

# Heart of Dixie tour: 2.2

September 29, 2025 | Alabama - Mobile

## Show Opening - Trust Fund International Coronation Tour

The lights go down. A gaudy gold-and-neon "TF" logo pulses over the entryway. A velvet carpet runs down the aisle, lined with "private security" in cheap suits. "Lifestyle" by Rich Gang blares, and the Rich Young Grapplerz strut onto the stage in matching silk blazers, phones out, live-streaming. Todderick Davenport III follows, wearing a shimmering paisley suit, the Trust Fund International Championship slung over his shoulder like it's worth more than the building itself. The Grapplerz hold their Trust Fund Tag Titles high as the crowd rains boos.

Robbie Ray Carter (commentary):

"Oh, great. This is how we're starting tonight?"

Angus Skaaland:

"Starting? This is how every night should start -- with money, style, and champions that actually look like champions."

In the ring, a podium draped in velvet waits. TD3 climbs the steps slowly, soaking in the heat like perfume. He takes the microphone, pushes his shades up, and lets the boos wash over him before smirking wide.

TD3 (mock sincerity):

"Ahhh... Huntsville, Alabama. Or as I like to call it -- one big Goodwill clearance rack."

Boos thunder. TD3 pats the Trust Fund International Championship.

TD3 (gloating):

"Take a good look. This right here is what professional wrestling should look like. Platinum, gold, diamonds... global. This isn't some rusty old crown that smells like Graysie Parker's hard work boots. This is prestige. This is privilege. This... is the Trust Fund International Championship. And it is never leaving my shoulder."

He pauses, soaking in the jeers, before smirking even harder.

TD3 (contempt rising):

"And then I hear--of all people--Jesse Collins running his mouth. Jesse 'Iron Kid' Collins, the charity case of ICW. The scholarship wrestler. The sympathy signing. The kid they put on posters because you people love an underdog, even if he's got no business in the big leagues. You cheer for him because you see yourselves in him -- broke, desperate, begging for a chance you'll never deserve."

Crowd erupts in boos, chanting "JES-SE! JES-SE!"

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TD3 (snapping back, sneering):

"Don't chant for him. Chant louder, it just proves my point. Jesse Collins is a mascot, not a main event. He's the Make-A-Wish of Iron City Wrestling, and I don't do charity."

He taps the Trust Fund International title with a fingernail, letting the mic pick up the click.

TD3 (smirk returning):

"And if he thinks for one second that he can take this from me? Kid, you're not cashing in dreams -- you're bouncing checks."

TD3 smirks, hands the mic over. Jacoby Jacobs slides his shades down, phone still rolling as he points into the hard cam. Darian flexes behind him, clutching his Trust Fund Tag Title like a trophy fresh off the showroom floor.

Jacoby Jacobs (mock sincere):

"And then there's the Glucks. Out in the sticks, sittin' by a fire, talkin' about mud and dirt like it's currency. Carlton, Chapps -- you boys brag about choppin' lumber, pourin' concrete, and smellin' like diesel fuel. That's real cute. Real blue-collar fairytale stuff."

He sneers, turning his phone sideways to frame himself and Darian.

Jacoby (cutting):

"But let me tell you something real: nobody's payin' to see mud. Nobody's buyin' tickets to smell sweat. The only thing dirt gets you in this business is a shower. And the only thing Mississippi lumberjacks get in ICW is broke."

Darian snatches the mic, veins popping as he puffs his chest.

Darian Darrington (yelling into hard cam):

"Mud's real? Blood's real? You know what else is real? These belts! Shiny, platinum, diamond-crusted -- and they're sittin' on our shoulders, not yours! You two hillbilly firebugs can scream about bribes and burnin' money all you want, but the Grapplerz? We don't play in the dirt. We own the land under your feet!"

The crowd boos furiously. Jacoby leans back into the frame, smirking wide.

Jacoby (finishing the shot):

"Carlton, Chapps -- keep talkin' about fire and dirt. Just know that when you finally step in the ring with us? That ground you love so much is gonna be the only thing holdin' you when we leave you layin'."

The Grapplerz hold their belts high, smug and shining, as TD3 raises the Trust Fund International behind them. The boos swell louder.

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.....rrrrriiiiiissssseeeee.....

It ain't Pantera but it's the next best thing. "The South is Rising" by Sign of the Southern Cross shreds eardrums as The Brothers Gluck, Daeriq Damien absent, stomp out onto the stage. Carlton already has a microphone in hand.

RRRAAAHHH!!

Carlton Gluck: (walking straight to the apron)

"So first of all Ah'm impressed that you kids actually tried talking about us when you weren't even sure we were out of state. Now granted Daeriq's at home, he shouldn't have strained his bad arm trying to keep Toddyboy out of the match. But we're here. So y'all got anything you want to say to our faces?"

The Trust Fund exchange looks and try to play it cool.

Darrington: (mocking drawl)

"What would we even be able to say to you that you'd understand? Ahuyck hyuck durrrr!"

BOOOOOO!

Before Carlton can say anything, Chapps gestures for the microphone. With a look of combined amusement and apprehension, Carlton hands it over.

Chapps Gluck: (absurdly posh diction)

"Gentlemen, one must commend the gall--nay, the temerity--of such pompous dilettantes to presume superiority whilst spouting puerile mimicry. Truly, the very apotheosis of ignominious rhetoric."

TD3 gets it and smirks. Jacoby frowns at his phone, Darrington blinks.

Jacobs:

"Bro, that was like... straight-up word salad. Zero riz. I don't even think that was English."

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Carlton Gluck: (self parody level dumbhickish diction)

"Eeyuhh, hee dun cawld y'all ghuhay."

The crowd pops. Darrington stomps furiously around the ring, red-faced, while Jacoby is indignant, shouting into his phone stream. Before the Grapplerz can spin out on the bait, TD3 cuts in fast to pull things back.

TD3:

"Okay, you know some big words. Color me impressed. They taught chimps to count fractions too."

Carlton:

"Well forget fractions. We can count to two. One tag titles, two tag titles. Ours by rights."

Jacobs: (waving his phone)

"So who'd you beat for the number one contender? Oh that's right, no one. No title shot for you."

Carlton:

"Alright, fine, you wanna play that way? We ain't afraid of a little work. Ain't afraid to get our hands dirty. Who's up first?"

TD3: (laughing)

"Who in this god-forsaken promotion deserves contendership? Call again when you're in our tax bracket."

Carlton: (shrugging)

"Okay, fine. Ah guess we're doin' this th' ol' country way then."

Chapps: (grinning)

"You git th' sawzall. Ah'll git th' diesel fuel."

The Glucks drop their mics and head backstage. The Trust Fund puff themselves back up, but they're rattled.

Robbie Ray:

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"Well I'll be -- the Trust Fund sure got quiet when the Glucks stood nose-to-nose."

Skaaland:

"Yeah, and now those rich boys gotta wonder which 'old country way' they're about to get dragged into."

### Sunny Holliday / Duchess Vaughn vs Reinas de Sangre

The arena lights drop into a crimson wash. Ominous guitar riffs pound as "REINAS DE SANGRE" slashes across the screen in dripping script. Celestina and Valeria Cruz step onto the stage--Celestina with her jeweled tiara glinting mockingly under the strobes, Valeria's Dia de los Muertos half-skull paint unmoving as stone. They march to the ring with cold disdain, ignoring the torrent of boos.

RRC:

"The Cruz sisters are here again, and Birmingham remembers what they did in their debut. Kayla Reyes and Maddie Miles never stood a chance--tonight, the opposition is a whole lot stiffer."

The lights brighten to a golden wash as "Walking on Sunshine" blasts. The Foundry roars to its feet as Sunny Holliday bursts through the curtain, clapping overhead and beaming. Duchess Vaughn trails behind her, sneering at the fans, arms folded. Sunny slaps every hand she can, Duchess brushes past like the fans don't exist. They enter the ring, Sunny playing to the people while Duchess rolls her eyes.

Angus:

"Talk about oil and water. Sunny's over here handing out hugs, and Duchess looks like she wants to stab the next person who breathes near her."

Eric Dane Sr.:

"And that right there might decide the match. Reinas de Sangre are unified. Sunny and Duchess? Not so much."

Bell rings. Sunny starts with Celestina. Quick lock-up--Celestina eats a heavy shoulder tackle that pops the crowd. Sunny yanks her up, belly-to-belly suplex! Valeria storms in, only to get scooped and slammed. Sunny's firing on all cylinders, feeding off the crowd.

RRC:

"She's throwing 'em like sandbags! Sunny Holliday has raw horsepower, and the Foundry loves it!"

Sunny turns for a tag--but Duchess drops to the floor, shakes her head, and mouths "you've got this" with mocking disdain. The crowd boos hard.

Dane Sr.:

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"That right there is the danger of a bad partner. Duchess Vaughn just hung her teammate out to dry."

Sunny's momentary distraction costs her--Valeria chop-blocks her from behind. The Reinas swarm. A stiff knee from Valeria, a back elbow from Celestina, and suddenly Sunny's isolated. They work her over with crisp, ruthless tags--spinning back elbow, snap suplex, running knee strike, all with zero wasted motion.

Angus:

"This is a bloodletting, Robbie Ray. Duchess might be the smartest one in the building--she knew better than to stick around."

Sunny fights back with forearms, tries a desperation scoop slam, but her leg buckles. Valeria cuts her off with a spinning back elbow. Celestina tags in, and the sisters set her up: Celestina plants Sunny with a snap spinebuster, Valeria comes crashing down with a leaping double stomp to the chest. The crowd groans at the impact.

RRC:

"Good God, they crushed her!"

Cover--One! Two! Three!

DING DING DING.

The Reinas de Sangre stand tall, barely breaking a sweat. Duchess is already halfway up the aisle, smirking at Sunny's fate. Celestina nudges Sunny with her boot, Valeria glares dead into the hard cam as their crimson-lit music pulses again.

RRC:

"The Reinas of Blood have claimed another victim, and Duchess Vaughn has shown she can't be trusted."

The sisters exit, leaving Sunny sprawled. She slowly pulls herself up with help from the ropes. The crowd rallies--chants of "SUN-NY! SUN-NY!" She grabs a mic, sweat dripping, but still smiling through the pain.

Sunny Holliday (breathless but grinning):

"I don't care if it's two-on-one, three-on-one, or four-on-one... I'll fight anybody. I'll keep fighting, I'll keep smiling... and I'll have fun in the sun while I do it!"

The Foundry roars. Sunny tosses the mic, points skyward, and pounds her chest. The camera lingers on her defiant grin as commentary resets.

## Ryan Caudil interviews Jesse Collins

Camera cuts to the backstage interview area. Ryan Caudill, clean-cut in a slightly oversized suit, stands

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clutching a mic with the ICW logo. He looks eager but green, like he's just happy to be holding the stick. The Montgomery crowd buzz bleeds in from the arena behind him.

Ryan Caudill (bright, a little rushed):

"Ladies and gentlemen, Ryan Caudill here in Montgomery, and joining me now -- Birmingham's own, the Iron Kid, Jesse Collins!"

The Montgomery crowd pops at the mention of Jesse's name as he steps into frame. He's in ring gear, towel draped over his shoulders, sweat still clinging, but he's grinning ear to ear.

Ryan:

"Jesse, over the past month you've put together an underdog win streak that's turned a lot of heads -- Sammy Starr, Eric Dane Jr., you've been called the heart of Iron City Wrestling. But now, Todderick Davenport III has rebranded the Iron Crown as the Trust Fund International Championship, and he's already written you off as, quote, a charity case. How do you respond?"

Jesse chuckles, shaking his head before leaning into the mic, his voice steady but fiery.

Jesse Collins (fired up):

"Charity case? That's cute. Real cute coming from a guy who's never had to fight for a thing in his life. Me? I've fought for every inch I've got in that ring. Nobody gave me a payday, nobody handed me a spotlight. I earned it the hard way -- with bruises, with sweat, with the people here in Alabama behind me every step."

The Montgomery fans roar in the background, Jesse nodding with their energy.

Jesse (intense, pointing at his chest):

"TD3 can buy belts, buy suits, buy airtime, even buy his own cheerleaders if he wants to. But there's one thing he can't buy -- one thing you either have or you don't -- and that's heart. And that's what I've got more of than anybody in this business."

He stares hard into the camera, his grin fading to determination.

Jesse (promising):

"So listen up, Toddy -- when the day comes that you and me are face to face, no Grapplerz, no dollar signs, no bank account is gonna save you. Because when that bell rings, your Trust Fund era ends. Simple as that."

Jesse slaps the mic back into Caudill's chest and storms off. Caudill blinks into the camera, caught off guard.

Ryan Caudill (a little flustered):

"Back to ringside."

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### Jack Havoc vs local enhancement talent

RRC:

"Up next, folks, the Television Champion Jack Havoc is in action. This isn't a title defense -- but the stakes are clear. If Eli Dresden can win, the Canadian up-and-comer earns himself a future shot at the gold."

Angus:

"Robbie, Dresden's an energetic kid with a scrappy style, but he's stepping into the ring with the Outlaw. That's not just a challenge -- that's a death wish."

RRC:

"Still, Dresden's been carving a name across the Canadian wrestling scene, and if he can hang in there, he might just shock a lot of people here tonight."

"Bodies" by Drowning Pool hits. Eli Dresden storms out, lean frame jittering with nervous energy, red and black tights under a ragged jacket. He slaps a few hands but his eyes are locked on the ring.

Ring Announcer:

"Introducing first, from Ottawa, Ontario, Canada... weighing in at 205 pounds... 'The Underdog From the North' Eli Dresden!"

The lights dim. Metallica's "Seek and Destroy" rips through the Foundry as Jack Havoc rides down on his Harley, Television Title over his shoulder. He parks, strips off his vest, and climbs into the ring with a sneer.

Ring Announcer:

"His opponent... from the wreckage between right and wrong... weighing in at 235 pounds... he is the Iron City Wrestling Television Champion... 'The Outlaw' Jack Havok!"

The ref signals for the bell.

Eli explodes out of the gate, chopping and striking at Havok, backing him into the ropes. He tries a flying crossbody -- Havok catches him and slams him down with authority.

Angus:

"That's the strength gap right there -- Havok just erased him mid-flight."

Havok mauls him with mounted punches, grinds a forearm across his face, then cracks him with a short-arm

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clothesline. Cover -- two. Havok snarls at the ref.

Eli won't stay down. He pops up with desperation chops, then a quick dropkick to Havok's knee. The crowd stirs. Eli backs up and charges, connects with the Dresden Drop running boot -- Havok staggers but won't fall. Eli tries a springboard tornado DDT... but Havok shoves him off, then plants him with an Exploder Suplex.

RRC:

"Dresden's throwing everything at him, but Havok's just too much."

Havok drags Eli up by the hair, snarls in his face, and drives him into the mat with Detroit Destruction. Cover. One, two, three.

Ring Announcer:

"Here is your winner... the Television Champion... 'The Outlaw' Jack Havok!"

Havok pulls his vest back on, sneering at Dresden laid out on the mat. Havok rolls out of the ring and retrieves a steel chair from ringside. He slides back in and CRACK! drives it across Dresden's back. Eli crumples, clutching his ribs.

RRC:

"This is sick! Havok already proved his point -- Eli's just a kid trying to break through!"

Havok lines up another shot -- but Nas' "N.Y. State of Mind" hits. The crowd stirs as Lowlife Larry Edwards charges down the ramp.

Larry slides in under the bottom rope, fists cocked. Havok swings the chair -- Larry ducks, bounces off the ropes, and BOOM! nails Havok with a running lariat! The chair flies out of Havok's hands.

The Outlaw scrambles, cursing, bailing out of the ring. Larry snatches up the chair and dares him to come back in. Havok backs up the ramp, snarling and pointing, shouting inaudible threats as the fans roar for Larry.

Inside the ring, Larry checks on Eli, helping the battered Canadian to his feet. The two share a nod of respect as the crowd chants "LOW-LIFE! LOW-LIFE!"

RRC:

"Larry Edwards hasn't forgotten what Havok did to him weeks ago -- and tonight, he made damn sure the Outlaw didn't do the same thing to Eli Dresden."

Angus:

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"It's both, Robbie. Larry's got his own bone to pick with Havok, but he also wasn't about to let a young Canadian kid get snuffed out before he even got started."

The closing shot shows Larry standing tall, one arm steadying Dresden, the other pointing straight at Havok on the ramp. Havok glares back, jawing off-mic as he retreats, the belt on his shoulder and fury in his eyes.

### RDC is money, kid

The camera cuts back to the commentary desk between matches. Robbie Ray Carter straightens his notes when "Primetime" by JAY-Z hits. The Montgomery crowd gives a mixed reaction as Primetime Preston Price struts down the aisle in a sharp tailored jacket, chain glittering, smirk plastered on his face. He saunters over to commentary, slides on a headset, and snatches the live mic from the desk before Robbie can get a word out.

Robbie Ray Carter (trying to start):

"Ladies and gentlemen, I was hoping to get a word with Preston Price, but--"

Preston Price (cuts him off, smooth and sharp):

"No, no, Robbie Ray. You don't get a word with me. I am the word. I'm the headline. I'm the main event even when I'm not booked. But every week, the spotlight gets stolen. By Jesse Collins. By Sunny Holliday. By whatever charity case the office wants to prop up. Meanwhile, the only man in this company who looks, walks, and fights like a star is sitting right here."

He leans back, flashing his chain to the hard cam, soaking in the boos from Montgomery.

Preston (building, voice rising):

"I'm sick of watching nobodies get paraded around like they're the heartbeat of ICW. Let's be real -- they're not. I've got the pedigree. I've got the skills. I've got the presentation. This company doesn't move without Primetime Preston Price, and it's about time everybody started acting like it."

The crowd boos, "YOU SUCK" chants breaking out. Robbie Ray tries to cut in, but Preston waves him off, stealing the segment back.

Preston (grinning):

"See? Even when you boo me, you're lookin' at me. Spotlight's mine. Always was, always will be."

Suddenly, "Money for Nothin'" by Dire Straits hits. The Montgomery crowd groans as Ricky Dale Cash struts onto the stage in a tailored three-piece suit, gold watch gleaming. He strolls down with a mic in hand, every step full of swagger. Preston rolls his eyes but doesn't leave the desk.

Ricky Dale Cash (cool, deliberate):

"Preston, Preston, Preston... you're not wrong. You do have the look. You do have the skills. You do have the

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pedigree. But you're missing one thing. Presentation. You've got the body of a star, the mouth of a star... but the aura? The polish? That's where you're coming up short."

The crowd gives a little "ooooh." Preston leans forward, sneering, clearly not liking the suggestion but not brushing it off either.

Preston Price (icy):

"Oh, so now you're the expert? Ricky Dale Cash, telling me how to shine?"

RDC (smirk widening):

"Not telling. Showing. You want the spotlight? I can give you more shine than Montgomery's ever seen. All I need is one chance to prove it."

Price glares, then lets the sneer twist into a grin. He pulls off the headset, stands, and squares up nose-to-nose with Cash.

Preston (low, cocky):

"Next week... let's see what you can do."

RDC (smirk turning sly):

"RDC is money, kid."

He fixes his cuffs, smiling wide at the camera as Price exits to a wave of boos. Robbie Ray shakes his head as commentary resets.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Preston Price with Ricky Dale Cash? I don't like the sound of that one bit."

Angus Skaaland (laughing):

"Don't like it? Robbie Ray, I love it. That's money, baby. Pure money."

## Fuck 'em all.

Our view starts in one of the locker rooms backstage.

Sitting in a folding chair dressed in his trademark brown and grey custom three piece pinstripe suit. He sits quietly with his arms folded, a small monitor across the room plays a live feed from the arena. He's not paying attention to the action. His bloodshot brown eyes peer off into the nondistance.

His mind clearly occupied.

WHAM

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His quiet reflection is interrupted by a sudden, loud bang.

The door to the locker room is kicked open with such force the handle of the door buries itself in the fragile plaster wall. The Brixton Juggernaut, Duchess Vaughn stands there for a moment, heavy breaths and a scowl on their face.

Duchess stomps into the room and immediately holds up a finger to her uncle and trainer.

Duchess Vaughn:

Don't fuckin' start...

The Wargod just shrugs. He's calm. His Scottish drawn light, eerily relaxed.

Bronson Box:

Start what? You think ol' Boxer hasn't walked out on shite partners before mid-match... you've watched enough DEFIANCE growin' up to know that aint the case. My question for you, dear, is why? Why'd ya' leave that little trollop all alone out there this evenin', eh?

Vaughn snatches a towel from a stack on a nearby table, wiping their face, looking back with an incredulous raised eyebrow.

Bronson Box:

It's not a trick question, Duchess. Just out with it. Now.

The Concrete Queen sighs, whipping the towel around the back of their neck.

They sniff and shake their head, clearly frustrated.

Duchess Vaughn:

I didn't come here to be the bloody tag partner of every random tart that flops their tits 'round the fuckin' pike, 'init?! That BITCH Astrid showed me all I needed to see! That, that was the first and last lesson I needed in putin' any amount of trust in any blighted twat that comes strollin' outta' this here locker room! I've got the goods to be something special 'round here, 'init?! I 'aint wastin' precious years of my career bein' fuckin' FILLER TALENT.

Breathing heavy now, Vaughn stops. Their jaw tense as they pause for emphasis.

The angrier and more frustrated they get, the thicker their Londoner accent gets.

Duchess Vaughn:

Next time that blowhard Dane and dear old "uncle" Angus want to test me, just fuckin' test me. But they put me in there with anymore of their pet projects, these fuckin' little girls... I'm gonna' do more than walk mid-match. I'll make sure the bitch doesn't get to walk out under her own bleedin' power. That's a promise.

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The Original DEFIANT sits for a moment before a small smile creeps across his mustachioed face. He stands up and strolls across the room placing a hand on Duchess' shoulder.

He looks his niece straight in the eyes.

Bronson Box:

You keep that iron in your spine, child. Eric Dane might be a blowhard, but he's the reason Angus and I thought you plyin' your trade here would be a good first step. BRAZEN is a waitin' room, fine if all yer' lookin' for is a foot in the door... but here? That old spiteful bastard will turn yer' fookin' soul inside out if he chooses to. But if you can put yer' shoulder into that shite you'll come out the other side stronger fer' it. Keep pushin' back... never stop standin' up fer' yourself. Even when yer' bloody wrong. Hell, especially when yer' wrong. FUCK 'em.

He leans forward, making sure they're listening.

He squeezes their shoulders and in a low, very serious voice.

Bronson Box:

I mean that, child. You want to boil my ethos down into one simple phrase? ... fuck 'em all.

A slow nod and a look of... respect, awe, fear? Something in between? It's clear Duchess Vaughn sits quite happily under their uncle's terrifying learning tree.

Boxer stands up straight and adjusts his tie. He claps Duchess on the shoulders.

There's a long lull in conversation as Duchess starts packing their things. Suddenly, with an inquisitive look on their face Vaughn turns.

Duchess Vaughn:

Unc. When was the last time you actually talked to Eric Dane? Without Angus playing messenger. Face to face, like.

The Wargod stops and chuckles.

Bronson Box:

A very. VERY long time, child. Why do you ask?

Duchess Vaughn:

Angus says he talks about you a lot, is all.

Boxer sits with that for a few moments.

Bronson Box: [quietly, to himself]

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Does he, now?

The vignette fades and concludes. We cut to the next segment on the show.

### Night Riders vs Urban Ninjaz

[Dark navy lighting fills the arena, accented by wisps of smoke. Laser beams cut across the haze as the Night Riders step onto the stage in their neon gear, striking martial arts poses in the colored light before stalking to the ring.]

Robby Ray:

"Here they come, the Night Riders. Now folks, don't let their last outing fool you. They weren't ready for the Brothers Gluck, and not many men are. But Blaze and Thunder are no cannon fodder -- they've been frustrated, left off cards, waiting for their shot. Tonight, they're looking to make a statement."

Skaaland:

"Statement's pretty simple -- beat the tar outta somebody. And these boys look plenty mean enough to do it."

[Music shifts. The Urban Ninjaz emerge, moving in rhythm to their entrance theme, hitting crisp air kicks on the ramp. They slap hands with fans along the aisle, smiling and firing up the crowd. Flip D adjusts his white durag and nods to Junichiro before sliding into the ring.]

Robby Ray:

"Listen to this crowd come alive for the Ninjaz! And Flip D, cleared at last from concussion protocol after that knockout backfist from Duchess Vaughn. That young man could've stayed home -- instead, he's here tonight to keep fighting."

Skaaland:

"Yeah, great story, but you know how it ends? With these two getting wrecked."

[The bell rings.]

Robby Ray:

"Tag team action up next, fans! The Urban Ninjaz -- Junichiro and Flip D -- looking for redemption tonight against the neon-soaked Night Riders!"

Skaaland: (snorts)

"Redemption? More like a hospital bill! The last time we saw the Ninjaz, Duchess Vaughn folded Flip D like a bad poker hand."

[In the ring, Neon Blaze and Junichiro circle. Blaze throws exaggerated martial arts poses, snapping kicks into the air and puffing his chest. The crowd boos with amusement. He creeps forward, wagging his fingers.]

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HA! HA! HA!

[Junichiro and Flip D exchange a glance, then answer with their own synchronized air kicks, far crisper and faster. Blaze blinks, backpedals, and when Junichiro advances, Blaze stumbles into a crabwalk retreat all the way into his corner. The fans laugh.]

Robby Ray:

"Blaze tried to clown the Ninjaz, but he just got clowned right back!"

Skaaland:

"He looks like a neon turtle flipped on his shell!"

[Steel Thunder tags in with a snarl. Flip D steps through the ropes, bouncing on his heels, durag tight. Flip fires quick forearms and springboards into a dropkick that staggers Steel. Flip pops up, hits the ropes, nails another dropkick.]

SMACK!

[Steel Thunder lumbers, shakes it off, and steamrolls Flip with a single lariat.]

BOOOOOO!

Robby Ray:

"Flip D throwing everything he has--"

Skaaland:

"--and big Steel's just walking through it!"

[The Night Riders cut the ring in half. Blaze comes back in. Quick tags, double whips into the corner, stereo elbows. Flip gets tossed around with backdrops and slams. Blaze struts after every shot, while Thunder leans heavy on holds and grinding forearms. The Ninjaz are in trouble.]

[Finally, Flip ducks under a line and dives -- TAG! -- Junichiro bursts in! He spins Blaze down with a headscissors, kips up, and nails a sharp spinning kick to the jaw. Blaze stumbles, gets suplexed over with a crisp snap throw. The crowd rallies.]

LET'S GO NIN-JAZ! LET'S GO NIN-JAZ!

Robby Ray:

"Junichiro is on fire!"

[Steel Thunder tags back in. He slows things down, cutting Junichiro off with a massive bearhug into a belly-to-belly slam. But Flip D recovers, springboards in with a missile dropkick that topples the big man!]

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YAAAAAAH!

[The Ninjaz both climb -- double flying kicks connect! Thunder crashes to the mat. For a heartbeat, it looks like the upset is coming.]

Skaaland:

"NO! Don't tell me these little glowsticks are about to win!"

[Blaze pulls Junichiro's hair from the apron, opening him up. Thunder clubs him down hard. Blaze distracts the ref, Thunder torques the arm-- SNAP! --and wrenches in the Flying Hammerlock. Junichiro screams, kicking his legs.]

TAP! TAP! TAP!

[The ref calls it. The bell rings, but Thunder keeps the hold locked, grimacing with sadistic pride.]

Robby Ray:

"The match is over! Let him go!"

[Thunder finally flings Junichiro down. He drags Flip up by the arm -- WHAM! Wringerbuster! Blaze climbs and soars off the top with the Neon Elbow Dive, driving it into Flip's chest. The ref waves his arms wildly, threatening a DQ reversal.]

BOOOOOOOOOO!

[The Night Riders posture and flex, mocking martial arts stances over the fallen Ninjaz, before finally backing away to a storm of jeers.]

Robby Ray:

"I'll tell you what, partner. The Brothers Gluck may've given everybody the wrong impression about the Night Riders. Just because Carlton and Chapps walked right through 'em doesn't mean Blaze and Thunder are cannon fodder. Tonight, they showed what they're really about."

Angus Skaaland:

"Yeah, mean streak a mile wide, that's what they're about. They beat the Ninjaz, then tried to end 'em for good."

Robby Ray:

"And give the Urban Ninjaz credit, too. Junichiro and Flip D brought the fight. Flip just got cleared from concussion protocol after that knockout shot from Duchess Vaughn -- he's still out here flying. They're gutsy, they're flashy... but let's be honest, nobody expected them to walk out with a W tonight."

Angus Skaaland:

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"Nope. Not in this lifetime. But they're not just warm bodies either. They'll fight anybody, anytime."

Robby Ray:

"And that's what makes ICW's tag division so exciting, folks -- every team's got something to prove."

[The shot lingers on the Ninjaz being helped up as the Night Riders preen on the ramp, neon lights flashing.]

## New Untouchables promo

[Backstage, the New Untouchables stand together. Daniels to the left, smirking; LSR to the right, dripping smugness; Kirsty in the middle with her arms folded. No interviewer present.]

Jeffrey Daniels: (grinning wide)

"Well look at you, Junior. Ran for the hills... then dragged some losers back down from the hills and called them your cavalry."

LSR: (smug)

"Juju out there in the sticks, digging under porch steps and behind outhouses for backup. All he found were scarecrows in boots."

Daniels: (laughs)

"So congratulations, Junior. You've got yourself--Hilljack Team Danger!"

LSR:

"Perfect fit. Daddy had the real Team Danger. Juju's got the flea market version."

Daniels:

"The Mudlick Express!"

LSR:

"The Rock & Rye Connection!"

Daniels:

"Doublewide Doom!"

LSR:

"The Out-of-Gas Outlaws!"

Daniels:

"The Tobacco Road Warriors!"

Kirsty McKinney: (flat)

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"The Smoking Gunns... without the guns."

[Daniels throws his head back laughing, pointing at her.]

Daniels:

"See? That's why you're Untouchable, Kirsty. Smarter, sharper, funnier than the whole James Gang rolled together."

LSR: (cutting in)

"Easy there, simp."

Kirsty: (mutters, under her breath)

"For fuck's sake..."

[Daniels' grin hardens into a sneer as he leans toward the camera.]

Daniels:

"You think the James Gang are your salvation, Junior? You think three hillbillies are gonna turn the tide? All you've done is saddle yourself with dead weight. In Tuscaloosa, and everywhere else we follow, we're not just gonna beat your new friends. We're gonna embarrass them. And you, Juju, you get the front-row seat."

[Daniels flicks two fingers at the lens. LSR smirks over his shoulder. Kirsty stares down the camera, cold.]

Kirsty: (quiet, final)

"Eric's finished."

[The trio walks off together, Daniels laughing again as the scene cuts.]

### **Eric Dane, Jr/Appalachian Outlaws vs Bradley Lewis, Tommy Ray, "Downtown" Danny Carter, and Miguel Suarez**

"Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath shakes the speakers and the Montgomery crowd rises with a roar. Out march the Appalachian Outlaws -- Zeb and Zeke James stomping in lockstep, fists taped and wild-eyed, with Cherry Mae James bouncing behind them, grinning ear to ear. At their center, Eric Dane Jr. strides with a sneer, every step exuding arrogance. Four outlaws, four corners of chaos, all moving like one dangerous unit.

In the ring, four hopefuls wait nervously: Bradley Lewis, Tommy Ray, "Downtown" Danny Carter, and Miguel Suarez. The ring announcer barely gets their names out before Dane Jr. slides inside, eyes locked on his prey.

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DING DING.

Dane Jr. starts with Bradley Lewis. He launches him into the ropes and levels him with a running high knee that echoes off the canvas. Dane Jr. smirks at the hard cam, brushing his hair back like he's barely breaking a sweat. He stomps his boot twice, then tags in Zeb.

Zeb explodes into the ring like a bull out of the chute. Tommy Ray steps forward, only to get folded in half by a lariat so vicious the crowd gasps. Zeb howls toward the rafters, beating his chest as the Montgomery fans let out a mixture of cheers and boos. He drags Tommy by the hair into the Outlaws' corner and slaps Zeke's hand.

Zeke steps over the ropes, hoists "Downtown" Danny Carter high into the air, and slams him down with a powerslam that rattles the boards. Zeke stomps a boot and leans over the ropes to jaw with the front row, bellowing, "HOSS STRONG, BOY!" Cherry Mae claps wildly, begging for a tag.

The crowd pops when she gets it. Cherry Mae springs into the ring, bounces off the ropes, and soars with a flying crossbody that wipes out Miguel Suarez! She hops up with a wicked grin, whips her hair, and cracks Suarez with a spinning backfist that drops him cold. Montgomery roars at the surprise shot.

RRC:

"Cherry Mae James just spun his lights out! She's not just a mascot -- she can scrap!"

Cherry Mae tags back out to Dane Jr., and together the crew drags all four opponents into the corner. Zeb and Zeke hold them stacked like cordwood. Cherry Mae launches herself across the ring with a cannonball senton that crushes the pile. The locals collapse in a heap.

Dane Jr. stalks forward, picks Miguel Suarez out of the wreckage, and plants him with the Stardriver in the center of the ring. He sprawls across the chest, hooks the leg, and the referee makes the count.

Referee:

"One! Two! Three!"

DING DING DING.

The Appalachian Outlaws and Dane Jr. stand tall, raising their fists together. Zeb and Zeke stomp in rhythm, Cherry Mae bouncing in celebration, and Dane Jr. smirking like a man who's just proven a point. The Montgomery crowd gives them a loud, conflicted reaction -- boos for Dane Jr., but scattered cheers for the raw chaos the Outlaws bring.

RRC:

"That was total domination. Four different wrestlers, four different personalities, but tonight Dane Jr. and the Appalachian Outlaws looked like a unit."

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.2

Angus Skaaland:

"And that's the scariest part -- night and day different, but they fight like family. You don't want to mess with family."

Suddenly, the speakers thump to life with "Bad Guy" by Billie Eilish. The Montgomery crowd immediately shifts to loud boos as the New Untouchables -- Daniels, LSR, and Kirsty -- stroll onto the stage. They smirk and slow-clap, smug as can be, but make no move toward the ring.

Dane Jr. and the Outlaws snarl from the ropes, gesturing for them to come down, daring them to fight. But the Untouchables hold their ground at the top of the ramp, arms crossed, smirking, letting the heat roll in.

RRC:

"There they are. The New Untouchables. They've been gunning for Dane Jr. from day one, but tonight? They want no part of this crew."

Angus Skaaland:

"Smart move. Four on three ain't math they wanna test. Not tonight."

The Outlaws and Dane Jr. keep pointing and barking from the ring as the Untouchables wave them off with smug grins. The tension simmers as the camera lingers on the standoff before cutting away.

### An actual Gentleman's agreement

[The Brothers Gluck are standing in a hallway, talking low but irritated. Carlton gestures with his hands, Chapps pacing beside him, both clearly annoyed after being denied a title shot.]

Carlton Gluck:

"I'm telling you, Chapps, the Grapplerz don't want this. They know if they give us a straight fight, them belts are gone."

Chapps Gluck:

"Yeah, and instead of wrestling us like men, they hide behind paperwork. 'Ain't no number one contender match,' they say. Cowards."

[As the brothers stew, Cameron West and Derek Hayes approach calmly. They stop at a polite distance before speaking.]

Cameron West:

"Excuse us, fellas. Don't believe we've been introduced. Cameron West."

Derek Hayes:

"Derek Hayes. Together we're Top Notch Team. Figured we'd say hello proper before business comes up."

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Carlton: (nodding)

"Carlton Gluck. My brother Chapps. And business has already come up, sounds like."

Cameron:

"Seems we've had the same run-in with the Rich Young Grapplerz you just had. We were in that tournament final. Thought we had it won. Then they pulled the tricks you're talking about."

Derek:

"We'd like our pound of rich kid flesh too. But truth is, they'd give us the same excuse they gave you tonight."

[Carlton tilts his head, catching on quick.]

Carlton:

"So if we want the same thing... and we agree to a number one contender's match without their involvement..."

Cameron: (finishing the thought)

"That gets one of us close to the tag titles. Grapplerz don't get a say."

[Chapps looks back and forth between them, then lets out a grin.]

Chapps:

"So you guys versus us, next week? Best team wins, best team gets the rich kids?"

[West and Hayes nod firmly. Carlton looks to Chapps, then extends his hand. Cameron accepts, Derek and Chapps follow. Four hands shake, the deal made.]

Derek:

"Then it's settled. A gentlemen's agreement."

[Both teams step back, respectful nods exchanged. TNT walk off one way, the Glucks the other. The camera lingers on the empty hallway before fading out.]

Commentary Desk

Angus:

"They can just... do that? Without throwing punches and calling each other gay?"

Robbie Ray:

"It's unorthodox, Angus, I'll give you that. But when you look at it logically, the Glucks and TNT are the top two contenders based on how the tournament went. I'm sure Eric Dane will be just fine with it."

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Angus: (shaking his head)

"I know it makes sense, but this sportsmanship stuff? It just doesn't feel right."

[The show moves on.]

### Jacoby Jacobs vs Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins

"Lifestyle" by Rich Gang blares and the Montgomery Civic Center rains down boos. Jacoby Jacobs struts out in his varsity jacket and oversized shades, phone raised high, live-streaming his every step. Darian Darrington follows, shirtless under a silk bomber, the Trust Fund Tag Title gleaming on his shoulder. And last comes Todderick Davenport III, in a paisley blazer with the Trust Fund International Championship slung over his arm like a luxury accessory. Together, the trio draws nuclear heat as they saunter to the ring.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Three men, three belts, and three times the arrogance. This has got trouble written all over it."

Angus Skaaland:

"Trouble? Robbie Ray, that's called success. And you're lookin' at it."

"Iron Man" by Black Sabbath hits and the crowd flips. Jesse Collins bursts out, pounding his chest, feeding off Montgomery's roar. He points straight at TD3, then bolts for the ring, sliding under the ropes and charging straight at Jacoby before the bell even rings. The referee scrambles and calls for the start.

DING DING.

Jesse unloads with forearms and chops, backing Jacoby into the corner. He whips him across, charges, and levels him with a running dropkick! The crowd erupts as Jesse kips up, fired up. Jacoby scrambles to the floor, clutching his chest, barking into his phone like it's all part of the plan. Darian pats him on the back while TD3 yells instructions.

Jesse won't wait. He sprints and launches himself over the ropes with a crossbody that wipes out all three Trust Fund members at ringside! Montgomery comes unglued.

RRC:

"The Iron Kid just took out the whole Trust Fund in one shot!"

Back inside, Jesse nearly ends it early with a high crossbody: ONE! TWO! -- Jacoby kicks out. Jesse stays on him, hitting a Russian leg sweep into a float-over pin: ONE! TWO! -- again Jacoby escapes. Jesse whips him into the corner, climbs, and rains down ten punches as the crowd counts along. But on the ninth, Darian grabs his ankle -- distraction enough for Jacoby to shove Jesse off the top rope, crashing to the mat. The boos rain down as Jacoby takes over.

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Jacoby struts, stomps Jesse, and stops mid-ring to livestream his own offense, laughing into his phone as he drops an elbow. He covers with one hand on Jesse's chest: ONE! TWO! -- Jesse kicks out to a big pop. Jacoby sneers and locks on a chinlock, grinding down while barking "Charity case! This is your hero?!"

Jesse fights to his feet, the crowd clapping him on. He elbows free, hits the ropes, but Darian trips him from the outside. Jesse stumbles forward into a spinning neckbreaker from Jacoby! Cover: ONE! TWO! -- Jesse kicks out again. The crowd chants "LET'S GO JES-SE!" as Jacoby argues with the referee.

Jacoby sets up for a suplex, but Jesse blocks, counters, and nails a snap suplex of his own! Both men down. The referee starts the count. At six, Jesse fires up, hitting a flying forearm, then a second. He scoops Jacoby and plants him with a powerslam! Cover: ONE! TWO! -- Darian yanks Jacoby's foot onto the ropes. The place explodes with boos.

RRC:

"Come on, that's highway robbery!"

Jesse gets in Darian's face at ringside, the crowd urging him to swing. Jacoby tries to ambush from behind, but Jesse ducks and Jacoby crashes into Darian instead! Jesse rolls him up: ONE! TWO! -- so close! The building thought it was three.

Jacoby staggers up, wild-eyed, and charges. Jesse sidesteps, hooks him from behind, and plants him with a backslide: ONE! TWO! -- Jacoby barely escapes. Both men scramble, collide, and Jacoby spikes Jesse with a DDT! He covers with his feet on the ropes: ONE! TWO! -- the referee catches it! Montgomery roars as the official waves it off, wagging a finger at Jacoby.

Jacoby loses it, screaming at the referee. Jesse seizes the moment, rolls him up tight in a flash cradle: ONE! TWO! THREE!

DING DING DING.

The roof blows off the Montgomery Civic Center! Jesse Collins just pinned Jacoby Jacobs! Darian dives in too late, slamming the mat in frustration. Jesse pops up, fists pumping, screaming into the rafters as the crowd chants his name.

RRC:

"He did it! Against all the odds, against all the interference, Jesse Collins just pinned a Rich Young Grappler!"

But the celebration lasts only seconds. TD3 slides into the ring, Trust Fund International Championship in hand. Jesse turns--

CRACK!

TD3 smashes the belt into Jesse's skull. The crowd gasps, then boos furiously as Jesse collapses. Jacoby

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.2

and Darian swarm with stomps, but quickly step back, letting Toddy bask in the moment. TD3 plants a foot on Jesse's chest, hoists the Trust Fund International Title high, and smirks as the boos cascade down.

Angus Skaaland (smug):

"That's your future right there. That's money, Robbie Ray. Pure money."

RRC (furious):

"Todderick Davenport III just robbed Jesse Collins of his moment! He couldn't stand to see the Iron Kid shine, so he crushed him with that belt!"

The final image of the night is Toddy Davenport III, arms raised, gleaming belt high above his head, standing over the fallen Jesse Collins as Montgomery rains hate. The screen fades to black.

## Heart of Dixie tour: 2.2

### Show Credits

Segment: "Show Opening - Trust Fund International Coronation Tour" - Written by justin, oldlinejeff.

Match: "Sunny Holliday / Duchess Vaughn vs Reinas de Sangre" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Ryan Caudil interviews Jesse Collins" - Written by justin.

Match: "Jack Havoc vs local enhancement talent" - Written by Sheriff.

Segment: "RDC is money, kid" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Fuck 'em all." - Written by bombastic.

Match: "Night Riders vs Urban Ninjaz" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "New Untouchables promo" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Eric Dane, Jr/Appalachian Outlaws vs Bradley Lewis, Tommy Ray, "Downtown" Danny Carter, and Miguel Suarez" - Written by justin.

Segment: "An actual Gentleman's agreement" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Jacoby Jacobs vs Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins" - Written by justin.

*Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite*