron Way. Larry Edwards couldn't do it tonight. The line of challengers starts forming now... but whoever's next, they'd better be ready for pain."

Officials tend to Larry as the fans give him a respectful ovation. Havok smirks, belt slung over his shoulder, soaking in the hate.

## Glucks on location

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Well folks, earlier tonight we heard plenty from the Trust Fund -- maybe a little too much, if you ask me. But the men they screwed over in the Iron City Tag Tournament, The Brothers Gluck, weren't about to let that go unanswered."

Angus Skaaland:

"They ain't in Birmingham live tonight, but they sent in a message from down home in Mississippi. And if I know the Glucks, it's gonna be loud, ugly, and aimed straight at those pampered punks."

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Let's roll the tape."

[Twilight in Mississippi. The Gluck Shack leans in the background, lit by the orange crackle of a firepit in the yard. Bugs hum. The Brothers Gluck stand shoulder-to-shoulder, arms crossed, fire dancing across their faces. Daeriq Damien steps into frame, suit pressed and words crisp as ever.]

Daeriq Damien

"Once again, the story repeats. In Wrestle: United Kingdom, my boys were robbed. And now in Iron City Wrestling, they were robbed again. The Rich Young Grapplerz couldn't get it done on their own -- they had to bring in Todderick Davenport the Third to tilt the scales.

But here's the difference this time. The Grapplerz don't have a promoter to shield them. No family ties in the office. No backroom deals. Out here in ICW, the Brothers Gluck are free to deliver the justice they're known for."

Carlton Gluck: (leans in, steady and plainspoken)

"See Grapplerz, y'all live in a fake world. A world where money does the talkin', buys your friends, buys your safety. But money cain't block a punch. Money cain't break its back choppin' lumber or pourin' concrete.

Out here, the only thing that's real is the ground we stand on. Sweat, dirt, the hurt in your muscles when the

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

day's done. That's what makes a man. And there's more worth in one single shitbucket of red Mississippi mud than in the whole of Mountain Brook."

Chapps Gluck: (barking, eyes wide, pacing)

"Mud's real! Sweat's real! Money don't mean a damn thing when the ground's pullin' you under!"

Carlton Gluck: (doesn't flinch, just keeps rolling)

"Ah've seen rich boys strut into this sport since the eighties, thinkin' money buys 'em protection. But sooner or later, they land in trouble money cain't pull 'em out of."

"Money cain't stop the mat when it smacks you down."

"Money cain't stop your spine from snappin' when Ah send you flyin'."

"And money sure as hell cain't buy back the breath when Ah choke it outta your chest."

"Toddy, Grapplerz, y'all cain't bribe the dirt not to take ya. And when you're standin' across from us, that dirt's waitin'."

Chapps Gluck: (pacing tighter now, snarling grin)

"Cain't bribe the dirt! Cain't bribe the blood! Cain't buy your way out when the fire's already burnin'!"

[He jabs a finger right into the lens.]

Chapps Gluck:

"And most importantly... there ain't nothin' you can buy... that we cain't burn."

[The fire flares behind them, smoke curling into the Mississippi dusk. Carlton stares level into the lens, Chapps grinning wild, Daeriq stepping back in with that smug smirk. Fade to black.]

## Primetime Preston Price vs Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins

The lights dim. A smooth, jazzy intro to "When the Saints Go Marching In" echoes through the arena before giving way to a swaggering, horn-heavy remix. Preston Price struts through the curtain in sequined tights, smug grin plastered across his face. He pauses at the top of the ramp to flex and blow a kiss to the booping crowd.

Robbie Ray Carter (steady):

"There he is -- 'Primetime' Preston Price. Rookie, brash, and making his Huntsville debut here tonight."

Angus Skaaland (snorting):

"Debut? The kid's about to make a name for himself, Robbie Ray. He's flashy, he's got style, and he's already

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

got more confidence than half this roster."

Price rolls into the ring, struts corner to corner, demanding the referee raise his arm. The crowd boos louder. Then the house lights turn gold, the beat kicks, and the Von Braun Center erupts. Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins bursts through the curtain, black-and-gold tights gleaming, Birmingham patch stitched on his hip. He pumps his fists, slapping hands as streamers rain from the stands.

RRC (over the roar):

"Huntsville showing up big for the Iron Kid! Jesse Collins isn't just a local favorite anymore -- he's a young veteran, a man who's proved he belongs, and he's looking to climb higher!"

Angus (grumbling):

"Veteran, rookie, whatever. You're only as good as your last match, and tonight Jesse might find out primetime is bigger than iron."

Collins leaps to the apron, springboards clean over the ropes, and lands square in the center of the ring to a huge pop. The bell rings.

Jesse Collins and Preston Price circle, the Huntsville crowd already chanting for the Iron Kid. They tie up. Collins snatches a headlock, snaps Price down clean, and floats into a quick cover.

Referee:

"One!"

Price powers out, scrambles up, and shoves Collins hard in the chest.

Preston Price (yelling):

"That all you got, kid?"

Collins smirks, staying calm, and waves him back in. The crowd pops.

RRC:

"Jesse Collins cool as ice. That's what experience gets you -- no panic, no wasted motion."

Angus:

"Cool as ice until he melts, Robbie Ray. Give this rookie some space and he'll light the place up primetime."

They lock up again, but this time Price buries a knee in Jesse's ribs. He grabs a handful of hair and slings Jesse throat-first across the top rope. Collins staggers back as Price struts around the ring with his arms wide, soaking in the boos.

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

RRC:

"Come on, blatant hair pull!"

Angus (laughing):

"Hey, if the ref didn't see it, it didn't happen. That's called craft, Robbie Ray."

Price whips Jesse into the corner, nails a running forearm, then snapmares him down. He scrapes his boot across Jesse's face and drops into a chinlock, jawing at the front row while he wrenches it in. Jesse fights up, elbows free, but Price cuts him off with a sharp dropkick right on the button. He dives into a cover.

Referee:

"One! Two!"

Jesse kicks out strong. Price slaps the mat in frustration, then circles Jesse, wagging his finger at the crowd.

RRC:

"Plenty of athleticism from Price, but he's wasting time jawing with these fans."

Angus:

"No, no, no -- he's building buzz. Primetime's not just a name, it's a brand!"

Price hauls Jesse up, swings for a clothesline -- but Jesse ducks under, hits the ropes, and explodes with a running forearm that drops him flat. The crowd roars as Jesse pops up and pumps his fists. He snatches Price into a snap suplex, floats over for a quick cover.

Referee:

"One! Two--"

Kickout. Jesse kips up, the building rising with him. He scales the ropes, springboards off the second -- flying crossbody connects!

Referee:

"One! Two--"

Price just barely kicks out. Jesse slaps the mat and motions to the crowd, who clap in rhythm, urging him on.

RRC:

"The Iron Kid stringing it together, looking every bit the young veteran he's become!"

Angus (grumbling):

"Yeah, yeah, until the rookie shuts him down."

Price staggers up, desperate, and suddenly rolls Jesse up with a handful of tights. The referee spots it, stops

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

the count, and yells at Price. Price throws his hands up, protesting.

RRC:

"Caught red-handed! Preston Price tried to steal one!"

Jesse bursts up, ducks another wild swing, and spins him into the Steel City Slingblade! The crowd erupts as Jesse scrambles to the corner, crouched low, eyes locked on his target.

RRC:

"He's calling for it!"

Price rises, woozy. Jesse charges, nails the running forearm smash, and launches him into the ropes. Price bounces back right into Jesse's arms -- Furnace Flash! Sit-out Michinoku driver spikes him in the middle of the ring. Jesse hooks both legs deep.

Referee:

"One! Two! Three!"

The bell rings and the Von Braun Center explodes. Streamers fly as Jesse rolls to his knees, pounding his chest and pointing to the rafters.

RRC (fired up):

"Big win for Jesse Collins! The Iron Kid climbs another rung in Iron City!"

Angus:

"Yeah, he won -- but don't forget Preston Price. Kid's got flash, and tonight he showed me something."

Jesse exits the ring, slapping hands along the guardrail as the crowd chants. In the ring, Price sits on his knees, furious, arguing with the referee. Suddenly, "Sharp Dressed Man" by ZZ Top hits. The boos get loud as Ricky Dale Cash struts down the aisle, cheap flashy suit sparkling under the lights.

RRC:

"Oh no, what is he doing out here?"

Angus (grinning):

"He's here for business. That's what managers do, Robbie Ray -- they sniff out money."

Cash steps through the ropes, crouches beside Price, and smirks. He pulls a business card from his pocket, slides it into Price's hand, and pats him twice on the cheek.

Ricky Dale Cash (loud enough for the hard cam):

"Kid, you got the look. You got the tools. But you don't got the brains. That's where I come in. Think about it."

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

Cash straightens his jacket, smirks to the crowd, and struts back up the aisle. Price looks down at the card, torn between anger and intrigue as the crowd rains boos.

RRC:

"Ricky Dale Cash recruiting Preston Price? What does that mean for Iron City?"

Angus:

"It means the Cash empire is expanding. Starr was the first piece, Price could be the next. I love it."

The camera lingers on Price staring at the card, conflicted, before cutting away.

## Graysie Parker WZ Title Open Challenge

The lights drop. A guttural scream tears out of the PA as "Eyes Wide Open" by Kittie rips through the Von Braun Center. Blood-red strobes slash across the crowd. The fans explode as Graysie Parker storms through the curtain, WrestleZone Championship held defiantly in one hand. She doesn't slap hands, she doesn't smile -- she's a storm. She marches straight to the ring, climbs the ropes, and raises the belt high above her head.

RRC:

"Huntsville, she's here -- the WrestleZone Champion, Graysie Parker!"

Angus:

"And every bounty hunter in the game just felt their trigger finger itch. Scott Stevens put money on her head, and she's practically daring people to come collect."

Graysie grabs a microphone as the music cuts. She paces the ring, eyes blazing.

Graysie Parker:

"UTA wants their belt back? Too bad. This championship lives in Birmingham now. This is Iron City country, and if anybody thinks they can take it from me... they can drag their sorry ass down I-65 and try."

The crowd roars. Suddenly -- Aaron Shaffer's music hits. The former champion, the man Graysie tapped out for the title, charges down the ramp without a word. He dives into the ring and blindsides her with a forearm to the back. The referee scrambles and calls for the bell.

RRC:

"It's Aaron Shaffer! The man Graysie beat to win that very title -- and he's not waiting another second!"

Angus:

"Finally! Someone's gonna try to collect that bounty!"

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

Shaffer pounds Graysie with fists, whips her hard into the ropes, and nails a clothesline. He covers -- one! Kickout. He stomps her down, screaming that the belt belongs to him. The Huntsville crowd boos viciously.

Graysie fights up, throwing forearms. Shaffer cuts her off with a knee to the gut and a snap suplex. Cover -- one, two -- kickout! He tries to keep momentum, but Graysie fires back with a stiff clothesline that turns him inside out. The crowd erupts.

RRC:

"Graysie Parker absorbing that early flurry, and now she's firing back!"

She hauls Shaffer up, whips him into the corner, and crashes into him with a running knee. She follows with a bulldog out of the corner, then climbs the ropes, standing tall as the crowd chants her name. She leaps with a missile dropkick that blasts Shaffer flat. Cover -- one, two -- Shaffer kicks out at two-and-a-half.

Angus:

"She had him -- that was close!"

Graysie drags Shaffer up, but he rakes her eyes and tries for a desperation spinebuster. She blocks it, hammers him with elbows, and plants him with a DDT. She signals to the crowd -- the Von Braun Center roars. Graysie hooks him up, lifts -- Graysie Driver! She spikes Shaffer in the center of the ring and hooks the leg.

Referee:

"One! Two! Three!"

The bell rings and "Eyes Wide Open" hits again as the crowd explodes. Graysie rips the WrestleZone title from the referee, holding it high while glaring down at Shaffer's fallen body.

RRC:

"Graysie Parker turns away the former champion! The bounty survives another night!"

Angus:

"Yeah, but for how long? Somebody's eventually gonna cash in."

Graysie storms out of the ring and marches straight to the Commentation Station. She throws the belt across the desk, grabs a headset, and leans into the camera, eyes burning.

Graysie Parker:

"You see this? This is the WrestleZone Championship. It's not going back to Orlando, it's not going back to UTA. It lives in Birmingham now. You want it? Don't send your mouthpieces. Don't send your contracts. Send your fighters. Send your killers. Bring 'em all to Iron City, because I'm not leaving. This belt stays with me until somebody's tough enough to take it out of my hands -- and Aaron Shaffer just proved once again that he ain't the one."

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

She slams the headset down, grabs her belt, and storms off as the crowd roars behind her.

RRC:

"Message delivered loud and clear. The bounty is still out there, but Graysie Parker isn't running from it -- she's daring anyone to come to her backyard and try."

Angus:

"Ballsy words, Robbie Ray. But eventually, somebody's gonna collect. And I can't wait to see it."

The camera lingers on Graysie marching up the aisle, WrestleZone title over her shoulder, before fading to the next segment.

## Sunny Holliday vs Astrid Reichert

The camera cuts to the Commentation Station. Robbie Ray Carter sits poised with his notes while Angus Skaaland leans forward, grinning wide.

Angus:

"Before we get to our next contest, Robbie Ray, I wanna take a second to acknowledge a very special guest in the building tonight. Sitting right there at ringside, in the sharp suit, scowlin' like he's got a permanent toothache -- that is none other than Mr. Bronson Box."

The camera pans to the ringside, catching Bronson Box in his seat. The grizzled Scotsman barely acknowledges the lens, arms folded across his chest, eyes fixed on the ring. The crowd buzzes with recognition from longtime fans.

RRC:

"That's a name with weight behind it. A decorated veteran, one of Eric Dane Senior's greatest rivals back in the day -- and now, I understand, he's got family ties here in Iron City?"

Angus:

"Damn right he does. Bronson Box is the uncle, the trainer, the coach of Duchess Vaughn herself. So anytime you see Duchess do somethin' vicious in that ring, you can thank the Box Man sittin' out there."

RRC:

"An imposing presence, no doubt about it. And knowing the history between him and Eric Dane, you've gotta wonder what it means to have him here in the Foundry."

Angus:

"Means the game just got a little more interestin', Robbie Ray. Where Bronson Box goes, trouble follows -- and I can't wait."

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

The camera lingers one more moment on Box at ringside, his stone-faced stare unbroken. Then the lights warm to gold as "Walking on Sunshine" hits the PA. The Foundry comes alive, clapping in rhythm as Sunny Holliday bursts through the curtain with a broad grin. She spins once on the stage, arms wide, before charging the rail to slap hands with fans.

RRC:

"And speaking of the women's division -- here comes a woman who's been lighting up Birmingham since her debut!"

Angus:

"Yeah, yeah, lotta smiles, lotta twirls. Let's see if she can smile her way past Astrid Reichert."

Sunny hops onto the apron in one clean motion, wiping her boots before stepping into the ring as the showcase match is about to begin.

The mood shifts as the house darkens. A cold, pulsing beat swells into view -- Astrid Reichert emerges from the curtain, no wasted motion, eyes like knives. She walks steadily to the ring, expression carved in ice. No high-fives, no pandering -- she climbs the steps, slips between the ropes, and fixes her glare straight on Sunny.

RRC:

"And there's the other side of the coin. Astrid Reichert -- cold, calculating, no frills. She's as dangerous on the mat as anyone in this company."

The bell rings. The two circle -- Sunny light on her feet, Astrid low and patient. Lock-up. Astrid transitions to a waistlock, snaps Sunny down with a clean throw, then grinds her into the mat with a front facelock.

RRC:

"Straight to the mat. That's Astrid's world."

Sunny powers back to her feet, firing an elbow to break free, then hits the ropes -- shoulder block levels Astrid to a pop. She strings another, then whips Astrid to the corner and crushes her with a heavy splash. Sunny snap mares her out, hits the ropes, standing senton -- cover, one, two, Astrid kicks free.

Angus:

"She damn near flattened her. Smile about that one."

Astrid rolls clear, snapping to her feet. Eye rake cuts Sunny off, and a European uppercut rocks her back into the corner. Astrid lays in a flurry of stiff strikes, then yanks Sunny out by the wrist into a snapping armbar takedown. She torques the joint, face blank as the referee checks.

RRC:

"See the focus? She's not here to play to the crowd. She's here to take away Sunny's power game piece by

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

piece."

Sunny fights to the ropes, drags herself up, and swings wild -- Astrid ducks, waistlock, German suplex with a bridge! One, two -- Sunny kicks at the last second, the Foundry erupting.

RRC:

"Close! Astrid almost had her!"

Momentum shifts again. Sunny ducks a lariat, explodes with the Joyride Pounce that sends Astrid flying across the ring! The Foundry comes unglued. Sunny pounds the mat, firing up, then hoists Astrid high for the Holiday Road --

--lights flicker.

The crowd buzzes, unsettled. A raven's caw pierces the speakers. "Let the Darkness In" by Frayle rolls low and ominous. Three figures emerge from the shadows of the aisle -- Alexandra Van Tassel, Torunn Sigurjonsson, and Kazama Kuroha. Black feathers scatter from their hands as they stalk to the ring.

RRC:

"What in the hell--who are these women?"

They slide under the ropes in unison. Sunny drops Astrid and squares up, ready to swing, but Torunn levels her with a brutal boot. Kazama is a blur -- kicks thudding sharp into Sunny's ribs. Alexandra stands tall, directing traffic, before cinching Sunny into her kata ha jime and dragging her to the mat.

Astrid, smirking faintly, rolls to the apron and drops to the floor. She backs up the aisle slowly, eyes cold, watching the chaos but never intervening.

Angus:

"Reichert's no dummy. Let the witches do the dirty work."

Torunn pulls a pouch from her coat, scattering black feathers across Sunny's prone body. The Foundry gasps as Alexandra kneels over her, whispering unheard words, before all three women kneel and extend their arms wide, crow-like, over the fallen powerhouse.

RRC:

"This is...this is a damn ritual! What are we witnessing here?!"

The bell is ringing frantically, the referee waving his arms.

Angus:

"And I love it. New queens just took the throne."

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

The lights pulse once more, feathers sticking to Sunny as she lies flat in the center of the ring. The Murder Macabre rise in unison, arms still spread wide as the screen cuts away.

### Friends in High Altitudes

Back from commercial, the camera settles on the Commentation Station. Robbie Ray Carter sits steady at the desk, Angus Skaaland smirking with his headset half-cocked. Suddenly, the crowd perks up as "Dead Man Shuffle" by Prof blasts over the PA. The Von Braun Center roars to its feet as Eric Dane Jr. steps through the curtain, striding down the ramp with a microphone in hand.

RRC:

"Listen to this place! Eric Dane Jr. is in the house, and Huntsville just got louder!"

Angus:

"Finally! Somebody worth cheering for that doesn't stink like Trust Fund or yap like those Untouchable idiots."

Jr. slaps a few hands on his way down, then veers toward the desk instead of the ring. He hops up to the platform and takes a seat beside Angus, headset on, grinning wide as the fans keep chanting his name.

RRC:

"Eric, welcome back. You've had some rough nights as of late, dealing with the New Untouchables, but you're looking good here tonight."

Eric Dane Jr.:

"Robbie Ray, rough nights don't break me. They just make me sharper. And as for the Untouchables? They think they've got me cornered. They think they've got the numbers. But what they don't understand... is that I've got friends too."

The crowd pops at that line. Angus leans forward, jabbing a finger for emphasis.

Angus:

"Damn right you do! You don't fight a war alone, kid. Not in this business. And those goons better listen up, because when Eric Dane Jr. says he's got friends? That means trouble they ain't ready for."

Eric Dane Jr.:

"Exactly. The Untouchables have been looking in all the wrong places. They think this is just about me. But what's coming? They won't see it. Because my friends... they don't come from where the Noots have been looking. They come from somewhere they've never even thought about."

The Huntsville crowd pops again. Angus slaps Jr. on the back, grinning ear to ear.

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

Angus:

"You hear that, Robbie Ray? That's the sound of payback brewing. And I can't wait to see those smug punks get blindsided by a little something unexpected. Maybe even a little outlaw."

RRC:

"Well, you've certainly got the people wondering, Eric. The New Untouchables better keep their heads on a swivel -- because it sounds like Eric Dane Jr. isn't coming to fight alone anymore."

Jr. leans into the camera, eyes blazing, and delivers his last line straight down the lens.

Eric Dane Jr.:

"Noots... your time is coming. And you'll never see it coming."

He throws off the headset, slaps Angus on the shoulder, and heads back up the aisle to a thunderous ovation.

RRC:

"Eric Dane Jr. promising backup -- but who? And from where? Questions for another night, but the New Untouchables have to be sweating after that."

Angus:

"They should be. They're about to find out what happens when you poke the wrong hornet's nest."

## Eric Dane, Jr vs Marcus King

Eric Dane Jr. is still at the Commentation Station after dropping his message to the New Untouchables. The Huntsville crowd is buzzing when suddenly the lights dim. A spotlight hits the stage, and out steps Marcus "The Titan" King. Towel draped around his neck, warm-up jacket emblazoned with "THE TITAN," he stalks to the ring with smug purpose, ignoring the jeers.

RRC:

"Uh oh -- that's Marcus King. We've heard whispers about him, and here he is, making his debut tonight in Huntsville!"

Angus:

"Debut? That's a wrestling scholar, Robbie Ray. This guy eats cravats for breakfast and elbows for lunch. Jr. better be careful -- the Titan of Technique doesn't play around."

King slides into the ring, pacing like a lecturer waiting for class to settle. The Huntsville fans boo hard as he stretches against the ropes. Suddenly "Deadman Shuffle" by Prof hits, and the place explodes. Jr. rips the headset off at the desk, slaps Angus on the shoulder, and storms down the steps toward the ring.

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

RRC:

"Eric Dane Jr. said he's got friends waiting in the wings -- but right now, he's about to fight for himself against Marcus King!"

Jr. slides under the ropes, pops up, and the referee calls for the bell.

DING DING

Marcus smirks, reaches in, and snatches a cravat, wrenching Jr.'s neck while yelling at the crowd, "That's a cravat, you yokels!" He slings Jr. over twice in a rolling sequence, then struts arrogantly. Jr. fires back with sharp chops, rocking the taller man into the ropes, and blasts him with a running dropkick that sends King tumbling to the floor. Huntsville roars as Jr. vaults over the ropes with a springboard plancha, wiping him out at ringside.

RRC:

"The Iron Star soaring here in Rocket City!"

Back inside, King regains control with stiff forearms and a brutal Royal Elbow that drops Jr. hard. He covers -- one, two -- kickout! Marcus shakes his head, pulling Jr. into another cravat, grinding it in. Jr. twists free, spins behind, and plants King with a swinging neckbreaker. Both men are down.

Angus:

"Come on, Jr., get up! Don't let this big blowhard write you a failing grade."

Jr. rallies, firing up with a flurry of strikes. He nails the Star Destroyer knee, dropping King to a knee of his own. The crowd is electric as Jr. climbs the ropes, points to the rafters, and launches -- Stardriver III! He crashes across Marcus, hooks the leg.

Referee:

"One! Two! Three!"

DING DING DING

The Von Braun Center erupts as "Dead Man Shuffle" blasts again. Jr. rolls to his feet, arms raised high. Marcus King stumbles to the corner, towel back around his neck, glaring daggers, but leaves the ring without a word.

RRC:

"Eric Dane Jr. weathers the storm and wins his first main event on the Heart of Dixie tour!"

Angus:

"That's my boy! Marcus King looked good, but Jr.'s got that Dane blood. That experience edge made the difference."

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

Jr. pounds his chest, pointing to the camera and shouting, "I told you!" as Huntsville chants his name.

And this is exactly the point where shit goes sideways.

### Not just another beatdown...

Eric Dane Jr. is on the second rope, fists pumping as "Deadman Shuffle" echoes through the Von Braun Center. Huntsville is on its feet, chanting his name. Suddenly, movement stirs in the crowd -- three shadows pushing through the rail.

Jeffrey Daniels, LSR, and Kirsty McKinny vault the barricade and swarm the ring. Before Jr. can even hop down, Daniels yanks him by the leg, spilling him awkwardly onto the canvas. LSR pounces with heavy boots to the ribs while Kirsty clubs him across the back. The boos are deafening.

RRC:

"The New Untouchables! They came straight out of the crowd and they're mauling Eric Dane Jr.!"

Angus:

"Three-on-one! Cowards! Somebody get 'em out of there!"

Jr. tries to fight back, firing off wild punches, but Daniels clubs him across the jaw and drags him up into a snap backbreaker. LSR follows with a running knee that flattens him again. Kirsty kneels over Jr., shouting insults, before driving a forearm into his face. The trio stand tall, stomping him down as the crowd rains boos like thunder.

RRC:

"Security! Where's the Steel Brigade? This is a mugging!"

And then--

? The opening chords of "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent rip through the PA.

The Von Braun Center erupts -- the boos flip to an ear-splitting ovation. Fans leap to their feet, screaming, arms thrown skyward as the music growls louder.

RRC (yelling over the pop):

"OH MY GOD--YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MUSIC MEANS!"

Angus (fired up):

"I hate to steal a line, but BUSINESS IS ABOUT TO PICK UP!"

The New Untouchables freeze mid-beatdown, eyes wide, heads snapping toward the stage as the crowd

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

goes absolutely ballistic.

The entire building detonates into cheers. Every fan is on their feet, screaming, hands thrown in the air. On the stage, the curtain parts--out hobbles FRANK DYLAN JAMES, peg leg clunking against the steel, gray beard wild, eyes blazing. He grips the mic with one hand and bellows toward the ring.

Frank Dylan James (roaring):

"GO GIT THEM DIRTY HIPPIE SUM-BITCHES!"

Behind him burst the APPALACHIAN OUTLAWS--Zebediah James and Ezekiel James, big wild-eyed country boys charging like bulls, with their cousin Cherry Mae hot on their heels, fists up and ready to scrap. They sprint down the ramp as the Huntsville crowd comes unglued.

RRC (shouting over the eruption):

"It's the Appalachian Outlaws! Zeb, Zeke, Cherry Mae--and that's Frank Dylan James himself sending them straight into the fire!"

Angus (losing it):

"YES! Huntsville just got a cavalry charge!"

The New Untouchables freeze in shock for half a heartbeat--then scatter like thieves, Daniels and LSR bailing over one side of the barricade, Kirsty diving out the other. They vanish into the crowd before the Outlaws can even slide into the ring. The fans boo the retreat but roar even louder for the new arrivals.

Eric Dane Jr., battered but grinning through the pain, pulls himself to the ropes. The Outlaws stand tall in front of him, daring the Noots to come back. Frank Dylan James slaps the stage with his hand, bellowing encouragement as "Stranglehold" plays them out.

RRC:

"The Appalachian Outlaws are here in Iron City Wrestling, and they've thrown their lot in with Eric Dane Jr.! The New Untouchables wanted a numbers game--well, now Jr. has an army of his own!"

Angus:

"And I hope the Noots were paying attention, 'cause the next time they try this stunt, it ain't gonna end with 'em running away--it's gonna end with 'em flat on their backs with dents in their heads!"

The show cuts away on the image of Jr. standing alongside Zeb, Zeke, and Cherry Mae, Huntsville thunderous behind them.

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.1

### Show Credits

Segment: "Show Opening" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Trust Fund Live Coronation Gala" - Written by justin.

Segment: "New Untouchables running the show" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "A Veiled Vow" - Written by Original\_Zero.

Match: "Jack Havok(c) vs Larry Edwards" - Written by Sheriff.

Segment: "Glucks on location" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Primetime Preston Price vs Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins" - Written by justin.

Match: "Graysie Parker WZ Title Open Challenge" - Written by justin.

Match: "Sunny Holliday vs Astrid Reichert" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Friends in High Altitudes" - Written by justin.

Match: "Eric Dane, Jr vs Marcus King" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Not just another beatdown..." - Written by justin.

*Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite*