

Under Review: 3.1

January 2, 2026 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

Intro

Black screen.

A sharp pop of static.

Then the opening beat of "Heads Explode."

The sound of a heavy metal door slamming shut echoes under the music.

Lights snap on inside the Foundry -- harsh, white, unforgiving.

Concrete. Steel. Officials moving through hallways with clipboards and headsets.

Eyes everywhere.

Cameras switch on.

? Keep that thing in your pants ?

? You've got a-nothin' for me no ?

? Your sister knows how to dance ?

? She might be more my speed yeah ?

? She moves just like a panther, baby ?

? I bet you never knew ?

? And I said ?

Duchess Vaughn stalks down a corridor, jaw set, knuckles still taped.

A referee steps into frame -- firm, unyielding -- blocking her path.

A wrist brace hits the floor.

Glass crunches under a boot.

Valeria Cruz leans against a concrete wall, her right arm locked in a cast.

She glares straight ahead, venom in her eyes.

Beside her, Celestina Cruz calmly perfects her makeup in the mirror.

Unhurried. Untouched.

Like she's already moved on.

Cut.

Jenn Tinsley snaps punches into a speedbag, footwork constant -- in, out, pivot.

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She never stops moving.
Never stops adjusting.

Cut.

Sam Gardner lowers herself into the splits across two steel chairs.
No strain. No wobble.
Strength and flexibility held in perfect balance.

Cut.

Tigress Wilde snarls into the camera, sweat streaking down her face.
Her eyes twitch -- furious, unfocused, cracking at the edges.
The frustration is loud.
The answers aren't coming.

Cut.

Astrid Reichert stands alone beneath buzzing fluorescent lights, leather jacket draped over one shoulder.
Unblinking. Unbothered.
She stares directly into the camera like scrutiny is beneath her.

Kirsty McKinney rolls her shoulders in an empty ring, calm, precise, already warm.
No wasted motion. No nerves.

A red RECORDING light flicks on.

? This is how we go about it ?
? To make our heads explode all night ?
? This is how we go about it ?
? To make our heads explode ?

Sunny Holiday raises the Women's Championship overhead -- breathless, smiling, real.
The belt is new. The responsibility is not.

Cut.

The Brothers Gluck stand shoulder to shoulder in the ring, tag titles hanging heavy at their sides.
No celebration. No posturing.
They look like men waiting to be tested.

Cut.

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Cameron West sits on a bench, methodically lacing his boots.
Across from him, Derek Hayes tightens his wrist tape, eyes forward.
Cool. Collected. Competent.

Cut.

Steel Thunder grinds through a heavy bench press, teeth bared, bar shaking under strain.
Neon Blaze looms over him, spotting close, flashing that too-easy, gleaming smile toward the camera.
They don't look worried.
They look bored.

Cut.

Junichiro snaps a kick through the air -- clean, sharp, surgical.
Flip D spins beside him, feet a blur, both men moving in perfect, practiced rhythm.
No words. Just motion.

Cut.

Jacoby Jacobs leans against the barricade, ribs taped, jaw tight.
Darian Darrington shoves past him, fury barely contained.
The Rich Young Grapplerz are bruised.
They are not finished.

Cut.

Lowlife Larry Edwards leans over the barricade, TV Title slung across his back as the crowd surges toward him.

He feeds off them -- loud, alive -- but the camera lingers just long enough to ask the question.

Cut to TD3.

World Championship over his shoulder.
Suit immaculate. Smile tight.
The gold is real.

So are the eyes on him.

? I am a pillar of salt ?

? You'll never be worse than me no ?

? So get in the fucking car ?

? We got us a world to bleed yeah ?

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? I hold all the combinations ?
? To give you peace of mind ?
? And I said ?

Iron Kid sprints up concrete steps, sweat flying, lungs burning.
Again. And again. And again.

TD3 watches from behind tinted glass, jaw clenched, fingers tapping against the belt plate.

Preston Price strides through the hallway, swagger pouring off him.
Ricky Dale Cash walks at his side, murmuring approval.
Price grins. He believes every word.

Cut.

Marcus King adjusts the lapels of his ring jacket, slow and deliberate.
He catches his reflection and smirks.
Young. Strong. Certain.

Cut.

Sammy Starr stares into a locker room mirror.
He tilts his head, searching for something -- confidence, maybe -- and doesn't quite find it.
The longer he looks, the worse it feels.

Cut.

Jack Havoc's eyes fill the screen.
Wide. Unstable. Unforgiving.
The belt is gone.
The danger is not.

A slow pan across the World Title.
Not polished. Examined.

? This is how we go about it ?
? To make our heads explode all night ?
? This is how we go about it ?
? To make our heads explode all night ?

Graysie Parker pulls a loaded barbell from the floor.

Her back tightens. Muscles coil and lock into place -- thick, deliberate, built by work.

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The weight moves because she says it does.

Chalk dust hangs in the air as she drops the bar.

Cut to her in the ring now. Still. Center frame.

No pose. No gesture.

Astrid Reichert's hand closes around a sledgehammer.

Iron Kid steps through the curtain, eyes forward.

TD3 looks up -- just for a moment -- and realizes the room has gotten smaller.

? I got all the combinations ?

? You know, dont'cha know I'm always right ?

? This is how we go about it ?

? To make our heads explode...! ?

The music cuts.

One final graphic slams onto the screen:

UNDER REVIEW.

Fade to black.

Toddy doesn't get another gloatathon

Todderick Davenport III steps through the curtain with the Trust Fund International Championship draped over his shoulder, dressed immaculately and already wearing a thin, practiced smile. He pauses on the stage as if expecting the reaction to crest and settle.

It doesn't.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

The boos roll down from the rafters without hesitation or irony. TD3 nods along, pretending patience, adjusting the belt on his shoulder as he makes his way down the ramp. By the time he steps into the ring, the noise has only intensified.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

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TD3 raises the microphone, waiting for a break that never comes. Finally, he starts speaking anyway, his voice tight but measured.

TD3:

"Alright. Let's get something straight right out of the gate. What you're looking at right now isn't just a champion -- it's a responsible steward of this company's most valuable asset."

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

TD3 exhales through his nose and paces, trying to speak over it.

TD3:

"Heart of Dixie wasn't about flash. It wasn't about impulse. It was about protecting the long-term value of the Trust Fund International Championship."

Before he can continue, Graysie Parker's music hits.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Graysie storms to the ring without hesitation, microphone already in hand. She doesn't wait for TD3 to finish his sentence, or even acknowledge him with ceremony. She steps into the ring and turns directly toward him.

Graysie Parker:

"You done?"

The crowd roars again. TD3 bristles, lowering the microphone slightly as if offended by the interruption.

TD3:

"I was in the middle of addressing the audience--"

Graysie:

"Yeah. You've addressed us plenty."

She steps closer, eyes locked on him.

Graysie:

"You talk. And talk. And talk. And every time, it's about why nobody else is good enough."

RRRAAAHHH!!!

TD3 scoffs, shaking his head.

TD3:

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"You don't just walk back in here and demand--"

Eric Dane Jr.'s music cuts him off.

The reaction is loud, mixed, and charged. Dane Jr. strides to the ring, climbs onto the apron, steps inside, and immediately inserts himself into the space between TD3 and Graysie.

Eric Dane Jr.:

"See, this is what I don't get."

He gestures toward Graysie.

EDJr:

"You disappear for almost an entire season. You didn't wrestle a single match through all of Heart of Dixie. And now suddenly you think you get to walk back in and skip the line?"

Graysie turns on him instantly.

Graysie:

"I didn't ask you."

Eric Dane Jr. smirks, unfazed.

EDJr:

"You're gonna hear me anyway. I've been here. Every week. I worked the grind. I put the time in."

TD3 nods along, happy to let Dane Jr. do the talking -- until "In Walks Barbarella" - Clutch hits.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Kirsty walks out with no urgency, microphone already raised, annoyance etched across her face. She doesn't even look at TD3 at first.

Kirsty McKinney:

"Are we seriously picking title challengers on a microphone now?"

She stops at the top of the ramp and finally looks toward the ring.

Kirsty:

"Because if that's the system, I beat both of them. Beat her years ago"

She points toward Graysie.

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Then toward Dane Jr.

Kirsty:

"Beat him a couple months ago. So...

She lets it hang just enough to rankle.

Kirsty:

"Unless the belt's allergic to competence, I should be next."

The crowd reacts sharply. TD3 opens his mouth to respond.

Kirsty doesn't let him.

Kirsty:

"No. I don't care what you have to say."

She lowers the microphone slightly.

Kirsty:

"I just told you the way it is."

She drops the mic and turns to leave.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

TD3 stands frozen, visibly stunned, the loudly mixed reaction not helping his composure. Dane Jr.'s face twists with indignation as he bolts out of the ring and chases after Kirsty, still shouting into his microphone.

Eric Dane Jr.:

"You don't get to do that! You don't get to hijack a show and just walk away!"

They disappear backstage, leaving the ring suddenly quiet.

Just Hot Toddy and Graysie Parker.

TD3 exhales sharply, forcing his posture back into place. He straightens his jacket, clutches the championship tighter, and looks at Graysie with open irritation.

TD3:

"You see? This is exactly the kind of chaos I've been talking about."

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Graysie steps closer.

Graysie:

"You want me to wrestle?"

TD3 hesitates.

Graysie:

"Fine. I'll wrestle."

She points toward the ramp.

Graysie:

"You find me someone. Go on. Show only lasts so long."

The crowd erupts again. TD3 stares at her for a moment, jaw tight, then shakes his head and turns away. He exits the ring and heads up the ramp, muttering under his breath, the championship pulled tight against his chest.

Graysie watches him go, then turns back toward the hard camera.

Graysie:

"I'll be right here."

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Astrid Reicherts vs Trish Cassidy

We finally fade in at the commentation station. Robbie Ray Carter, dressed professionally in a suit. Angus Skaaland, dressed unprofessionally in a T-shirt and shades. This is all as it should be.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Fans, welcome back at long last to Iron City Wrestling, where we bring you the finest wrestling the southeast has to offer, streaming-on-demand! I'm Robbie Ray Carter, alongside Angus Skaaland, and-

Angus Skaaland:

"Now Robert, sir, I take offense to that. Not the part where you said my name, that was fine. But what promotion in the Northeast could possible be better than us? Or the Southwest? Or even the Northwest? Portland's been dead for three decades! ICW is the only game worth playing in town baby, and after a two month seance we are back in black!"

Robbie Ray:

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"We are getting started on our Under Review tour, or I suppose we can't call it a tour since we're not planning to leave The Foundry for the duration. And if you're curious about the name, well, there's been some shaking up done behind the scenes here in ICW. Tired of wild gory brawls and the upset sponsors that go along with such things, The Board has stepped in. And this part ought to make you happy, Angus - do you know who they added to it?"

Angus:

"BIG TODDY, baby! The man who bore our own Trust Fund International Champeen!"

Robbie Ray:

"I don't know that he calls himself that, and I don't believe he intends to take an on-camera role in ICW, but yes - Todderick Davenport Junior, father of TD3, along with two associates of his, were added to the Board. And additionally, Cito Conarri was made the Head of Standards and Oversight.

Angus:

"If that was anybody but Cito, Robbie, I might just have to dip back into my DEFIANCE vocabulary. But the old dude knows the game as well as anyone and he knows how to thread that needle."

Beat.

Angus:

"If he asks though, don't mention any of what I said aside from the 'old' part. We kind of have a thing."

Robbie Ray:

"Too much has happened to recap, and we're already getting ready for our first match! Todderick Davenport III survived Iron Kid Jesse Collins at Heart of Dixie, but it looks like he's got not one, not two, but three wrestlers gunning for his title."

Angus:

"If every single check he ever wrote me bounced I'd still back him over Kirsty McKinney. But her, plus the bosses kid, plus Graysie? Hot Toddy's about to be in the hot seat.

Cut to the ring. A woman in black gear (including fingerless fighting gloves) and a red ponytail is waiting in the ring. A nameplate identifies her as Trish Cassidy.

Robbie Ray:

"This is the second time we've seen Trish Cassidy here in ICW. The first was against Jenn Tinsley."

Angus:

"Cute. If she got trucked by Jenn fucking Tinsley, what on earth is she even getting in the ring with The Baroness for?"

Speak of the devil, and...

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"Requeim (The Fifth) - Trans-Siberian Orchestra" hits, and the mood in the Foundry shifts immediately. Astrid Reichert steps through the curtain in her leather jacket, expression flat, eyes cold. She doesn't acknowledge the crowd, doesn't look at Trish -- she walks straight to the ring like this is an obligation, not a contest.

Robbie Ray:

"Astrid Reichert coming off Heart of Dixie clearly looking to reassert herself here tonight."

Angus:

"She held up her end in that four-on-four. The people who didn't are nowhere near this ring right now. I might rip on her for giving the Noots the time of day, but I'd rather hold my peace and hope she chooses to rip them apart for it, instead of rip me apart for ripping on her."

Astrid steps through the ropes and begins to remove her jacket.

That's when Trish rushes her.

The crowd reacts as Trish grabs the leather jacket and yanks it up over Astrid's head, smothering her vision hockey-style. Trish throws wild punches into Astrid's ribs and chest, unloading everything she has in a frantic burst.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

The reaction barely has time to crest.

Astrid plants her feet, wraps her arms around Trish's waist, and explodes backward.

THWACK!!!

Astrid hurls Trish across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex, still half-tangled in her jacket. Trish skids hard across the canvas, scrambling instinctively toward the ropes.

Astrid calmly pulls the jacket free and drops it outside the ring.

Angus:

"Yeah. That was cute while it lasted."

From there, Astrid dismantles her.

She hauls Trish up and snaps her down with a judo throw, transitions immediately into a tight front facelock, then flows seamlessly into a hammerlock, cranking the arm before dumping Trish face-first into the mat. Trish howls and claws forward, only for Astrid to roll with her into another hold, then another.

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Robbie Ray:

"Astrid isn't even looking for a finish here. She's chaining submissions together."

Angus:

"She could've ended this already. She's choosing not to."

Astrid toys with Trish -- isolating a limb, letting her slip free, only to snatch her back down again. A leg trap. A waistlock. A brutal neck crank that leaves Trish gasping. Each escape feels granted, not earned.

Finally, Astrid climbs on top of Trish in full mount. She rolls both of them over into full guard, then reaches around her own legs and clasps her wrists.

And then, she squeezes.

Trish immediately begins throwing punches backward -- weak, frantic shots that thud uselessly into Astrid's shoulder and ribs. Astrid doesn't flinch. She doesn't adjust her grip.

She just tightens it.

Robbie Ray:

"This isn't a submission attempt. She's not trying to make Trish tap out, yet."

Angus:

"She's squeezing the fight right out of her. Slowly. She did this to Valeria Cruz. Whatever she calls this, I guess it's a full time addition to her arsenal."

Trish's punches slow. Her legs are limp, she's basically lying on top of Astrid, trying and failing to post up. She's still conscious, but her resistance is fading by the second.

The referee steps closer, watching Trish's arms sag, her movements turning sluggish and unfocused. Astrid maintains the squeeze, expression unchanged.

At ringside, Cito Conarri leans toward the referee, speaks quietly, then turns to the timekeeper and nods.

The bell rings.

DING! DING! DING!

Astrid immediately releases the hold and pushes Trish away from her. Trish collapses to the mat, chest heaving, still trying to push herself up on unsteady arms.

Robbie Ray:

"The referee has stopped the match. And that, for anyone who doesn't follow the behind-the-scenes

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goings-on of ICW, was Cito exercising his newly delegated authority as Head of Standards and Oversight. In this case, to protect another ICW roster member - even if she's only on a per-appearance deal - from injury."

Angus:

"Yeah. I like to rip on Cito, but it was the right call. That Trish kid didn't quit, but she was out of fight and didn't realize it. The stoppage probably saved her a couple broken ribs."

Astrid stands over her barely conscious opponent. That wicked, jagged smile spreads itself across her face. Staring down at Cassidy, she slowly licks her teeth.

Angus:

"I get the shudders every time she does that."

Astrid abruptly turns and leaves. She doesn't look back. She steps through the ropes, retrieves her jacket, and walks up the ramp without celebration, without acknowledgment.

Behind her, officials kneel beside Trish Cassidy, checking her condition as the crowd buzzes uneasily.

Gluckparty

The camera cuts to the parking lot outside the Foundry.

Pickup trucks line the cracked asphalt, tailgates down, coolers open. Fans mill around in clusters, red Solo cups in hand, country music blasting loud enough to rattle doors. A lifted white Ford F-350 rolls into frame -- American flag and Don't Tread On Me flag snapping from the tailgate as it parks crooked across two spaces.

The Gluck Truck has arrived.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Chapps Gluck hops out first, bullhorn already in hand, feeding off the noise as Carlton Gluck climbs down more deliberately and starts unloading a keg from the bed of the truck.

Chapps Gluck:

"I TOLD Y'ALL WE WAS BRINGIN' DIGNITY BACK TO THESE HERE BELTS! NOW WHO WANTS SOME GAWDDAM BEER?!"

The crowd erupts as Chapps pumps the bullhorn, spinning in a circle to soak it in. Carlton sets the keg down, begins working the tap without ceremony.

Chapps Gluck:

"We're throwin' a party right now -- but don't get it twisted! These belts ain't no party favors! We're workin'

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champions!"

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Chapps Gluck:

"Ain't no spoiled-ass rich kids holdin' these! You want a shot? You step up!"

Carlton finishes setting the keg, wipes his hands, and finally looks up.

From the edge of the lot, Cameron West and Derek Hayes step forward in street clothes. Calm. Composed. They don't push through the crowd -- the crowd parts for them.

Cameron West:

"We're not here to mess up your night."

Carlton nods once.

Cameron West:

"We helped you at 2.4. We'd like our shot."

No drama. No spin.

Carlton answers immediately.

Carlton Gluck:

"Fair's fair."

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Carlton Gluck:

"You helped us. You get your match. No strings. No conditions."

Chapps swings the bullhorn back up, delighted.

Chapps Gluck:

"BUT YOU GOTTA DRINK BEER!"

Laughter ripples through the crowd as Derek Hayes accepts a cup, looks at it for a beat -- then gently sets it down.

Derek Hayes:

"I do not waste my beer, sir. It's not right."

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Chapps stares at him, then breaks into a wide grin.

Chapps Gluck:

"BRO. You're alright!"

The moment breathes.

Then the camera shifts.

At the far edge of the parking lot stand Darian Darrington and Jacoby Jacobs.

Jacobs is quiet. No phone. Hands clasped tight in front of him, posture rigid, eyes tracking everything at once. He doesn't look afraid -- he looks out of place, and it shows.

Darian steps forward alone.

He doesn't raise his voice.

Darian Darrington:

"Evenin'."

Carlton turns fully now, studying him.

Darian Darrington:

"Y'all earned those belts."

No sarcasm. No edge.

Darian Darrington:

"We're here for our rematch."

The crowd noise dips just slightly -- not hostile, just attentive.

Chapps starts to say something, but Carlton lifts a hand. Not harsh. Final.

Carlton steps closer, stopping a few feet short of Darian.

Carlton Gluck:

"You want a rematch?"

Darian nods.

Carlton Gluck:

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"Go win a match."

A beat.

Carlton Gluck:

"Win it clean -- for a change."

The words land without heat, without humor.

Carlton Gluck:

"Then we'll talk."

Darian holds his gaze, absorbing it.

Darian Darrington:

"Understood."

Carlton doesn't nod. Doesn't smile.

Carlton Gluck:

"Not jokin'. Go win a match."

He turns back to the keg.

Chapps lowers the bullhorn, the grin gone now, party resuming behind him. Darian steps back toward Jacobs. Jacobs exhales quietly, jaw tight, eyes still scanning.

The Rich Young Grapplerz remain where they are as the camera pulls away -- not chased off, not welcomed in.

Just told where they stand.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Mexico calling

The camera cuts to a backstage corridor as Astrid Reichert moves through the concrete maze, leather jacket slung over her shoulder. There's no adrenaline left from the match -- just focus. Purpose.

She slows.

Blocking the hallway is a trio of figures in street clothes and masks.

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One is a woman, her hair dyed vivid orange. Her upper body is covered in a high-waisted trenchcoat, her lower body wearing heeled boots and fishnet stockings. The mask she wears is black, with a mix of purple-blue, orange, and yellow fiery designs.

Another is a man in all black. Black pants, black boots, black muscle T, black mask designed to look like a bandana shrouding his face, letting his long black hair hang free.

But the man in front...

The dude's wearing rather nondescript grey jeans, and a charcoal grey lightweight jacket. The only thing noticeable about the jacket is a small orange 'CA' logo on the right breast.

The mask, though... it's orange, and yellow. Stylized like some kind of reptilian predator, only filtered through robotics. Yellow teeth with perfectly straight edges fit into a growling mouth made of nothing but straight angles, and angular yellow eyes, all set into orange.

Ceiber Raptor is in ICW.

Astrid briefly stops walking, seeing them.

As if on a signal, the other man steps just a bit closer to Raptor, just behind his right shoulder. The woman stays further back.

Ceiber Raptor:

"You made an impression."

Astrid Reichert:

"That is my intention, always."

The man in the black mask folds his muscular arms.

Black Mask Man:

"That was indulgence, back there."

Astrid's eyes flick to him -- sharp.

Astrid Reichert:

"Che."

She speaks his name coldly, then returns her gaze to Raptor.

Astrid Reichert:

"You brought Juarez with you? And Dulce too?"

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Raptor nods slowly, considering her.

Ceiber Raptor:

"I did. And he's right. That was indulgence. But the way you handled it... that was remembered."

A beat. Not hostile. Not friendly. Something heavier.

Astrid shifts her jacket on her shoulder.

Ceiber Raptor:

"You left Mexico so suddenly, Astrid. What happened?"

Astrid Reichert:

"Oh, Bird of Prey, I told you when zis all started it would not last forever."

Raptor steps closer -- not crowding her, but closing the space deliberately.

Ceiber Raptor:

"You did."

Another beat.

Ceiber Raptor:

"But Mexico is not necessarily done with you, Baroness. You still have obligations there."

Astrid holds his gaze. For a moment, neither of them moves.

Astrid Reichert:

"You didn't come all this way just to remind me of... obligations. You could have called."

Raptor's face is completely unreadable behind that grimacing mask.

Ceiber Raptor:

"Perhaps I had more on my mind than mere obligations."

Raptor grips his left wrist with his right hand and flexes his fingers. Juarez glances back at Dulce, then back to Raptor. Dulce remains still.

Astrid doesn't recoil. She doesn't bristle.

She considers it.

Astrid Reichert:

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"Zis is not ze time for such things"

A half-step closer. Just enough.

Astrid Reichert:

"Maybe later. But not now."

Raptor studies her for a long moment, then inclines his head.

Ceiber Raptor:

"Perhaps later, then."

There's no disappointment in his voice. No withdrawal either. Just an awkward silence that the luchadora breaks by finally speaking.

Dulce Fuego:

"Astrid. That move you use lately, the one you squeeze redhead with tonight. What do you call it?"

Astrid Reichert:

"Die Schlingen. The Coils.

(beat)

...Las Anillas."

Dulce Fuego: (Spanish)

"...Sabrosa."

Juarez makes a very brief noise behind his mask. Unclear whether it's an expression of humor, disgust, or something else entirely.

Raptor steps aside, clearing the corridor.

Ceiber Raptor:

"We'll be in touch."

Astrid walks past them without another word, boots echoing down the corridor until the sound fades.

The camera lingers on Raptor, watching the space she just left.

Beside him, Juarez exhales slowly.

Che Juarez: (quietly, in Spanish)

"¿De verdad vale todo esto?"

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Raptor doesn't look at him.

Ceiber Raptor: (Spanish)

"Sí."

Juarez shifts his weight, choosing his words carefully.

Che Juarez: (Spanish)

"Porque no es solo negocios contigo cuando se trata de ella."

A beat.

Raptor finally turns his head just enough to acknowledge him.

Ceiber Raptor: (Spanish)

"No confundas deseo con distracción."

Juarez frowns.

Che Juarez: (Spanish)

"La quieres en México."

Ceiber Raptor: (Spanish)

"La quiero donde los débiles no sobreviven."

Another beat.

Ceiber Raptor: (Spanish)

"Lo demás... es secundario."

Juarez studies him for a moment, then nods once. He doesn't agree -- but he accepts.

Raptor turns back toward the corridor.

Patient. Certain.

Fighting champion

The camera returns to the Foundry floor as the atmosphere settles after the previous segment, the crowd still buzzing with anticipation.

Robbie Ray Carter:

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Sunny Holliday didn't just win the Women's Championship at the pay-per-view -- she survived one of the most brutal debuts this division has ever seen. Submissions, disqualifications, and a targeted leg attack couldn't keep her down when it mattered most.

Angus Skaaland:

That match exposed everybody, Robbie. Duchess Vaughn snapped, Tigress Wilde got cute and paid for it again, and Sunny Holliday proved she can take punishment and still stand tall. That's not luck -- that's backbone.

Cito Conarri:

Ladies and gentlemen, joining me in the ring at this time... hailing from Gulf Shores, Alabama... weighing in at one hundred eighty-five pounds... she is the inaugural Iron City Wrestling Women's Champion... Sunny Holliday!

"Walkin' on Sunshine" fills the Foundry as Sunny bursts through the curtain, arms wide, her smile unmistakable. She slaps hands along the aisle, points out to the crowd on both sides, and climbs the steps with a spring in her step that belies the punishment she endured just days ago. Inside the ring, she wipes her boots, steps through the ropes, and raises the championship high as the fans rise to their feet.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Sunny soaks it in for a moment, then settles in the center of the ring, one hand resting on the title at her waist as the music fades.

Sunny Holliday:

"Thank you. All of you. From the bottom of my heart -- thank you for believing in me, for standing with me, and for riding this whole crazy road to get here."

She pauses as the cheers swell again, nodding and letting them breathe before continuing.

Sunny Holliday:

"I'm not gonna pretend this division turned out the way anyone expected. What happened at the pay-per-view was rough. It was painful. And it showed just how brutal things can get when that bell rings. But I also know this -- if we fight through the hard nights, if we keep getting back up, then better days are ahead. Sunny days."

A grin flashes, then fades into something firmer.

Sunny Holliday:

"And as long as I'm holding this championship, I promise you this -- I won't hide. I won't dodge. I'll be a fighting champion. So if there's anyone back there who thinks they've earned a shot..."

She spreads her arms and turns toward the entrance.

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Sunny Holliday:

"I'm right here."

The lights dim to a crimson wash as "Señor Matanza" begins to pulse through the Foundry. Marisol Serrano steps onto the stage, chin high, eyes cold, moving with deliberate grace as a spotlight tracks her path. She doesn't rush. She doesn't acknowledge the fans. Her attention never leaves the ring -- or the champion inside it.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Marisol stops at the top of the ramp, letting the noise roll over her without reaction. She raises a single hand, not to quiet the crowd, but as if dismissing them entirely.

Marisol Serrano:

"Many of you do not know me."

She lets her gaze drift across the arena, measured and assessing.

Marisol Serrano:

"Those who do... know why I am here. My name is Marisol Serrano. In Chile. In Bolivia. I am wrestling royalty."

A beat. Her lip curls, ever so slightly.

Marisol Serrano:

"And yet, when Iron City Wrestling opened its doors, Señor Dane -- in his wisdom -- chose only to offer me a developmental contract."

She pauses, radiating disdain through posture alone, shoulders back, chin lifted.

Marisol Serrano:

"I accepted this unworthy deal. And since then, I have submitted main roster competitors at will."

Her eyes flick briefly to the camera.

Marisol Serrano:

"Tigress Wilde can tell you. Celestina Cruz can tell you."

The boos deepen as Marisol finally walks to the ring, sliding between the ropes with sharp precision. She stands across from Sunny now, close enough that the contrast is unmistakable -- warmth versus ice.

Marisol Serrano:

"Do you know what llave is?"

Under Review: 3.1

She waits, not for an answer, but for silence.

Marisol Serrano:

"Llave is Spanish for 'hold.' It is the submission grappling style created when luchadors combined the technical intricacy of British grappling with the speed of lucha libre. Of all wrestling disciplines..."

She steps closer.

Marisol Serrano:

"It is the most difficult to master."

A smug pause. Absolute certainty.

Marisol Serrano:

"And I have mastered it entirely."

Sunny's smile tightens. For just a flicker of a second, her eyes drop toward her own leg -- then snap back up. Her stance widens. Her grip on the championship firms.

Marisol Serrano:

"All this sunshine. All these smiles."

She tilts her head.

Marisol Serrano:

"They cannot disguise a limp."

A murmur ripples through the Foundry.

Marisol Serrano:

"Perhaps these people do not understand llave. But technicians like me know exactly what to do when someone is injured."

Sunny exhales, steadying herself. The doubt flashes -- then disappears.

Sunny Holliday:

"Enough talk."

She steps forward, nose to nose.

Sunny Holliday:

"Let's go."

Under Review: 3.1

Officials rush toward the ring as the confrontation turns electric. The champion has issued her answer -- and the challenger has found exactly what she came for.

Sunny Holiday vs Mariso Serrano

Sunny Holiday vs Marisol Serrano

Robbie Ray Carter:

Sunny Holliday promised to be a fighting champion, but she's stepping straight into unfamiliar waters tonight against a woman whose entire career is built on control and submission.

Angus Skaaland:

This is not a test of heart, Robbie -- this is a test of technique. And Marisol Serrano lives in that world.

The bell rings, and Marisol Serrano doesn't rush. She circles, posture immaculate, eyes locked on Sunny Holliday's legs like a chess player already planning three moves ahead. Sunny offers a tentative tie-up, testing the waters -- and is immediately twisted down to the mat, her balance taken with surgical ease.

Marisol transitions smoothly into a leg entanglement, wrenching Sunny's ankle while sitting upright, as if presenting the hold. Sunny grits her teeth and rolls, scrambling toward the ropes, only for Marisol to drag her back by the knee and switch grips with contemptuous efficiency.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Serrano isn't just winning exchanges -- she's correcting Sunny every time she tries to wrestle her game.

Angus Skaaland:

This is what happens when heart runs into mastery.

Sunny tries again, dropping to a knee and attempting to counter into a basic hold of her own -- and Marisol actually smirks, disengaging just long enough to stomp the back of Sunny's knee before snapping her down with a dragon screw. She pauses, adjusts her posture, then reapplies pressure, methodically dismantling the champion's base.

Sunny grimaces, frustration creeping in as her attempts to keep the contest technical are met with derision. Marisol drags her into another grounded position, cinching a half crab variation and leaning back, eyes drifting to the referee as if daring intervention.

Sunny finally muscles her way free with raw strength, shoving Marisol backward -- but her leg buckles, and Marisol pounces instantly, snapping Sunny down again and grinding the knee into the canvas.

Under Review: 3.1

Robbie Ray Carter:

Sunny Holliday is tough, but toughness doesn't mean much when you can't stand.

Angus Skaaland:

Serrano is dissecting her. Piece by piece.

The tone shifts when Sunny stops trying to wrestle her way out. From her back, she throws a sudden forearm across Marisol's jaw -- THWACK! -- then another, forcing space through sheer impact. She drags herself upright, planting her feet wide and swinging with short, brutal shots that thud off Marisol's guard.

Marisol recoils, momentarily stunned, as Sunny barrels forward, ramming her into the corner and unleashing a flurry of forearms and headbutts that echo through the Foundry. The champion scoops her up with a roar and slams her to the mat, the ring shuddering beneath them.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Sunny feeds off the crowd, limping but relentless, hurling Marisol with a belly-to-belly suplex and following with a crushing shoulder block. She lines up the Sunbeam Elbow, cracking Marisol across the jaw and setting her reeling.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Sunny Holliday has decided this isn't a wrestling match anymore.

Angus Skaaland:

She figured it out, Robbie -- you don't out-grapple Serrano. You out-fight her.

Sunny hauls Marisol up and hooks her for the Sunshine Bomb, the crowd rising -- but Marisol wriggles free at the last second, collapsing to the mat and immediately snaring Sunny's damaged leg. She rolls through into a brutal entanglement, torqueing the ankle and knee with ruthless precision.

Sunny screams, clawing desperately toward the ropes as Marisol sits tall, tightening the hold and staring down the referee.

ONE STEP.

ANOTHER.

Sunny lunges and grabs the bottom rope, the official forcing the break.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Marisol releases slowly, irritation flickering across her face as she rises. She seizes Sunny's leg again, winding up for another dragon screw -- but Sunny snaps her head up and fires a desperate enzuigiri, a rare Ghetto Blaster that catches Marisol flush.

Under Review: 3.1

KRA-KOOM!!!

Marisol crumples. Sunny wastes no time.

She limps forward, hooks Marisol's arms, and drives her down with the Sunshine Bomb, sitting out hard despite the pain.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Robbie Ray Carter:

Sunny Holliday survives -- but you can see the cost written all over her.

Angus Skaaland:

Champion's heart, busted-up leg. That's the price tonight.

Sunny rolls to her knees, breathing hard, clutching the title as she pushes herself upright. She nods once to the crowd, then turns and limps up the ramp, refusing assistance.

Marisol Serrano sits up slowly in the ring, one hand on her knee, eyes fixed on the champion's retreat. Her expression isn't rage -- it's calculation. A slight tilt of the head. A memory being filed away.

She rises with composure intact, watching Sunny disappear through the curtain before turning and exiting the ring, dignity unbroken.

The champion walks away -- but she doesn't walk away clean.

Making a main event

The camera catches Ceiber Raptor walking down a backstage hallway, flanked by Che Juarez and Dulce Fuego. Raptor moves with unhurried confidence, his full-face mask giving nothing away -- no expression, no tells, just presence. Juarez walks at his shoulder. Dulce follows a half-step behind, silent.

They are mid-stride when Todderick Davenport III steps out from a side corridor.

Raptor stops.

TD3 straightens his jacket, forcing a smile that doesn't quite settle.

TD3:

"If you'll give me just a moment of your time, I have an offer that might be financially beneficial to you."

Under Review: 3.1

Raptor turns his masked face toward TD3 and says nothing.

TD3 takes that as permission.

TD3:

"Graysie Parker is a distraction. A woman I've already beaten. A woman who hasn't even been focusing on ICW."

He gestures vaguely back toward the arena.

TD3:

"She's walked back in here demanding a title shot, and frankly, I have a lot on my plate. I'd prefer not to deal with her."

A beat.

TD3:

"I'm willing to pay generously for you to deal with that problem instead."

Raptor remains still.

TD3 presses, trying to sound casual -- friendly.

TD3:

"My dad owns most of Mountain Brook."

Raptor finally speaks, his voice calm, flat, uninterested.

Ceiber Raptor:

"That's nice."

A pause.

Ceiber Raptor:

"I own half of Mexico."

TD3 freezes.

For a moment, he just stares -- mouth slightly open, the words failing him.

TD3:

"B-but you didn't even hear the number..."

Under Review: 3.1

Behind Raptor, Dulce Fuego lets out a soft but derisive laugh.

TD3's composure cracks.

Raptor doesn't turn.

Ceiber Raptor:

"You have nothing of interest to offer me."

A beat.

Ceiber Raptor:

"I must decline your offer."

TD3 stands there, stranded, unsure how to respond.

That's when Che Juarez steps forward.

Che Juarez:

"I'll do it."

TD3 snaps his head toward him.

TD3:

"You?"

Raptor turns to Juarez -- and speaks in Spanish, as if TD3 no longer exists.

Ceiber Raptor: (Spanish)

"¿Por qué?"

Juarez answers without hesitation.

Che Juarez: (Spanish)

"Porque Dane es uno de los lacayos de mi padre. Destruir a una de sus supuestas estrellas frente a su gente me resulta... atractivo."

A beat.

Che Juarez: (Spanish)

"Y saber que mi padre estará mirando desde primera fila también."

Raptor considers this, silent. Still.

Under Review: 3.1

Then:

Ceiber Raptor: (Spanish)

"Muy bien."

He steps closer to Juarez.

Ceiber Raptor: (Spanish)

"Pero esta es tu batalla, no la del Círculo."

Another beat.

Ceiber Raptor: (Spanish)

"Estarás solo. Y tendrás que encontrar tu propio camino de regreso al motel."

Juarez nods.

Che Juarez: (Spanish)

"No es un problema."

Juarez turns back to TD3.

Che Juarez:

"Payment up front. Or no deal."

TD3 swallows. He reaches into his jacket and pulls out his checkbook, hands slightly unsteady.

Juarez watches him write.

Che Juarez:

"Payable to Juarez Conarri."

He tilts his head.

Che Juarez:

"Shall I spell it for you?"

A low murmur ripples through the arena.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Did he just say Conarri?"

Angus Skaaland:

Under Review: 3.1

"...Huh."

TD3 stiffens, then forces a nod and tears the check free.

TD3:

"No need."

He hands it over and immediately turns away, walking briskly down the hallway without another word.

Juarez looks at the check once, folds it, and heads off toward the locker rooms, already focused on what comes next.

Raptor watches him go.

Slowly, he grips his own wrist and flexes his fingers.

Then, without a word, Ceiber Raptor turns and walks away with Dulce Fuego at his side.

People's champion

The camera cuts back to the parking lot outside the Foundry.

The Glucks' tailgate is in full effect now. The keg is flowing. The crowd is thicker. Someone has climbed onto the back bumper of the truck, red Solo cup raised like a trophy.

Country music blares.

Then--

A beat drops.

Heavy bass thumps in from off-camera, rattling loose cans and cooler lids. Heads turn.

A beat-up black Dodge Charger rolls into frame, Bronx plates, windows down. Hip hop blasting loud and unapologetic. It doesn't park crooked.

It stops dead center.

The driver's door swings open.

Lowlife Larry Edwards steps out -- TV Championship belt slung over his shoulder, hoodie unzipped, chain glinting under the lights. A swarm of fans pours in behind him, loud, laughing, riding the energy.

Under Review: 3.1

The music doesn't stop.

The two crowds stare each other down.

Not hostile.

Measuring.

Chapps Gluck lowers the bullhorn slowly.

Chapps Gluck:

"Well I'll be GAWDDAMN."

Larry steps forward, hands loose at his sides. No rush. No fear.

Lowlife Larry Edwards:

"So this where the party at."

Chapps hops down from the truck bed, chest out, eyes locked. Larry closes the distance until they're nose to nose.

They don't touch.

They don't blink.

Carlton Gluck watches closely, arms folded, saying nothing.

Larry grins first.

Lowlife Larry Edwards:

"Y'all always this loud, or you compensatin'?"

The crowd ooooohs.

Chapps grins right back.

Chapps Gluck:

"Boy, we don't compensate. We CELEBRATE."

They stand there.

Neither backing down.

Under Review: 3.1

Neither swinging.

The moment stretches just long enough for the crowd to realize--

Nobody's gonna throw the first punch.

Chapps suddenly throws his hands up.

Chapps Gluck:

"BEEEEEEEEEEEEERRRRR!!!"

The tension snaps.

Laughter explodes from both sides.

Larry throws his head back, laughing, slaps the hood of his car.

Lowlife Larry Edwards:

"Yeah. Aight. I can work with that."

Carlton cracks a keg cup and hands it to Larry without ceremony. Larry takes it, looks at it for half a beat--

--and downs it.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Larry's music cuts.

Someone yells for Bubba Sparxxx.

Someone else yells for Kid Rock.

Chapps grabs the bullhorn again.

Chapps Gluck:

"SEE? THIS AIN'T HARD! PEOPLE IS PEOPLE!"

Larry throws an arm around a fan, raises his empty cup.

Lowlife Larry Edwards:

"People's Champion, baby!"

The Glucks raise their cups.

Under Review: 3.1

Two crowds blend into one loud, messy, beer-soaked mass as the camera pulls back.

No alliances declared.

No challenges issued.

Just a parking lot full of people who, for tonight, decided they didn't need to fight to prove they belonged.

FADE OUT.

Marcus King vs Superstar Sammy Starr

Robbie Ray Carter:

Sammy Starr continues to adjust to life without shortcuts, managers, or excuses, and tonight, his efforts will be graded by Marcus King.

Angus Skaaland:

That adjustment's been rough, Robbie. King's the last guy you want grading your fundamentals while you're still figuring out who you are.

The orchestral overture swells as Marcus "The Titan" King steps through the curtain, towel draped over his shoulders. He pauses at the top of the ramp, raises one hand like he's quieting a classroom, and walks with deliberate disdain. Inside the ring, he folds the towel neatly in the corner and waits, eyes never leaving the aisle.

"SUPERRRSTAR!" hits the speakers as Sammy Starr emerges, arms spread wide, soaking in the moment like it's an awards show. The reaction is polite, scattered -- a few cheers, a few laughs. Sammy poses to the hard cam, then jogs down, slapping hands, trying to will the energy

The bell rings.

Starr opens with confidence, offering a lockup and flashing a grin to the crowd. King accepts -- and immediately wrenches the wrist, snapping Starr down to the mat. He doesn't rush, adjusting grip and dragging Starr a half-step off-center before releasing.

King smirks.

They circle again. Starr fires a quick arm drag and pops to his feet, throwing his arms up like he's won something big. The crowd gives a mild reaction. King answers with a snapping forearm that drops Starr to a knee.

Angus Skaaland:

Under Review: 3.1

That ain't choreography, Robbie. That's a correction.

King goes to work -- cravats, short elbows, grinding pressure. He calls out each hold under his breath, loud enough for the first row to hear. Starr sells big, scrambling, over-rotating just to create space. He lands a desperation bulldog and follows with The Starrstruck Shuffle, shuffling into the elbow drop with theatrical flair.

RRRAHHH!!!

Starr feels it and reaches for another pose -- a second too long. King snatches him by the wrist again, yanks him in, and plants him with a crisp suplex. He never breaks eye contact.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Starr's instincts are fighting his habits right now.

King continues to grind, dragging Starr back to his feet only to snap him down again. Starr fires back with a chop, then another, backing King into the corner. He whips him across -- King reverses, charges in, and Starr slips aside, rolling him up.

ONE!

TWO!

--KICKOUT!

Starr nearly cheats on instinct, glancing at the ropes for leverage -- then stops himself. That moment of hesitation is all King needs. He explodes forward with a brutal rolling elbow to the jaw.

KRA-KOOM!!!

Starr collapses.

King doesn't rush the cover. He straightens his posture, adjusts his stance, and then hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

King rises, calm and composed, as Starr sits up slowly, blinking, trying to process what just happened. King looks down at him for a moment -- not angry, not gloating -- then turns and retrieves his towel, wiping his forearms like the work is finished.

Angus Skaaland:

Lesson's over.

Under Review: 3.1

Starr stays seated as King exits, the crowd offering a smattering of sympathetic applause that never quite swells. Sammy pushes himself to his feet, forces a small smile, and gives a half-hearted pose to the hard cam -- but this time, there's no confidence behind it.

Just effort.

The camera lingers a beat longer than is comfortable... then cuts away.

Breaking glass

The camera opens inside a low-ceiling misery bar -- dim lights, scarred wood, the kind of place that smells like old beer no matter how often it's cleaned. A few patrons linger at opposite ends, all of them giving the same wide, instinctive berth to the man at the bar.

Jack Havok sits alone, shoulders squared, a bottle of beer resting loose in his hand.

Mounted above the bar, a flat-screen television plays ICW footage -- the parking lot outside the Foundry. The Glucks. The crowd. Beer flowing. Lowlife Larry Edwards laughing, surrounded, alive in the noise.

Havok watches without expression.

No scowl.

No sneer.

No movement at all.

For several seconds, he goes completely still.

Then--

without warning--

KRA-KASH!!!

Havok smashes the bottle across his own forehead.

Glass explodes. Blood beads immediately, trickling down his face. He doesn't react. Doesn't flinch. He calmly grips the jagged neck of the broken bottle and drives it straight down into the bar top.

SKRRRRRRNNNNCH!!!

He twists it. Grinds it. Wood splinters and glass powder together under his hand.

A nearby patron starts to rise from his stool, half-formed protest on his lips.

Under Review: 3.1

Behind the bar, the bartender shakes his head once.

Don't.

The patron freezes. Slowly sits back down.

Havok keeps grinding the bottle into the bar, eyes never leaving the screen as the footage shifts away from the parking lot.

Blood drips.

Glass creaks.

The bar holds.

The camera lingers just long enough to feel wrong--

Then fades out.

Rich Young Grapplerz open challenge

Robbie Ray Carter:

The Rich Young Grapplerz lost the Tag Team Championships at Heart of Dixie. They asked the Glucks for their Champion's Rematch earlier tonight. And Carlton Gluck told them point-blank -- win a match clean against real opposition, and then they can talk about another shot.

Angus Skaaland:

Which is real easy to say when you're the champions, Robbie. A whole lot harder when you've built your career on doin' things smarter, not harder.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

The Rich Young Grapplerz emerge onto the stage.

Jacoby Jacobs is already live on his phone, pacing in tight circles, talking rapidly to his stream as if the building doesn't exist. Darian Darrington follows behind him, slower, shoulders tense, eyes drifting toward the entrance ramp like he'd rather be anywhere else.

They enter the ring. Jacobs immediately climbs the turnbuckles, holding his phone high, angling it to catch the crowd behind him. Darian stays grounded, leaning back against the ropes, jaw set.

Jacobs grabs a microphone.

Jacoby Jacobs:

Under Review: 3.1

"Nah nah nah -- keep booing. Keep booing. This is perfect."

He laughs, panning his phone across the arena.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"Chat, you see this? Look at this place. Pickup trucks. Tailgates. Beer everywhere."

He shakes his head, mock-concerned.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"And somehow we're the bad guys."

The live crowd reacts, confused more than anything.

BBBBBOOOOO?

Jacobs smirks, feeding off the uncertainty.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"See, that's the problem. We do everything right. We wrestle circles around people. We make this division look expensive."

He gestures at himself and Darian.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"And what do we get for it? Thrown to the wolves."

He scoffs, pacing.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"You know how many teams in this place haven't had to wrestle the Glucks? You know how many guys get protected from that?"

He stops, grinning.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"But us? Nah. Let the rich kids get mauled. Let's see how tough they are."

Jacobs turns his phone back to himself, nodding emphatically.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"And don't get me wrong -- I love a good party. But white-bread parking lot parties ain't exactly safe for guys like me... if you know what I mean."

Under Review: 3.1

He hits a pose for the phone, waiting for a pop that never comes.

The arena response is flat. Unimpressed.

...

Angus Skaaland:

He's fishin', Robbie. And nobody's bitin'.

Jacobs shrugs exaggeratedly.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"Hey, I'm just talkin' optics."

He chuckles, raising his hands innocently.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"If that makes you uncomfortable, maybe ask yourself why."

That's when Darian straightens up.

He pushes off the ropes, steps forward, and gently but firmly pulls the microphone down.

Jacobs looks at him, surprised.

Darian Darrington:

"Alright."

The word lands heavier than expected.

Darian Darrington:

"Enough."

Jacobs blinks at him, half-offended, half-confused.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"What are you--"

Darian doesn't look at him. He looks toward the ramp.

Darian Darrington:

"We lost the belts."

Under Review: 3.1

A beat.

Darian Darrington:

"We were told to win a match. Clean. Against a real team."

His voice is calm. Plain. No polish.

Darian Darrington:

"So let's do that."

Jacobs stares at him like he just broke character.

Darian steps to the center of the ring.

Darian Darrington:

"If there's anybody in the back who's feelin' froggy..."

He pauses, scanning the entrance.

Darian Darrington:

"...come on down."

The crowd murmurs, unsure what comes next.

RRRAHHH...?

Jacobs lowers his phone slowly, eyes locked on Darian -- not angry, just trying to understand who this guy is right now.

The camera holds on the ring as the open challenge hangs unanswered.

The Rich Young Grapplerz stand alone in the ring.

Darian Darrington keeps his eyes on the entrance. Jacoby Jacobs glances between Darian and his phone, visibly irritated that the moment isn't about him anymore.

The crowd noise swells, uncertain.

Then--

An unfamiliar beat hits.

A sharp, unmistakable old-school hip-hop rhythm rolls through the arena.

Under Review: 3.1

? "Here we go, yo... here we go, yo..." ?

The crowd pauses.

A beat.

Then recognition ripples through the building -- not of the song itself, but of what it means.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Wait a minute.

Angus Skaaland:

That's not anybody we've heard before.

The reaction grows as the music continues.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Two men step through the curtain.

They don't rush.

They don't pose.

They walk with calm certainty, shoulder to shoulder.

ALEXANDER.

No tron graphic yet. No name on the screen. Just two super-indy white guys in gear that looks earned, not flashy -- nodding along slightly to "Scenario" like it belongs to them even if it fits just a little crooked.

They stop at the top of the ramp.

The crowd buzzes -- curiosity more than allegiance.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That's ALEXANDER!"

Angus Skaaland:

"It's two guys, not one -- and why'd you have to scream 'Alexander'?"

Robbie Ray Carter:

"It-- we'll talk about that later, Angus. ALEXANDER have been tearing it up all over the East Coast for a few years now. Dane tried to sign them right when ICW opened, but there were contractual issues. I had no idea those had been solved!"

Under Review: 3.1

Angus Skaaland:

"Okay, but who are they?"

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Alex Konstantin's the one in the kick guards, and Zander Thorne's the tall guy with the curly fade hairstyle."

Angus Skaaland:

"Ugh. Broccoli hair."

In the ring, Darian straightens.

Jacobs lowers his phone completely now, staring up the ramp, squinting like he's trying to place them -- and failing.

Angus Skaaland:

That's the look of a guy realizin' he's about to find out somethin' he didn't plan for.

ALEXANDER make their way down the ramp, eyes never leaving the ring. No trash talk. No gestures. Just forward motion.

They step onto the apron. One enters the ring. Then the other.

They stand across from the Rich Young Grapplerz.

The music fades.

Silence hangs heavy for a moment.

Darian nods once.

Jacobs forces a grin, raising his mic halfway -- then thinks better of it.

Robbie Ray Carter:

The Rich Young Grapplerz wanted a real team.

Angus Skaaland:

Looks like they just got one.

The four men stare each other down as the crowd noise builds again.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

The camera tightens on the face-off.

Under Review: 3.1

No introductions.

No bell.

Just the understanding that whatever happens next...

...counts.

The four men stand in the ring, tension low but real.

Zander Thorne takes the microphone, turning away from the Rich Young Grapplerz almost immediately. He leans on the ropes, looking out at the crowd like he's chatting with people he already knows.

Zander Thorne:

"It's about time we got here, huh?"

A pocket of the crowd perks up immediately.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Zander grins, pointing toward a loud cluster in the front rows.

Zander Thorne:

"Yeah -- I remember you guys. Didn't you come all the way from Atlanta to watch this show?"

The response is instant and proud.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Zander nods, pleased.

Zander Thorne:

"Alright. So for those of you who don't know us..."

He turns slightly, gesturing back at the ring.

Zander Thorne:

"We are ALEXANDER."

Another ripple of reaction -- louder this time.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Zander Thorne:

"My name's Zander Thorne."

Under Review: 3.1

He taps his own chest, then reaches an arm back.

Zander Thorne:

"And this is my partner in crime -- Alek Konstantin."

Zander holds the mic out.

Alek takes it, looks at it for half a second like he's deciding whether it's necessary.

Alek Konstantin:

"Uh... hi."

A scattered laugh rolls through the crowd.

HA!

Zander takes the mic back immediately, nodding.

Zander Thorne:

"Yeah. He doesn't usually talk much."

He shifts his weight, tone turning a notch sharper -- still casual, but focused now.

Zander Thorne:

"So let's get down to business, yeah?"

Zander finally glances toward the Rich Young Grapplerz -- not confrontational, just acknowledging they exist.

Zander Thorne:

"Iron City Wrestling's slush-fund babies finally got the ass-kicking they deserved... and now they're mad about it."

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Jacoby Jacobs scoffs loudly. Darian Darrington stays quiet.

Zander Thorne:

"They say they want a real challenge from a real team."

Zander shrugs, turning back to the crowd.

Zander Thorne:

"But here's how I see it."

Under Review: 3.1

He leans into the ropes again.

Zander Thorne:

"We're a couple guys who started the grind hopin' we'd break even -- maybe find a cheap motel, maybe a halfway decent Airbnb if we were lucky."

A few nods in the crowd. Recognition.

Zander Thorne:

"So yeah... I think that makes us a little more real than the rich kids who couldn't even be bothered to learn their coach's name."

The crowd reacts, sharper this time.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Zander squints toward the Grapplerz, amused.

Zander Thorne:

"Where'd these guys even go to school, anyway?"

He gestures vaguely.

Zander Thorne:

"Sir Fancypants McHuggybriefs Wrestling Academy for Cliché Fratboy Chuds?"

The crowd laughs.

HAHAHA!!!

Jacobs bristles. Darian exhales through his nose.

Zander hands the mic back to Alek again.

Alek takes it, considers.

Alek Konstantin:

"We paid for our own gas."

A beat.

The line lands... oddly.

Under Review: 3.1

A few people laugh. A few don't.

...

Zander immediately takes the mic back, nodding like that went exactly as expected.

Zander Thorne:

"Yeah. So -- this is why he doesn't talk much."

The crowd laughs again, warmer now.

HAHAHA!!!

Zander straightens, finally squaring up toward the Rich Young Grapplerz -- not aggressive, just ready.

Zander Thorne:

"You wanted a real team?"

He spreads his arms.

Zander Thorne:

"We're right here."

Zander drops the mic.

The stare-down resets -- different now. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, the divide clear between entitlement and earned confidence.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Rich Young Grapplerz vs ALEXANDER

Robbie Ray Carter:

The Rich Young Grapplerz were told earlier tonight -- win a match clean against real opposition, and then they can talk about getting another shot at the Tag Team Championships.

Angus Skaaland:

And they picked a hell of a time to find out what "real opposition" actually means.

The bell rings.

Alek Konstantin and Darian Darrington circle to start. Darian smirks, extending his arm outward, pressing his

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palm lightly against the top of Konstantin's head to emphasize the height difference.

Angus Skaaland:

Oh come on.

Darian keeps him at arm's length, leaning down just enough to talk, clearly daring Konstantin to swing where he can't reach. Konstantin doesn't bite. Instead, he steps inside and snaps a hard shoot kick into Darian's thigh.

THWACK!!!

Darian's smile vanishes instantly.

Konstantin fires a second kick -- then a third -- before dropping levels and blasting through with a snap double-leg takedown. Darian hits the mat flat-backed as Konstantin flows immediately into a tight control hold, cinching him up before he can orient himself.

Robbie Ray Carter:

That was fast -- Konstantin didn't waste a single motion.

Darian scrambles, twisting and clawing toward the ropes, finally managing to hook one with his fingertips. The referee calls for the break.

Konstantin releases instantly.

No extra pressure.

No lingering grip.

He backs away cleanly and tags out.

Angus Skaaland:

See that? No argument. No funny business.

Zander Thorne steps in as Darian hurriedly retreats to his corner and slaps hands with Jacoby Jacobs.

Jacobs bounces on the balls of his feet as they circle -- quick, loose, confident. The two explode into a fast-paced exchange: arm drags, quick rolls, rapid counters that spill across the canvas in a blur of motion.

The crowd perks up.

RRRAHHH!!!

Jacobs flips through an escape and springs up first, grinning -- only to be caught mid-step by a sudden

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long-limbed leg lariat from Thorne.

SMACK!!!

Jacobs hits the mat and rolls immediately to the ropes, popping back up with irritation flashing across his face. He slips under the bottom rope, backing away and shouting at the referee.

Angus Skaaland:

And there it is.

Darian joins him outside, waving his arms, arguing loudly. The two huddle together, talking fast, gesturing back toward the ring as the referee begins his count.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Inside the ring, Thorne stands calmly near his corner, arms loose at his sides, watching them stall without chasing.

Robbie Ray Carter:

ALEXANDER not taking the bait -- they're letting the Grapplerz show everyone exactly who they are.

Jacobs keeps jawing. Darian keeps complaining. The count continues as the crowd rains down boos.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

The Rich Young Grapplerz finally turn back toward the ring -- regrouped, annoyed, and already looking for shortcuts.

ALEXANDER don't waste time. Alek Konstantin steps in with purpose, immediately closing distance on Darian Darrington and cutting off the size advantage with low, snapping kicks to the thigh and midsection. Darrington tries to posture, extending his arms and backing Konstantin off like he's handling a smaller nuisance -- only to eat another stiff kick that knocks him a half-step sideways.

Konstantin snaps on a quick takedown, flowing straight into a control hold that forces Darrington to scramble awkwardly toward the ropes. Konstantin releases cleanly at the break, no extra flourish, and tags Zander Thorne. Thorne comes in light on his feet, circling, peppering Darrington with long strikes that force him to retreat again.

The Grapplerz regroup quickly. Darrington rolls to the corner and tags Jacoby Jacobs, who slows the pace immediately -- barking instructions, waving off engagement, forcing the referee to intervene while he talks. When the action resumes, Jacobs draws Thorne in and yanks him down by the arm, dragging him to the Grapplerz' corner.

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From there, the match turns.

The Rich Young Grapplerz isolate Konstantin with surgical precision. Jacobs calls every exchange, directing Darian into short, grinding offense while cutting off the ring. Konstantin absorbs punishment without panic -- forearms, short slams, and wrenching holds -- but every attempt to build momentum is interrupted. Jacobs' voice never stops, constantly positioning Darian a step ahead of the response.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"This is where the Grapplerz are most comfortable -- slowing things down and dictating the terms."

Angus Skaaland:

"Yeah, but they're spending a lot of time talking for guys who were told to prove something tonight."

Konstantin finally creates space with a sudden burst, slipping free of a hold and leaping into a flying double stomp that cracks against Darian's upper back. The impact buys just enough room. Konstantin dives for the corner--

--and tags Zander Thorne.

Thorne explodes into the ring, immediately leveling Jacobs with a leg lariat before turning back to Darian with sharp, rangy strikes. A bicycle kick snaps Darian's head back. A running clothesline flattens him. Thorne moves fast, pressing the advantage with sudden covers that keep the Grapplerz scrambling.

ALEXANDER try to capitalize, setting up for a double-team sequence. Konstantin tags back in as Thorne lines Darian up -- but Jacobs dives in, dragging the referee with him and disrupting the timing. The Grapplerz cheat just enough to break the rhythm, shoving Konstantin away and forcing a reset.

Jacobs calls for Photo Finish III, signaling it loudly and theatrically. He pulls out his phone, jawing at the crowd, clearly more interested in the moment than the match. Darian lifts Konstantin -- but the setup is slow, telegraphed.

Konstantin slips free.

In one fluid motion, he latches onto Darian's arm and drops to the mat, rolling his hips and cinching in the kimura lock. Darian realizes the danger instantly, scrambling, twisting -- but the hold is already tight. Jacobs looks up from his phone just in time to see his partner trapped.

Darian taps.

The bell rings as Jacobs slides too late into the ring, frustration written all over his face.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That's it! Konstantin caught him -- and that kimura came on fast!"

Under Review: 3.1

Angus Skaaland:

"Jacobs was calling the shots all night... and then he stopped watching the board."

ALEXANDER don't celebrate wildly. Thorne helps Konstantin to his feet, the two sharing a brief nod before stepping away. Darian rolls to the corner, clutching his elbow, while Jacobs argues with the referee -- already searching for someone else to blame.

The message is clear.

The Rich Young Grapplerz didn't lose because they were outmatched.

They lost because they lost focus -- and against a team like ALEXANDER, that's enough.

Night Riders challenge Urban Ninjaz

"Blue Highway" hits, neon lights cutting across the Foundry as The Night Riders step through the curtain.

Neon Blaze leads, sunglasses on, smile sharp and perfect -- the kind that never reaches his eyes. Steel Thunder follows one step behind, bigger, darker, silent. Blaze throws a crisp karate pose at the top of the ramp, soaking in the boos like applause.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

They enter the ring. Blaze climbs the turnbuckles, pointing to himself, basking in it. Thunder stays on the mat, arms folded, scanning the crowd like he's counting exits.

Blaze hops down and takes the microphone.

Neon Blaze:

"Y'know... it's funny how short people's memories are."

He chuckles, pacing slowly, shaking his head.

Neon Blaze:

"Couple weeks ago, Steel Thunder and I are out here mindin' our own business. Big match. Big stakes."

Blaze stops pacing. His smile tightens just a fraction.

Neon Blaze:

"And outta nowhere... Urban Ninjaz decide they wanna play hero."

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Under Review: 3.1

Blaze laughs again, louder this time.

Neon Blaze:

"Kick a pipe outta Thunder's hand. Put my partner through a table."

He turns, finally looking back at Thunder. Thunder doesn't react -- just cracks his neck once.

Neon Blaze:

"Cost us the match."

Blaze turns back to the camera, smile gleaming.

Neon Blaze:

"Now see, that's cute. Real brave."

He points down the lens.

Neon Blaze:

"But here's the part you might've forgot."

Blaze raises one finger.

Neon Blaze:

"Every time you two step into this ring with us... you get hurt."

The crowd buzzes.

Neon Blaze:

"Arc One? You got put on the shelf."

Another finger.

Neon Blaze:

"Two-point-two? Ref damn near had to take the match away just to get us to stop."

Blaze lowers his hand, grin widening.

Neon Blaze:

"And then you thought one little moment -- one little table -- meant you were equals."

Steel Thunder steps forward now, looming just behind Blaze's shoulder. He doesn't take the mic. He doesn't need to.

Under Review: 3.1

Blaze gestures back at him without looking.

Neon Blaze:

"That was a mistake."

Blaze straightens, confidence absolute.

Neon Blaze:

"So this ain't a challenge."

He shakes his head slowly.

Neon Blaze:

"This is a receipt."

He leans toward the hard cam.

Neon Blaze:

"Urban Ninjaz... you stuck your noses where they don't belong."

A beat.

Neon Blaze:

"Now you're gonna pay for it."

Steel Thunder steps up beside him, eyes dead ahead.

Steel Thunder:

"Soon."

Thunder steps back. Blaze throws one last exaggerated karate pose, grin blinding.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

The Night Riders leave the ring together -- Blaze smiling, Thunder stalking -- the message clear and personal.

This isn't about rankings.

This isn't about respect.

It's about payback.

Under Review: 3.1

The James Gang vs The New Untouchables & ???

Robbie Ray Carter:

Six-person tag action here on 3.1, and it's got history. Back on 2.5, the James Gang helped Eric Dane Jr. put the New Untouchables down--and whatever "alliance" Daniels and Rothlesberger had around them didn't survive the night.

"Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath crashes through the arena, and the reaction is immediate.

Zeb James bursts through the curtain first, sprinting down the aisle hootin' and hollerin', slapping hands and yelling at nobody in particular like he's already in a bar fight. Cherry Mae James follows at a hard bounce, loose and smiling, rolling her shoulders and soaking in the noise as she heads for the ring. Zeke James brings up the rear, walking with slow, deliberate steps, eyes forward, hands relaxed at his sides--inevitable in a way that needs no flourish.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:

Back at Heart of Dixie, these three stood tall alongside Eric Dane Junior, beating the New Untouchables, Kirsty McKinney, and Astrid Reichert. And if you remember, Robbie, Kirsty didn't just lose--she walked away from Daniels and Lee R. altogether.

Angus Skaaland:

Because she was disgusted, Robbie. And why wouldn't she be? I don't like it, but she's a badass. So's Astrid. It's the Nootboys that shit the bed.

The James Gang settle into their corner, Zeb pacing, Cherry leaning against the ropes, Zeke standing tall and still. Their music fades--and immediately--

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

The reaction turns sharp.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Jeffrey Daniels and Lee Scott Rothlesberger step out together, Daniels bouncing and jawing at the crowd on pure reflex, Lee more composed, nodding like a man who believes he's already solved the problem in front of him. They slide into the ring, Daniels hopping up to the ropes, Lee calling for a microphone.

LSR:

"Everybody keeps talkin' about Kirsty. About Astrid. About how they were 'disappointed' in us."

He smirks, shaking his head.

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LSR:

"But we figured it out. They didn't get to finish the job."

Daniels nods along, selling it hard.

LSR:

"So if letting badass women handle it was the problem... we found an even more badass woman."

Lee pauses to let the crowd react.

Angus Skaaland:

"What the absolute fuck. How do the goddamn Noots keep convincing hot badass women to team with them!? Kirsty, Astrid, what's next, armband chick?"

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Relax Angus, they lost at Heart of Dixie. You don't need to get your blood pressure up over them."

Lee gestures toward the stage.

LSR:

"And tonight? We're gonna let her do it."

He drops the mic.

"BAD GIRL" by Avril Lavigne hits.

The crowd buzzes--not cheers, not boos yet. Confusion. Anticipation.

Then Rin Takanashi bounces out through the curtain, kendo stick slung over her shoulder, already screaming at the crowd in Japanese and broken English, flipping off both sides of the aisle like she's walking into enemy territory she invented five minutes ago.

She does not look at the New Untouchables.

She prances down the aisle, cursing, swinging the kendo stick at the air, stopping once to lean over the barricade and scream directly into a fan's face before hopping onto the apron. She climbs the turnbuckle, flailing the stick overhead like she's conquered something, shouting "FUCK YOU!" at the crowd with wild conviction.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

The James Gang watch from their corner--Zeb squinting, Cherry tilting her head, Zeke unmoved.

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Lee looks thrilled.

Daniels looks... less certain.

Robbie Ray Carter:

That's Rin Takanashi. She's been associated with Astrid Reichert going back to her time in Japan, though I honestly don't have a ton of info on her.

Angus Skaaland:

Oh, I did research this girl, Robbie. Just not because of the Noots.

He laughs--deep, delighted, already knowing the punchline.

Angus Skaaland:

I did it because of Astrid. And let me tell you something--just because Rin ran with Astrid Reichert and Tessa ANGEL does not mean she is a badass like Astrid Reichert and Tessa ANGEL. This is gonna be the best trainwreck you and I have ever witnessed.

Rin hops down into the ring, finally glancing at Daniels and Lee like she just noticed they exist, then immediately turns away again to scream at the crowd one more time.

The referee steps in.

The bell is moments away.

The referee calls for the bell and Jeffrey Daniels starts out across from Zeke James, bouncing on his toes like he's about to headline the show. Daniels slaps his thigh, grins, and swings his hips--he's not even hiding what he wants.

Daniels fires the superkick anyway.

Zeke catches the leg.

Daniels freezes, eyes widening, and Zeke doesn't even look impressed--he just lifts the captured boot higher until Daniels is forced to hop on one foot, arms windmilling in that ugly little dance of a man realizing his plan has failed.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Then Zeke swings his free arm.

KRA-KOOOM!

Under Review: 3.1

Daniels gets clobbered with a forearm that flips him inside out and sends him skidding on his back toward his corner. On the apron, Rin Takanashi is already screaming in Japanese, pointing at Zeke and screaming "FUCK YOU!" like she's the scary one.

Robbie Ray Carter:

That's a rough start for Daniels--Zeke James is not here to play along with the highlight reel.

Angus Skaaland:

He caught that kick like it was a child's balloon, Robbie! Welcome to the mountains!

Daniels scrambles to the apron and slaps hands with Lee Scott Rothlesberger, and Lee steps in with a calmer face, jaw tight, eyes moving. He circles, feints a kick, tries to draw Zeke forward--like he's testing timing and distance, looking for the one opening he can turn into a sequence.

Zeke doesn't chase. He waits.

Lee darts in anyway--and takes a big boot to the chest that stops him cold. Zeke follows with a clubbing forearm across the back and a simple, punishing slam that rattles the ring. Lee rolls to a knee, already smirking like he meant to do that, already gesturing to the crowd as if he's baiting Zeke into a mistake.

Zeke steps toward him like a stormfront.

Lee tags out.

Rin is still jawing. She leans through the ropes, shouting at the timekeeper like she's about to steal the bell, and the referee has to bark at her to get back on the apron.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Rin Takanashi has been running her mouth since the opening bell.

Angus Skaaland:

She's gonna run it right into a wall, and I can't wait.

Zeke tags out and Zeb James charges in like he's late for a bar fight. Zeb doesn't have Zeke's reach, but he's got momentum--he hammers Daniels with fists, runs through Lee with a shoulder, and catches Daniels with a shotgun dropkick that sends him tumbling into the corner.

Daniels tries to flip out of trouble and Zeb meets him with a clothesline that looks like it should miss--until it lands flush and sends Daniels rolling. Zeb grins wide, slaps his own chest, and dares the New UTs to bring something real.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Under Review: 3.1

Rin screams from the apron, flipping Zeb off. She spits a word of Japanese venom at him, then switches to broken English: "YOU HILLBILLY BITCH!"

Robbie Ray Carter:

Zeb's style isn't polished, but it's effective--he's making this a fight.

Angus Skaaland:

That boy fights like he learned from a barn and a bad idea, Robbie, and it WORKS.

Zeb tags out and Cherry Mae James steps in, and the tempo changes again. Cherry doesn't sprint. She walks. She takes Daniels by the wrist, yanks him into position, and plants him with a bodyslam--stalling him overhead just long enough for the crowd to react before dropping him flat.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Cherry follows with a belly-to-belly atomic drop that folds Daniels forward into her waiting fist. She snaps off a quick jab-jab-body hook-uppercut combination that makes Daniels stumble, and when Lee rushes in to interrupt, Cherry knocks him back with a forearm and turns right back to Daniels like she's not impressed.

Lee backs into his corner, eyes narrowing. He reaches out and slaps the turnbuckle, calling for Rin like he's unveiling a secret weapon.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Lee Scott Rothlesberger is reaching for Rin--he's expecting something here.

Angus Skaaland:

He expectin' wrong.

Lee tags Rin in with a flourish. Rin storms through the ropes, eyes wild, snarling, throwing her arms wide at the crowd like she's Astrid Reichert's heir apparent. She points at Cherry and screams "FUCK!" like she's cursing her to death.

Cherry steps forward and immediately drops for the James Gang Initiation.

Rin wriggles, twists, and manages to squirt out of the headscissor portion--but Cherry still has her ankle trapped, still controlling it like a wrench in a mechanic's hand.

Rin's scream is instant and shrill. She hops on one foot, flailing both arms like she's being electrocuted, dragging Cherry across the ring by sheer panic toward the corner.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

HA HA HA HA HA!!

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Rin slaps hands with Lee while still hopping, still screeching, and the moment Cherry releases the ankle, Rin rolls out to the apron and pops up like nothing happened--flipping off the crowd and shouting "CRY MORE, FUCKBOYS!" at ringside.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Cherry Mae had her tied up, and Rin's first instinct was escape and tag.

Angus Skaaland:

Her first instinct was SCREAMIN', Robbie! That's instinct number one! I told you this was gonna be a train wreck!

Daniels rushes in while the referee is trying to restore order and cheap-shots Cherry from behind, snapping her down and finally getting the New UTs in the driver's seat. Daniels stomps, drags Cherry toward their corner, and tags Lee in, and for a brief stretch the New UTs look like they remember how to function--quick tags, cheap shortcuts, cutting the ring, keeping Cherry off balance.

Rin stands on the apron and talks the entire time, screaming at fans, screaming at Cherry, screaming at nobody in particular, acting like she's contributing.

Daniels lines Cherry up and Lee steps in at the same time.

THWACK!

Double superkick. Cherry drops hard.

Lee hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

--KICKOUT!

Cherry's shoulder pops up late, and Lee sits back on his knees with a look of outrage like the universe has offended him personally.

Robbie Ray Carter:

That was close--two and seven-eighths, maybe.

Angus Skaaland:

He oughta count slower for these clowns, Robbie, let 'em feel special.

Cherry crawls, snarling, and slaps the mat as she reaches for her corner. She tags Zeb and he explodes in off the ropes, ready to swing the match back--

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Rin lunges from the apron for a cheap shot.

Zeb collides with her instead, shoulder-checking her off the apron in one rough bump, and Rin crashes to the floor with a squeal of outrage that's half pain and half insult.

But the collision costs Zeb a heartbeat.

Lee uses it. He clips Zeb from behind and Daniels follows with a forearm to the back of the neck, and suddenly the New UTs have Zeb trapped for a short heat segment. Daniels grinds his boot in, Lee peppers in kicks and facebusters, and they keep Zeb turned away from his corner--just long enough to make the crowd tense up.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:

That distraction bought them an opening, and the New Untouchables took it.

Angus Skaaland:

Yeah, yeah, they got him down. Let's see 'em keep him down.

Lee reaches to tag out--and Rin slaps her own hand in like she's stealing lunch money.

She dives onto Zeb's back and tries to apply Schlechte Nacht, snarling and thrashing like she's about to tear his head off. She squeezes with everything her 120 pounds can manage, legs hooked, face twisted in triumph.

Zeb just... stands there.

Three seconds pass.

Four.

Zeb looks to the side like he's confused why the crowd is reacting.

Then he reaches up, grabs Rin by the arm, and peels her off like a coat.

WHUMP!

He tosses her over his shoulder and over the top rope to the floor.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Angus Skaaland:

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SHE'S A BACKPACK! HE TOOK THE BACKPACK OFF!

Robbie Ray Carter:

Rin tried to make it dramatic--Zeb didn't even recognize it as a threat.

Zeb staggers toward his corner and finally tags Zeke James, and Zeke storms in like the adult arriving to end a fight at a family reunion. He grabs Daniels, throws him with a choke toss, then catches Lee in the corner and yanks him out with one arm before slamming him down.

KRA-KOOOM!

Daniels staggers up into a big boot and spills out through the ropes. Lee tries to regroup and Zeke clubs him down again, forcing the New UTs to scramble and reset.

Rin is back on the apron already, still talking trash, still flipping off fans, still acting like she didn't just get thrown like a bag of feed.

Zeke turns--and Rin, for reasons known only to her own delusion, steps through the ropes and squares up with him.

She reaches, hooks him, and tries to hit Dragon's Fang.

Zeke doesn't move.

Rin strains, face reddening, snarling like she's about to lift a mountain. Zeke looks down at her, expression shifting--uncomfortable, conflicted, like he's realizing he can't just punch a small, delusional girl into next week.

Zeke tags out.

Cherry steps in with a smile.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Zeke James wanted no part of that.

Angus Skaaland:

He's got a conscience, Robbie. Cherry Mae don't.

Cherry grabs Rin and immediately leglaces her, snapping her down and rolling her across the mat with amateur precision--over, through, back again. Rin's arms pinwheel, her face flashes between outrage and panic as Cherry keeps her trapped and spinning.

Robbie Ray Carter:

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If this were sport wrestling, Cherry Mae would've scored enough points to win this match three times over by now.

Rin tries to crawl away and Cherry drags her back by the ankle, then drops one leg and straddles Rin's neck.

Cherry hooks the leg, rolls, and cinches in the James Gang Initiation clean.

Rin's scream is immediate.

It's not a tough-girl snarl. It's not a ruda howl.

It's a squeal--high, involuntary, loud enough to make the whole place flinch.

EEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

There is likewise no need for the ref to check on her. There have been piranha feeding frenzies less frenzied than Rin's taps.

The bell rings.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Cherry Mae James just forced the tap!

Angus Skaaland:

I THINK MY EARS ARE BLEEDIN', ROBBIE!

Cito Conarri:

Here are your winners... the James Gang!

Cherry releases and stands, breathing steady. Rin rolls away clutching her leg, gasping, face red with fury--and then she pops back up like her neck isn't still ringing.

She flips off the crowd and screams "FUCK YOU!" as she prances up the aisle, swaggering and cursing like she didn't just squeal loud enough to shatter glass.

In the ring, Lee just stands there with his hands on his hips, staring after her like he's watching a bad decision walk away in real time. Daniels leans on the ropes, jaw tight, eyes narrowed--no mugging, no showboating. For once, he looks like he understands exactly what that just looked like.

Robbie Ray Carter:

The New Untouchables came in here looking for redemption, and instead they leave with questions--about Rin, about themselves, and about what kind of shape they're really in.

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Angus Skaaland:

Questions? I got answers! They ain't ready, and they just found out!

Face to face

The camera opens backstage with Graysie Parker standing beside Ryan Caudill, the Iron Crown Championship resting heavy on her shoulder. She's calm, squared to the lens, breathing steady -- the posture of someone who knows she's about to be tested and isn't interested in ducking it. The noise of the arena hums faintly through the concrete walls, distant but constant, like pressure in the air.

Ryan Caudill:

"Graysie, in just a few minutes you defend the Iron Crown against a man who isn't even on the ICW roster. Che Juarez. What do you make of this situation?"

Graysie doesn't hesitate. She doesn't smile either.

Graysie Parker:

"I don't know Che Juarez well, but I know the basics. He's notorious in Mexico -- not a legend, but notorious. Third in command of the baddest dogs in the yard down there. El Círculo de Acero."

She adjusts the belt on her shoulder, not to show it off, but to settle its weight.

Graysie Parker:

"But this isn't Mexico. Whatever pull the Circle of Steel has, it doesn't run a damn thing here. And I don't care who your daddy is -- you don't walk into my promotion and start flexing like it belongs to you."

A quiet shift ripples through the space. Footsteps.

Che Juarez steps into frame from the side, unhurried, loose, eyes already locked on Graysie. He doesn't acknowledge Caudill. Doesn't acknowledge the camera. He stops close enough to be felt, not touched -- yet.

Che Juarez:

"Your promotion?"

He tilts his head, studying her like a problem he's already halfway through solving.

Che Juarez:

"You're the figurehead's protégé. You got handed the Iron Crown, you lost the Iron Crown, you disappeared -- and now you're defending your place in line."

Graysie's expression doesn't change, but her eyes harden.

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Che Juarez:

"Todd may be a pinche flojo, but he's done more for this place than you ever have."

The air goes dead quiet. Graysie blinks once -- not in fear, but in genuine surprise that he went there. From the edges of the frame, security steps in closer, and Eric Dane Sr appears behind them, already braced to intervene.

Graysie takes half a step forward, shoulders squared.

Graysie Parker:

"If I don't matter, you wouldn't be standing in front of me."

That's it.

Before anything else can be said, Dane steps between them, one hand raised, voice sharp with authority.

Eric Dane Sr.:

"Enough. You're fighting in the main event, and I'm already on the phone with half the promoters in Mexico dealing with the fallout of even booking this. If this is happening -- and I guess it is -- neither of you is wrecking it before the bell."

He backs away slowly, eyes never leaving either competitor.

Graysie doesn't move. Che doesn't either.

Che raises his hand, fingers curled into a loose shape -- the familiar Bandido-style finger gun. He levels it at her face. Graysie doesn't react.

Che steps closer.

He presses the "barrel" of his fingers against her temple.

That gets a reaction.

Graysie snaps his hand away and surges forward, chest to chest, and the moment detonates. Security floods in as both fighters strain past them, voices lost in the sudden chaos. Hands grab shoulders, arms hook waists, and they're dragged apart in opposite directions -- still staring, still straining, neither willing to break eye contact until the last possible second.

The camera holds on Graysie as she's pulled back, jaw set, breathing controlled -- then cuts to Che being hauled the other way, loose-limbed, unreadable, already looking like he's exactly where he wanted to be.

The main event looms.

Under Review: 3.1

Graysie Parker vs Che Juarez

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Main event time in Iron City. The Iron Crown Championship is on the line as Graysie Parker defends against Che Juarez -- an outsider from Mexico with no ICW résumé and nothing resembling caution."

Angus Skaaland:

"That's what scares me, Robbie. This guy didn't come here to earn anything. He came here to take."

The lights dim just slightly as "Zero" by Sylosis hits -- all distortion and aggression, the opening riff grinding through the Foundry like a warning siren. Che Juarez steps through the curtain without ceremony, already in his wrestling boots, wrists taped, no entrance gear beyond what he needs to fight.

Cito Conarri:

"The following contest is our main event of the evening! It is set for one fall, with a 30 minute time limit! Introducing first... from -Tijuana Mexico, and weighing in at 194 lbs! CHEEEEE... JUUUAAAAREEZZZZ!!!

The reaction splits instantly.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

RRRRAAAHHHH!!!

Juarez pauses at the top of the ramp, eyes scanning the building with cool detachment. He doesn't play to either side -- not the locals booing him for being a dick, not the hardcore fans losing their minds at the sight of him. He simply nods once, rolls his shoulders, and walks to the ring like he was always supposed to be here.

Angus Skaaland:

"See, this drives me nuts. I love that our hardcore fans care -- but is it really too much to ask them not to hijack the show cheerin' for a guy the casuals have never even heard of?"

Robbie Ray Carter: (sighs)

"It probably is too much, Angus. Wrestling fans are gonna wrestling fan -- everybody's got their own style."

Juarez hops onto the apron, wipes his boots, and steps through the ropes, testing the canvas once before backing into his corner. No pose. No gesture. Just focus. He rolls his neck, eyes never leaving the aisle.

Then the opening notes of Sweet Home Alabama hit -- and the Foundry erupts.

Cito Conarri:

"And his opponent! Hailing from Birmingham, Alabama--"

RRRRAAAHHHH!!!

Under Review: 3.1

Cito Conarri:

"And weighing in at 153 lbs! GRAAAAAYSIE... PAAAAARRRRRKERRRR!

Purple-and-gold lights sweep the crowd as Graysie Parker steps out, jaw set, Iron City behind her in full voice. She doesn't rush. She stomps down the ramp with purpose, shoulders squared, soaking in the hometown roar without exaggeration -- confidence without vanity.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Listen to this place. They missed her."

Angus Skaaland:

"And they didn't forget who she is."

Graysie reaches ringside, slaps hands along the barricade, then climbs onto the apron. She sits for just a moment, grabs the top rope, and skins the cat smoothly into the ring -- strength on display, controlled and casual. She rolls to her feet, gives a quick double biceps flex to the hard cam -- half pride, half challenge -- then backs into her corner as the music fades.

The two lock eyes across the ring.

Mixed reactions fade into a unified hum of anticipation.

The introductions are done.

And now, there's nothing left but to fight.

The bell rings, and neither competitor rushes. Graysie Parker holds the center of the ring, shoulders square, feet planted. Che Juarez circles her, light on his toes, changing angles, measuring distance like he's already three moves ahead.

They lock up.

Juarez explodes into the collar-and-elbow, driving forward with sudden force. Graysie braces -- and is pushed back a half step before she can settle her base. Juarez twists, wrenches the arm, and muscles her backward again, forcing the break.

OOOOOHHHH!!!

Angus Skaaland:

"He just embarrassed her."

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Easy, Angus. That was quick power -- not control."

Under Review: 3.1

Graysie doesn't argue. She doesn't glare. She simply resets, rolling her shoulders once as she steps back into range.

They lock up again.

This time, Graysie sinks her weight immediately, spreading her stance, dragging the exchange into molasses. Juarez tries to recreate the burst -- drives, twists, strains -- but the moment stretches longer than he wants. His arm starts to bend. His face tightens.

RRRRAAHHHH!!!

Angus Skaaland:

"Wait--what the hell--"

Graysie grinds forward inch by inch, forcing Juarez's wrist down, leaning her weight through his shoulder. Juarez fights it, teeth clenched, nearly slipping free -- but Graysie shifts her hips, steps across, and snaps him down to the mat with a sudden Lancashire-style trip, taking the leg out from under him and following him to the canvas.

Juarez hits the mat on his side and rolls away instantly, eyes wide now -- not panicked, but recalculating.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That's the adjustment. Juarez wins the burst, Graysie wins the grind."

Graysie rises first, looming over him for just a moment before backing off, hands open, inviting him back up.

The test has been made.

And both of them know exactly what kind of fight this is going to be.

Che Juarez springs back to his feet and doesn't circle this time. He steps in hard, snapping a sharp forearm across Graysie Parker's chest, then another -- faster than the eye expects, louder than the crowd does.

THWACK!

Graysie absorbs it, jaw tightening, but Juarez is already moving. A low kick slams into her thigh, followed by a sudden backfist that catches her flush across the cheek. Graysie stumbles half a step, surprised more by the change in tactics than the impact.

OOOOHHH!!!

Angus Skaaland:

"That's different, Robbie. That ain't lucha flash -- that's mean."

Under Review: 3.1

Juarez presses immediately, firing another kick, then a short elbow that snaps Graysie's head to the side. He backs her toward the ropes, striking in bursts, refusing to let her set her feet or clinch.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Juarez shifting gears -- he's not giving her time to solve him."

Graysie shells up, riding the blows, letting the noise wash over her as she's driven into the corner. Juarez charges again -- and this time Graysie moves. She steps aside just enough to let him glance off the turnbuckles, then clamps down with a body lock, trying to slow the pace.

Juarez fights it instantly, hammering short shots into her ribs and wrenching free before she can settle her grip. He fires off another forearm, then a quick snap kick to the midsection that doubles her over.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Angus Skaaland:

"She looks rattled!"

Graysie backs out, breathing heavy now, rubbing at her jaw as Juarez stalks forward, confidence rising. For the first time, there's a flicker of uncertainty in the building.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"I'll admit it -- I was a bit concerned coming in that Graysie might've lost a step during her time away."

Juarez lunges again -- and Graysie answers differently. She ducks under the strike, shoots in low, and drives him backward with a sudden tackle, dumping him to the mat near center ring. Before he can scramble away, she rolls through, hooks an arm, and grinds him down with heavy top pressure.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"But she's showing exactly why Eric Dane picked her as a protégé. You see that thick back and think one-dimensional power -- but she's got a wide array of tools. And the strength to deploy them."

Juarez writhes, trying to slip free, but Graysie stays glued to him, shifting her weight, forcing him to carry it. She peppers him with short, clubbing forearms, each one deliberate, each one stealing a little more of his momentum.

Juarez finally kicks loose and scrambles away, rolling to his knees, chest heaving now -- the violence answered, but at a cost.

Graysie rises again, slower this time, but steady -- eyes locked, posture reset.

The pendulum has swung.

Under Review: 3.1

And both of them know it won't stop swinging any time soon.

Graysie steps back in with purpose and doesn't give Juarez space this time. She crowds him, snaps a tight waistlock, and hoists him clean off the mat with a hard belly-to-belly suplex that dumps him near center ring.

WHAM!

Juarez rolls through, trying to scramble up -- and Graysie is already on him again. She clamps down, muscles him up, and plants him with a second suplex, this one higher, tighter, forcing the air out of his lungs as he lands.

RRRRAAHHHH!!!

Angus Skaaland:

"That's the grown-woman strength right there."

Graysie drags him up by the arm and snaps him over again -- a third suplex, rolling through on instinct, never letting go. Juarez finally spills free, clutching at his ribs as he staggers toward the ropes.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"This is Graysie Parker dictating terms. Once she gets her hands locked, there's no wasted motion."

Juarez swings desperate, but Graysie ducks under and spins behind him, threading her arms through and sitting back, dragging him down as she starts to cinch in the Graysie Lock. She plants her weight, reaching to lace her hands--

Juarez doesn't go down.

Instead, he grits his teeth, plants his feet, and stands up with Graysie still clinging to him. The crowd rises as realization hits a split second before Graysie does.

Angus Skaaland:

"No--no way--"

Juarez hoists her fully onto his shoulders in an electric-chair position, stabilizes for a heartbeat, then drops forward and snaps her off with a sudden sit-out facebuster, spiking her to the canvas in one violent motion.

KRA-KOOOM!!!

OOOOOOHHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That's explosive power -- that's what makes Juarez so dangerous!"

Under Review: 3.1

Graysie rolls instinctively, clutching at her face as she spills under the bottom rope to the floor, trying to buy herself a breath. Juarez doesn't give her one. He hits the far ropes at a dead sprint and launches himself through the ropes in a full-commitment suicide dive, wiping her out against the barricade.

CRASH!!!

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Juarez pops back to his feet immediately, chest heaving, eyes wild now as he looms over Graysie on the floor. She pushes up to a knee, shaken but conscious, and the crowd roars at the sudden swing.

Angus Skaaland:

"That's the kind of risk that flips a match on its head."

Robbie Ray Carter:

"And the kind that shortens careers if you miss."

Juarez grabs Graysie by the arm and hauls her upright, rolling her back toward the ring as the referee starts the count -- momentum firmly in the outsider's hands once again.

Both of them drag themselves up onto the apron, the referee pleading from inside the ring as the crowd buzzes with nervous anticipation. There's no mat here, no give -- just steel, wood, and bad ideas. Juarez steadies himself first and snaps a sharp kick into Graysie Parker's ribs, then another, backing her toward the corner post.

THWACK!

Graysie winces, nearly losing her footing as Juarez presses in close, trading forearms with her on the narrow strip of apron. Every strike lands with a hollow sound, every wobble drawing a sharp inhale from the crowd.

OOOOOOHHHH...

Angus Skaaland:

"I hate this part of the match, Robbie. Somebody's gonna take years off their career out here."

Juarez pulls back and swings his leg for a sudden round kick, aiming high -- looking to knock her clean off the apron. Graysie reacts on instinct, snatching the leg out of midair and yanking him off balance.

The crowd rises as realization hits.

Graysie hooks the arm, steps in close, and lifts -- muscling Juarez up and over into a tight fisherman's grip before dropping him hard with a fisherman's buster onto the apron.

Under Review: 3.1

KRA-KOOOM!!!

RRRRAAAHHHH!!!

Juarez bounces and spills to the floor, clutching at his neck and shoulder as the sound echoes through the Foundry. Graysie collapses to one knee on the apron, knuckles white, breathing ragged -- but still upright.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Good God. That's a fisherman's buster on the apron."

Graysie steadies herself with the ropes, eyes unfocused for a moment as the referee leans through the ropes to check on Juarez below. She doesn't celebrate. She doesn't pose.

She just stands there, knowing exactly how ugly that was.

Che Juarez drags himself upright on the floor, one arm wrapped around his ribs as he uses the barricade to steady himself. He barely has time to turn before Graysie hits the ropes inside the ring and launches herself forward.

She dives through the middle rope in a tight somersault, crashing into Juarez hips-to-chest and driving him back into the barricade.

CRASH!!!

RRRRAAAHHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Graysie answers him in kind!"

Juarez drops to a knee, stunned, as Graysie pops back to her feet and finally lets herself breathe. She turns toward the crowd, throws up a crisp double biceps flex, and soaks it in for just a moment -- defiant, fired up, feeding off the noise.

GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE!

Angus Skaaland:

"That's the champ reminding everybody whose house this is!"

Graysie nods once, then turns back toward the fight -- celebration over, business still unfinished.

Graysie rolls Che Juarez back under the bottom rope and follows him in, slower now but deliberate, stalking as he pulls himself upright in the corner. She steps in to crowd him again -- and Juarez answers with speed, snapping a sharp kick to the body and a sudden spin behind her, looking for an opening that just... isn't there.

Under Review: 3.1

He hesitates for half a beat, aborting a setup that would've flowed naturally against a taller opponent.

Angus Skaaland:

"You know - Robbie, don't tell Cito I said this, but I watched some of his historic matches. Dude had flying headscissor variations for miles. And you know, Juarez being his kid, I'm sure he has 'em too. But he's got 6 inches on inches on Graysie. He goes for a spinning headscissor and risks bashing his face into the mat. He's facing her wit

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That's a rarely seen handicap, but it's true. He's too tall and Graysie's too short -- a big chunk of his moveset simply won't work on her. And credit where it's due, he's still matching her move for move."

Juarez snaps back into motion, firing a quick forearm and a low kick, trying to keep the fight vertical and violent. Graysie absorbs it, reaches out -- and Juarez darts free again, circling, forced to improvise instead of flowing.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That's a subtle disadvantage, but a real one. Parker's build is taking away some of Juarez's most dangerous tools."

Graysie finally times him, stepping into his path and shouldering him hard into the corner before wrapping him up again, forcing contact, forcing weight, forcing him to fight her kind of fight.

Juarez slips free at the last second, breathing harder now, eyes sharp but searching -- a dangerous opponent still very much in this...

...but no longer completely comfortable.

The match keeps tightening.

Graysie presses Che Juarez back into the corner and unloads with short, grinding forearms, chest-to-chest, never giving him space to slip out. She shifts her grip, traps one arm, and lifts him clean into a single-arm-trapped belly-to-belly suplex, dumping him hard near center ring.

WHAM!!!

Juarez hits and rolls instinctively -- and Graysie follows, already threading her arm through his neck, looking to chain the suplex straight into an arm triangle. She drops her weight and starts to settle--

Juarez anticipates it.

He rolls through, traps her shoulders, and stacks her up suddenly.

Under Review: 3.1

ONE!

TWO!

--KICKOUT!

OOOOOOHHHH!!!

They scramble up at the same time.

Graysie wins the collision, blasting him backward with a heavy body check that snaps the breath out of him. She follows with a pair of brutal forearms -- one across the jaw, one across the chest -- and hits the ropes, looking to build momentum.

Juarez steps forward and launches her.

He pops her straight up with a violent flapjack and meets her on the way down with a crushing knee strike to the chest.

KRA-KOOM!!!

RRRRAAAHHHH!!!

Graysie stumbles forward on instinct alone, legs wobbling, eyes glassy -- somehow still upright, but barely. Juarez doesn't hesitate. He steps in and fires a textbook thrust kick straight through her center, finally knocking her flat.

THWACK!!!

Juarez dives on the cover, hooking the leg tight.

ONE!

TWO!

--KICKOUT!

RRRRAAAHHHH!!!

Angus Skaaland:

"That was it! That had to be it!"

Juarez slams the mat in frustration and snaps his head toward the referee, shouting for him to count faster as Graysie rolls onto her side, clutching her ribs and dragging in air.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That knee strike was dead-on -- but Graysie Parker is still in this."

Under Review: 3.1

Juarez pushes up to his knees, breathing hard now, anger bleeding through the calculation as the crowd roars.

The margin is razor thin.

And both of them know it.

Che Juarez snarls in frustration and drags Graysie Parker toward the ropes, forcing her down to a knee as she clutches the middle strand. He reaches for her hands, trying to pry them loose -- trying to set the Castigoplex.

Graysie doesn't budge.

Juarez yanks again, harder this time, boots digging into the mat as he strains to roll his body up her back. The crowd buzzes, sensing what he's going for -- and sensing it might not work.

Angus Skaaland:

"He's tryin' it again -- and she's not lettin' go!"

Juarez commits anyway.

As he starts to roll backward, Graysie drops the ropes instantly and snaps his legs out from under him, yanking him flat onto his back in one smooth motion. Before he can react, she twists his hips, flips him over, and cranks him into a rocking horse hold, arching his spine high off the mat.

OOOOOOHHHH!!!

Angus Skaaland:

"Jesus Christ, look at her back! She's gonna snap his spine!"

Graysie takes two deliberate steps away from the ropes, squats low, releases the legs -- and immediately threads her arms through, sitting back hard into the Graysie Lock.

Juarez roars, bucking violently, refusing to tap as his body contorts under the pressure. He claws at the mat, trying to turn, trying to rise -- but Graysie keeps her hips seated deep, torque locked in, no daylight anywhere.

Angus Skaaland:

"When could she grapple like that?!"

Robbie Ray Carter:

"She's been hunting for that move all night -- and he's had it scouted all night. But if she can stay seated on the lower back and start hyperextending--"

Under Review: 3.1

The referee drops to a knee, checking Juarez's face, his arms, his response. Juarez snarls back, still fighting, still refusing -- but offering no real defense as his body strains at an ugly angle.

The referee looks once more.

Then he waves it off and calls for the bell.

RRRRAAAHHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:

"The referee's stopping it! This one's over!"

Graysie releases the hold immediately, rolling away as Juarez curls onto his side, furious and disoriented -- beaten not by surrender, but by intervention.

The decision stands.

And the review... is final.

Graysie doesn't rush to her feet. She pushes up slowly, one knee planted, one hand on the mat, chest heaving as the weight of the match settles in. The crowd stays with her, the noise steady and appreciative -- not a spike, but a sustained roar for what they just witnessed.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That right there is why Eric Dane built this place around her. Pound for pound, Graysie Parker isn't just one of the strongest women in the game -- she's one of the strongest wrestlers, period."

Angus Skaaland:

"And tonight she didn't win by musclin' through him. She won because she outthought him."

Graysie rises fully now, rolling her shoulders, testing her back, eyes sharp despite the exhaustion. Power alone didn't finish Che Juarez -- so she didn't force it. She absorbed the speed, weathered the violence, and waited. She let him reach for something he wanted too badly, let him commit one time too many -- and the moment he made that single mistake, she snapped the trap shut.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That's growth. That's patience. She didn't need ten chances -- she needed one."

The crowd swells again as Graysie turns in a slow circle, taking it in -- not posturing, not grandstanding. Just standing there, having reminded everyone that she hasn't lost a step... she's added a few.

Che Juarez lies on his side near the ropes, one arm wrapped tight around his lower back as he draws in shallow breaths. The referee kneels beside him, checking his face, speaking to him quietly.

Under Review: 3.1

Juarez scowls and shoves the referee's hand away, forcing himself up to a seated position. He drags himself to the ropes, pulls to his feet, and pauses there for a moment -- jaw clenched, eyes burning -- before rolling out of the ring under his own power.

A small pocket of fans near the aisle tries to rally him.

PLEASE COME BACK! PLEASE COME BACK!

Juarez doesn't even look at them.

He straightens, adjusts his wrist tape with visible irritation, and walks up the aisle without a backward glance, nursing his back but refusing help, disappearing through the curtain as if the building no longer exists.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Che Juarez didn't quit -- but he didn't get what he came for, either."

Angus Skaaland:

"And that's a dangerous kind of loss."

The camera returns to the ring -- where Graysie Parker stands alone, sweat-soaked, breathing hard, the roar of the crowd swelling around her.

GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE!

She lifts her head, eyes shining, and nods once -- not triumphant, not relieved.

Just affirmed.

She didn't get soft.

She reminded everyone-

-including Todderick Davenport III-

-exactly who she is.

Under Review: 3.1

Show Credits

Segment: "Intro" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Toddy doesn't get another gloatathon" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Astrid Reicherts vs Trish Cassidy" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Gluckparty" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Mexico calling" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Fighting champion" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Sunny Holiday vs Mariso Serrano" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Sunny Holiday vs Marisol Serrano" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Making a main event" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "People's champion" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Marcus King vs Superstar Sammy Starr" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Breaking glass" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Rich Young Grapplerz open challenge" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Rich Young Grapplerz vs ALEXANDER" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Night Riders challenge Urban Ninjaz" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "The James Gang vs The New Untouchables & ????" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Face to face" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Graysie Parker vs Che Juarez" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite