

# The Heart of Dixie: 1

October 31, 2025 | Birmingham-Jefferson Convention Center Arena - Birmingham, Alabama

## Heart of Dixie intro

"Heavy Is the Head" by Zac Brown Band rumbles through the arena as Eric Dane Sr. steps onto the stage in a sharp charcoal suit. He pauses at the top of the ramp, taking in the energy of the Montgomery crowd, then makes his way to the ring with a promoter's steady confidence. A microphone waits in his hand--he raises it, and the building settles just enough to listen.

Eric Dane Sr.:

"Montgomery... welcome to Heart of Dixie."

RRRAAHHHHHHH!!!!

He nods once, satisfied, pacing the ring with an easy stride that comes from decades under the lights.

Eric Dane Sr.:

"This is the night people fight for. The night you train for, hurt for, lose sleep for. The kind of night where opportunity doesn't knock--it breaks the door down. And everybody in the back knows it."

The fans clap, whistle, and shout encouragement. Dane smiles faintly, the grizzled edge of a man who's seen too much to be sentimental, but still feels the weight of the moment.

Eric Dane Sr.:

"You're gonna see champions crowned. You're gonna see rivalries settled. And you're gonna see men and women push themselves past what they thought they had left. Because that's what ICW is. It's wrestling, it's heart, and it's every one of you in this building tonight."

He stops center-ring, lowering his voice just enough to draw the crowd closer.

Eric Dane Sr.:

"And I figured... if we're gonna kick off a show like this? We ought to do it with someone who represents everything this sport stands for. A man who's given more to wrestling than wrestling could ever pay back."

A murmur of anticipation runs through the stands.

Eric Dane Sr.:

"An innovator. A teacher. A voice. A legend."

A small grin surfaces.

"Ladies and gentlemen... your special guest ring announcer... CITO CONARRI!"

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My Wings by Lacuna Coil hits--and the arena erupts.

RRRAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Fans rise to their feet. A few at ringside bow; others clap overhead or pound the barricade in deep, affectionate respect. Cito Conarri steps onto the stage, hand to his heart, visibly moved. He walks to the ring with warmth in his expression, shaking every hand he can reach.

Dane meets him with a firm handshake before stepping aside. Cito draws the mic to his lips and waits--he knows better than to fight through the noise. It takes a few moments before the crowd begins to settle.

Cito Conarri:

"...Gracias."

RRRAAHHHH!!!!

Cito Conarri:

"I have spent my whole life in love with this sport. And standing here tonight, in front of people who love it just as much... that is an honor I do not take lightly."

More cheers roll through the building. Cito bows his head in appreciation.

Cito Conarri:

"I won't keep you long. I'm here to help start a night these wrestlers will never forget. So if you're ready..."

He gestures toward the entrance.

"...then let's get to the wrestling."

RRRAAHHHHHHH!!!!

Dane slips out of the ring as Cito takes his position with the microphone, posture straight, eyes bright with purpose.

Heart of Dixie has begun.

## **Sam Gardner vs Celestina Cruz**

Robbie Ray Carter:

Folks, we're kicking off Heart of Dixie with a grudge that sprouted fast and burned hot--Sam Gardner, the developmental prospect who shocked everybody when she jumped the barricade to save her partner Jenn Tinsley from a kendo stick attack.

Angus Skaaland:

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Yeah, Robbie, management didn't sign her to swing steel, but she sure made an impression! One night she's in the crowd, the next she's in Dane Sr.'s office getting the "you ever do that again, kid, and you're gone" treatment.

Robbie Ray Carter:

And that meeting ended with Eric Dane laying down the law--Valeria and Jenn in the Iron Queen match, and Sam Gardner thrown straight into the fire against the woman who started it all: Celestina Cruz.

Angus Skaaland:

Let's be real--Celestina and Valeria turned every match into a two-on-one special. Senior finally got sick of it and told Celestina she'd be flying solo tonight whether she liked it or not.

Robbie Ray Carter:

And Sam? He looked her dead in the eye and said, "Since you're feeling froggy, here's your chance to jump." That's not an opportunity--that's a dare.

Angus Skaaland:

Sam Gardner answered it the moment she stepped through that curtain. Rookie or not, developmental or not, she's here to prove that if Celestina wants to bully her way through this division, she picked the wrong dancer to step to. Take it away, Cito!

Cito Conarri:

The following contest is set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first, from Cagayan de Oro, North Mindanao, Philippines, and weighing in at 138 lbs! CELESTINA... CRUUZZ!

"La Fiebre" hits first, and Celestina Cruz steps onto the stage alone--no Valeria, no safety net, no one to hide behind. She still smirks, but her shoulders are tight, her walk sharper than usual. Being stuck in the opener is an insult and her body language shows it. She slides into the ring, rolling her neck, trying to loosen the irritation out of her system.

Cito Conarri:

And her opponent! Hailing from Princeton, New Jersey, and weighing in at 137 lbs! SAAMMM... GAAARDENER!

"Ugly Dee" by BanYa kicks in and Sam Gardner appears with a small pirouette and bow, her movements crisp but her breathing quick. She's alone too--no Jenn shadowing her--and the tremor in her fingers betrays the weight of Eric Dane's warning still hanging over her. But when she hops onto the apron and vaults over the ropes, her poise reasserts itself. Performance is something she knows how to survive.

Robbie Ray Carter:

This is a huge moment for Sam Gardner--first ICW pay-per-view, first singles spotlight, and she's walking into it on her own two feet.

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Angus Skaaland:

Meanwhile Celestina looks like she swallowed a lemon. She hates being anywhere near the word "opener."

The bell rings. They circle--Sam cautious, Celestina predatory. The first lock-up surprises everyone; Sam plants her feet and drives Celestina backward. They tie up again--same result. Celestina shoves off with a grimace, rubbing her shoulder like she can't believe it.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Gardner is stronger than Celestina expected!

Angus Skaaland:

Stronger than Sam expected too! Look at her--she's like "oh wow, that worked?!"

Sam capitalizes, snapping Celestina into a clean armdrag, then again, then a tilt-a-whirl that sends the veteran sliding toward the ropes. Celestina slaps the mat hard, more embarrassed than injured. Sam steadies her breathing, letting the rhythm settle.

Celestina switches gears, dropping low and feinting sharply. Sam bites, pivoting too far, and Celestina pounces--snatching a cravat and wrenching Sam into a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

Robbie Ray Carter:

That was veteran bait! Celestina suckered her right in.

Angus Skaaland:

That's ring IQ--and a little bit of ring rust panic, if we're being honest.

Celestina drapes over Sam in a lazy cover--then yanks her up at two with a taunting smile. After a snap suplex she repeats the gesture, posing with Sam's wrist in her hand, mocking the rookie for even thinking she might get pinned.

Sam still kicks out clean.

Celestina's annoyance grows sharper. She pins for real now--hooks the leg after a springboard armdrag, floats over after the slingshot senton. Sam keeps lifting her shoulder, keeps surviving, keeps refusing to wilt.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Gardner will not go away! Every time Celestina thinks she has her--

Angus Skaaland:

--Sam pops right back up like "sorry, try again!"

The frustration breaks through. Celestina slaps the mat, then slaps Sam across the face so hard the front row winces. The crowd erupts into BBBOOOOOOOO!!!

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Sam blinks, steadies, and fires a sharp roundhouse kick that staggers Celestina into the ropes.

Celestina, rattled, shoves her down and bolts into the corner, climbing quickly--but too quickly. Her boot slips on the second rope and she catches herself with a hiss of breath.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Celestina's coming apart here--she's rushing everything!

Angus Skaaland:

That's what happens when your whole game plan is "my sister will bail me out." No sister tonight!

Celestina finally stabilizes--but Sam is already sprinting.

Sam launches into Center Stage--CRACK!--catching Celestina flush and sending her crashing backward to the canvas. The arena roars as Sam drags the fallen Cruz into perfect position with dancer's precision, climbs the ropes in one smooth motion, turns--

--and flies.

The Starlight Finale arcs high and lands clean across Celestina's ribs.

Sam hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Robbie Ray Carter:

She did it! Sam Gardner just scored a massive upset victory in her pay-per-view debut!

RRRAAHHHHHH!!!!

Jenn Tinsley rockets down the ramp and slides into the ring, grabbing Sam in a tight, jubilant hug. Sam can't stop smiling--shock, relief, pride all tangled together--as she bows to the fans and Jenn lifts her arm high.

Celestina rolls out of the ring, humiliated, jaw tight, storming up the ramp without looking back.

Robbie Ray Carter:

What a moment for Sam Gardner--what a start to Heart of Dixie!

Angus Skaaland:

And if I'm the Reinas de Sangre? I'm praying Valeria's night goes better than that. 'Cause Celestina without a safety net? Buddy, that was rough.

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Jenn raises Sam's arm again as the crowd cheers, and the PPV pulses with the energy of a perfect opening win.

### Nerves

Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins sits alone in his small locker room, elbows on his knees, breathing slow and tight. He's lacing and unlacing the same boot for the fifth time, fingers trembling just enough to betray how hard he's trying to look composed. The muffled hum of the PPV crowd filters through the concrete walls -- distant, but constant. He's in his gear, but only halfway mentally here. This is the biggest night of his life, and it shows.

The door creaks open without a knock. Carlton Gluck steps inside first, big silhouette filling the doorway, followed by Chapps Gluck, who immediately scans the room like Jesse might be hiding contraband.

Carlton softens his voice.

Carlton Gluck:

"You alright, son?"

Jesse answers too quickly.

Jesse Collins:

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm good."

He is absolutely not good.

Carlton nods slowly, like he's seen that kind of lie a hundred times in a hundred locker rooms.

Carlton Gluck:

"This your first title shot?"

Jesse exhales through his nose, manages a half-smile.

Jesse Collins:

"My first title shot where the promotion's got an audience above double digits."

Before Carlton can respond, Chapps pops his head over Jesse's shoulder like an excited raccoon.

Chapps Gluck:

"Was your first ring a trambampoline?"

Jesse blinks. Once. Twice. He can't even process the joke. Carlton immediately socks his brother in the

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shoulder -- not hard, just enough to redirect him.

Carlton Gluck:

"Quit it."

Chapps rubs his arm, offended on principle.

Carlton crouches down in front of Jesse, voice calm and even -- the way only someone who's lived a career of pressure can manage.

Carlton Gluck:

"Listen. It's normal to be nervous on the biggest night of your life. Anybody tell you different, they lyin'. But end of the day? It's still just a wrestlin' match. If you can do it in a bar... you can do it on ICW TV. And if you can do it there? You can do it here. Right now."

Jesse finally looks up, breathing a little steadier.

Jesse Collins:

"I just... I wanna win it on my own. Clean. No shortcuts."

Chapps pipes in, raising a finger like he's about to announce a new constitutional amendment.

Chapps Gluck:

"And you will! But we can still help you, kid. Ah promise you this -- even if we don't beat them Grapplerz for the belts, they will not be interferin' in your match tonight. By the time we're done with 'em, they ain't gonna be feelin' upright, much less helpful."

Jesse winces, half-grin, half-fear.

Jesse Collins:

"Please don't underestimate them. They're--"

Chapps explodes with delight.

Chapps Gluck:

"Ah'm gonna underestimate the everlovin' fuck outta 'em 'cause that's gonna make beatin' 'em even more fun!"

He stomps out of the room, letting out a triumphant Mississippi Noise that echoes down the hallway.

I'm not describing it, you're gonna have to use your imagination.

Carlton watches him go, sighs like this is just how his world works.

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Carlton Gluck:

"That boy ain't right, Ah tell you what."

Jesse laughs under his breath -- just enough to release some tension -- then looks back at Carlton, voice quieter.

Jesse Collins:

"I know the Trust Fund. They're treacherous. All of them."

Carlton places a heavy, reassuring hand on Jesse's shoulder.

Carlton Gluck:

"TD3's gonna be too concerned with savin' his own skin tonight to bother with our match. He wants to leave here with that Iron Crown. And what Chapps was tryin' to say is that one way or another, by the time we're done with the Grapplerz, whether we end up with the titles or not, they ain't gonna be up for interferin' in your business."

A beat. Mutual respect settles in the room.

Jesse Collins:

"Good luck out there, Carlton."

Carlton Gluck:

"You too, kid. Bring that belt home."

Carlton gives him one last firm nod before stepping out of the locker room, leaving Jesse alone with his boots, his nerves -- and just a little more confidence than before.

## Superstar Sammy Starr vs Primetime Preston Price

Robbie Ray Carter:

Folks, this next contest could be a real dark horse tonight. Superstar Sammy Starr looking to shake off what happened on 2.4--but he's walking into a duel with a man who believes the camera was invented just for him: Primetime Preston Price.

Angus Skaaland:

And I cannot WAIT, Robbie! Preston Price is a main-event megastar in the making, and he's gonna prove it tonight. And poor Sammy... well, his best hope is that his jacket blinds Preston long enough to land a punch!

Robbie Ray Carter:

Say what you will, Angus, but Starr's been around. He knows how to survive, and sometimes that's the start of something big.

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Angus Skaaland:

Or the start of something sad, Robbie. Let's send it to Cito!

Robbie Ray Carter:

Take it away, Cito.

Cito Conarri:

"The following contest is set for one fall... with a fifteen-minute time limit!"

RRRAAHHH!!!

**Cito Conarri:**

"Introducing first! From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 234 pounds... SUPERSTAR... SAMMY... STARR!"

Glam rock blares as Superstar Sammy Starr steps through the curtain in a cloud of sequins, finger guns blazing. He points at himself with both hands, grinning like the world's biggest celebrity stepped into Montgomery just for them. He struts, poses, winks, then slides into the ring and throws his arms wide for the lights.

Cito Conarri:

*"And his opponent! Accompanied to the ring by Ricky Dale Cash! From New Orleans, Louisiana... weighing in at 215 pounds... PRIMETIME... PRESTON... PRICE!"*

A jazzy brass riff melts into hip-hop swagger as Preston Price strolls out beside Ricky Dale Cash, who adjusts his lapels like he's presenting royalty. Price swaggers to the ring with effortless cool, spins once between the ropes, and hits a hard-cam pose that drips confidence.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Two huge egos and only one spotlight, Angus.

Angus Skaaland:

And it belongs to Preston Price, Robbie. Everybody else is renting space.

*DING! DING! DING!*

They circle, both smirking, both trying to out-peacock the other. They tie up, and Price instantly snaps Starr into a tight arm wringer, wrenching down with sharp precision. Starr rolls, flips, tries to free himself--but Price yanks him back into a crisp takedown, maintaining that technician's grip like he's proving a point. Starr rebounds off the ropes with a hip toss that finally breaks the hold, then throws a big Superstar pose that gets a light cheer.

RRRAAHHH!

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Price doesn't like that. He storms forward, chaining a deep arm drag into a second, then popping off a snap suplex that flattens Starr. Instead of covering, Price stands tall, stretching his arms for imaginary applause. Starr forces himself upright, lands a stiff forearm and a quick bulldog, surprising even himself.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Sammy Starr showing some grit! Flair aside, he's a seasoned veteran.

Angus Skaaland:

Seasoned? Yeah--like expired chili powder! Preston Price is cooking him.

Price cuts him off with a running dropkick that sends Starr tumbling toward the ropes. Ricky Dale Cash trots over with his cane, shouting right in Starr's face. Starr swats at him from the mat, but RDC laughs and hops back. Price drags Starr in and plants him with a Russian legsweep before drilling him with a series of mocking slaps to the back of the head.

BBBOOOOOOO!!!

Starr digs deep and rallies--hip toss, elbow shot, Hollywood Hangover leg drop, and a cover!

ONE! TWO!--Price kicks out hard.

Starr slaps the mat, trying to fire himself up, and the crowd catches the rhythm. Price rises, irritated, and uses the referee as a shield--cutting Starr off when the ref pushes past them. RDC reaches in and snatches Starr's ankle, tripping him just long enough for Price to nail a sharp crescent kick to the jaw. Starr crumples to a knee.

Robbie Ray Carter:

That's blatant! Come on now!

Angus Skaaland:

Blatantly brilliant, Robbie! That's ring IQ you can't teach!

Price leans into control, hitting tight knees, a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker, and a dominant cover.

ONE! TWO!--Starr rolls a shoulder, barely.

Price pats him on the head like a misbehaving dog. He hauls Starr up for the Bayou Bomb, but Starr blocks it--rolls through--

ONE! TWO!--Price barely escapes, jolted by the scare.

The crowd starts clapping again.

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RRRAAHHH!!!

Starr gets rolling--arm drag, flying forearm, big corner clothesline--and Price staggers. Starr hits the ropes again, clearly building toward something big.

And that's when Ricky Dale Cash jumps onto the apron--but not to distract.

He leans in toward Starr, arm outstretched.

Ricky Dale Cash:

"NOW, SAMMY! HIT IT NOW! I GOT YOU, BABY--THIS IS YOUR MOMENT!"

The crowd freezes.

Price freezes.

Even Starr freezes.

RDC is HELPING him.

Starr looks out at the crowd, conflict written all over his face... then he shakes his head.

Superstar Sammy Starr:

"NOT LIKE THAT!"

He shoves RDC off the apron--sending him crashing to the floor.

RRRAAAHHHHH!!!

It is the loudest reaction of Starr's ICW career.

Price sees the opening instantly. He hooks both of Starr's arms, grins, and DRIVES him into the canvas with the Spotlight Special.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Robbie Ray Carter:

And Preston Price steals the win--but Sammy Starr just earned the crowd's respect tonight!

Angus Skaaland:

Respect? Who needs respect? Preston Price just proved he's THE man, and Ricky Dale Cash's stock is rising by the minute! Starr should've taken the help when he had it!

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Price stands tall, posing like the victory was never in question, while RDC dusts himself off, pretending nothing unusual happened. Starr rolls to the ropes, heartbreak in his expression--not humiliated, but changed.

Price and RDC strut up the ramp together, united.

Starr watches from the mat... wondering if doing the right thing was worth the fall.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Sammy Starr showed heart tonight. The people saw it. Maybe he did too.

Angus Skaaland:

He showed how to LOSE, Robbie. Meanwhile, Preston Price wins again!

RRRAHHHH!!! (mixed)

Fade out to the next segment.

## **Payment only upon delivery**

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Sammy Star nearly had the bag there! But for maybe the first time in ICW he tried to do the right thing, and he paid for it."

Angus Skaaland:

"Yeah, yeah, sucks for him. Meanwhile, the tag team scene has been a dumpster fire all week, and apparently something's been brewing backstage with the Trust Fund and the Night Riders."

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Let's go take a look at what's happening behind the curtain."

The camera cuts backstage to the interview zone, where Steel Thunder and Neon Blaze of the Night Riders stand waiting, arms crossed, still taped and bruised from their loss on 2.4. Moments later, the Trust Fund--TD3, Jacoby Jacobs, and Darrion Darrington--stride into frame with their usual entitlement, belts slung carelessly over their shoulders.

Steel Thunder steps forward before they can even speak.

Steel Thunder:

"We had that match under control until you three decided to meddle. You wanna blame somebody? Blame yourselves."

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Jacoby throws his hands up in disbelief while TD3 snorts like the accusation physically offended him.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"Under control? Bro. We were watching the same match, right?"

Darrion Darrington:

"Yeah, real commanding performance there, Thunder. So commanding we had to come down and save your asses."

Steel Thunder squares up, chest first, while Blaze watches with cool irritation.

Steel Thunder:

"We didn't need saving. We needed you to stay out of the way. But no--you couldn't let us earn our payday without sticking your silver spoons into it."

TD3 steps to the front, puffed-up arrogance on full display.

TD3:

"Oh, please. You two were struggling, and everyone saw it. The only reason you lasted long enough to lose is because the actual champions showed up to maintain standards."

Thunder cracks his knuckles, edging closer.

Steel Thunder:

"Speaking of 'standards'... let's talk about the checks you promised us for taking the match. Two payments. Two signatures. And we haven't seen either one."

TD3 waves dismissively, already bored of the topic.

TD3:

"Yes, about that--there's been a recalculation. A re-evaluation. A re-prioritization. And the conclusion is... we're not paying you a damn thing."

Thunder's face darkens; Blaze tenses beside him.

Steel Thunder:

"You back out now, and the Night Riders will never work with you or for you again. You want muscle? You want backup? You want someone to do your dirty work? Consider that pipeline shut."

TD3 smirks like he's the only adult in the room.

TD3:

"Oh, I'd make a witty remark about how heartbroken we are, except being that we're, you know, actual

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champions, we can't afford to get dragged into a dustup with the likes of you on a night like this. Don't call us... we'll call you."

He turns sharply, and the Trust Fund walk off without waiting for a response.

Thunder watches them go, fists balled.

Steel Thunder:

"You wanna go after them now?"

Blaze shakes his head, breathing out slowly as the tension drops.

Neon Blaze:

"Nah. Not tonight. The fans saw us. They know our name now. We're on the rise, man. And the 'rich kids'...? Don't make enemies unless they need something. They'll come crawling back sooner or later."

Thunder considers it, then nods once.

The Night Riders leave together as the scene fades.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Well... that situation is a ticking time bomb. The Trust Fund looking overextended, the Night Riders hungry for respect, and the Brothers Gluck waiting down the line. The tag division is chaos, Angus."

Angus Skaaland:

"Oh COME ON! Did you see that, Robbie?! The Night Riders rough 'em up, the Glucks breathing down their necks, the Urban Ninjaz lurking in the shadows, and now everybody's yelling at my poor Trust Fund boys like they're the bad guys! TD3 is out here trying to run a classy operation, and all he gets is stress wrinkles and broken promises! It's not fair, Robbie -- the rich have feelings too!"

Robbie Ray Carter:

"If you say so, Angus. If you say so. Right now, let's head back to the ring for our next championship contest."

## **Women's Title Five Way**

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Folks, if you've been watching Iron City Wrestling these past few weeks, you already know the truth: the women's division has been absolute mayhem. We've seen tag matches implode, security overwhelmed, partners turning on each other, and the Reinas de Sangre turning every finish into a two-on-one mugging."

Angus Skaaland:

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"Demolition derby, Robbie! Eric Dane Sr. called it, and he wasn't exaggerating. Chairs, brawls, rail-jumping rookies--my God, half these women have tried to kill each other before the bell even rang."

Robbie Ray Carter:

"But tonight, stability returns--at least in theory--as we crown the first-ever Iron Queen Champion. Five competitors, elimination-style, no time limit. We've already seen Sam Gardner pull off a huge upset over Celestina Cruz earlier tonight, leaving her partner Valeria with a lot to prove."

Angus Skaaland:

"Yeah, Valeria said she wanted to stake her claim at the top of the division. Problem is, Duchess Vaughn and Sunny Holliday are standing between her and the throne. And don't forget Jenn Tinsley--rookie firecracker who doesn't know the meaning of the word quit."

Robbie Ray Carter:

"And looming over the whole division--for better or worse--is Astrid Reichert. No presence tonight, but her shadow is long, and you can bet every woman in this match wants to make a statement she can't ignore."

The lights dim, spotlight hitting center ring as Cito Conarri raises the microphone.

Cito Conarri:

"Ladies and gentlemen... this contest is an elimination-style Five-Way Dance... and it is to crown the inaugural... IRON... QUEEN... CHAMPION!"

RRRAAAHHHHHH!!!

Cito Conarri:

"Introducing first! From Gulf Shores, Alabama! Weighing in at one hundred eighty-five pounds! She is the Joyful Powerhouse... SUUUNNNYYYY HOLLIDAY!"

"Walkin' on Sunshine" blasts and the Foundry brightens in gold. Sunny Holliday bursts through the curtain with that huge grin, slapping hands down the aisle. She hops to the apron, wipes her boots, steps in, hits the corner, and traces a big glowing circle over the ring. The crowd claps with her rhythm.

Angus Skaaland:

"I'll say this: if joy could win titles, Sunny would already have the crown. But tonight? Joy ain't enough."

Cito Conarri:

"Introducing second! From Miami, Florida! One hundred seventy-two pounds! TIGRESS... WIILDE!"

"Roar" hits--lights strobing, Tigress stepping out with a half-smirk, half-snarl. She saunters, hip cocked, talking trash the whole way. Sliding under the ropes, she pops up, throws a taunting flex toward Sunny, then leans back in her corner like she already owns the match.

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Robbie Ray Carter:

"Tigress Wilde has made enemies fast in ICW, but tonight is her biggest opportunity yet."

Cito Conarri:

"Introducing third! From Trenton, New Jersey! One hundred forty-two pounds! JEEEEENN TINSLEEEY!"

"Kawanga!" kicks in, and Jenn Tinsley sprints out--bouncing, energized, throwing quick jabs in the air, hyping herself up. She hits the ring with a slide, pops up, slaps Sunny's hand, and hits the far ropes in a burst of adrenaline before settling in.

Angus Skaaland:

"She's young, she's reckless, and she suplexes everything that breathes. Jenn's got heart for days, but she's stepping into a meat grinder."

Cito Conarri:

"Introducing fourth! From Monterrey, Mexico! Weighing in at one hundred fifty-five pounds! VALEERIAAAA CRUUUUUZ!"

"Brujerizmo" detonates out of the speakers and Valeria Cruz storms onto the stage already barking Spanish curses toward the crowd. She stomps her way to the ring, slides in, pops up, pounds her chest, and locks eyes with Tigress, then Sunny, then Duchess's empty corner.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Valeria Cruz--ferocious, powerful, and for the first time tonight? Completely alone. No Celestina at ringside. No backup."

Angus Skaaland:

"Yeah, but being alone is exactly when a Cruz is most dangerous."

The arena darkens. A low rumble builds. The crowd grows tense.

Cito Conarri:

"And finally... from Brixton, South London... weighing in at one hundred seventy-eight pounds... DUUUUUUCHEEESSS... VAAAUUUGHN!"

A harsh, grinding industrial beat hits. Duchess Vaughn stalks through the curtain like they own the entire building. No pose. No theatrics. Just presence. They march to the ring slowly--eyes never leaving the other four women--and climb the steps with a kind of disdain usually reserved for prey.

Stepping through the ropes, Duchess hits the center of the ring, rolls their shoulders, and cracks their neck once, staring down Valeria and Sunny in turn.

BBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

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Angus Skaaland:

"That is a monster, Robbie. A walking demolition crew. Nobody in that ring wants to be the first to feel those hands."

Robbie Ray Carter:

"But they may have no choice. Five enter... only one becomes Iron Queen."

Cito clears the ring.

The referee checks each corner.

The tension tightens like a wire.

DING! DING! DING!

Sunny steps forward first, rolling her shoulders and offering Valeria a respectful nod. Valeria answers with a snarl and slams her taped fists together. They circle, then collide in a stiff collar-and-elbow. Sunny digs in and shoves Valeria back a full step. Valeria, surprised and irritated, fires a forearm across Sunny's jaw--Sunny fires one right back. The crowd surges as they trade, heavy and fearless.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Valeria Cruz isn't used to anyone smiling through her punches--but Sunny Holliday is as tough as they come."

Angus Skaaland:

"Creeps Valeria right out, Robbie! Sunny's having fun and Valeria looks like somebody just sprinkled glitter on her tax forms."

Valeria shortens up, drilling Sunny with rapid hooks to the body. Sunny absorbs them, absorbs one more, then plants her feet and answers with a thudding back elbow that rattles Valeria's jaw. Valeria stumbles, shakes it off, and tags out abruptly--almost urgently--to Jenn Tinsley.

Jenn bounces in. She and Sunny exchange a quick, friendly slap of hands before circling. Sunny shoots in for a waistlock--Jenn counters with a switch, Sunny tries to muscle out, and Jenn rolls through with a quick snapmare. Sunny pops back up, still smiling.

Jenn shoots for a single-leg--Sunny stuffs it, hoists her, and goes for a powerbomb. Jenn clamps the arm mid-lift, drops her weight, and swings into the armbar! Sunny's eyes widen but not with panic--more impressed than anything. She starts arm-curling Jenn off the mat, showing raw strength, but Jenn shifts grips and swings into a tight stranglehold variant, forcing Sunny's chin down into her chest.

Sunny grimaces and stretches a boot toward the ropes--she gets them. Break.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

She sits up, breathing heavy but smiling wide. "Good one," she mouths.

Jenn beams back, thrilled. Sunny tags out.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"You couldn't ask for a cleaner exchange. Sunny showing grace, Jenn showing technique--these two bring out the best in each other."

Angus Skaaland:

"Enjoy the wholesome moment now, Robbie. Duchess Vaughn is still out there like a crocodile waiting for the water to ripple."

Tigress Wilde steps through with predatory swagger, immediately booting Jenn in the gut. She tosses Jenn to a corner, poses with a slow flex, then charges with a corner hip attack that lands sharp. Jenn drops to a knee. Tigress kips back to center-ring, taunts the crowd, then rushes again--Jenn rolls under, pops up, and hits a quick forearm to buy space before tagging Valeria.

Valeria immediately hops down off the apron--trying to avoid the tag--but Jenn, mid-dive, lands draped across the bottom rope and slaps Valeria on the back before collapsing to the floor. The referee waves it off as legal.

Valeria glares murder at Jenn, but Tigress charges before she can react. Valeria ducks and answers with heavy fists, driving Tigress back. Tigress fires a spinning back kick--Valeria eats it and fires a running knee that flattens her. The two trade bursts: flashy kicks vs. furious punches, high energy vs. brute force.

Tigress ducks a clothesline, rebounds--and knocks Valeria directly into Duchess's chest.

Duchess hasn't moved all match, expression bored and disdainful.

Valeria freezes.

Tigress sees the disaster she nearly caused. Her eyes widen.

She grabs Jenn Tinsley by the wrist and shoves her bodily into the ring between them--and then immediately bails to the floor, crouching low, absolutely wanting no part of Duchess Vaughn.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"And Tigress Wilde wants nothing to do with the Concrete Queen!"

Angus Skaaland:

"Smartest thing she's done all match, Robbie--feed Duchess the rookie and run like hell!"

Duchess steps forward at last, a slow, predatory grin spreading as Jenn looks up at them--outnumbered,

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

outgunned, and realizing what comes next.

The tone in the arena shifts.

Jenn Tinsley squares her stance, breathing hard but refusing to back down. Duchess Vaughn rolls their neck once, steps into center-ring, and motions for Jenn to swing. It's not invitation--it's mockery. Jenn obliges with a sharp forearm. Duchess barely blinks. Another. Still nothing. Jenn hits the ropes for momentum--WHAM! Duchess mows her down with a lariat that flips her inside out.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Duchess Vaughn just shut the lights off with a single shot!"

Angus Skaaland:

"Jenn's got heart, Robbie, but Duchess has skyscraper-grade malice!"

Jenn crawls to a corner, shaking out the cobwebs. Duchess stalks her slowly, talking nonstop trash, punctuating each insult with a heavy boot or a grinding elbow. Jenn lunges forward in desperation--Duchess snatches her mid-hop and hurls her overhead in a brutal side suplex. The impact echoes.

Duchess grabs a handful of Jenn's hair and drags her up. They hook the arm--pumphandle toss incoming--but Jenn kicks frantically, slips out the back, and lands on her feet. Duchess turns--GERMAN SUPLEX! Jenn bridges with every ounce of strength.

The crowd surges--then gasps as Duchess powers out of the bridge at ONE and rises straight to her feet, no-selling the impact entirely.

Jenn turns around and sees them standing there--untouched.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"She hit it clean... and it did nothing."

Angus Skaaland:

"Ohhhh that's bad. That's real bad for Jenn Tinsley."

Duchess's grin widens. They pounce, snatching Jenn from behind into a back mount and wrenching her into the Garrison Lock, the grounded cobra clutch. Duchess plants their weight, tightening the choke and the trapped arm. Jenn claws, kicks, reaches--fades. Her hand drops once. Twice. The referee lifts it a third time--

It falls.

Elimination.

Robbie Ray Carter:

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

"Jenn Tinsley didn't tap out. She went out fighting."

Angus Skaaland:

"Kid's got guts, I'll give her that, but it didn't stop Duchess Vaughn putting her out faster than a London blackout."

Duchess keeps the choke cinched, leaning back, grinding Jenn's trapped arm and neck. Officials shout from the floor, but none dare enter. Jenn is limp, face pressed into the mat.

That's when Sunny Holliday storms through the ropes.

Sunny doesn't hesitate--she grabs Duchess by the shoulders and rips them off Jenn with raw powerhouse strength. Duchess stumbles back, shocked that anyone dared to touch them.

Sunny steps between them and Jenn, chest heaving, eyes locked on Duchess like she's daring them to try something.

Duchess straightens, sneers, and mutters something venomous.

Sunny doesn't blink.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Sunny Holliday just stepped up for the entire women's division!"

Angus Skaaland:

"She's either the bravest woman here or the craziest. Maybe both!"

Duchess wipes sweat from their jaw, then points a finger at Sunny with a promise of violence. Sunny gestures them forward.

Two powerhouses. No fear between them.

The crowd surges as the tension spikes--Jenn being helped out, Duchess and Sunny circling like apex predators about to collide.

Sunny and Duchess collide in the center of the ring like two trains sharing the same track. Duchess throws a heavy right. Sunny answers with one of her own. Duchess swings again--Sunny absorbs it, steps in, and shoves Duchess back a full step. The crowd roars as Sunny strings together back elbows, forcing Duchess toward the buckles. Duchess bursts out with a shoulder-check, but Sunny plants her feet and will not be moved.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Sunny Holliday is standing toe-to-toe with the Concrete Queen!"

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Angus Skaaland:

"Where did she get this spine!?! Duchess eats the brave for breakfast!"

Sunny hits the ropes--BOARDWALK CANNONBALL! Duchess barely rolls aside, but Sunny pops up, swinging with the Sunbeam Elbow. Duchess ducks under, grabs Sunny by the waist, and shoves her into the neutral corner. They ram a knee up into Sunny's ribs, then smash a forearm across the jaw.

Sunny runs her hand across her jaw, then grins wider.

That grin makes Duchess bristle. They shove Sunny again--harder this time--but Sunny plants her feet and fires back with a forearm that knocks Duchess a half-step sideways. Duchess charges, Sunny sidesteps, and bam--another forearm sends Duchess stumbling toward the ropes.

Snarling, Duchess slaps Valeria's shoulder so hard it echoes. Duchess storms through the ropes, muttering curses, furious that Sunny hasn't budged.

Angus Skaaland:

"Duchess Vaughn is sick and tired of not being able to move Sunny Holliday--and they're makin' Valeria Cruz deal with it!"

Robbie Ray Carter:

"As for me, I remember when Duchess and Astrid had that tag match against the Glucks, and Duchess tagged out to Astrid exactly like she did against Valeria there. And we remember how that turned out."

Sunny meets Valeria head-on the moment the tag is made, throwing a stiff forearm that pops the crowd. Valeria absorbs it with a snarl, then slams her shoulder into Sunny's ribs and drives her backward into the corner. Sunny fires back with a big back elbow, but Valeria is fresh and vicious--she rips Sunny out of the corner with a spine-rattling club across the chest and follows with a barrage of short, mean shoulderblocks that fold Sunny over the middle rope.

Duchess watches from the apron, jaw set tight. She had just struggled with Sunny. Valeria is bullying Sunny back into the turnbuckles like she's nothing. Every thud of Valeria's shoulder makes Duchess's scowl deepen--like the very idea of someone outperforming them is a personal offense.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Valeria Cruz is hammering away, and Sunny Holliday is having trouble catching her breath!"

Angus Skaaland:

"And look at Duchess Vaughn on the apron, Robbie--they are NOT enjoying someone else getting the job done!"

Sunny tries to shake off Valeria's last burst of offense, pushing up from one knee as Valeria clubs her across the back again. Valeria whips Sunny toward the ropes--Sunny rebounds hard--and Valeria steps forward to

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

meet her--

--but Sunny crashes into Duchess's corner instead.

SMACK.

Duchess slaps Sunny's back, tagging themselves in.

Valeria turns, fire in her eyes, immediately reading the disrespect.

Duchess doesn't step through the ropes right away.

They lean over the top strand, barking in Valeria's face:

Duchess Vaughn:

"You think you're big? You think you're good? Don't you take credit for my work!"

Valeria answers with no words--just a furious, echoing open-hand slap across Duchess's jaw.

The Foundry gasps.

Duchess freezes for half a heartbeat, head turned, hair shifting from the force--  
--then swings.

Valeria swings back.

They collide in the center of the ring, fists and forearms detonating off one another in savage, unguarded bursts. Valeria's brawling matches Duchess's for the first time all night, and Duchess hates it. Hates needing effort. Hates needing focus. Hates that this woman won't crumble for them the way everyone else has.

Duchess tries to muscle her down; Valeria plants her feet and answers with a spine-jarring forearm. Duchess fires back with a headbutt. Valeria stumbles but doesn't fall. Another exchange, another, another--neither giving a step until Duchess finally drops levels and yanks Valeria down by the wrist.

A shift. A change.

Duchess abandons the brawl and slips into that grimy, European grind--Regal-style wrist control, Finlay-style joint manipulation.

A snap mare. A stomp to the shoulder. A crank of the elbow.

Duchess pins Valeria's arm to the mat and twists until tendons strain.

Valeria snarls, clawing her way upright. Duchess transitions, traps the wrist again, steps over the arm, forcing Valeria down to her knees. Valeria fights desperately and lunges--

ROPE BREAK!

She catches the bottom rope with her free hand.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

The referee orders Duchess to release.

Duchess does not release.

They set their boot between Valeria's shoulder blades and WRENCH backward.

Valeria screams.

The referee shouts again, reaching in--

Duchess WRENCHES HARDER.

Something inside Valeria's wrist cracks.

Valeria collapses to her knees, clutching her arm to her chest, face twisted in agony--

Duchess doesn't stop.

Valeria is gone--dragged off clutching her ruined wrist--but Duchess turns right back toward the only target left in her path.

Sunny Holliday.

Sunny squares up in spite of everything, jaw tight, fists raised--

--and Duchess dives low, sweeping her leg out and twisting the knee with vicious intent. Sunny yelps, collapsing sideways, clutching at her thigh as Duchess wrenches the joint again.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Oh COME ON! After breaking Valeria's wrist, now Duchess Vaughn is trying to take out Sunny Holliday's leg!"

Angus Skaaland:

"She ain't stoppin' 'til somebody forces her to, Robbie!"

Security doesn't hesitate this time. Four guards storm the ring--already drawing tasers.

Duchess throws the first man off like a toy, roaring as she surges back toward Sunny--

ZZZATTT!!

The whole Foundry explodes as Duchess seizes up, muscles locking, teeth bared in a snarl of pure rage.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

They hit the mat for all of one second.

Then start rising.

ZZZAT! ZZZAT!

Two more shocks drop them again.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"GOOD LORD--Duchess is trying to FIGHT THROUGH A TASER! Somebody get control out here before we need body bags!"

The guards swarm, zip cuffs snapping around Duchess's wrists as they thrash and kick, still trying to crawl toward Sunny with murder in their eyes. It takes five people to drag them out of the ring, boots scraping the canvas, snarling like an animal being hauled back into a cage.

Angus watches the entire thing with a tightening expression--no jokes, no snark, not even disgust. Just recognition.

Angus Skaaland:

"...Robbie... I don't like this."

Robbie Ray Carter:

"You don't like--Angus, Duchess just got tased twice and tried to get up again, what do you--"

Angus Skaaland:

"No. Listen. I've seen this movie before. Back in DEFIANCE, Eric Dane tried this exact same thing with Heidi Christenson. Tasers. Zip cuffs. Guards. Every time they shocked her, she got back up angrier. It's a psychology thing, Robbie. You treat these wrestlers like monsters... they start believin' it. Heidi went from embarrassing people with holds to breakin' sets and tryin' to fight the crowd. I hope Eric remembers all that... 'cause we do not need a repeat."

Robbie stares at him, stunned.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"...Angus, I don't think I've ever heard you this serious."

Angus Skaaland:

"Yeah. Some things ain't funny, kid."

Meanwhile, Sunny is sitting against the ropes, gripping her knee, EMTs surrounding her.

She pushes them away.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Sunny Holliday:

"I'm good! I'm GOOD! Don't you call this match--I can still GO!"

EMTs insist on checking the joint, but Sunny fights up onto one foot, waving them off, trying to walk it off even as the crowd chants her name.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Folks, with Valeria Cruz clearly injured and Duchess Vaughn absolutely disqualified, that leaves just two women left--Sunny Holliday and--"

He doesn't get to finish.

A shadow darts past the EMTs.

TIGRESS WILDE EXPLODES INTO FRAME--CHOP BLOCK TO THE BAD LEG!

Sunny crumples with a cry, clutching her knee as Tigress pops up behind her with a predator's grin.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"OH COME ON!! TIGRESS WILDE FROM BEHIND! SHE JUST TOOK OUT THE LEG!"

Angus Skaaland:

"Predator's gotta pounce when the prey's wounded, Robbie! Sunny limped in front of a huntress, and Tiger got hungry!"

Tigress strikes the instant the referee restarts the match, chop-blocking Sunny's weakened leg and dropping her flat on the canvas. She drags Sunny to the middle of the ring and folds her into a tight kneebar, twisting with deliberate cruelty. Sunny grits her teeth, fingers digging into the mat as she fights through the pain, but Tigress only arches her back more, savoring every second. The ref orders a release at the ropes; Tigress complies at the four-count, then immediately drops a sharp elbow across the damaged joint.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"I don't know that Tigress is even trying to win here--this is just punishment."

Angus Skaaland:

"Can you blame her, Robbie? Sunny embarrassed her twice. Some folks don't forget a wound like that."

Tigress hauls Sunny upright and slams her down again, then twists her into a reverse texas cloverleaf, dragging her by the bad leg in a slow, humiliating circle. Sunny claws at the mat, sweat running down her face as she works toward the ropes--not with speed, but with stubborn persistence. Each time she inches closer, Tigress pulls her away and shifts into another hold: a heel hook, a calf slicer, a single-leg crab with a knee pressed into the hamstring. The crowd rallies behind Sunny, clapping in rhythm, urging her to fight through it.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Sunny pushes up on her hands, trying to find a second wind, but Tigress cuts her off with a sharp leg-sweep kick that dumps her right back onto the knee. Tigress pounces again, grapevining the leg and wrenching backward so hard the ref leans in, ready to call it if Sunny can't defend herself. Sunny refuses to let the match end this way--panting, trembling, but very much still alive. Tigress shifts again, this time into a vicious standing ankle twist, and Sunny lunges blindly, fingertips brushing the bottom rope before Tigress yanks her back into the center of the ring.

Finally, with the crowd roaring behind her, Sunny digs deep, plants her good foot, and swings wildly upward--landing a desperate enzuigiri that catches Tigress clean across the temple. Tigress reels, stunned for the first time, and Sunny uses the brief window to haul herself to one knee, clutching her thigh and gasping for breath.

Tigress charges in frustration, but Sunny plants her base and snaps her into a sudden powerslam. The momentum nearly buckles Sunny's bad leg, but she rolls through the pain and forces her body to move. Tigress rises groggily, and Sunny scoops her up, teeth bared in effort, fighting through the screaming protest of her own knee.

She lifts her--wobbles--corrects--  
and the crowd rises with her.

SUNSHINE BOMB -- MODIFIED.

Instead of sitting through, Sunny leans forward, crushing Tigress' legs beneath her whole body, folding her into a deep matchbook pin, all weight stacked down.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The bell has barely finished ringing when Sunny collapses to one knee, clutching the ICW Women's Championship tight against her chest. Tears streak down her face--part joy, part exhaustion, part the screaming pain radiating from her leg. She presses her forehead to the gold for a moment, shaking, overwhelmed by the roar of the Foundry.

Tigress Wilde is not taking it well.

She pounds the mat with both fists, hair wild, face twisted with rage. She was inches--inches--from finishing Sunny off, but she just had to taunt, just had to torture, just had to play with her prey. Now she's 0-3 against the one woman she swore she would dominate. Tigress surges toward Sunny as if to continue the attack--

--but Jenn Tinsley slides into the ring at a dead sprint, tackling Sunny in a tearful hug. Sam Gardner hits the

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

ring a moment later, throwing an arm around both of them as Sunny weeps openly, clutching the belt with the desperation of someone who fought for her life and somehow won it.

Security--already in position after Duchess's rampage--steps forward in a line the moment Tigress takes a single step their direction. The sight of a dozen guards and two ready tasers stops Tigress cold. Snarling, shaking with fury, she backs up the aisle, shouting incoherent threats before disappearing behind the curtain.

Inside the ring, Sunny leans against her friends for support, raising the championship overhead with her free arm. Her leg buckles; Jenn and Sam hold her steady. The crowd gives her a standing ovation--loud, warm, cathartic.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Sunny Holliday did it! She walked through hell, she survived Duchess Vaughn, she survived Tigress Wilde, she fought on one leg--and she is the first-ever ICW Women's Champion! Look at her face, Angus... this is everything she's worked for!"

Angus Skaaland:

"It's a beautiful moment, Robbie... but let's be real honest. Tigress Wilde ain't gonna take this loss lying down. The Cruz sisters are still lurking. Astrid Reichert could decide tomorrow she cares about this division again. And if Kirsty McKinney ever decides she wants to start punching women instead of men? Sunny's got a target the size of a billboard on her back."

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Even so... tonight belongs to Sunny Holliday. What a moment. What a fight. What a champion."

Robbie brings a hand to his headset, listening, brow tightening.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Folks--I'm being informed there's something happening backstage in the medical area. We're going to get a camera there right now!"

## Blood and family

The feed jumps backstage to the medical area, where Valeria Cruz sits tensely on a folding chair. Her injured wrist is tucked tight against her body, already swelling, while her free hand grips the seat hard enough to whiten her knuckles. Two medics hover close, moving slowly, while a third watches from behind. Celestina Cruz, without her usual facepaint, stands just over her sister's shoulder--silent, focused, and uncharacteristically restrained.

A medic kneels beside Valeria and raises his hands in a calm gesture, inching toward her wrist. He barely makes contact before Valeria jerks back with a sharp, animalistic sound, sending a visible jolt through the entire team. The medic backs off immediately, shaking his head.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Medic:

"Alright. No mobility test. That's a likely fracture. I need the splint."

Another medic brings the padded splint into view, and Valeria's reaction is instant--her posture stiffens, her eyes fix on it, and before anyone can stop her, she rockets out of the chair and drives her elbow into the nearest medic, knocking him back into a supply table. Equipment scatters across the floor as the others retreat.

At the doorway, Ryan Caudill appears, microphone half-raised.

Ryan Caudill:

"Valeria, can we--"

Lead Medic:

"Not now! OUT!"

Ryan freezes, blinks, then squeaks out a startled reply.

Ryan Caudill:

"Sorry!"

He backs out of the room in a hurry.

Valeria stands breathing hard, muscles tight, her good hand balled into a fist. A medic tries again, carefully presenting the splint with both palms open.

Medic:

"Valeria, we need to stabilize the wrist before--"

She swings again--wild, defensive, forceful enough to send him scrambling back. Celestina steps forward from behind, reaching toward her sister.

Valeria senses the motion, wheels around, and backhands Celestina hard across the cheek.

The room freezes.

Valeria's expression cracks, the fury drained out of her in an instant. She lunges forward and wraps her good arm around Celestina, pulling her close and burying her face against her sister's neck. Celestina steadies her, holding tight, then lifts her head and addresses the medics.

Celestina Cruz:

"The Cruz family tends to our own wounds. Thank you, but please leave."

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

The medics hesitate, then slowly gather their gear and exit. Celestina keeps one arm around Valeria as she turns her eyes directly toward the camera.

Celestina Cruz:

"You as well."

The feed cuts sharply--

--back to the commentary desk.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That was hard to watch. An injury like that is serious, but the bond between those sisters... that was something else."

Angus Skaaland:

"Yeah. Say what you want about the Reinas de Sangre--family comes first. And after what we just saw, we're gonna find out real quick what this means for both of them."

## Jack Havok vs Lowlife Larry Edwards

"Seek and Destroy" growls through the Foundry and the lights drop to a mean, metallic pulse. The curtain snaps open and Jack Havok stomps out with a water bottle in hand. He douses his mouth, spits a mist of defiance, and hurls the bottle aside with disgust. No theatrics, no posturing--just that dead-eyed Detroit swagger as he marches straight down the ramp. He slides under the bottom rope, rises to his feet without breaking stride, and gets right in the camera's face as if daring it to blink.

A low, grinding New York hardcore riff hits.

RRRAAHHHHHH!!!

Larry Edwards trudges through the curtain in his battered hoodie, cigarette dangling from his lips. He doesn't look left or right. He flicks the smoke, stomps to the ring, and shrugs the hoodie off mid-stride like he's stepping into an alley fight. He climbs through the ropes and goes nose-to-nose with Havok before Cito can even raise the microphone.

Cito Conarri:

"Ladies and gentlemen... this contest is for the ICW Television Championship! Introducing first, the challenger... from Yonkers, New York... weighing in at 240 pounds... LARRY EDWARDS!"

BBBBBOOOOOO!!!

RRRAAHHHHHH!!!

The mix is pure, ugly electricity.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Cito shifts position.

Cito Conarri:

"And his opponent... from Detroit, Michigan... weighing in at 195 pounds... he is the reigning and defending ICW Television Champion... JACK... HAVOK!"

Mixed reaction--fear, awe, hate, respect--none of it warm.

The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

They do not circle. They do not test. They collide in the center of the ring with wild, ugly swings that sound like bricks cracking mortar. Larry throws the first haymaker, a Yonkers street-born cannon of a punch that staggers Havok a step back. Havok's head snaps to the side... he slowly turns back toward him... and grins.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"We knew it wouldn't be pretty--these two don't wrestle, they fight!"

Angus Skaaland:

"That punch woke Havok up like a strong cup of misery!"

Larry charges again, throwing looping haymakers, body shots, anything that will land. Havok absorbs them with that sick pleasure-through-grit expression, then slams a reckless headbutt right into Larry's cheekbone. Larry drops to a knee. Havok stalks him, cracking his neck, fists clenched like he's about to mug somebody behind a gas station.

A Riot Kick blasts Larry across the face. Havok hauls him up immediately--no pause, no posing--and snaps him backward with an exploder suplex that shakes the buckles.

Larry tumbles to ringside. Havok follows without hesitation, yanking him up by the jaw and hurling him spine-first into the barricade. A second throw sends him crunching off the apron edge. A third whips him into the steel steps so hard they shift three inches out of alignment.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Havok is dismantling Larry Edwards--piece by piece!"

Angus Skaaland:

"Jack Havok doesn't fight opponents, Robbie! He takes inventory!"

Havok rolls him inside, steps in after him, and plants a boot on Larry's hand, grinding it into the canvas until the ref reaches a four-count. Havok steps off without looking away--just long enough to sneer at the official--then drags Larry up by the jawline.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Larry spits blood. He swings a wild right. Havok catches it--and Larry fires a second fist off his free hand, cracking Havok clean across the mouth.

The crowd surges.

Larry hits a knife-edge chop. Then another. Then another--each one echoing louder. Havok reels. Larry hooks him--Kitchen Sink knee lift! Havok folds. Larry stumbles back, breathing like he's been stabbed, but refusing to go down.

He winds up.

**BACKFIST TO THE FACE!**

Havok drops to both knees.

**RRRAHHHHHHH!!!!**

Larry drags Havok up by the straps, snarling something too profane for broadcast. Another chop. Another wild haymaker. Then he hits the ropes--

--but Havok's short-arm clothesline nearly turns him inside out.

Both men crash down. Both stay there, sucking air, fists twitching.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"This is a war of attrition, not skill--whoever can still stand after the next shot might walk out champion!"

Angus Skaaland:

"I can smell the violence from here, Robbie--this is midcard carnage at its finest!"

Havok forces himself upright first. He wipes blood from his lip with his thumb... stares at it... and smiles. He drags Larry to the corner, backs up, and charges--

**Outlaw Stomp!**

Larry slumps in the corner. Havok hooks him, lifts--

**Detroit Destruction!**

Larry's head spikes into the mat.

Havok covers.

**ONE!**

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

TWO!--Larry kicks out!

Stunned noise from the Foundry.

Havok sits back on his heels, jaw clenched, eyes gone cold. He leans down, whispers something venomous into Larry's ear--something that makes Larry snarl even as he clutches his ribs.

Havok drags him up by sheer force, hooking both arms for Chaos Theory.

Larry deadweights.

Havok knees him hard in the face once. Twice. Three times.

He tries to lift--

--but Larry twists, rips one arm free, and Lowlife Lariat blasts Havok so hard the champion spins off his feet.

RRRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Havok hits the canvas and spasms, stunned. Larry drops beside him, clutching his ribs, coughing, refusing to stay down.

He crawls. Havok stirs. Both men rise at the same miserable pace, fighting gravity and pain and ego. Larry hooks both Havok's arms.

The crowd rises.

Larry plants his feet--screams through the effort--

DUMPSTER FIRE DRIVER!

He collapses on top for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Robbie Ray Carter:

"HE DID IT! LARRY EDWARDS JUST PINNED JACK HAVOK! WE HAVE A NEW TELEVISION CHAMPION!"

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

RRRAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Larry rolls off, gasping, holding his ribs, barely conscious. The referee brings him the championship, and Larry clutches it to his chest like it weighs a hundred pounds. He doesn't stand... not yet. He just survives.

Across the ring, Havok pushes himself to one knee. He stares at Larry--not angry, not shocked, but evaluating. A king without a crown, measuring the man who took it.

Larry forces himself to stand, legs shaking, championship dangling from one hand. He doesn't lift it high. He just nods--once--like a man acknowledging a fight that took something out of him he'll never get back.

Havok rises fully, wipes his mouth, and smirks the smallest, most dangerous smirk a man can make. Then he steps through the ropes and leaves without looking back.

Angus Skaaland:

"Robbie... I don't think we just saw an upset. I think we saw the only man mean enough to take that belt off Jack Havok."

Robbie Ray Carter:

"And the midcard changes tonight! Larry Edwards stands tall--bloodied, exhausted, but holding the Television Championship!"

Larry slings the belt over his shoulder, limping toward the ropes, refusing help, refusing celebration. The crowd roars for him--not because he smiled for them, but because he never once did.

### **A segment without a clever title featuring Duchess Vaughn in Eric Dane Sr's office**

The feed cuts backstage to a stark, industrial office space tucked deep inside the Foundry.

Concrete walls. Harsh overhead lighting. No branding, no flair -- just a desk, a couple of chairs, and the quiet hum of a building that never really sleeps.

Duchess Vaughn stands in the center of the room, wrists loosely cuffed in front of them -- not because they have to be, but because someone decided it was safer this way. Two security guards flank them at a respectful distance, hands clasped, eyes alert. Duchess looks bored rather than restrained, jaw set, weight shifted casually onto one hip.

Across the desk stands Eric Dane Sr., jacket still on, tie loosened but neat. He doesn't sit. He doesn't pace. He just looks at Duchess for a long moment before speaking.

Eric Dane Sr.:

I am so tired of dealing with people like you.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Duchess tilts their head, unimpressed.

Eric Dane Sr.:

Don't get me wrong -- controversy doesn't scare me. Violence doesn't scare me. Hell, half the reason people watch this company is because they want to see what happens when things go sideways. But when someone starts deliberately damaging the promotion itself? When they stop competing and start breaking assets? That's not rebellion. That's liability.

Duchess exhales through their nose, a faint, humorless smirk tugging at the corner of their mouth.

Eric Dane Sr.:

I've been here before. Heidi Christenson crossed that line once. And I thought the answer was to get involved myself. To prove a point.

He pauses, flexing his right hand slightly -- not all the way.

Eric Dane Sr.:

Turns out, all that did was leave me with scars I still feel, and leave her burned out and gone. Nobody won that war.

Dane finally meets Duchess' eyes directly.

Eric Dane Sr.:

So I'm not threatening you. I'm not posturing. I'm asking you something simple.

He leans forward, eyes boring into Duchess'.

Eric Dane Sr.:

What do you want?

For the first time, Duchess' expression sharpens. No sneer. No theatrics. Just blunt honesty.

Duchess Vaughn:

An opportunity. I came to Iron City Wrestling to fight. I want to fight.

Dane nods once, like he expected exactly that answer.

Eric Dane Sr.:

Then here's the truth. The top of the women's division? They can stand with you. The rest? They can't. And I'm not letting you injure your way through half a roster just to prove something we already know.

Duchess' jaw tightens.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Eric Dane Sr.:

You're done there. But there's another division.

He steps slightly to the side, folding his arms.

Eric Dane Sr.:

The Television Title division.Chain chokeouts. Cinderblocks. People going through windshields. I thought this business had moved past "hardcore divisions." But the fans don't seem to care. They're eating it up.

He studies Duchess carefully.

Eric Dane Sr.:

And without being insulting -- I think that's more your speed. You're not afraid to bleed, are you?

Duchess lets out a short laugh.

Duchess Vaughn:

If that lot think they're hard, they're in for a rude wake-up call.

There's a beat. Then Dane adds, measured.

Eric Dane Sr.:

Agreed?

Duchess considers it for half a second.

Duchess Vaughn:

I would. But I'm not done with that Astrid cunt.

Dane doesn't flinch.

Eric Dane Sr.:

I don't doubt it. And I don't doubt she'll keep pace with you. You two are going to spill each other's blood plenty of times. Put each other in hospitals. Make all three of us a lot of money.

He gestures lightly toward the door.

Eric Dane Sr.:

But for now? Television division.

Duchess exhales, annoyed -- but nods.

Eric Dane Sr.:

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

One more thing. Since you're moving up, I'm giving you a raise.

Duchess raises an eyebrow.

Eric Dane Sr.:

And Valeria Cruz is getting your entire purse for tonight.

He locks eyes with them.

Eric Dane Sr.:

You ever pull something like that again, and I will fire you. No drama. No rematch. Clear?

Duchess sneers.

Duchess Vaughn:

I remember when Jeff Andrews fired my uncle Boxer in DEFIANCE.

A crooked smile.

Duchess Vaughn:

We all remember how well that stuck.

With that, Duchess turns and swaggers toward the door. The guards step aside just enough to let them pass, eyes never leaving their back.

The door shuts.

Dane releases a long breath and straightens his jacket.

One of the guards hesitates.

Guard:

Boss... you good?

Dane nods slowly.

Eric Dane Sr.:

Good enough.

Then, quieter -- firmer.

Eric Dane Sr.:

Keep an eye on Duchess. If they start breaking things or attacking people, tase them, cuff them, and call the

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

police.

He shakes his head.

Eric Dane Sr.:

I don't need to play these games anymore.

He leans back, pensive, and self-corrects.

Eric Dane Sr.:

...No. I need to not play these games anymore.

The guards nod and move out as the camera fades.

### It's not about them

The camera catches Eric Dane Junior pacing in the back hallway like a caged animal, sweat already shining on his forehead even though he hasn't worked yet. Zeke James stands a few feet behind him with his arms folded, calm as granite. Zeb James is bouncing on his toes, working his shoulders loose, while Cherry Mae James keeps rolling her wrists and flexing her fingers like she's getting ready to throw hands in a parking lot.

Ryan Caudill:

Eric--Junior--tonight you've got the New Untouchables in an eight-man tag, and I'm told you specifically asked for this match to be placed--

Eric Dane Junior:

Yeah. I asked for it to be placed right. Because I'm not lettin' them hide behind timing, or "not tonight," or "we'll get to it later." They came in here and tried to make this place about them. They tried to make me about them.

He turns toward the camera, jaw tight, not shouting -- but every syllable is loaded.

Eric Dane Junior:

I'm not askin' for revenge. I'm takin' it.

Zeb leans in, eyes wide, grin sharp.

Zeb James:

And if they brought an "equalizer," tell 'em to bring it out early so we can break it quicker.

Cherry Mae snorts and nudges him with an elbow.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Cherry Mae James:

Quit talkin'. Save it for when they can hear you.

Zeke finally speaks, low and flat, without moving an inch.

Zeke James:

We ain't outnumbered. We ain't outclassed. We ain't scared. We're just... tired of listenin'.

Junior nods once, like that settles it.

Eric Dane Junior:

They wanted attention? Cool. They're gonna get it. Up close.

Junior walks off camera-first, the others falling in around him like a wall.

## The Brothers Gluck vs Rich Young Grapplerz

Robbie Ray Carter:

Folks, this next contest has been brewing since the very beginning of Iron City Wrestling--tonight, the Brothers Gluck finally get their chance to cash the check the Trust Fund's been writing for weeks. The so-called Rich Young Grapplerz stole the inaugural tag titles with interference, dodged every real defense they could, and now they're locked in with the men they've been running from: the number one contenders, the Brothers Gluck.

Angus Skaaland:

"Stole"? "Dodged"? Robbie, please. The Rich Young Grapplerz are efficient. Why wrestle for twenty minutes when you can wrestle for five and still leave with gold? Tonight is just another day at the office for the best investment Todderick Davenport III ever made!

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

"The South is Rising" rolls through the Foundry as Carlton Gluck and Chapps Gluck step through the curtain. Carlton's eyes are locked straight ahead, slow and deliberate, while Chapps is already halfway down the ramp, yelling obscenities at every Trust Fund fan he can spot. Together they hit the apron--Carlton taking the steps, Chapps rolling under the bottom rope--then stand side by side in the ring, staring up the ramp like they've been waiting their entire lives for this exact moment.

Cito Conarri:

"Ladies and gentlemen... the following contest is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the ICW Tag Team Championship! Introducing first, the challengers... from the Mudflats of Mississippi... at a combined weight of five hundred ninety pounds... the team of Carlton and Chapps... **THE BROTHERS GLUCK!**"

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

The lights flip to gaudy Trust Fund colors as an obnoxiously slick trap track hits. Jacoby Jacobs strides out first, phone up, recording himself as he turns in circles to catch the entire arena. Darian Darrington follows with linebacker swagger, jaw set a little tighter than usual without Todderick Davenport III behind them. They hold the belts up like fashion accessories, try to project total confidence--but every step down the ramp, the reality of the Glucks waiting in the ring looms larger.

Cito Conarri:

"And their opponents... representing The Trust Fund... from Mountain Brook and Vestavia Hills, Alabama... at a combined weight of four hundred thirty-three pounds... they are the reigning and defending ICW Tag Team Champions... the team of Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington... the RICH... YOUNG... GRAPPLERZ!"

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOOO!!!

The ref holds the belts high, turns to show both teams, then passes them to the timekeeper. The tension in the ring tightens like a wire. The bell rings.

Chapps is out of his corner in a dead sprint, beelining straight for Jacoby. Jacobs tries to dip between the ropes to buy time, but Chapps snatches him by the scruff and yanks him back in, lighting him up with a flurry of slaps and chops that echo around the building. Jacoby staggers, hands up, trying to shield his face as Chapps peppers him with insults and open-handed disrespect before hurling him across the ring with a wild Belly-to-belly Gluckplex. Jacobs skids into the buckles, clutching his back.

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:

Chapps Gluck isn't interested in wrestling holds or feeling-out periods--he's here to make the champions pay for every stunt they've pulled these past two months!

Angus Skaaland:

This is all part of the plan, Robbie! Jacoby's just collecting data! He's like... like a very handsome computer! Let the man compile!

Chapps drags Jacoby up by the hair, talking non-stop trash as he pastes him with a hard forearm that nearly drops him again. Jacobs, desperate, uses his speed to slip out under Chapps' arm and hits the ropes, coming back with a leaping single-leg dropkick that clips Chapps on the jaw. It rocks him for a moment--long enough for Jacoby to spring to the second rope and nail a quick springboard crossbody that actually takes the younger Gluck down.

OOOHHHH!!!

Jacoby scrambles back toward his corner, slapping Darian's outstretched hand like it's a lifeline. Darrington

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

barrels in with fresh legs and bad intentions, leveling Chapps with a running shoulder block that sends him tumbling. He follows with a Linebreaker Spinebuster that plants Chapps square in the center of the ring and immediately goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!--KICKOUT!

Chapps powers out, but Darian feels that impact, and it lights something up in him. He rises with a roar, shouting down at Chapps, trying to reassert himself as the biggest man in the room--even though he isn't.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Darian Darrington is used to being the strongest man on the field--but tonight he's in there with two monsters who both outweigh him and out-wrestle him.

Angus Skaaland:

And he's still knocking 'em down! Look at that! SEC energy, baby! That's a blue-chip athlete right there!

Darian hauls Chapps to the corner and drives shoulders into his midsection, short, violent bursts that fold him over the middle buckle. He tags Jacoby back in and shoots the younger man into a hard Irish whip; Jacoby uses the momentum to hit a fast-running forearm in the corner, then kips up onto the second rope and snaps off a tornado armdrag. Chapps rolls through, trying to regain his bearings, but Jacoby is already on him with stomps aimed at the head and shoulders, forcing him back down.

The Grapplerz find a rhythm: Jacoby speeds things up, darting in and out with quick kicks and rope runs; Darian slows it down on tags with high-impact slams and clubbing forearms. Without Toddy at ringside, it's rough around the edges, but they're talented enough that the pieces still connect. They hit a High-Low Blitz--Jacoby's flying knee upstairs as Darian takes the legs out with a shoulder block--and Jacoby dives into a lateral press.

ONE!

TWO!--Chapps kicks out again!

Jacoby slams his hands on the mat, yelling at the ref, then at Chapps, then toward the hardcam, trying to convince himself he's in full control.

Robbie Ray Carter:

We're seeing flashes of what the Rich Young Grapplerz could be if they ever learned to rely on their own instincts instead of Toddy calling plays for them.

Angus Skaaland:

They're already elite, Robbie! Do you see the chemistry? The timing? The haircuts? This is generational tag greatness you're slandering!

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Jacoby drags Chapps back up and tries to whip him to the ropes, but this time Chapps plants his feet and reverses, sending Jacoby flying instead. Jacobs rebounds right into a thunderous T-bone Gluckplex that sends him bouncing across the canvas. Chapps drops to a knee, breathing hard, then hurls himself toward the Gluck corner as Jacoby claws toward his own.

Tag to Darian.

Tag to Carlton.

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

Carlton steps in like the floor belongs to him, meeting Darian in the middle. Darrington swings first with a heavy forearm; Carlton takes it, grunts, and answers with a clubbing shot of his own that nearly knocks Darian off his feet. Another from Darian. Another from Carlton. The third Gluck forearm sends Darrington staggering back into the ropes, and as he rebounds, Carlton snatches him and hurls him with a massive Gutwrench Gluckplex that leaves Darian sprawled and stunned.

Jacoby darts in, trying to rescue his partner. He charges for a flying forearm--Carlton snatches him out of midair around the waist, pivots, and throws him with a Throwing German Gluckplex that sends him crashing down near the opposite corner.

WHAM!

Robbie Ray Carter:

Gluckplex after Gluckplex! Carlton Gluck is turning the champions inside out!

Angus Skaaland:

That's... that's illegal! Nobody told me he was allowed to be this strong, Robbie! Call somebody!

Darian, rattled but stubborn, forces himself back up and swings again, trying another burst of raw power--a big lariat, then a second, then a short-range Three-Point Lariat that finally knocks Carlton to a knee. Feeling that, he backs up, eyes narrowing, lining up for The Blitz. He takes off in a full sprint, looking for the highlight-reel spear.

Carlton shifts aside at the last second, getting just enough of Darian's shoulder to sling him chest-first into the turnbuckles. Darrington rebounds out, gasping, and Carlton drops him with a short but brutal Clobbersaurus Lariat, then covers.

ONE!

TWO!--Jacoby dives in to break it up!

Jacoby rains frantic forearms across Carlton's back, then sprints for the ropes, hitting the far side and rebounding into a sharp low dropkick that clips Carlton's knee. The big man stumbles, dropping to all fours for

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

a heartbeat. Jacoby hits the ropes again, springboards, and blasts him with a high springboard enzuigiri that knocks Carlton to a seated position. For the first time, Jacoby looks like he's figured something out: he can't match Carlton's power, but he can make him chase.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Jacoby Jacobs finally finds something that works--use that speed, hit the angles, don't wrestle the big man's match!

Angus Skaaland:

THERE you go! That's my guy! That's pure Ring IQ right there! Just think how much better this would be if Toddy was allowed at ringside!

Jacoby pulls Carlton toward the Grapplerz' corner, tagging Darian back in. Together they run a frantic but effective double-team--Darian hitting a heavy Goal Line Toss capture suplex, Jacoby following with a sliding clothesline, then scrambling out before the ref can hit four. Darian covers.

ONE!

TWO!--Carlton shoves him off with authority.

Darian looks shaken. That should've kept most men down. He tries to haul Carlton up again, but this time the big Gluck snaps into motion, shooting a quick go-behind and yanking Darian down with an ankle pick takedown, then riding him on the mat with grinding amateur control, smothering every attempt to explode back to his feet. Darian flails, burning energy. It's like being back on the wrong end of a drill he never mastered.

Carlton finally lets him up just enough to muscle him into the Gluck corner and tags Chapps in. The younger brother slings himself over the ropes and the Glucks go full chaos: Chapps climbs onto Carlton's back, Carlton trudges two steps forward, and Chapps launches with the Gluck Truck, cannonballing both brothers down across Darian's chest in an avalanche of limbs and bad intentions. Chapps hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!--Jacoby barely dives in, shoving Chapps off.

BBBOOOOOO!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:

The Rich Young Grapplerz are hanging on by their fingernails! Without Toddy at ringside, Jacoby Jacobs looks overwhelmed trying to keep this team together!

Angus Skaaland:

Overwhelmed?! He's doing great! He just saved the match! That's leadership, Robbie! That's clutch! That's... uhh... that's something good, alright?!

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

The ref forces Jacoby back out. Chapps, cackling, drags Darian up and peppers him with palm strikes, then shoves him into the ropes. Darian rebounds, desperate, and swings with a wild clothesline; Chapps ducks under, hits the ropes himself, and rebounds with a flying forearm that wobbles the bigger man. He tries to press the advantage--goes for another Rebel Proud Gluckplex--but Darian drops his weight and blocks, pounding at Chapps' ribs.

In the chaos, Jacoby tags himself in off Darian's back and slips in behind Chapps without the younger Gluck seeing it. Chapps muscles Darian over the top with a struggling throw, but as he does, Jacoby springs from the ropes and crushes him with the Red Line, that handspring flipping stunner that spikes Chapps face-first into the canvas. Chapps rolls onto his back, dazed, as Jacoby flops into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!--Carlton stomps down on Jacoby's chest with a THWACK! that breaks it up.

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

Darian drags himself back to the apron, shaking out the cobwebs. Jacoby, sucking wind now, looks between him and the Glucks with rising panic. For a moment he tries to posture, yelling that he's got this, that he's the man, that this is "content." Then Chapps starts to get up again, and Jacoby's confidence visibly drains.

He charges anyway, trying to keep the pace high. Chapps ducks the first clothesline, eats a back elbow, but answers it with a vicious open-hand slap that snaps Jacoby's head sideways. He peppers him with a barrage of chops, drives him into the Gluck corner, and tags Carlton in with a hard slap to the chest.

The brothers share a look.

The Foundry feels the shift.

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

Carlton pulls Jacoby into position, hoisting him up onto his shoulders in an electric chair. Jacoby flails, kicking his legs, yelling for Darian, for anybody. Darian stumbles through the ropes, trying to cut it off, but Chapps dives low from the side with a tackle that takes him out at the waist, spilling them both to the mat.

Carlton steadies.

Chapps climbs.

The crowd rises with him.

The Glucks fire off the Gluckensteiner--Chapps launches and snaps Jacoby down with a diving frankensteiner off Carlton's shoulders, spiking him into the mat in a brutal, tumbling crash. Jacoby bounces and rolls to the floor, limp.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

KRA-KOOM!!!

Darian, dazed, claws his way up using the ropes, only to find himself grabbed from behind. Chapps hooks his legs up under Darian's arms, leaning back toward the Gluck corner, holding him horizontal like a heavy, human lever. Carlton glances at his brother, at the trapped champion, and nods.

He turns and climbs the ropes, one step at a time, the entire Foundry shaking with noise.

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

Carlton steadies on the top rope as Chapps muscles Darian higher, presenting him like a sacrifice at full extension. Then the big man launches.

Biggest Splash.

Carlton comes down across Darian's chest in a crushing avalanche. Chapps falls away as impact rattles the ring, leaving Darian folded in half beneath 300 pounds of bad news. Carlton stays on top, pressing both shoulders down as the ref slides in.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

The bell rings and the arena erupts. Chapps is already halfway to his feet, laughing like a lunatic, while Carlton pushes up slowly, chest heaving, sweat pouring down his brow. The ref retrieves the belts and hands them to the Brothers Gluck.

Cito Conarri:

"Ladies and gentlemen... here are your winners... and NEEWWWW ICW Tag Team Champions... THE BROTHERS GLUCK!"

RRRAAAHHHHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:

We've got new champions! After everything the Trust Fund did to avoid them, after twisting themselves into knots to duck a fair fight, the Brothers Gluck storm into Heart of Dixie and walk out as the rightful ICW Tag Team Champions!

Angus Skaaland:

This... this is a travesty, Robbie! An absolute miscarriage of justice! The Rich Young Grapplerz didn't have Toddy, the officiating was biased, the ropes were too loose, the mat was too bouncy--there's a million

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

reasons this ain't right!

Carlton hoists one belt high while Chapps snatches the other, climbing the ropes to scream triumph into the nearest camera, veins bulging in his neck. Jacoby lies on the floor clutching his head, phone forgotten, while Darian rolls to his side, staring up at the lights like they've just stolen his entire future. There's no Toddy to rally them, no mastermind to spin this into a victory. Just the sound of the Foundry roaring for the new champions.

Robbie Ray Carter:

For weeks, this felt inevitable--the moment the Glucks finally got those little weasels in a fair fight, the outcome was never in doubt. Tonight, inevitability got a date and a time... and it was called Heart of Dixie.

Angus Skaaland:

I'm calling my lawyer. And my accountant. And my therapist. And Toddy. Especially Toddy.

The last shot before the fade is the Brothers Gluck in the center of the ring, belts raised, sweat-soaked and unbowed, as the crowd in Montgomery drowns them in one more wave of noise.

RRRAAAHHHHHH!!!

### When Hot Toddy runs a little too hot

The camera cuts to the Trust Fund's private locker room--less "locker room" and more upscale living room bolted into the Foundry by sheer Professional Wrestling Logic. Soft lighting, expensive furniture, and a sense that this space was designed to keep the world out. It isn't working. The air feels tight, the kind of tight that comes after a plan breaks in public.

Ryan Caudill stands at the edge of the room with his microphone up, careful not to step too far in like he's aware the carpet might cost more than his car. Todderick Davenport III is already dressed for business and battle alike--gear visible under an immaculate robe--composure laid over tension like a second skin. He gives Ryan a polite smile that never reaches his eyes.

Ryan Caudill:

"Todd--Todderick Davenport III, you're just moments removed from the Rich Young Grapplerz losing the Trust Fund Tag Team Championships to the Brothers Gluck. And later tonight, you defend the Trust Fund International Title against Birmingham's own Iron Kid Jesse Collins. How do you respond to what we just saw?"

TD3's eyes flicker--one quick glance, like he's checking a number on a ledger that just turned red. He inhales through his nose, and when he speaks, it's measured and clipped.

Todderick Davenport III:

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

"I respond by reminding everyone--because it seems necessary--that tag team championships are not the Trust Fund International Championship. I am not responsible for every variable in every division, Ryan."

He adjusts the cuff of his robe with a little too much precision, then looks back up with that same polite, controlled expression.

Todderick Davenport III:

"And for the record, this is a perfectly reasonable interview request in this industry. I understand that. I also resent the obligation. Both things can be true."

Ryan Caudill:

"Okay--then let's talk variables. You've leaned on the Rich Young Grapplerz as the enforcement arm of the Trust Fund. After what happened out there... can you still rely on them tonight?"

The question hangs in the air for half a beat--long enough to feel like a pin set up.

And right on cue, the door swings open.

Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington step into frame looking nothing like the curated highlight reel they sell. Their gear is half-stripped, sweat dried in patches, hair wrecked, faces tight with soreness and frustration. Darian's taped ribs peek out from under his jacket; Jacoby keeps rolling his shoulder like it doesn't want to cooperate. Neither of them looks toward the camera like it exists.

Ryan turns instinctively, professional reflex kicking in.

Ryan Caudill:

"Jacoby--Darian--do you have any comment on losing the titles to the Brothers Gluck?"

Darian's head snaps up. Whatever boardroom polish he's ever pretended to have is gone. He takes one step forward, eyes hard, voice flat and hot.

Darian Darrington:

"Shut the fuck up, nerd."

There's a tiny pause--just long enough for the insult to land, and for everyone in the room to feel it.

Ryan doesn't flinch. He doesn't escalate. He doesn't back down, either.

Ryan Caudill:

"I may not be a professional athlete, Darian, but I have a job to do. Just like you do. And this is mine."

Jacoby exhales a sharp little laugh through his nose--more bitter than amused--then looks away, jaw set. Darian's fists clench once, then unclench, like he's deciding whether the problem is Ryan or the fact that he

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

feels like hell.

TD3 steps forward before it turns into something uglier, and it's subtle--the tone doesn't change, the volume doesn't rise, but the room shifts anyway because he's decided it shifts.

Todderick Davenport III:

"That's enough."

He doesn't look at Darian when he says it. He looks at Ryan instead, like he's moving a piece on a board.

Todderick Davenport III:

"Ryan, you have your soundbite. Congratulations. Now let's not pretend you're here for anything besides blood in the water."

Ryan starts to speak again, but TD3's patience is thinning in a way that isn't dramatic--it's surgical. He speaks faster now, tighter, words stacking like he's trying to compress reality back into something manageable.

Todderick Davenport III:

"You want an honest answer? Fine. Uncertainty is the enemy. That's what you're circling. That's what you're hoping for. The Trust Fund exists because uncertainty ruins people."

He lifts one hand and points--not accusing, not angry, just... indicating. First at Jacoby's shoulder. Then at Darian's ribs. Then at the overall picture of two athletes who just found out what happens when a pair of legitimate monsters decide to stop playing with you.

Todderick Davenport III:

"Look at them. You think I can trot the Grapplerz out to 'support' me tonight in that condition? You think I can trust that the Brothers Gluck won't decide they want an encore? You think I can trust that anything in this city stays clean when it matters?"

His voice climbs a notch. Not a yell. Yet. But the rhythm is sharper now, the mask slipping at the edges.

Todderick Davenport III:

"I tried hiring muscle. I tried 'partnerships.' Night Riders. New Untouchables. People who show up when it benefits them and vanish when it doesn't--unreliable, unprofessional, and so far--"

He stops for half a beat on those two words, eyes narrowing like he almost said something he shouldn't. The silence is quick, but it's loud in the way a camera catches it and you can't un-catch it.

TD3 keeps going anyway, and now the last sentence comes out harder than he intended--sharp enough that the room flinches.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Todderick Davenport III:

"--so far, they've all proven to be hired help that can't be trusted to do a damn thing right when the stakes are real!"

The last word echoes. TD3's jaw tightens, and he freezes for the briefest instant--like he's realizing he just raised his voice in his room, where he never raises his voice.

He inhales. Deep. Controlled.

Then he exhales, and the composure slides back into place--not perfectly, but enough. When he turns back to Ryan, his smile returns, and this time it's colder.

Todderick Davenport III:

"But let's not get distracted."

He shifts his stance, squaring up to the camera now like he's choosing the angle. The rant is gone. The champion is back. He speaks smoothly, like he's narrating a story he's already decided the ending to.

Todderick Davenport III:

"Tonight, Iron Kid Jesse Collins gets to live out a fantasy. He's Birmingham's favorite underdog, isn't he? The local boy with the city seal on his tights, the Cinderella challenger who 'earned' his invitation to the ball."

TD3's eyes flick down to Ryan's mic, then back up, and his tone turns almost amused.

Todderick Davenport III:

"But here's the part they always leave out of those stories: just because you got invited doesn't mean you belong. You can put a nice suit on a man, Ryan. You can wash the dirt off his hands. You can even let him dance under the chandelier for a song."

His smile sharpens.

Todderick Davenport III:

"And then midnight comes. And reality shows up to collect."

He takes a step closer--not threatening, not roaring, just close enough that the camera naturally tightens.

Todderick Davenport III:

"Jesse Collins is a good little Cinderella. He's inspirational. He's hardworking. He's... convenient. But he is not me. He is not this. And tonight, the fantasy ends the same way all fantasies end--when the real world decides it's done being entertained."

TD3 straightens, robe settling around him like armor. He gestures toward the door with a calm dismissal, as if Ryan is a courier who delivered the message and can now leave.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Todderick Davenport III:

"You got your interview. Now get out. I have preparations to finish."

Ryan hesitates--just a second--then gives a tight nod and backs away, knowing there's no follow-up question worth pushing right now. Jacoby and Darian don't move. They just stand there, banged up and silent, watching TD3 like he's the only stable object left in the room.

As the camera fades out, TD3's expression holds.

Perfectly composed.

And just beneath it--barely visible, but there if you know what you're looking for--something that looks a lot like panic, disciplined into submission.

### The New Untouchables cannot be prevented from saying words

Inside Gorilla Position, the New Untouchables are gathered in the narrow, buzzing space just off the curtain. Crew members pass by with headsets and clipboards, giving them a wide berth. The hum of the arena seeps through the walls in low, constant waves.

Lee Scott Rothlesberger adjusts his wrist tape with deliberate care, checking the camera angle like it's a mirror. Jeffrey Daniels is bouncing on the balls of his feet, throwing loose shadow kicks and admiring them mid-motion like he's watching himself on a highlight reel. Kirsty McKinney stands slightly apart from both of them, arms crossed, posture relaxed but alert -- not irritated, not impressed, just waiting.

Jeffrey notices the camera first and steps into frame with an easy grin.

Jeffrey Daniels:

"So here's the thing. Everybody keeps talkin' about numbers. About backup. About who's got who."

Kirsty cuts across him without raising her voice or even turning her head.

Kirsty McKinney:

"Don't oversell it."

Jeffrey blinks, wounded for half a second.

Jeffrey Daniels:

"Okay, but... it's still cool."

Lee steps in smoothly, claiming the center of the frame like it belongs to him. His tone is calm, assured -- like he's already explaining something obvious to people who just don't get it.

## **The Heart of Dixie: 1**

Lee Scott Rothlesberger:

"You ever watch someone walk into a fight thinking it's about heart? About hometown pride? And then you see it on their face -- the exact second they realize they never understood what game they were playing?"

Jeffrey nods along, grinning, feeding off the rhythm.

Kirsty finally looks straight into the lens. Her stare is flat, analytical -- the kind that doesn't threaten, because it doesn't need to.

Kirsty McKinney:

"We said we had an equalizer."

She tilts her head slightly, just enough to suggest the thought finishing itself.

Kirsty McKinney:

"You'll see."

Jeffrey leans back into frame, energy spiking again, pointing vaguely toward the curtain.

Jeffrey Daniels:

"Yeah. You'll see. And by the time you're done seein' it? Eric Dane Junior is gonna wish he stayed humble."

Kirsty doesn't react to the line at all. She turns first and heads toward the curtain, already done with the promo. Lee follows without a word, rolling his shoulders like he's slipping into a different gear.

Jeffrey lingers half a beat longer, throws finger guns straight at the camera, then spins and jogs after them.

The noise from the arena swells.

They're up next.

## **Eric Dane Jr/James Gang vs The New Untouchables**

Robbie Ray: Folks, this is one that's been boiling all season. The New Untouchables walked into Iron City Wrestling without an invitation, and their very first act was to put Scott Steel on the shelf. That was a message to Eric Dane Junior -- and they made sure he got it.

Angus: And then those little rats baited him! Junior thought he was gettin' Lee Scott Rothlesberger one-on-one... only for those two jackals to shove Kirsty McKinney at him instead! And she didn't just beat him, Robbie, she stretched him. She tapped him out like he was a greenhorn at his first county fair!

Robbie Ray: Junior tried to fight them off alone, but this is Iron City. This is the legacy of Frank Dylan James

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

and Eric Dane Senior. When the James Gang heard what the New UTs did -- they didn't hesitate. They stepped right beside Junior and suddenly that three-on-one became a four-on-three.

Angus: But Lee R. didn't panic. He PROMISED they'd come to this show with an equalizer. And with those little gremlins? You never know what kind of trouble they've dug up.

The arena goes dark.

A low, stomping bassline rumbles out of the speakers.

"Children of the Grave" hits like a hammer dropped down a mineshaft.

A white spotlight slices across the entryway as Eric Dane Junior steps out first -- pacing, coiled tight, murder in his eyes. He doesn't play to the crowd; he doesn't need to. The crowd plays to him, roaring at the sight of him as he stands there itching for a fight.

Zeke James and Zeb James storm out behind him, already smacking fists into palms, barking toward the ring, their sister Cherry Mae bouncing between them with fire in her eyes and zero fear in her bones.

Junior marches down the ramp with the James Gang flanking him -- four silhouettes carved out of hard Appalachian stone, striding straight toward the trouble waiting ahead.

Junior hits the apron in one smooth hop. The James Gang slide in after him, shaking the ropes and slapping the turnbuckles, their energy rattling the whole ring.

They turn to the stage as one.

Waiting.

Daring.

Junior paces a tight circle, then beckons Robbie Ray for the house microphone. He catches it out of the air, then leans on the ropes, staring up the ramp like he's looking through it.

EDJr.:

"Yo, we get it. We get it. Y'all are gonna stall, just like usual. Real original."

He shakes his head, rolling his eyes hard enough the first few rows can see it.

EDJr:

"Not playin' that today. You said you got an equalizer? Cool. Then bring 'em out. Because the longer you stall, the more it looks like you're full of shit."

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Zeb leans into the mic from behind him and starts making exaggerated chicken noises, flapping his elbows, clucking loud enough to hit the cameras.

EDJr: (smirk, shrug)

"Yeah. What he said."

Zeke steps forward, calm, eyes half-lidded but sharp behind them. He puts one hand on Junior's shoulder, leans into the mic. His whole face stays stone-still.

Zeke: (low and flat)

"Come on out. We ain't got all night."

"You're Gonna Go Far, Kid" hits, lights strobing sharp white as Jeffrey Daniels bursts through the curtain, arms wide, grin obnoxious. Lee Scott Rothlesberger follows, sideways-strutting, popping imaginary collars, mugging straight into the hard cam like it's his best friend.

They don't even notice Kirsty McKinney marching right past them, already holding a microphone.

Kirsty doesn't play to the crowd.

Kirsty doesn't look at the camera.

Kirsty doesn't wait for the boys to finish their entrance routine.

She walks straight to the ramp edge, locks eyes with Junior, and starts talking.

Kirsty:

"Yeah, we all know they stall. It's cute. We also know I could pin you before they ever made it to the ring."

She flicks a dismissive hand toward Cherry Mae.

Kirsty:

"And that's to say nothing of how many times I could pin her. Three times at least. Probably more."

Cherry Mae bristles in the ring. Zeb has to hold her back by the strap of her gear.

Kirsty rolls her neck, bored already.

Kirsty:

"BUT--"

She stretches the word like a yawn.

Kirsty:

"--the boys were pretty insistent that this would be really, really cool. And that it would get you all straight

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

fucked up in the bargain."

She offers the mic behind her without even looking.

Jeffrey Daniels scrambles up, snatches it with both hands like it's a sacred relic, then spins to face the ramp with the theatrical flourish of a circus ringleader.

Jeffrey Daniels:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... OH, you stupid beautiful people of Birmingham... allow me to introduce our equalizer, our apex predator, our seven-time certified problem, the Austrian Annihilator, the Neck-Snapping, Spine-Cracking, Soul-Subtracting--"

The arena drops to blood-red.

A heavy orchestral blast rips through the air--

"REQUIEM (THE FIFTH)" hits.

Jeffrey throws his free arm toward the curtain like unveiling a masterpiece.

Jeffrey:

--ASTRID! REICHERT!"

Astrid steps out slowly, head lowered in the crimson fog, licking her teeth with that cold, cruel smile.

She doesn't look at Jeffrey.

She doesn't look at Lee R.

She doesn't look at Kirsty.

She looks straight at the ring.

Straight at Junior.

Straight through all of them.

And then she walks.

Robbie Ray:

I... kinda hate to say it, but throwing Astrid Reichert into this powder keg of a match actually is... well, pretty cool.

Angus:

Yeah, and I don't like it at all, but she's entirely capable of fucking someone up. Why the fuck would

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

someone like Astrid freakin' Reichert give the goddamn Noots the time of day?

Robbie Ray:

Remember what she said before--Sunny Holiday wasn't "lean enough." She had "other fish to fry." I guess this is what she meant.

Angus:

Yeah, well... we're about to find out who ends up gutted and filleted. Astrid doesn't walk into anything unless she plans on hurting someone.

Zeb doesn't wait.

He SPRINTS across the ring, hits the far ropes, and launches himself clean over the top rope with zero hesitation--

--CRASH!

He collides full-body with Astrid Reichert on the floor, driving her straight into the barricade.

The referee throws both arms up and waves for the bell.

Robbie Ray: And there's the bell! Good call--matches like this, you gotta play loose with the rules or the whole thing breaks down before it starts!

Angus: IT ALREADY BROKE DOWN! ZEBRAMANIA JUST TRIED TO TACKLE A GODDAMN RHINO!

Junior sees Zeb go and takes off with the same burst of fury--

He hits the near ropes--

SUICIDE DIVE!

He wipes out Jeffrey Daniels, smashing him into the steel rail, fists flying before either man can breathe.

Zeke James isn't a flyer.

He doesn't need to be.

He drops from the apron, rolls his shoulders, and walks straight into a fistfight with Lee R., planting him with a stiff right hand that sends Lee stumbling backwards along the floor.

Inside the ring?

Cherry Mae stands alone.

She slaps her own chest twice, points at Kirsty McKinney, and nods.

"Come on."

Kirsty slides in under the bottom rope like a bullet.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

She shoots immediately for a single-leg--

Cherry Mae sprawls tight, hips heavy, shutting it down.

Kirsty adjusts, tries to come up into a chain--

Cherry Mae whips behind her, takes the back, and in one smooth instinctive motion hooks her legs over Kirsty's thighs and FLATTENS her out on the mat.

Robbie Ray: She just hipped her down clean! That is real wrestling, Angus!

Angus: Wait--WHAT? Cherry Mae knows how to do that?!

Cherry clamps down, arches back, and turns Kirsty over into a tight surfboard-style stretch, pulling her up and back.

Kirsty kicks out hard at two, but Cherry Mae doesn't let go--she snatches the leg, rolls through, and tries a pure sport-wrestling cradle. The ref drops--

ONE!

TWO--

Kirsty barely scrambles free, shocked and scrambling.

Both women pop to their feet--

Cherry Mae unloads in a blistering combo:

jab--jab--body shot--UPPERCUT!

Kirsty's forced to bail, rolling out under the ropes with her eyes wide and her pride cracked for the first time since stepping into ICW.

Cherry Mae hits the far ropes, charges--

SLINGSHOT CROSSBODY TO THE FLOOR!

She wipes Kirsty out and bounces to her feet with the whole arena roaring.

Robbie Ray: That's the first time we've EVER seen Kirsty McKinney look human!

Angus: Okay Robbie, I knew Cherry Mae had some skill. She's got that Ellie Mae Clampett thing going on. But what I've seen was one thing. Going hold for hold with a legit prodigy like McKinney! That was REAL wrestling, Robbie! Pure technique!

Outside the ring, Astrid Reichert shoves herself off the barricade with a snarl, shaking out her shoulders. Zeb is right there, swinging wild Appalachian haymakers.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Astrid ducks one, drives a brutal knee straight into his ribs, grabs a collar tie, and ragdolls him sideways into the steel steps--

CLANG!

Zeb bounces off, fires back anyway, tackling her at the waist. They roll in a tight, violent knot, fists thumping against ribs and shoulders as Astrid wrestles for the neck and Zeb tries to muscle her off with sheer stubborn James-born grit.

A few feet away, Junior has Jeffrey Daniels by the hair, dragging him up just to punch him back down. Jeffrey flails, tries to scramble up the ramp, but Junior yanks him back and unloads a short right hand that spins him into the guardrail.

Daniels tries a desperation superkick--

Junior swats it aside and hammers him with a forearm that folds him over a front row chair.

Robbie Ray: The fights on the outside are just as important as what's happening in the ring--every shot here shifts the balance!

Angus: Junior's been WAITING for this! Jeffrey Daniels might be the most punched man in Alabama right now!

Meanwhile Zeke James and Lee Scott Rothlesberger. have been fighting in a straight line around ringside -- Zeke throwing heavy body shots, Lee R. throwing wild kicks to keep distance. A spin kick lands glancing, just enough to stun Zeke--Lee R. turns to run--

Zeke grabs him by the scruff of the gear like he's picking up a toddler.

Without a word, he CHUCKS Lee R. under the bottom rope with a two-hand launch that sends him sliding halfway across the canvas.

Lee R. pops up on instinct--right into a Zeke James shoulder block that nearly turns him inside out.

He stumbles backward--  
straight into the corner--  
bounces forward--  
into a stiff lariat--  
bounces again--  
gets scooped--  
gets slammed--

Lee R. looks like a ping-pong ball in a pinball machine, the crowd roaring louder with every collision.

Robbie Ray: Zeke James is treating Lee R. like a crash-test dummy!

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Angus: He's pinballin' him all over the ring--I love karma!

Zeke stalks Lee R. as he crawls, dazed, toward the wrong corner. Zeke reaches down, hauls him up by the waistband, then looks across the ring at Junior.

A silent conversation.

A nod.

A point.

Zeke drags Lee R. over, slaps Junior's chest, and steps out onto the apron.

Junior vaults over the top rope like it's nothing.

Lee R., terrified and hurting, throws a desperate palm strike that does nothing. Junior snatches him in, hoists him vertical--

**STALLING FRONT SUPLEX!**

Lee R. bounces like a dropped coat.

He tries to roll away--Junior grabs an ankle, yanks him back, and plants him with a snap powerslam that folds Lee R. in half.

Lee R. panics, scrambles, rolls under the ropes and bails.

Junior was waiting for it.

He reaches out, grabs Jeffrey Daniels by the scruff as Daniels tries to slink around ringside, and throws him bodily into the ring under lucha tag rules.

Robbie Ray: Lucha rules in effect--body in, body out! Jeffrey Daniels is legal now!

Angus: AND HE LOOKS PISSED ABOUT IT, ROBBIE!

Jeffrey pops up, already protesting--

Junior is on him instantly, blasting him with a clothesline that flips him head over heels.

Daniels stumbles up--

Junior whips him HARD into the face corner.

**WHIPLASH!**

Jeffrey slams back-first into the buckles--

--and four fists meet him at once:

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Zeke with a long right.  
Zeb with a looping left.  
Cherry Mae with a clean jab.  
Junior with a short, mean uppercut to the ribs.

Jeffrey's whole spine stiffens like an electric shock.

He staggers out of the corner--  
Junior scoops--  
SPINNING SPINEBUSTER!

Cover!

ONE--  
TWO--

Suddenly the ring EXPLODES with bodies--

Zeb and Zeke dive in--  
Cherry Mae slides in to guard the pin--  
Astrid and Lee R. come in throwing shots--  
But before anyone can land--

Kirsty McKinney SHOOTs between Zeke's legs from the blindside, low and fast, cracking into the pile like a torpedo and smashing Junior off the cover.

The whole dogpile collapses sideways from the impact.

Robbie Ray: Kirsty McKinney with the save! She came in like a missile out of nowhere!

Angus: That low shoot was NASTY! She damn near chopped Junior in half!

The moment Kirsty knocks Junior off the cover, the ring explodes again. Bodies surge in from every direction, and the referee gets caught in the crush as Zeb James sprints across the ring and dives clean over the ropes at Astrid for the second time tonight. They collide in a tangle of limbs, sliding across the floor and nearly wiping out the timekeeper's table in the process.

Robbie Ray: Why does Zeb keep throwing himself at Astrid like that? The man's fearless, but this feels personal!

Angus: Can't confirm he is a Heidi Christenson fan, Robbie... but I also can't confirm he ain't. You know how Frank Dylan James talked about her.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

The brawl fractures naturally into pairs, each feud pulling its fighters into its own orbit. Astrid and Zeb hammer into each other with tight, ugly shots, Zeb trying to muscle her down while Astrid keeps snapping for the neck or underhooks. Junior and Kirsty roll across the floor trading heavy, mean strikes--Junior trying to swing for the fences, Kirsty trying to get under him and take him down by force.

A few feet away, Jeffrey Daniels and Zeke James slug it out, Zeke fighting like a brick wall with fists, Daniels fighting like a man trying to outrun gravity. And near the barricade, LSR tries to hit Cherry Mae with a surprise superkick--she slips it by an inch, plants her feet, and fires a crisp boxing combination straight to his jaw, body, and cheek that sends Lee R. stumbling sideways over the rail.

Astrid is the first one to roll back into the ring. She isn't retreating; she's inviting Zeb in. He takes the bait, sliding under the bottom rope, and the instant he gets to his knees she snatches a sleeve and collar and sends him flying with a sharp judo throw that rattles the canvas. Zeb scrambles up, only to get hauled backward and dumped with a high-angle belly-to-belly suplex. He tries again to get his bearings--Astrid is already on him, cinching in the double underhooks, lifting him, and hurling him overhead in a violent, tight suplex that lands him flat.

She floats over instantly, hooking a leg tight.

ONE!

TWO!

Zeb kicks out by a hair, gasping, eyes wide from the sheer force she put behind every throw.

Astrid smiles like she wasn't even warmed up yet.

Robbie Ray: Astrid Reichert just threw Zeb James like he weighed nothing! And she did it with a smile on her face!

Angus: Buddy, I've seen Zeb get tossed by bulls, but that looked worse!

Zeb scrambles backward, grabbing at the ropes until he can reach his corner. He slaps Zeke's hand, and the big James brother steps in with that cold, deliberate walk that says he's about to test the hype himself. Astrid meets him in the center, unflinching. Zeke clamps his hands on her shoulders and shoves her clean off her feet. She rolls backward, pops up, and charges--Zeke scoops her and plants her with a heavy body slam that shakes the ring.

Astrid sits up immediately, glaring. Zeke answers by hauling her up with both hands and hammering her back down again with a short-armed powerslam. The crowd roars as Astrid finally stays down long enough for him to yank her upright and whip her hard into the corner. Zeke hits the opposite buckles, takes two steps, and goes for a full-speed stinger splash--

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Astrid slips out like smoke, and Zeke crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles. Before he can rebound, she catches him around the waist and spikes him sideways with a snapping side suplex that dumps him right on his shoulder and the top of his back.

The commentators gasp.

Robbie Ray: She just took Zeke James off his feet! Nobody does that!

Angus: She moved him like he was a damn training dummy!

Astrid pushes herself to one knee and glances toward her corner. Jeffrey and Lee R. immediately start waving their hands, shaking their heads, suddenly very uninterested in being tagged. Astrid narrows her eyes at them, mutters something venomous under her breath, and reaches past both of them to tag Kirsty.

Kirsty steps in with the icy focus of someone who thinks she's about to show everyone how it's really done. She circles Zeke, shoots in low like she's going for a single-leg, then shifts her weight and tries to explode into a gut-wrench lift--

But Zeke plants his feet, grabs two fistfuls of her gear, and swings his whole body through a massive clothesline that knocks Kirsty flat on the canvas.

He drags himself across the mat and tags in Junior to a huge roar.

Robbie Ray: We all remember what happened at The Iron Way. Kirsty humiliated Junior on national television!

Angus: And Senior gave him hell for it! Made him study MILES of tape! Said, "If you're gonna get beat by a prodigy, at least learn how she does it!"

Junior hits the ring with a vengeance, sending Kirsty back down with a running knee. He grabs her by the hair, pulls her up, and whips her to the ropes before catching her with a flying forearm that nearly rolls her over. The crowd sees it--Junior's learned, he's faster, sharper, hitting the high stuff only when it matters.

He climbs the top rope, stalking Kirsty as she rises. When she turns, he leaps--

Flying crossbody!

He nails it flush. Kirsty rolls through, but Junior hangs on, drags her up, and whips her again.

He climbs the buckle a second time.

And that's where he makes the mistake.

As Junior leaps, Kirsty steps aside and lets him crash and burn on the mat. She doesn't even hesitate--she sprints to her corner and tags Jeffrey Daniels, shoving the responsibility onto him with a shove to the chest.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Robbie Ray: Kirsty wanted OUT the moment she saw Junior going up again!

Angus: Daniels better pray Junior's still winded or he's about to get turned into paste!

Robbie Ray: We're back in chaos territory again, folks--nobody's staying legal for more than two seconds at a time!

Junior hits the ring first, charging straight at Daniels and blasting him with a running knee that snaps Jeffrey's head back. Daniels flops sideways, and Junior grabs him by the wrist to yank him up--only for Lee R. to springboard in from out of nowhere and crash into Junior with a flying knee of his own.

Junior drops.  
LSR staggers.  
Zeb sees it.

Zeb BURSTS into frame, scoops Lee R. up, and hits a spinning slam that plants him dead center. The crowd roars for the youngest James brother--but the second he stands, Kirsty McKinney is already there. She ducks under his wild swing, shoots behind him, and dumps him hard with a nasty German suplex that leaves Zeb folded like a lawn chair.

Kirsty rises fast, snarling--  
--and walks straight into Zeke James, who steamrolls her with a brutal lariat that nearly turns her inside out. The hit sends Kirsty skidding under the ropes to the floor.

Zeke stands tall, chest heaving--  
--and Astrid Reichert steps up behind him, cold and expressionless.

She snatches him by the waist and throws him in a violent side suplex that spikes him on the back of his neck.

Robbie Ray: AGAIN?! Astrid takes Zeke OFF HIS FEET AGAIN?!

Angus: I'm tellin' you, Robbie--Zeke's a big ol' boy. She's not supposed to be able to do that twice!

Astrid starts to rise--and Cherry Mae rockets in from the apron with the flying forearm, catching Astrid flush and knocking her flat onto her back. The crowd erupts as Cherry Mae pops to her feet and points straight at Astrid, shouting for the James Gang Initiation--her signature submission, the stump puller/figure-four headscissors combo hold. Zeb and Zeke hear her cry and start dragging themselves upright, ready to keep the others off her long enough for Cherry Mae to lock it in.

Cherry steps over Astrid's shoulders, cinches her legs tight, and begins fishing for Astrid's ankle to complete the hold. Astrid's face begins to turn red as she fights to get control of Cherry Mae's wrists.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Angus: Okay, now you're absolutely kidding. Cherry Mae thinks she can make the Baroness tap?

With a triumphant holler, Cherry Mae manages to fend Astrid's hands off and get both of hers around the ankle. But just before she can lean back and get the hold fully applied-- Jeffrey Daniels staggers up behind her and blasts her in the jaw with a desperate, perfectly timed superkick.

Cherry Mae collapses sideways, her grip on Astrid's leg breaking instantly.

Robbie Ray: Daniels with the save!

Daniels drops to his hands and knees, swaying, the ONLY person upright in a sea of fallen bodies. He shakes his head violently, trying to get a world that flipped sideways back into proper alignment. Around him, bodies are starting to stir. Kirsty crawls toward the apron. Astrid pushes up to her elbows. Cherry Mae clutches her jaw. Junior drags himself onto all fours, shaking out the cobwebs. The whole ring feels like a battlefield where the smoke hasn't cleared yet.

Daniels sees Junior rising. Panic flashes across his face, then resolve. He lunges forward and catches Junior with a sudden, sharp Mind Eraser that spikes Junior flat and rolls him limp to the center of the ring. The crowd gasps. Daniels staggers, sways, then grabs Junior by the wrist and starts dragging him toward the corner.

He climbs to the top rope one shaky rung at a time, positioning himself for the Neo-Ultraglides. He stands tall, one arm raised, ready to put the match away--

Cherry Mae breaks free from a struggling Astrid just long enough to hit the ropes.

Daniels crashes down with a violent crotch on the turnbuckle, folding over the top rope with a strangled yelp.

Robbie Ray: Cherry Mae with the save of the night!

Angus: Ain't nobody gettin' up from a fall like THAT, Robbie!

Junior stirs. Barely. He pushes up to one knee, then grabs the middle rope and pulls himself to his feet. He sees Daniels hung up on the top. He senses the moment. Summoning everything he has left, Junior climbs onto the middle rope in front of Daniels, chest to chest.

Daniels tries to shove him off, but Junior fires a sharp elbow into the side of his head. Another. A third. Daniels slumps, arms hanging loose. Junior reaches under, hooks the waist, underhooks the arms, and in a surge of adrenaline, lifts--

And spikes Jeffrey Daniels headfirst into the mat with a middle-rope rope-assisted piledriver that shakes the entire ring.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

The crowd explodes.

Junior collapses forward into a cover.

ONE!

Kirsty tries to dive in to break it up--but Cherry Mae throws herself across Kirsty's back and sprawls perfectly, sinking her weight, tying up Kirsty's arms and legs like she's been doing it her whole life.

TWO!

Astrid surges forward--but Zeke James has both hands wrapped around her ankle, hanging on with everything he has, dragging her down to the mat by sheer deadweight determination.

THR--

Zeb James rolls into the ring on instinct, ready to help if he has to--but Lee R. isn't even moving.

THREE!

Robbie Ray: Junior did it! Junior DID it! Eric Dane Jr. has pinned Jeffrey Daniels CLEAN in the middle of this ring!

Cherry Mae doesn't hesitate for even a second. The moment the bell rings, she shoves Kirsty down into the mat, vaults right over her, and throws both arms around Junior in a full-body tackle of a hug. Junior barely stays upright, grinning through the exhaustion as Zeb and Zeke close in beside them, forming a loose protective circle.

Zeke finally lets go of Astrid's ankle. She pulls her leg away like he's contaminated her, straightens her posture, and just stares at the mess in the ring with cold contempt. There's no anger--just disgust, disappointment, and the sense that she wants to scrub the entire experience off her boots. Without a word, she turns and stalks up the ramp, not even glancing back.

Robbie Ray: Astrid Reichert does not look happy about how this went.

Angus: Yeah, that fish didn't fry up so well for her, did it?

Kirsty has pushed herself onto her hands and knees. She's breathing hard, chest rising and falling, still coiled like she's ready to throw hands for ten more minutes. She shoots a murderous glare at Cherry Mae, but she knows the math: the fight's over, and sticking around now would only give Junior and the James Gang another scalp.

With a sharp slap to the back, she forces Lee R. to start moving. Then she pulls Daniels up, throws his limp

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

arm over her shoulders, and drags him up the ramp--still furious, still muttering under her breath, still refusing to show any weakness even as her team limps behind her.

Robbie Ray: Honestly... the New Untouchables didn't look quite like themselves all match. Maybe all that criticism was right. Maybe they have been prioritizing trolling over wrestling.

Angus: Kai Scott is the ONLY person in the history of the sport that got away with that. And as much as I couldn't stand the guy, not only was he a legend, but part of why he was a legend was that he could DO that. Lee Scott Whataburger is NOT Kai Scott. And Jeffrey Daniels ain't even Aquaman right now.

Robbie Ray: ...what?

Angus: Inside joke from back in the day, Robbie.

Junior stands in the center of the ring with Cherry Mae still hugging him around the waist, Zeb thumping him on the back, and Zeke looming protectively behind them. The Birmingham crowd swells into a full-on roar--one of those long, cathartic cheers that feels like everyone in the building has been waiting weeks to exhale.

Junior raises one hand, exhausted, a little dazed, but grinning like he's ten feet tall.

Robbie Ray: What a moment for Eric Dane Jr.! He finally gets a piece of redemption, right here in his hometown, and the fans are LOVING IT!

Angus: First time anybody's put the brakes on the New Untouchables' garbage. First time they've been stopped dead in their tracks. That's a BIG win, Robbie. HUGE! Might not end the war, but this... this feels good.

Cherry Mae and Zeb each grab one of Junior's arms. Zeke crouches, scoops Junior up without warning, and hoists him onto his shoulders like it's nothing. Junior's hands fly out for balance before he settles into a proud, triumphant pose, one fist raised high.

The crowd roars even louder.

The James Gang and Cherry Mae carry him toward the ramp, all smiles, all fire, Zeke steady beneath him like a mountain.

Robbie Ray: Look at that! Look at that! Zeke James carrying Dane Jr. out of here like a conquering hero!

Angus: Best part is, Robbie? He EARNED that ride tonight. Every second of it.

Junior points out at the crowd, nodding along with their cheers. For once, for the first time in this feud, the New Untouchables aren't the ones standing tall.

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

Tonight belongs to Birmingham.  
Tonight belongs to the James Gang.  
Tonight belongs to Eric Dane Jr.

And they carry him through the curtain like he's finally carved his own place in ICW.

### Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins vs Todderick Davenport III

Robbie Ray Carter:

Folks, it's time for our main event, and it's a classic ICW collision--money and influence against grit and hometown pride. Todderick Davenport III has carried himself like the crown was his birthright... but tonight, he has to defend it against Birmingham's own.

Angus Skaaland:

You're underselling it, Robbie. This is the Champion's Burden. This is pressure. This is the weight of being the guy everybody wants to knock off because they can't stand that he's better than them.

Robbie Ray Carter:

He's better funded, Angus. We'll see about better.

Angus Skaaland:

Same thing.

Cito stands in the center of the ring, and the Foundry feels tighter than it's been all night--like the building knows what's next.

Cito Conarri:

The following contest is our main event of the evening! Set for one fall, with no time limit, and it is for the... Trust Fund International Championship!

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

Cito Conarri:

Introducing first... the challenger... hailing from RIGHT here, Birmingham, Alabama...

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

Cito Conarri:

This is JYEESSE... IRON KID... COOOOOLLLINSS!!!

Jesse comes out with no wasted motion--no theatrics, no posing, just that hard swallow and that deep breath like he's trying to keep his heart from climbing out of his throat. He slaps a few hands on instinct more than

## The Heart of Dixie: 1

showmanship, then plants both boots on the apron and looks out at the crowd like he's trying to memorize the feeling. For one night, the whole city is behind him, and he carries that like armor even as his hands flex nervously at his sides.

Robbie Ray Carter:

You can feel it, Angus. This is his house. This is his moment.

Angus Skaaland:

It's a sweet story, Robbie. Stories don't win titles--champions do.

Cito Conarri:

And introducing next. He is the reigning... Trust Fund International Champion!

Angus Skaaland:

WHY DO YOU KEEP PAUSING BEFORE SAYING TRUST FUND INTERNATIONAL! WHY?!

Cito Conarri:

Hailing from Mountain Brook, Alabama, and weighing in at 221 lbs... the leader of The Trust Fund... TODDDDERICK! DAVENPORT! THE THIIIRRRD!

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOO!!!

Toddy steps out dressed like a man attending his own victory party. He doesn't rush. He doesn't look impressed by the reaction. He walks like the ring is already his property and everyone in it is just trespassing until he says otherwise. There's no Grapplerz at his side, no muscle, no entourage--just Toddy and that poise he uses like a shield.

Robbie Ray Carter:

No Jacoby. No Darian. No safety net.

Angus Skaaland:

He doesn't need one. That's what separates real champions from tag-along clout chasers.

Toddy enters, hands the belt off with deliberate care, and never takes his eyes off Jesse. Jesse stares back, jaw set, breathing measured. The referee raises the championship, then signals for the bell.

DING! DING! DING!

They circle, and Toddy immediately tries to make it boring--slow pace, distance, hands up like he's forcing Jesse to chase. Jesse doesn't bite. He steps in carefully, collar-and-elbow, and the first real test tells the story: Toddy is stronger than he looks, but Jesse is sturdier than Toddy expects. Toddy tries to turn it into leverage and angles, but Jesse digs his boots in and shoves him off with a sharp burst of defiance that wakes the building up.

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Robbie Ray Carter:

Jesse Collins isn't overwhelmed by the moment--he's meeting it.

Angus Skaaland:

He's being allowed to meet it. There's a difference.

Toddy's expression tightens at that shove, and he immediately goes to what he trusts--cutting angles, snapping at the wrist, trying to turn Jesse's arms into handles. He hooks a headlock and drags Jesse down, grinding, forcing Jesse to carry weight and frustration. Jesse fights up, pries at the grip, and fires him off--only for Toddy to come back faster than expected with a sharp shoulder block that knocks Jesse back a step and lets Toddy smirk like he "proved" something.

Jesse answers with motion instead of pride. He ducks the next tie-up, hits the ropes, and comes back with a crisp forearm that snaps Toddy's head sideways. Toddy stumbles, annoyed more than hurt, and Jesse presses--another forearm, then a short kick to the thigh that chops the base out from under Toddy's posture. Toddy tries to retreat to reset; Jesse doesn't let him. He drives him to the corner, then backs off a step like the crowd is willing him to pull the trigger.

Jesse surges in--Toddy slips sideways--Jesse catches himself on the buckles and turns--

Toddy cracks him across the mouth with a cheap shot the referee doesn't see, then immediately plays innocent with palms up as Jesse staggers, blinking. The building rains boos, and Toddy takes a half-second to soak it in like it's applause.

Robbie Ray Carter:

And there it is. The first shortcut.

Angus Skaaland:

Or the first smart decision. You don't win championships by being polite.

Toddy takes control with small cruelty: a knee to the ribs, a sharp snapmare, and a boot placed deliberately against Jesse's jaw to grind his face into the canvas just long enough to send a message. Jesse swats at the boot, furious, and Toddy steps away at the referee's warning like he's the one being inconvenienced. He keeps the match in the "champion's pace," slowing it whenever Jesse tries to build momentum--snapping him down, leaning his weight, forcing Jesse to work for every breath.

Jesse finally creates space with a sudden burst--he slips a grab, throws a short punch to the body, then pops Toddy with a quick DDT that spikes him clean. Toddy rolls through, clutching his head, shocked that Jesse had that kind of snap in him. Jesse doesn't celebrate. He just hauls Toddy up and tries to keep the pressure on, because he knows if he lets Toddy breathe, the fight becomes a puzzle again.

Toddy tries to powder out; Jesse cuts him off with a hard clothesline that sends him over the top rope and to the floor.

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RRRAAAHHHH!!!

Toddy lands awkwardly and looks up like the world just offended him. Jesse steps onto the apron, eyes locked, and the crowd rises as if the whole city is leaning forward together. Jesse launches--diving forearm to the floor--driving Toddy back into the barricade with a heavy thud.

WHAM!

Robbie Ray Carter:

This kid is fighting like he knows he may never get another chance.

Angus Skaaland:

He's fighting like he's emotional. That's how you lose.

Back inside, Jesse keeps it moving--he whips Toddy hard, catches him with a running knee lift, then hooks him for a quick cover.

ONE!

TWO!--KICKOUT!

Toddy kicks out with urgency, not confidence, and Jesse's eyes widen just a little. For the first time all night, it's obvious Jesse can feel it: Toddy can be pinned. Toddy can be beaten. And the crowd senses it too, that hum turning into something sharper.

Jesse goes for the finish early--he grabs Toddy, spins for his tornado DDT--

Toddy shoves him off mid-rotation, and Jesse's boots swing wide--

The referee steps in at the exact wrong time.

CRACK!

Jesse's feet clip the ref's jaw as he spins through, and the official drops like he got unplugged.

The Foundry erupts in a confused roar.

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

Jesse lands on his feet, instantly horrified, hands up like he's trying to undo physics. Toddy staggers backward, sees the ref down, and his whole expression changes. Not gloating. Not even smiling. Just cold calculation--like a man who recognizes the moment he's been waiting for.

Robbie Ray Carter:

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The referee is down! Jesse Collins' feet caught him on the rotation!

Angus Skaaland:

That's not bad luck, Robbie. That's inexperience. You swing wild, you hit whatever's in the way.

Toddy pounces. He drives a knee into Jesse's ribs, then another, then snaps him down with a brutal double-arm DDT that plants Jesse flat. Toddy stays on him, hauling him up again and again with impatience, trying to rush the window while the ref is down--because this is where Toddy is most dangerous: when there's no one to tell him "no."

Jesse tries to fight back on instinct, throwing a desperate forearm, but Toddy catches him and rams him spine-first into the corner.

THWACK!

Toddy backs up a step, grabs Jesse by the wrist, and yanks him into the center--then hits his own tornado DDT counter variation, spiking Jesse with extra force like he's trying to erase the idea of the underdog story entirely.

Jesse is down. Toddy drops into the cover, hooking the leg deep.

But the referee isn't moving.

Toddy's head snaps toward the official, irritation flashing for half a second--then he makes a quick, subtle motion near his waistband as he rises. It's not a dramatic reveal. Not a "caught red-handed" moment. Just a small action, swallowed by the chaos, the kind of thing you'd miss if you weren't looking for it.

Toddy stalks over to the ref and gives him a sharp shake by the shoulder, too firm to be concern, too controlled to be panic.

And then--like a switch flips--the referee stirs.

He blinks.

He rolls.

He pushes to hands and knees.

A little too soon. A little too clean.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Hold on--he's waking up awfully quick now.

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Angus Skaaland:

Oh my God, Robbie, here we go. You're gonna start seein' ghosts again. The ref got hit, he shook it off. That's called being tough.

Toddy drags Jesse back into position, drops into another cover, and this time the referee slides in like he knows exactly where to be.

ONE!

TWO!--KICKOUT!

Jesse kicks out, and the roof nearly comes off. Toddy's calm cracks for a heartbeat. He stares down at Jesse like he's offended that Jesse still exists.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Jesse Collins is still alive!

Angus Skaaland:

He's still stubborn. There's a difference.

Toddy doesn't waste time arguing with reality. He pulls Jesse up by the arm, trying to end it clean enough that nobody can question it. Jesse swings--Toddy ducks--Jesse hits the ropes--

Toddy catches him with a sudden, vicious back elbow that staggers him, then snaps him down with a tight cradle that looks almost too practiced.

ONE!

TWO!--JESSE ROLLS THROUGH!

Jesse turns it into a desperation small package of his own.

ONE!

TWO!--TODDY KICKS OUT!

They scramble up, breathing hard, and Jesse explodes with adrenaline. He hits Toddy with a forearm, then another, then a third that finally knocks Toddy into the corner. Jesse charges--Toddy gets a boot up--Jesse eats it and still comes forward, grabbing Toddy around the waist and trying to haul him out for one more tornado DDT.

Toddy claws at the ropes to block it, and the struggle is ugly--Jesse yanking, Toddy clinging, the crowd screaming for Jesse to rip him loose.

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

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Toddy finally frees himself the only way he knows how: he rakes the eyes with a quick, hidden motion, then snaps Jesse down with his finisher--the Dumpster Fire Driver--a brutal double-arm DDT that hits like a gavel.

KRA-KOOM!

Toddy hooks the leg, tight, and stares at the referee like he's issuing an expectation instead of asking a question.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

BBBBBBBOOOOOOOO!!!

The bell rings, and the sound is drowned under the crowd's fury. Toddy rolls off and sits up, chest heaving, wiping sweat from his lip with an expression that tries very hard to look "inevitable." Jesse lies on his side, blinking up at the lights, devastated but not humiliated--like he got close enough to taste it.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Todderick Davenport III retains... but I'm sorry, Angus, I do not like the way that referee "recovered" in the middle of this match.

Angus Skaaland:

You don't like a lot of things, Robbie. You don't like rich people. You don't like champions. You don't like reality. Jesse Collins hit the referee, and it cost him. That's it.

Toddy rises as Cito hands him the belt. He lifts it with one arm, but there's no big celebration--no entourage to validate it, no Grapplerz to lean on, no party to hide behind. For the first time, the champ looks slightly... alone. Slightly rattled. He keeps it off his face, but the camera catches it in the pause before he steps through the ropes.

Jesse crawls to the bottom rope and pulls himself upright, holding his ribs, eyes glassy. The crowd gives him something loud and warm anyway--because they saw how close he came.

RRRAAAHHHH!!!

Toddy backs up the ramp with the belt tight to his chest, jaw clenched, already thinking past tonight. Jesse stays in the ring, staring after him, like he just learned the most important lesson of his career:

Getting to the ball is one thing.

Surviving the people who own it is another.

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### Show Credits

Segment: "Heart of Dixie intro" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Sam Gardner vs Celestina Cruz" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Nerves" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Superstar Sammy Starr vs Primetime Preston Price" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Payment only upon delivery" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Women's Title Five Way" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Blood and family" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Jack Havok vs Lowlife Larry Edwards" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "A segment without a clever title featuring Duchess Vaughn in Eric Dane Sr's office" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "It's not about them" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "The Brothers Gluck vs Rich Young Grapplerz" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "When Hot Toddy runs a little too hot" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "The New Untouchables cannot be prevented from saying words" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Eric Dane Jr/James Gang vs The New Untouchables" - Written by justin.

Match: "Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins vs Todderick Davenport III" - Written by oldlinejeff.

*Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite*