Under Review: 3.3

February 4, 2026 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

Marisol Serrano in singles action

Robbie Ray Carter:
"We're being told we're live--maybe. Folks, we're coming up in progress here at the Foundry."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah, I don't know if the red light's on or not, but there's already somebody in trouble in that ring."

The cameras snap on to a sudden scramble on the mat. Marisol Serrano already has control, seated low with perfect posture as she twists through a leg entanglement, her opponent--a blonde in powder pink gear with white boots--frantically clawing toward the ropes. The referee drops to a knee, checking for a submission, while Serrano calmly adjusts her grip, letting the pressure speak for itself.

The smaller woman nearly drags herself free, fingertips brushing the bottom rope--only for Serrano to roll through, pivoting her hips and chaining into another hold that turns her opponent completely away from safety. There's no rush, no wasted motion. Serrano pauses, chin lifted, as if allowing the crowd to study the geometry of what she's doing before tightening her control again.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"This is classic Serrano--no strikes, no panic. Just control, hold after hold."

Angus Skaaland:
"She's treating this like a classroom. And the lesson is real simple: you don't get to leave."

The local competitor grits her teeth and tries to twist free, only for Serrano to snap her back down with a sharp drag and a contemptuous stomp to the back of the knee. The referee warns her, but Serrano doesn't even look up--she's already transitioning, folding the leg under her arm and repositioning her base with surgical precision.

Another desperate crawl. Another false hope. Serrano lets it happen, lets the struggle play out just long enough to be instructive, before yanking the leg back to center and resetting her grip. The crowd noise rises, uneasy now, the rhythm of the match already feeling wrong.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"She keeps getting close, Angus, but every time Serrano just... redirects her."

Angus Skaaland:
"That's the scary part. This isn't about winning. This is about showing you you're stuck."

Serrano suddenly shifts her weight and explodes upward, snapping the smaller woman over with a tight Leg Trap Backdrop. The impact jars her opponent flat on her back, stunned and disoriented, leg already trapped as Serrano rolls through without hesitation.

She sits back and locks it in.

Nudo de Reina.

The hold is fully applied--ankle trapped, torque immediate. The woman on the mat screams and reaches for the ropes, hands flailing uselessly. She does not tap. At the commentary desk, Angus Skaaland jumps to his feet.

Angus Skaaland:
"Tap--tap, TAP--"

And before anyone has a chance to react, there's a horrid popping sound, followed by a scream of absolute agony.

The scream cuts through the building, sharp and primal, as the referee instantly dives in, waving his arms and calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Medical staff rush the ring as the referee signals for help. Serrano releases the hold at once and rises to her feet, already backing away as officials slide in to shield the injured competitor. The blonde lies clutching her ankle, sobbing, as the crowd noise turns chaotic and stunned.

OOOOOHHHH...

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That match is over. That was stopped immediately."

Angus Skaaland:
"I--look, that's why you tap. That's exactly why."

A stretcher appears at ringside, oxygen mask in hand as medics carefully stabilize the injured leg. Serrano is firmly but briskly ushered toward the ropes and out of the ring, never resisting, never speaking--her expression unreadable as she's directed up the ramp.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Is it me, or does Serrano look more annoyed than anything else?"

The camera lingers on the ring as medical personnel continue their work, the reality of the situation settling in. No replay is shown. No celebration follows. The broadcast fades out on the image of the stretcher being wheeled toward the back, the crowd still buzzing with uneasy disbelief.

Show opening

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Ladies and gentlemen, before we go any further tonight, we want to address what you just saw. We apologize for the severity of that visual. We've been told the competitor has been transported to a local medical facility and is receiving treatment as we speak."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah. That was rough. Everybody at ringside did exactly what they're supposed to do in a situation like that, and right now the only thing that matters is that she's getting care."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"We appreciate everyone staying with us. Given the technical issues at the top of the broadcast and the interruption you just witnessed, let's take a moment to reset and lay out where tonight stands."

Angus Skaaland:
"Probably a good idea."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Todderick Davenport the Third currently has three contenders pressing him for the Iron Crown--Graysie Parker, Eric Dane Jr., and Kirsty McKinney. Rather than naming a challenger, Davenport has put obstacles in front of each of them, ordering all three to compete in singles matches tonight to maintain their claims."

Angus Skaaland:
"He's real big on paperwork and technicalities when it suits him."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Jeffrey Daniels stepped up to challenge Graysie Parker. Jacoby Jacobs was ordered to face Kirsty McKinney after last week's incident in the Trust Fund Lounge. And right now, Eric Dane Jr. has been assigned a debuting opponent in Etienne LaMort. Later tonight, we'll also see the in-ring debut of The Deputies."

Angus Skaaland:
"Busy night. Whether anybody likes it or not."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Angus, what can you tell us about LaMort?"

Angus Skaaland:
"...A little bit. He was signed to a DEFIANCE developmental deal for a while. One of the guys who got let go for not having enough degrees of separation from Jeff Andrews. I don't really know what he's been doing since, to be honest. Didn't even know he was still around."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Well, he's here tonight, and he's in a match with real stakes."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah. And for Eric Dane Jr., that means one more hurdle between him and Davenport. Kid's been doing everything asked of him."

(A brief pause.)

Angus Skaaland:
"...LaMort really didn't deserve how that ended."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"We're going to continue on here at the Foundry. Eric Dane Jr. versus Etienne LaMort is next."

Eric Dane, Jr. vs Etienne LaMort

Robbie Ray Carter:
"So, here's where we are. With Darian Darrington sidelined due to injury, Todderick Davenport the Third has once again opted not to elevate from within. Instead, he's brought in outside help to stand in the path of one of his challengers."

Angus Skaaland:
"And wouldn't you know it, no explanation, no scouting report, no justification. Just--this guy. Because that's how Davenport operates."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That brings us to this match. Eric Dane Jr. continues to press his claim as a contender, and tonight his assignment is Etienne LaMort."

The lights shift as "Voodoo Music" hits, its upbeat rhythm bouncing through the Foundry. Etienne LaMort steps through the curtain with relaxed confidence, rolling his shoulders as he walks, limber and loose like a man warming up for something violent. Red and blue lights pulse as he reaches the top of the ramp and leans into the hard cam, flexing a rear bicep, the Haitian flag armbands stretched tight as he stares into the

lens without a hint of hurry.

He heads down the aisle, still rolling his shoulders, flexing again as he points to the armbands. At ringside, LaMort plants, crouches, and vaults straight onto the apron in one explosive motion, drawing a reaction from the crowd. Without breaking stride, he springs again, clearing the top rope cleanly and landing inside the ring. He jogs a short circle, arms loose, chest rising and falling, then stops at the hard cam side and throws both arms high before pounding his chest twice and turning toward his corner.

Angus Skaaland:
"You can see it right away--he looks the part. That's a lot of athlete standing in that ring."

The music dies. A beat.

Then the heavy swagger of "Dead Man Shuffle" rolls out, and the reaction splits instantly--cheers of respect clashing with sharp whistles from the corners. Eric Dane Jr. steps through the curtain in his father's sequined robe, chin high, eyes locked on the ring with quiet defiance.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"This is where expectations live, Angus. Every time Eric Dane Jr. walks out here."

Dane Jr. moves with deliberate calm, unhurried, letting the mixed reaction wash over him without acknowledgment. He ignores the "ERIC'S KID" signs completely, a faint smirk flickering as he makes his way down the aisle. At ringside, he slows, turning his attention to the apron--

LaMort explodes out of the ring.

Angus Skaaland:
"WATCH IT--!"

LaMort slides low, his feet crashing into Dane Jr.'s chest in a brutal baseball slide that sends him tumbling backwards. The robe tangles around Dane Jr.'s legs as he tries to scramble free, fighting fabric as much as his opponent.

Before he can untangle himself, LaMort slingshots back out of the ring and comes down hard with a crashing splash, flattening Dane Jr. on the floor.

BBBOOOOO!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Double Play by LaMort!"

Angus Skaaland:
"LaMort hit that with perfect timing, and Junior never even got a chance to breathe!"

LaMort is immediately on him, grabbing fistfuls of sequins and ripping the robe away, stripping it off Dane Jr.'s shoulders and tossing it aside like debris. He hauls Dane Jr. up and throws him under the bottom rope and into the ring, following close behind.

The referee rushes in, calling for order as LaMort backs up two steps, squares his shoulders--

--and blasts Dane Jr. with a running jumping shoulder tackle, folding him nearly in half as the bell finally rings.

DING DING DING!

Angus Skaaland:
"That's how Davenport wants it--no rhythm, no runway, just chaos."

LaMort drags Dane Jr. up by the arm and fires him hard into the corner, the impact snapping Dane's shoulders back against the turnbuckles. LaMort wastes no time, charging in with long strides as he looks for the running corner dropkick.

Dane Jr. slips out at the last possible second.

LaMort's boot sails past empty space, and he lands awkwardly, stumbling out of the corner and back toward the center of the ring, forced to catch himself before he can fully turn around.

Dane is already moving.

He scales the turnbuckles in one smooth motion, and as LaMort pivots, Dane launches -- snapping him over with a satellite headscissors takedown, using momentum and rotation to flip the bigger man clean onto the mat.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Beautiful awareness from Dane Jr.!"

LaMort rolls through instinctively, pushing himself back up to a knee, shaking his head as he tries to reorient.

Dane doesn't give him the chance.

He rolls through the landing and slides to the far apron, timing LaMort's rise. As LaMort gets his feet under him, Dane springs off the ropes and cracks him with a spinning heel kick to the back of the head, snapping LaMort forward and sending him crashing face-first to the canvas.

RRRAAHHH!!!

LaMort stays down this time.

Dane Jr. straightens up, chest heaving, and turns toward the crowd, arms spreading just enough to soak in the reaction before snapping his focus back to the fallen LaMort.

Angus Skaaland:
"That's the difference right there -- once Dane finds the opening, he doesn't give it back."

Dane pulls LaMort up by the arm and starts laying in short, sharp chops, the sound echoing through the Foundry. They sting, but LaMort barely gives ground, his size absorbing the punishment as much as his skin does.

LaMort swings back with a wild right arm, more flail than strike.

Dane slips under it clean.

He snaps a spinning back elbow across LaMort's jaw, pivots through without breaking stride, and fires the same leg twice--first a sharp kick to the ribs, then, without the foot ever touching the mat, a whipping back kick that cracks LaMort flush on the jaw. Before LaMort can fully register it, Dane leaps in with a jumping switch knee that thuds into the chest and sends the bigger man staggering backward into the ropes.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Junior has a really sharp striking game when he cares to use it instead of blitzballing all over the ring. All motion, no wasted energy."

Dane smells it.

He moves behind LaMort, hooks him, and starts to set for a flip-over-the-ropes cutter--but LaMort shoves him off hard, breaking the setup and sending Dane sprinting toward the opposite side instead.

Dane rebounds--

--and runs straight into LaMort's hands.

LaMort hoists him up in a gorilla press, not showboating, not counting reps--just launching him straight up into the air with brute force before backing away toward the ropes to recover.

Dane flails helplessly, arms and legs scrambling for balance, for rotation, for anything--

--and comes down flat, taking a full-body belly-flop landing that rattles the ring.

OOOOHHHH...

LaMort leans against the ropes, chest heaving, buying himself a moment as Dane rolls instinctively, clutching at the mat and sucking in air.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That's the danger--one mistake, and LaMort's strength can erase everything Dane Jr. just built."

Angus Skaaland:
"Ee-yup. If LaMort had tossed Dane any higher, he might've come down in Atlanta."

LaMort pulls himself upright and backs into the corner, shaking out his arms and setting his feet as he eyes Dane Jr. from across the ring.

Angus Skaaland:
"I remember this from the old days -- Sky Burial. Crazy jumping, flipping clothesline. It's a real Undertaking, if you get my meaning."

LaMort charges--

--and Dane Jr. darts forward and snaps a dropkick into LaMort's knee, cutting him off mid-stride. LaMort stumbles, forced to plant awkwardly as he tries to keep his balance.

As he turns back toward center, Dane is already there.

He reaches out and snatches the arm into a tight armwringer, twisting LaMort's posture instantly out of alignment.

Angus Skaaland:
"And here we go. Look at that stance -- too narrow. Junior's giving up fifty pounds and he's still steering him wherever he wants. Back in the BRAZEN days, we couldn't train this out of him. He never learned."

Dane keeps the wrist trapped and drags LaMort toward the corner, climbing the ropes in one fluid motion. He plants, springs, then springs again--triple-jumping into a snapping back cracker, folding LaMort over his knee before dumping him forward to the mat.

Dane never lets go of the arm.

As both men rise, LaMort barely gets his head up before Dane wipes him out with the Star Destroyer, the knee cracking across the face and sending him sprawling flat on his back. Dane remains standing, wrist still in hand, LaMort laid out at his feet.

Under Review: 3.3

Dane looks around the ring.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"I think Junior's cooking something up."

Dane steps deliberately, positioning himself between LaMort and the ropes. He tests the middle rope once with his leg, measuring the distance, then plants his grip tighter around the wrist.

He launches.

Dane springs up and rotates backward over the ropes, flipping cleanly while hauling LaMort with him, spiking him down with a modified Stardriver III, the impact snapping LaMort's head to the mat as Dane lands hard on his back beside him.

Dane rolls immediately into the cover.

ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

DING DING DING!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Well, Todderick Davenport's roadblock turned out to be a speedbump at best. A great physique and some impressive moves might be all you need up north -- but it's not gonna cut it in the Foundry."

Dane Jr. pushes himself up, breathing hard, rolling his shoulder as he looks down at LaMort before rising to his feet.

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah. Still... kid got an unfair break back in the DEF days. And we've got one of the best grapplers of all time running our dojo. Wouldn't break my heart if Senior got him a developmental deal. If anyone can fix his shit, it's Heidi Christenson."

Dane Jr. steps over the ropes, the crowd still buzzing as LaMort lies staring up at the lights, arm clutched tight to his chest.

Cast Iron

Tyler Voss:
"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with Jenn Tinsley and Sam Gardner, and after what happened last week against Celestina Cruz and her sister Valeria, I've got to ask--how are you both feeling heading into--"

Under Review: 3.3

A blur of motion tears in from frame left.

Valeria Cruz's cast cracks across Sam's back with a sickening THWACK! Sam gasps and crumples as the camera jolts sideways.

Tyler Voss:
"Hey--HEY!"

Celestina barrels in behind her sister, grabbing Jenn by the hair and slamming her shoulder-first into a stack of metal crates. The crash echoes down the hallway as referees shout off-screen.

Celestina Cruz:
"You thought you could play hero for your little friend, niña? This is what happens when rookies forget their place!"

Valeria crouches beside the dazed Sam, smirking, tapping the cast against the concrete like a drum.

Valeria Cruz:
"Next week, mi hermana shows you what real fighters look like! If you've got the guts--ha--if you can still stand!"

The sisters laugh, arms slung over each other's shoulders, and strut out of frame. The camera lingers on the wreckage--Sam clutching her ribs, Jenn sprawled against the crates.

Tyler drops to a knee beside Jenn, microphone forgotten for a moment.

Tyler Voss:
"Jenn--are you--what the hell just happened back here?"

Jenn grits her teeth and pushes herself upright, wincing, anger flashing through the pain.

Jenn Tinsley:
"You tell Celestina Cruz... I'm done talking. I'll take that match on 3.4--and I'm gonna make her regret ever laying hands on us."

Jenn storms off toward the trainers' area. Sam groans softly on the floor as officials rush in.

The camera cuts away.

Sunny Holliday's in-ring interview

As we fade up, Ryan Caudill, dressed in his trademark maroon suit, stands in the center of the ring,

microphone in hand, soaking in the noise of the Foundry. As though he received a cue that the show is live - and he probably did - he brings the microphone up.

Ryan Caudill:
"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a live in-ring interview! And coming to the ring at this time -- fresh off a huge victory at Heart of Dixie in that five-woman tag, and a successful championship defense just two shows ago -- she is the reigning ICW Women's Champion... Sunny Holliday!"

"Walkin' on Sunshine" hits, and the arena warms instantly as Sunny Holliday bursts through the curtain, arms wide, grinning ear to ear. She slaps hands along the aisle at a brisk pace, careful not to linger but making sure everyone feels seen, then hops to the apron and steps through the ropes with a bounce.

Angus Skaaland:
"Look at her move, Robbie. I don't see a limp... but I still don't know if she's giving that leg as much time as maybe she should."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Sunny Holliday's never been great at sitting still, Angus."

Sunny takes a moment to circle the ring, clapping the crowd into a chant before turning to Caudill. He smiles, nods, and lets the reaction crest before speaking again.

Ryan Caudill:
"Sunny, congratulations on the momentum you've built here in ICW. Wins piling up, championship defenses stacking -- it's been an impressive run."

Sunny nods, hand on her hip, still smiling but breathing a little heavier now that she's settled.

Sunny Holliday:
"Thanks so much for saying that, Ryan! It's been a great time here in ICW, so many top talents under one roof! You know I grew up watching DEFIANCE and Wrestlecoast Cascadia and even Old Line Wrestling, and actually being in an Eric Dane promotion! It's like a dream come true!"

RRRAAAAAHHHH!!!

Sunny Holliday:
"There's, y'know, such a wide arrange of styles here in ICW, so many different things to test myself against. I've had good luck against her but Tigress Wilde is so explosive. Celestina Cruz is across the board as good a luchadora as I've seen. Jenn's young but she's got balance, and Marisol..."

Awkward pause, slightly, Sunny powers through it, not wanting to dwell on the earlier incident.

Sunny Holliday:

"Well, llave is a difficult style to learn. Then we've got Sam, she's just absolutely crazy athletic. And oh lord you just have to love Astrid Reichert, don't you."

It lands as a joke and the fans laugh.

Sunny Holliday:
"No, seriously, we all know she's the Big Bad of the women's division. But she's also in Mexico right now."

Bbbboooo....

Sunny Holliday:
"I know, right? No offense to Promociones de Azteca, but ICW's where it's at, baby!"

RRRAAAAAHHHH!!!

Ryan Caudill:
"So, I take it you're happy here in Iron City Wrestling?"

Sunny Holliday:
"Darn skippy I am, Ryan."

RRRAAAAAHHHH!!!

Ryan Caudill:
"With that said... looking ahead, without an obvious number one contender at this exact moment -- what's next for you?"

Sunny lifts the microphone, glances out toward the entrance, then back to the crowd.

Sunny Holliday:
"I don't love standing around. I don't love waiting. I didn't come to ICW to hold a belt and watch the clock tick."

RRRAAHHH!!!

She turns, scanning the back again.

Sunny Holliday:
"So I'll ask it straight. Any woman in the back who wants a shot at this -- come on down. Let's make tonight mean something."

Sunny waits.

The crowd murmurs. A few seconds pass. No music. No movement.

Sunny nods to herself, unfazed.

Sunny Holliday:
"Alright. That's fine. I'm not here to take it easy."

She shifts her stance, shoulders squaring.

Sunny Holliday:
"So how about this -- if the women don't want to step up tonight... maybe one of the boys does."

The building buzzes.

A beat.

Then the driving pulse of "Future Club" by Pertubator hits, and Riley Cross bursts through the curtain already bouncing, head nodding, moving to a rhythm only he can hear. Ryan Caudill's eyebrows go up as the reaction builds. Cross heads for the ring, smiling wide, sliding under the bottom rope and popping to his feet in one smooth motion.

Riley takes the microphone from Caudill, glancing at Sunny with genuine excitement.

Riley Cross:
"Sunny... I knew you were gonna be awesome ever since we met at the Foundry tryouts. You've been killing it. And yeah -- a lot of us have been quietly cheering you on this whole time."

Sunny grins, nodding.

Riley Cross:
"You were one of us. And now you're the champ. That rules."

RRRAAHHH!!!

Riley shifts his footing, bouncing lightly on his toes.

Riley Cross:
"But I'm a pro wrestler too. And I didn't come here to watch. I came here to party."

He shrugs, smiling wider.

Riley Cross:
"So if you really wanna go... hell yeah. Let's rock."

Sunny doesn't hesitate.

Sunny Holliday:
"Hell yes, bro. Let's make this good."

The crowd explodes.

Ryan Caudill takes a careful step backward, already ducking toward the ropes.

Ryan Caudill:
"Well -- it looks like we've got a match ready to go. And I know when it's not safe for interviewers!"

Caudill slides out of the ring in a hurry as Sunny hands the microphone off and turns toward Riley. Sunny tests the ropes once, rolling her shoulders. Riley bounces in place, shadowboxing the air, eyes locked on her.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"And just like that, we've got ourselves an impromptu showdown."

Angus Skaaland:
"Joyful powerhouse versus perky goth speedster. I am extremely into this."

The referee steps between them, checks both competitors, and signals for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Sunny Holliday vs Riley Cross

They circle cautiously, both inching forward, hands raised. Sunny and Riley finally meet in the center of the ring, fingers lacing into a tight knuckle lock.

Sunny leans in--and immediately forces Riley down, raw strength bending him until one knee hits the mat, then the other. Riley grimaces but doesn't panic. He drops to his back, kicks his legs up, and breaks the grip by threading his feet between their arms. He scrambles, grabs Sunny's legs, rolls through, and slips behind her into a rear waistlock.

Sunny barely budges.

With a sharp exhale, she tosses Riley forward, sending him tumbling across the mat. Riley pops back up to one knee, eyes wide, half-grinning as the crowd reacts.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That's just good, clean wrestling right there."

Angus Skaaland:
"It is--and yeah, it's still a little weird seeing the woman be the powerhouse. But by pro wrestling standards, Riley's skin and bones, and Sunny's built like an asylum wall. Padded, sure--but there's concrete under there."

They lock up again. Sunny drives forward this time, muscling Riley back step by step until his shoulders brush the ropes. She fires him across the ring with an Irish whip, the referee calling for the break a half-beat late.

Riley rebounds and launches himself--trying for a flying headscissors--

--but Sunny catches him clean, spins, and snaps him down across her knee with a pendulum backbreaker.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Out of nowhere! Sunny Holliday may not be nimble on her feet, but she is surprisingly quick."

Angus Skaaland:
"Big girl's just got an instinctive knowledge of weight and balance, Robbie. You see a tank like that across the ring from you, your instinct is to fly at it, but she's got an E Honda level anti-air game, it's not gonna go well for you."

Sunny drops into the cover.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

Sunny rises immediately, nodding to herself, unsurprised.

She reaches down and hauls Riley up by the armpits. As she lifts, Riley wriggles, snakes an arm free, and scrambles up onto her shoulders. He rolls forward, folding her over into a quick victory roll.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

Riley springs up, trying to stay one step ahead--

--and runs straight into Sunny, who plants her feet and levels him with a powerslam, the impact echoing through the ring as the crowd roars again.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Sunny pushes to her knees, already reaching for Riley as the match begins to find its rhythm

Sunny muscles Riley back into the corner and starts laying it in, backhand chops cracking across his chest, each one driving the air out of him. She steps back just long enough to build momentum and smashes him with a corner lariat, snapping his head to the side before grabbing the wrist and whipping him hard across the ring.

Riley hits the opposite corner and barely has time to turn--

--before Sunny charges in and crushes him with a running squash, her full weight pinning him against the turnbuckles. Riley slumps down into a seated position, arms draped over the bottom ropes.

Sunny doesn't hesitate.

She takes two quick steps and fires a cannonball into the corner, the impact rattling the ring as the crowd roars.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Riley spills out of the corner and instinctively tries to roll toward the ropes, reaching for the apron. Sunny grabs him by the waist, hauls him back, and hooks him up for a German suplex--

--but Riley flips out at the last second and lands on his feet behind her!

The crowd pops as Riley reacts instantly, dropkicking Sunny from behind and sending her pitching forward. She lands draped awkwardly across the middle rope, upper body hanging out toward the apron.

Riley doesn't think.

He sprints, leaps to the top rope, and launches himself off with a guillotine leg drop, crashing his leg across the back of Sunny's head and neck while she's hung over the ropes--

--but the landing is brutal. Riley smacks hips-first onto the apron, tumbling hard to the floor as Sunny collapses off the ropes and hits the mat inside the ring.

OOOOHHHH...

Sunny rolls, clutching at her head and neck, selling the impact heavily.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That could've been it -- if Riley Cross had been in a better position to follow up, we might be talking about a

massive upset right now!"

Angus Skaaland:
"And that's the difference between good high flyers and great ones -- always knowing where you're gonna land and what comes next. But hey, he was getting trucked in there. He had to do damage somehow, and he did."

Riley drags himself up, shaking the sting out of his hips, and rolls back into the ring. He wastes no time, hitting the ropes and springing into a slingshot senton, flattening Sunny and hooking the leg tight.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

The crowd claps in unison, the rhythm carrying even after Sunny powers her shoulder up.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"The Women's Champion kicks out at two and a half! And listen to our fans react!"

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah... I was not expecting it at all, but this one's gettin' good."

Riley pushes to his knees, breathing hard now, eyes wide as Sunny rolls to her side, still holding the back of her head as the tension in the building continues to climb.

Riley pushes himself up and hits the ropes again, trying to build speed--but Sunny reads it a half-step faster and steps straight into him, driving a heavy body check into his midsection that folds him nearly in half.

Riley stumbles back, gasping--

--then shakes it off and fires off a koppu kick! His heel cracks into Sunny's jaw, snapping her head back and buying himself just enough space.

Angus Skaaland:
"Kid ain't backin' down a bit!"

Robbie Ray Carter:
"He didn't drop the champ, but her knees look like rubber right now."

Sunny wobbles .Riley doesn't wait.

He hits the ropes again, leaps to the top, and rebounds with a soaring cross body--

--and Sunny catches him out of midair, wrapping him up in a crushing bearhug. One of Riley's arms is trapped tight against his side, the other flailing free as Sunny cinches the hold and squeezes, her grip locked solid around his lower back.

Riley howls, thrashing in the hold, feet kicking as he tries to pry himself loose.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Look at the strength from Sunny Holliday. That grip is locked in perfectly, right across the lower back--this is not a rest hold, this is punishment."

Angus Skaaland:
"You know Robbie she hasn't done anything fancy, she's leaned in on her strength, but this bear hug, that facelock from earlier? Sunny's heard the noise about weak grappling and she's doing her homework. She's not trying it out, she's practicing."

Riley starts hammering elbows with his free arm, short, sharp shots into Sunny's shoulder and collarbone. They don't have much behind them, but Sunny can't just stand there and absorb them forever.

With a grunt, she releases the squeeze just long enough to shift her base and hurls Riley with a stiff, Albright-style belly-to-belly suplex that crashes both of them onto the mat, Sunny in side control with the neck and arm hooked. She brings her legs in, hovering as much weight over Cross' neck and shoulders as she can, covering.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

Sunny pushes up to her knees, smiling now, shaking her head as if to say she knew it wouldn't be that easy.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"You have to wonder if an open challenge and a match like this was really in Sunny Holliday's best interests."

Angus Skaaland:
"Robbie, a woman like Sunny Holliday would rather die fighting than live safe. I guarantee you she's having the time of her life in there right now--and honestly? So is Riley Cross."

Sunny rises, reaches for Riley again.

Sunny hauls Riley back to his feet--and he explodes with everything he has left.

Elbows snap in rapid succession, alternating, sharp and frantic. One catches Sunny flush, another glances

off the shoulder, then Riley leaps and cracks her with a jumping jawbreaker that jolts her head back. Before she can fully reset, he spins through and plants a leaping heel kick to the back of her head, finally forcing Sunny down to one knee.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Riley hits the ropes, running on fumes and instinct, looking for one last burst--

--and Sunny surges forward and wraps him up again.

This time it's not about squeezing. She swings Riley up onto her shoulders in a fireman's carry.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"You're right about Sunny's technical game, Angus - I don't know quite what she's lining up, but she's being methodical in a way I haven't seen yet."

Riley fights as best he can, his elbows thudding into her collarbone and neck, but there's no panic in her face, no wobble in her base. She shrugs the shots off, steps forward, lifts him up--

--and drives him down hard across her knee with a brutal gutbuster.

OOOOHHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"You can tell Sunny's feeling it now. She's all sunshine and smiles, but that gutbuster was vicious."

Angus Skaaland:
"Can't slow down a cruiserweight any other way? Cut off his wind. If the brain don't get oxygen, the feet don't run fast."

Sunny doesn't rush. She steps in, locks her hands, and cinches the gutwrench.

She tries to lift.

Riley deadweights, kicking, twisting, clawing at her wrists. Sunny grits her teeth, muscles straining--but he slips just enough that she can't quite get him all the way up.

So she adjusts.

With a sharp exhale, Sunny hurls him with a stiff gutwrench suplex--

Robbie Ray Carter:
"What a suplex! Sunny's showing us stuff we haven't seen from her yet."

Angus Skaaland:
"It's not about the suplex, Robbie. Look at that grip she's got. Forearms clasped right on the guts she just busted. She's controlling the kid through attrition. She didn't release after that suplex and I don't think she intends to release him at all."

Indeed, Sunny gets her feet under her and stands, her arms still twisted around Riley's torso. He immediately starts scrambling, boots kicking, hands prying desperately at Sunny's forearms. His ribs heave under her grip, breath coming fast and shallow, panic flickering across his face as he realizes the hold isn't loosening.

Sunny plants her feet.

She hauls him back up, Riley fighting, fading, unable to break the clamp around his midsection--

--and lifts him clean.

Sunny snaps him down with the Sunshine Bomb.

THUD!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"There it is! Sunshine Bomb!"

Sunny takes the care to swing her legs over Riley's arms, but it probably wasn't necessary.

ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

DING DING DING!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That's it! Sunny Holliday shuts the door with authority!"

Angus Skaaland:
"One shot. One Sunshine Bomb. That's strength you can't negotiate with."

Sunny rolls off and immediately sits up, breathing hard. She looks over at Riley, concern replacing intensity in a heartbeat. Riley's clutching his ribs, grimacing--but he waves her off stubbornly, insisting he's alright.

Sunny nods, smiles, and offers him a hand.

With her help, Riley gets to his feet, still hunched, still selling, but standing. Sunny slips an arm around him and guides him toward the ropes, helping him down to the floor and steadying him as they head toward the

back together.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Angus Skaaland:
"Well that was pretty darn cool. Robbie, I've got a gut feeling that Riley isn't gonna be in developmental much longer. But Sunny, don't get me wrong man, that whole match was a shot across the nose of the whole Women's division. That girl isn't just strong, she's a student of the game. In retrospect? Can't hardly blame them for not stepping up."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That was some amazing wrestling action either way, Angus. Fans, we are going backstage where I understand the Night Riders have words for the ICW Tag Team division.

Down with the Clowns

The camera cuts to a cramped backstage hallway, bare cinderblock walls stained with age and cigarette smoke. The lighting is harsh and unflattering, buzzing faintly overhead. Neon Blaze leans forward into the frame first, sunglasses still on, jaw tight, neon wrist tape half-unraveled like he hasn't bothered fixing it since the match. Steel Thunder stands just behind him, arms folded, expression flat and dangerous, saying nothing yet.

Neon Blaze:
"Last week? LAST WEEK was supposed to be simple. We had business to finish. The Urban Ninjaz stuck their noses where they didn't belong months ago, and we finally had 'em cornered. No escape. No tricks. Just pain."

Blaze grins, but it's sharp, humorless. He gestures back over his shoulder with a thumb, toward Thunder.

Neon Blaze:
"And we did what we do best. Cut the ring. Took our time. Made 'em feel it. That was supposed to be the end of it."

Thunder steps forward half a pace, finally speaking, his voice low and grinding.

Steel Thunder:
"Then the boss got involved."

There's a pause. Thunder stares straight into the lens.

Steel Thunder:
"Hardcore rules. Like we needed it. Like we were afraid of it. All it did was give them toys... and give us bruises we didn't ask for."

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Blaze scoffs, waving a hand dismissively.

Neon Blaze:
"Yeah, yeah, boo all you want. Doesn't change the math. They got a fighting chance they didn't earn, and we STILL beat them. Even with Dane Sr himself tilting the table, even with chairs and pipes and whatever junk they could grab--same result."

He leans closer, voice rising with confidence.

Neon Blaze:
"The Night Riders standing tall. Again."

Thunder cracks his knuckles slowly, the sound sharp in the quiet hallway.

Steel Thunder:
"So if that was interference... if that was supposed to slow us down..."

He shakes his head once.

Steel Thunder:
"It didn't work."

Blaze straightens up, rolling his shoulders, the swagger creeping back in.

Neon Blaze:
"Which brings us to what's next. Because we're done looking backward. There's this shiny new team running around, making noise. ALEXANDER. New kids. Big ideas. Matching gear. Acting like they're already somebody."

He laughs, short and mocking.

Neon Blaze:
"Listen real close, fellas. We been grinding longer than you've been relevant. We didn't just show up and get handed cameras. We bled for this spot."

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Blaze smirks at the sound.

Neon Blaze:
"And while we're at it--Top Notch Team? AGAIN? Came up short. AGAIN."

He chuckles, shaking his head.

Neon Blaze:
"Guess being 'top notch' don't mean much when it counts, huh?"

Thunder's voice cuts back in, colder now.

Steel Thunder:
"We're done waiting. We're done being patient. The tag titles are sitting there, and somebody's gotta step up now that the last guys couldn't get it done."

He leans in, eyes hard.

Steel Thunder:
"ALEXANDER. You think you're the new wave? Prove it. Step into deep water with men who know how to drown you."

Blaze throws up a sharp karate pose, holding it just a second too long, grin wide and arrogant.

Neon Blaze:
"Neon lights. Hard roads. Same destination."

Thunder doesn't pose. He just stares.

Steel Thunder:
"See you soon."

The camera lingers a beat longer than comfortable, the hum of the lights and the stale air filling the silence--then abruptly cuts away.

The Deputies debut!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Folks welcome back to ringside. We're about to see the debut of the newest team signed to Iron City Wrestling. Roy "The Enforcer" Harris, and Big Bubba Blackwell, collectively, The Deputies.

Angus Skaaland:

"They said they were on their way last week, and they didn't waste any time getting here."

A shot of the ring shows a couple "local talents" identified by nameplate graphic.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"We've seen these two before. Graham Kingston and Troy Lashley are familiar faces in ICW, but history has not been kind to them."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah, I remember these guys. Kirsty McKinney choked 'em both out at the same time. Now look, if I'm gonna get paid for gettin' my ass beat, I can think of worse ways to go than that--but dignity ain't free, and they didn't get paid enough to cover the damage."

The camera lingers just long enough on Kingston and Lashley in the ring for the point to land. They look tense. They look undersized. They look like men who already know the math.

"Electric Worry" by Clutch hits and the aisle clears as The Deputies stride out from the back. No posing. No acknowledgement of the crowd. Roy "The Enforcer" Harris takes up space simply by walking, shoulders wide, eyes forward. Big Bubba Blackwell follows at his side, jaw set, boots thudding with purpose. The atmosphere shifts immediately--less spectacle, more inevitability.

There's no delay once the bell rings. Blackwell steps forward and simply runs through Kingston with a short-arm clothesline that folds him in half.

THWACK!

Kingston scrambles, stunned, only to be snatched up again--Blackwell clamps on a body lock and drives him backward into the corner. Lashley tries to intervene and immediately regrets it. Harris reaches out, grabs him by the throat, and forces him down into the opposite corner, planting a boot across his chest and throat, leaning his full 262 pounds forward.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Blackwell shoves Kingston out of the corner and lifts him with minimal effort, dumping him to the mat with a heavy slam. He doesn't follow with flair--just pressure. Forearm across the chest. Weight grinding down. Kingston flails, going nowhere.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"This is enforcement. This isn't competition."

Harris tags in and immediately takes Lashley off his feet with a knee lift from the clinch, then another. Lashley stumbles, gasping, and Harris clubs him down with a forearm before dragging him upright again--only to choke-lift and toss him back into the corner.

Under Review: 3.3

KRA-KOOM!

Kingston tries to crawl toward his partner. Blackwell stops that idea cold, grabbing him by the waist and driving him down again, smothering him with a bearhug that looks more like a warning than a hold. Kingston's arms windmill uselessly before he's shoved face-first to the mat.

Harris climbs deliberately to the middle rope. No rush. No drama.

Angus Skaaland:
"He thinks it's time."

The elbow drop lands flush.

WHAM!

Harris hooks the leg.

ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Decisive. Absolute control."

Harris releases the pin and stands, already disinterested. Blackwell releases Kingston from the mat and steps away without a glance. No celebration. No signal. Just work completed.

The crowd boos as the Deputies turn and leave the ring, moving back up the aisle the same way they came--steady, unsmiling, already onto whatever problem comes next.

Iron Kid interview

The camera cuts backstage to a narrow concrete hallway, the sound of the arena muffled and distant. Ryan Caudill stands with a microphone in hand, posture straight, jacket buttoned, every bit the professional. Beside him is Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins, still in his gear, towel draped around his neck, sweat darkening the collar. He looks tired, not physically so much as emotionally, jaw tight as he waits for the first question.

Ryan Caudill:
"Jesse, a couple weeks ago at Heart of Dixie you came up short against Todderick Davenport III. I know that wasn't the result you wanted. What's going through your mind right now?"

Iron Kid exhales slowly, nodding once before answering. He doesn't look at the camera at first.

Iron Kid Jesse Collins:
"I'm disappointed. That's the truth. I had my shot, and I didn't get it done. No excuses. TD3 is who he says he is, and that night, I wasn't good enough to take him down."

He finally looks up, eyes steady now.

Iron Kid Jesse Collins:
"That one's on me."

Caudill lets the moment breathe before continuing.

Ryan Caudill:
"You've been part of a lot of big moments lately, win or lose. Where does that leave you now?"

Iron Kid shifts his weight, rolling his shoulders.

Iron Kid Jesse Collins:
"It leaves me still believing. In this place. In what we're building. Guys like Graysie, Dane Jr.--they're pushing things forward. They're raising the bar. And that's a good thing."

There's a brief hesitation before he continues.

Iron Kid Jesse Collins:
"Kirsty too. She's... she's tough as hell. Anybody who's stepped in the ring with her knows that."

The words come out a little rushed, a little awkward. Caudill notices, but doesn't press.

Ryan Caudill:
"Given everything you've been through, is it fair to say you're reassessing where you fit right now? Maybe looking toward the Television division?"

Iron Kid nods, slower this time.

Iron Kid Jesse Collins:
"Yeah. Yeah, I think so. That division's about proving something every single week. No shortcuts. No coasting. If I'm gonna earn my way back up, that's where it starts."

He trails off, eyes drifting past Caudill's shoulder. And his eyes open wider behind his mask, and his jaw tightens up.

Caudill, noticing, turns to follow his gaze. And so does the camera.

At the far end of the hallway, half lost in shadow, Duchess Vaughn stands motionless. A cigarette burns

between their fingers as they watch the interview in silence, eyes fixed on Iron Kid. Slowly, deliberately, they crack their knuckles--one hand at a time.

Iron Kid takes a deep, slow, slightly shuddery breath, and speaks. His voice a little stronger. A little too strong, like someone fighting back a case of the nerves.

Iron Kid Jesse Collins:
"I just... I gotta be better. I owe that to this place."

As though they heard, Duchess tosses the cigarette down and vanishes into the shadows.

The camera holds on the image for an extra beat before cutting away.

Market Confidence

he camera cuts backstage to the Trust Fund locker room, quiet and insulated from the arena noise. Jacoby Jacobs sits on a bench, hunched forward, phone glowing in his hands. He scrolls without really looking at anything, jaw tight, the posture of someone who's decided disengagement is safer than talking. The door opens, and Todderick Davenport III steps in, closing it behind him with care rather than authority.

TD3 doesn't speak right away. He takes a step closer, hands clasped, eyes on Jacobs instead of the room.

Todderick Davenport III:
"You've been keeping your head down."

Jacobs snorts softly, still staring at his phone.

Jacoby Jacobs:
"Yeah. Turns out that's the move."

TD3 exhales, a small, controlled breath that doesn't quite read as a sigh but isn't nothing either.

Todderick Davenport III:
"Look. I shouldn't have snapped at you last week."

That gets Jacobs' attention. The scrolling stops. He finally looks up, surprised despite himself.

Jacoby Jacobs:
"Didn't have that on my bingo card."

TD3 gives a brief, humorless smile.

Todderick Davenport III:
"I don't like making decisions when I'm irritated. And I did that. That's on me."

There's a beat of silence. Jacobs locks his phone and sets it aside, arms folding loosely, still guarded but present now.

Jacoby Jacobs:
"So... this isn't you benching me with extra steps."

TD3 shakes his head immediately.

Todderick Davenport III:
"No. If I thought you were a liability, you wouldn't be wrestling at all. You're one of the fastest people I've ever managed, Jacoby. Not just quick--efficient. You create space where there isn't supposed to be any."

Jacobs tilts his head, listening despite himself.

Jacoby Jacobs:
"And she's supposed to be what. Slow?"

TD3 considers that, choosing his words more carefully than usual.

Todderick Davenport III:
"She's strong. She's compact. She's very good at what she does. But what she does only works if she can get her hands on you. And I don't believe she can--if you wrestle your match."

Jacobs' brow furrows.

Jacoby Jacobs:
"You sound real confident about that."

TD3 meets his eyes, steady.

Todderick Davenport III:
"Because I am. Speed like yours isn't common. It's an asset most people never learn how to neutralize. Keep your distance, stay light, don't get stubborn trying to prove a point--and this goes the way it's supposed to."

Another pause. Jacobs shifts his weight, rolling his shoulders, the sulk finally burning off into something sharper.

Jacoby Jacobs:
"So this isn't about me making up for anything."

Todderick Davenport III:
"This is about me trusting you to do what you do best."

Jacobs stands, slipping his phone into his bag instead of his pocket. There's no grin, no swagger--just focus.

Jacoby Jacobs:
"Aight. Then I'm in. I'll wrestle."

TD3 nods, relief flickering across his face for just a second before it's gone.

Todderick Davenport III:
"Good."

He opens the door, the noise of the arena spilling back in.

Todderick Davenport III:
"Let's make a smart investment."

Jacobs follows him out, no longer sulking--just ready.

Kirsty McKinney vs Jacoby Jacobs

Robbie Ray Carter:
"This one has been simmering since last week, when Kirsty McKinney forced her way into the Trust Fund's private locker room and Jacoby Jacobs was asleep at the switch. Todderick Davenport III didn't like that lapse in control, and in a fit of pique, he made this match."

Angus Skaaland:
"Well y'know, Hot Toddy really thinks Jacobs has the upper hand goin' in here. He's a lot faster than Kirsty, she's outside her comfort zone--so let's see if it plays out the way TD3 thinks it will."

Muted anticipation ripples through the building.

Jacoby Jacobs emerges first, TD3 at his shoulder, the bass of a modern trap track thumping as he strides with loose confidence. He paces, stretches his legs along the aisle, soaking in the noise like it's fuel, eyes flicking to the camera with a knowing smirk. TD3 stays composed at ringside, hands folded, already watching angles.

Kirsty McKinney comes out next to "In Walks Barbarella." No pomp, no flourish--just a jog, a slide under the rope, a few deep squats. She flicks her hair out of her face with faint irritation and stands center-ring, eyes on Jacobs, unreadable.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Kirsty McKinney doesn't do pageantry, but make no mistake--every movement she makes is deliberate. She's here to wrestle, not to negotiate."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah, she don't look impressed, she don't look excited, and that's usually a bad sign for whoever's in the ring with her."

The bell rings.

Jacobs saunters forward and offers a hand. When Kirsty reaches, he dances away, laughing under his breath, then darts back in with a quick dropkick to the thigh to keep distance. He circles, weaves, throws a spinning heel kick that whistles past her shoulder, then rebounds off the ropes with a low single-leg dropkick that knocks her back a step. He's fast--resetting, bouncing, forcing her to turn.

Kirsty doesn't chase. She watches.

Jacobs presses the pace. Springboard armdrag, clean and snappy, then a sliding clothesline that sends her to a knee. He pops up and resets again, long strides carrying him safely out of reach. Another burst--running meteora catches her flush and knocks her into the corner. He backs up, hands out, mock-bowing.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Jacobs trying to keep this loose early--speed, swagger, anything to keep her from getting a grip."

Angus Skaaland:
"And that's smart, Robbie. You let her grab you, you're in her world. Long as he's dancin', she's guessin'."

Kirsty steps out of the corner, unfazed, and takes one deliberate step forward. Jacobs answers by cutting the angle, whipping into the ropes--hurricanrana! He snaps her through and rolls straight into a pin.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

As Jacobs kicks free and scrambles to his feet, his expression changes. Kirsty hasn't moved far. She's still down--but she's holding his ankle.

She doesn't pull. She doesn't crank. She just holds it there, calm, letting the moment breathe.

Jacobs' eyes go wide.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Wait a second--she's still got him."

Angus Skaaland:
"Oh. Oh no. That's not supposed to happen. Look at TD3--he don't like this at all."

At ringside, the confident smirk that was on TD3's face begins to melt off like crayon wax.

Jacobs tries to free himself with a sharp enzuigiri--bad idea. Kirsty leans back, lets the kick sail over, and Jacobs lands flat on his stomach. In one smooth motion, she threads a Turk Ride, sinking her weight, half-nelsoning him away from the ropes. Each turn draws him closer to the center, tighter, smaller, the spiral closing with every adjustment.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"She's not just controlling him--she's relocating him. Every turn, further from the ropes, further from escape."

Angus Skaaland:
"That's panic right there. He's flexible, he's fightin', but he's bein' directed. And once she decides where you live, you ain't leavin'."

Jacobs wriggles, flexible but contained, realizing too late that the mat is no longer a place he can escape.

Kirsty glances up once--at the crowd--just enough to say you're watching, right? Then she sets it.

She slides into the Shear Cradle, locking a full figure-four scissor. She takes her time, adjusting her toes with her hands until the grip is perfect. With a bored, almost irritated look, she rolls him onto his shoulders. Jacobs flails his free leg, all reach and motion--but his shoulders don't budge.

RRRAAHHH!!!

ONE! -- Kirsty points her index finger at herself.
TWO! -- She taps two fingers to her eyes.
THREE! -- She points directly at TD3.

DING! DING! DING!

Kirsty releases her hold on Jacobs, who almost kind of sproings back into normal posture as the compression on his body is removed. Rubbing his neck, he sits up looking dazed.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"She rolled him so fast he's seeing birdies."

Angus Skaaland:

"Yeah maybe. Robbie, being cradled ain't exactly fun, but it ain't a submission hold either - he's not hurt, he just got his ass pinned, and he ain't processing it too well. To be honest? I'm not quite sure some of those birdies aren't birdies of the love variety."

Kirsty releases, rises, and gives a little flounce as she steps through the ropes and heads up the ramp, already done. In the ring, Jacobs sits up slowly, dazed, trying to make sense of what just happened. At ringside, TD3 stares after Kirsty, jaw slack, eyes wide.

The camera lingers a beat... then cuts away.

Glucks on location

ON LOCATION: THE GLUCK SHACK - RURAL MISSISSIPPI

A low, wide shot settles on a cedarboard shotgun house sunk into the mud, porch sagging under the weight of time and humidity. The late-day sun bleeds orange through Spanish moss, cicadas screaming loud enough to bleed into the audio. Carlton Gluck sits on the porch steps, one forearm taped thick, ice wrapped tight around his knee. Chapps Gluck leans against a porch post, shirtless, ribs taped, jaw bruised, restless energy radiating even at rest.

Carlton doesn't look at the camera at first. He stares out across the yard like it's something he owns because he earned it.

Carlton Gluck:
"Last week took somethin' outta us. Ain't gonna lie to you about that. When you fight the way we fight, you don't walk away pretty."

He finally turns his head, eyes steady, voice calm but iron-hard.

Carlton Gluck:
"But here's the part folks keep missin'. Everybody wants what we got. Everybody wants this gold. And the more they want it, the more they gotta come through us."

Chapps snorts, pushing off the post, pacing a tight circle like a caged animal that hates being still.

Chapps Gluck:
"Y'all keep talkin' about recovery. Talkin' about rest. Talkin' about weeks off."

He jabs a finger toward the lens, grin sharp and unrepentant.

Chapps Gluck:
"We don't take weeks off. We take names."

Carlton lifts a hand slightly, not stopping him--just grounding the moment.

Carlton Gluck:
"Thing about championships is, they don't care how you feel. They don't care if you sore, taped up, limpin', or mad about it. They just sit there. Heavy. Waitin' on somebody who thinks they deserve 'em more than we do."

Chapps laughs once, short and ugly.

Chapps Gluck:
"And then they find out how bad that thinkin' hurts."

He leans in closer to the camera now, voice dropping, almost conversational.

Chapps Gluck:
"You come down here wantin' to prove somethin'? You better bring more than excuses and a highlight reel. 'Cause this ain't a vacation spot. This is where work gets done."

Carlton rises to his feet slowly, favoring the knee just enough to be noticeable, standing shoulder-to-shoulder with his brother.

Carlton Gluck:
"We didn't land in ICW by accident. And we sure as hell ain't holdin' these titles by luck."

He looks straight into the lens, measured and certain.

Carlton Gluck:
"Everybody's huntin'. Everybody's hungry. That's fine."

A beat. Chapps' grin widens.

Chapps Gluck:
"Just remember--hungry dogs still get put down if they bite the wrong hand."

The camera lingers for a moment longer on the two of them--bruised, taped, unflinching--before cutting hard to black.

Elevation

Ryan Caudill stands in position just outside the interview backdrop as Marcus King steps into frame, dressed immaculately, posture straight, hands clasped behind his back like he's waiting to be inspected rather than questioned.

Ryan Caudill:
"Marcus--"

King tilts his head slightly, a polite smile that somehow lands like a reprimand.

Marcus King:
"Mister King, please. And thank you."

A beat. Caudill adjusts without comment.

Ryan Caudill:
"Very well, Mister King. Last week you defeated Primetime Preston Price to become the number one contender for the Television Championship. With that opportunity now in front of you, what--"

King raises a single finger. Not sharply. Calmly. Instructional.

Marcus King:
"Let me save us both some time."

He turns slightly, no longer even pretending Caudill is the focal point.

Marcus King:
"The concept of a Television Championship is... quaint. Outdated. Nobody watches television anymore, Ryan. They scroll. They stare at little glowing rectangles and convince themselves that counts as engagement."

He finally looks back at Caudill, eyes sharp.

Marcus King:
"Diminutive screen. Diminutive brain."

Caudill opens his mouth. King keeps going.

Marcus King:
"And yet--here we are. Because while the medium has rotted, the idea still matters. Visibility. Presence. The ability to command attention in a world that has trained itself to flinch every six seconds."

A small, humorless smile.

Marcus King:
"So no, I wasn't thrilled about pursuing a Television Title. But I am thrilled by the opportunity to elevate a division that has been allowed to wallow in mediocrity."

He glances at Caudill again, almost kindly.

Marcus King:
"Do you know what separates a wrestler from a spectacle, Ryan?"

He doesn't wait.

Marcus King:
"Discipline. Vocabulary. Standards."

King straightens, voice crisp, deliberate.

Marcus King:
"And that brings us to the current champion. A ruffian masquerading as a professional wrestler. A man whose entire identity is built on pretending that belligerence is authenticity."

He scoffs softly.

Marcus King:
"When I win that championship--and I will--I expect Iron City Wrestling to reimburse me for the sterilization of the belt. Assuming, of course, they want me to actually wear it. That fake-leather backing looks... porous."

Before Caudill can react, movement enters the frame.

Larry Edwards steps in close, no smile, no theatrics. He gets right up in King's space, jaw pushed forward, eyes burning.

Larry Edwards:
"You wanna elevate the division, kid? Here's a good place to start."

Edwards steps forward, invading King's personal space. King takes a half step back. Edwards sticks his chin forward, taps it with a forefinger.

Larry Edwards:
"Elevate my jaw. Bitch. Right here. Right now."

The tension is immediate. Thick. King doesn't step back--but he doesn't step forward either. He looks at Edwards like he's considering a stain on a sleeve.

Marcus King:
"Please."

A soft laugh. Dismissive.

Marcus King:
"I'm an athlete. I wrestle in rings. Not alleyways and hallways."

He glances at Caudill one last time.

Marcus King:
"Three point four."

King turns and walks off, posture perfect, leaving Edwards staring after him, jaw still set, fists tight at his sides. The interview area hangs in silence, the tension unresolved as the camera cuts away.

Graysie Parker vs Jeffrey Daniels

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Todderick Davenport the Third has three challengers breathing down his neck: Eric Dane Jr, Kirsty McKinney, and of course Graysie Parker. He's thrown a roadblock in front of every one of them. Dane Jr crossed his. McKinney crossed hers. And now, here in our main event of the evening, Graysie Parker takes on Jeffrey Daniels -- a man who very deliberately signed himself up for this."

Angus Skaaland:
"Which tells you everything you need to know about Jeffrey Daniels' decision-making."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"There's a long shadow over this one. Graysie Parker, trained by Eric Dane. Jeffrey Daniels, protégé of Jeff Andrews. Histories that go back years, and scars that never really healed."

Angus Skaaland:
"Andrews and Dane nearly burned DEFIANCE to the ground back in the day, and now here we are watchin' their spiritual leftovers bang into each other. And it's all Andrews fault, not even a tiny part of it's Dane's fault. And now Jeffrey Daniels is polluting ICW and that's also Andrews' fault!"

The camera cuts to the ring as Cito Conarri steps into position, microphone in hand.

Cito Conarri:
"Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is our main event of the evening! It is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit!"

He pauses, letting the moment breathe.

Cito Conarri:
"Introducing first... hailing from Baltimore, Maryland, and weighing in at 187 lbs! Accompanied to the ring by Lee Scott Rothlesberger! This is JYEEEEFFRY..... DAAAAAAAANNNIEELLSS!!!

"You're Gonna Go Far, Kid" by The Offspring hits. Daniels steps through the curtain, LSR at his side. There's no extra show, no grandstanding -- just the familiar swagger and that ever-present edge. Daniels rolls his shoulders, loosening up, eyes locked on the ring as he walks with purpose more than bravado.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"You can say a lot about Jeffrey Daniels, but lately it does look like he's trying to pull himself back together. Less smoke, more focus. Whether that's maturity or desperation remains to be seen."

Angus Skaaland:
"Okay, fine. Even if I gave him that credit -- which I'm not, because fuck that dude -- even if I did, Graysie Parker is still the last person he should be callin' out. If you wanna get back in the game, you start at your own level. You don't jump straight to the all-star. He's gonna get trucked, and I'm gonna laugh."

Daniels slides under the ropes, bouncing lightly on his feet, testing the mat as Rothlesberger takes his place at ringside.

Cito Conarri:
"And his opponent... hailing from right here, in Birmingham, Alabama!

RRRRAAAAHHHH!!!

Cito Conarri:
She is the inaugural Iron Crown Championship holder! Weighing in tonight at exactly 150 lbs. This! Is! GRRRRAAAAAAYYYSIEEE... PAAAAARRRRKERRRR!

The opening notes of "Sweet Home Alabama" hit, and the building responds instantly. Purple-and-gold lights sweep the crowd as Birmingham's own Graysie Parker steps through the curtain, jaw set, eyes forward, soaking in the reaction without playing to it.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"She was the inaugural Iron Crown Champion. She has clawed her way back into this position inch by inch. And now she's close enough to the gold she can almost taste it."

Graysie heads to the ring with steady, deliberate strides, never once looking away from her destination.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"And then someone she already can't stand volunteers himself to block her path forward. This is a good night to be Graysie Parker -- assuming the New Untouchables don't try to spoil it. And if she overlooks Jeffrey Daniels, he could do just that."

Angus Skaaland:
"Even if he could, which he can't because he's so bad he sucks, she's still not gonna overlook him. That's not how Graysie rolls."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"... you are in rare form tonight, Angus."

Graysie steps onto the apron, enters the ring, and takes her corner, eyes finally flicking toward Daniels -- calm, assessing, unimpressed.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"And let's not forget, the New Untouchables do have a win over Graysie Parker and Eric Dane Jr from earlier in Season One. That night, they caught lightning in a bottle."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah -- well, straight talk, they were still tryin' back then. But Graysie and Junior built themselves up the hard way and the Noots haven't done anything but live off vibes ever since then."

Graysie locks eyes on Daniels across the ring. Daniels squats in the corner while holding the ropes, limbering up.

DING! DING! DING!

The opening bell barely finishes echoing before Graysie Parker steps forward and takes the center of the ring like it's owed to her. Daniels circles, light on his feet, testing distance with quick feints, but Graysie doesn't chase. She waits. When Daniels darts in, she snatches him mid-motion, cinching a tight waistlock and hurling him halfway across the ring with a hard Biel throw that sends him skidding on his back.

Daniels scrambles up fast, jaw clenched, and immediately fires a low kick into Graysie's thigh. The impact lands sharp, not showy. Graysie absorbs it, exhales through her nose, and steps forward again. Daniels throws another, then a third, mixing levels, trying to keep her at range. It's smart work--he's not giving her anything for free.

But the moment he overcommits on a roundhouse, Graysie catches the leg.

She yanks him off balance and hoists him straight up into a Wrist-Clutch Fisherman's Buster, driving him into the mat with a thudding impact that rattles the ring. Daniels folds inward, clutching at his ribs, and Graysie doesn't gloat. She hauls him up by the wrist again and whips him across the ring, meeting him with a heavy shoulder block that turns him inside out.

Robbie Ray Carter calls it plainly: Graysie is imposing her will.

Daniels staggers back to his feet and tries to change the pace, firing a quick enzuigiri that clips Graysie on the side of the head. The crowd winces as she stumbles a step. Daniels follows with a superkick that snaps her jaw back, then another to the body, forcing her into the ropes. He presses the advantage, driving a knee into her midsection and raking his forearm across her face when the referee's angle isn't perfect.

It's the little stuff. Heelclean. Just enough.

Graysie answers with force. She surges forward out of the corner, scooping Daniels up and slamming him down with an Overhead Belly-to-Belly that sends him tumbling. Before he can recover, she drags him up and rolls through into the first of the Tres Muhares--German suplex, bridge, release. The second follows immediately, then the third, each one heavier than the last.

Daniels rolls to the apron to escape, gasping for air, and Graysie follows him out with intent. She hooks him through the ropes and yanks him back inside, planting him with a short, brutal power slam that earns a sharp roar from the crowd. She goes for a cover.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

Daniels kicks free, eyes wide, panic flashing for just a moment before he masks it with bravado. He rolls away, pops up, and fires another kick, this one catching Graysie clean in the ribs. Then a second. Then a third. The rhythm starts to build, and for the first time Graysie's advance slows.

Angus Skaaland snarls that this is exactly what Daniels wants--space, tempo, noise.

Daniels runs the ropes and springs into a flying headscissors, snapping Graysie down to a knee. He follows with a cartwheel enzuigiri that cracks her across the side of the head and finally sends her to the mat. Daniels pounds the canvas, soaking in the reaction, then climbs to the middle rope and leaps with a moonsault that lands flush.

Another cover.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

Graysie powers out, rolling to her side and forcing herself back to a knee. Daniels shakes his head, frustration starting to bleed through. He drags her up and tries for another kick, but Graysie steps into it, eating the shot to catch the leg again. She yanks Daniels close, muscles tensing, and lifts him for another Fisherman's Buster.

Daniels writhes, flailing, and manages to slip free just long enough to land a desperation superkick that stuns her. He stumbles backward, sees his opening, and charges--

Graysie meets him halfway, wraps him up, and ragdolls him with a violent Biel that sends him skidding into the corner. She charges in after him, crushing him with a corner splash, then drags him out and sets her feet, clearly looking to put a stamp on things.

She reaches down, grabs Daniels by the ankle--

And suddenly her own footing disappears.

LSR has her ankle trapped, yanking her leg out from under her from the floor. Graysie crashes down hard, more shocked than hurt, and the crowd erupts in outrage. Daniels lunges forward instinctively, seeing opportunity--

But the referee is already there.

He steps directly between Daniels and Graysie, arms spread wide, shouting toward ringside. He points emphatically at LSR, jaw tight, and waves him off with authority. LSR throws his hands up in protest, backing away as the referee continues to yell, motioning him toward the aisle.

The message is unmistakable.

Lee Scott Rothlesberger is done at ringside.

Graysie pushes herself up to a knee, eyes locked on Rothlesberger as security moves in to escort him away. Daniels stands behind the referee, breathing hard, the moment slipping through his fingers as the crowd rains down a chorus of boos and cheers in equal measure.

The match is still on--but the margin for error just vanished.

Graysie Parker pushes up from the mat as the referee finishes escorting LSR up the aisle, the crowd still buzzing from the ejection. Daniels stands in his corner, hands on his knees, breathing hard--but when the ref turns back, Daniels nods once. No arguing. No protest. He steps forward.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Give Jeffrey Daniels this much--he's not melting down over it. He knows what kind of night this has become."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah, well, when you lose your safety net, sometimes you finally remember you're supposed to wrestle."

They circle. Daniels rolls his shoulders, loosens his jaw, and then darts in with a low kick to the thigh, followed by a quick backfist that snaps Graysie's head to the side. He doesn't pause. Another kick. Then a third. The pace sharpens immediately.

Graysie steps forward through the shots, reaching for a grip, but Daniels slips free and fires a sudden superkick that cracks against her forearm as she raises it instinctively. He pivots, springs off the ropes, and snaps off a flying headscissors that finally brings her down to one knee.

The crowd swells as Daniels keeps moving--handspring into a sharp leg lariat, then a quick dropkick that sends Graysie back into the corner. He rushes in, eats a shoulder to the ribs for his trouble, but snaps off a second superkick to the jaw that finally knocks her sideways.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"This is the best stretch we've seen from Daniels all night--no shortcuts, no posing, just combinations."

Angus Skaaland:
"Don't get it twisted, Robbie. This is desperation with better cardio."

Daniels climbs to the middle rope and leaps, catching Graysie with a clean moonsault to the chest. He hooks the leg.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

Graysie powers out and rolls to her side, jaw set, eyes narrowing. Daniels exhales sharply, frustration flickering, but he doesn't waste time. He drags her up and whips her across the ring, catching her on the rebound with another superkick that echoes through the building.

Graysie stumbles--but she doesn't fall.

Daniels charges again, looking to stack the damage, and throws a third superkick.

Graysie catches it.

The crowd explodes as she clamps down on the leg, yanks Daniels off balance, and snaps him backward with a violent release capture suplex that sends him skidding across the mat. Daniels curls inward, clutching at his back as Graysie rises, breathing heavy but steady.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That's what Graysie Parker has been waiting for all match. One mistake."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah, and that mistake just cost him about three vertebrae."

Graysie hauls Daniels up by the wrist, muscles tensing, and hoists him high--transitioning smoothly into position for the Butterfly Bomb. The crowd rises as she sits out--

--but Daniels writhes, twists his weight at the last second, and slips free over her shoulder. He stumbles back a step, eyes wide, then lunges forward as Graysie turns--

--and spikes her headfirst with the Mind Eraser.

The impact lands flush. Graysie crumples to the mat, stunned, and Daniels drops to his knees beside her, chest heaving as the crowd gasps in unison.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Mind Eraser! Out of nowhere!"

Angus Skaaland:
"...alright. Alright. That was nasty."

Daniels doesn't celebrate. He doesn't taunt. He scrambles--hands and knees--to the ropes, dragging himself upright with urgency written all over his face. He looks down at Graysie, still sprawled on the mat, and then glances once toward the top rope.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"He didn't play to the crowd. He didn't showboat. That's a man thinking like a real wrestler--trying to finish."

Daniels plants a boot on the ropes, starting his climb, the crowd roaring as the moment hangs in the balance.

Graysie stirs, one hand pushing weakly against the mat as Daniels reaches the top turnbuckle, eyes locked, lungs burning.

The opening is there.

The question is whether it's enough.

Daniels launches himself from the top rope, twisting hard for the Neo-Ultraglide--

--and Graysie Parker rolls clear at the last possible second.

Daniels crashes to the mat in a heap, the impact loud and unforgiving, the kind of landing that empties lungs and rattles bones. He curls instinctively, clutching at his ribs as the crowd surges to its feet.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Two weeks ago he told her he was dead serious about this match. Unfortunately for him, she clearly took him dead seriously. When he hit the Mind Eraser, she knew exactly what was coming next."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah. And now he's got nothin' left but regret and gravity."

Graysie pushes up to her feet, eyes locked on Daniels, no rush in her movements. She waits just long enough for him to start stirring--then she's on him. She hauls him up, steps in, and snaps him backward with

the first German suplex of the Tres Muhares, bridging deep before releasing.

The crowd roars as Daniels rolls through, dazed, trying to crawl away.

Graysie drags him back to his feet.

A second German suplex, harder this time, dumping Daniels squarely on his shoulders. She rolls through again, muscles coiled, jaw clenched.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"This is Graysie Parker shifting gears. No more waiting."

Daniels staggers up on instinct alone--

--and Graysie plants him with the third German, releasing him violently across the mat as the building comes unglued.

Angus Skaaland:
"That's it. That's the bill comin' due."

Daniels barely has time to react before Graysie is on him again. She hooks him, muscles tightening, and lifts--driving him down with the Butterfly Bomb, sitting out hard in the center of the ring. The impact echoes as Daniels' body bounces once and goes slack.

The crowd is deafening now.

Graysie doesn't go for the cover.

She rises instead, reaches down, and hauls Daniels back to his feet. The reaction grows louder as she traps the arm, shifting her grip, methodically setting him up. She pauses--just a beat too long for Daniels, just long enough for everyone else.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"She's not rushing this."

Angus Skaaland:
"She's endin' it."

Graysie cinches the pumphandle, lifts Daniels clean off the mat, and holds him there--suspended--letting the moment stretch as the crowd reaches a fever pitch.

Then she drops.

Under Review: 3.3

The Graysie Driver spikes Daniels straight down, head and shoulders snapping against the canvas as Graysie collapses into the cover.

ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

The Golden Slot

Graysie Parker stands in the ring, sweat-soaked and exhausted, one arm draped over the top rope as she accepts the microphone. The crowd is still buzzing from the main event, chanting her name in uneven waves as she steadies herself and looks toward the entrance.

Graysie Parker:
"Alright. Get out here, Toddy-boy."

The Foundry rumbles as Todderick Davenport III steps out, already talking before he reaches the ramp. He's smiling, but it's tight--performative. He straightens his jacket, pacing, buying time with words.

Graysie Parker:
"You had me fight Che Juarez, and I beat him. Then you said it didn't count for anything. So now I beat Jeff Junior here..."

Graysie gives a disdainful gesture towards Jeffrey Daniels as he rolls out of the ring, nursing his neck as he heads to the back.

Graysie Parker:
"So what's next, Tod? How many more people do I have to beat for you?"

Todderick Davenport III:
"Well, Graysie, these things require process. Discretion. Careful consideration. We can't just--"

Before he can finish, another figure storms into view.

Kirsty McKinney doesn't wait for music. She doesn't wait for an introduction. She walks straight out onto the stage, eyes locked on Toddy.

Kirsty McKinney:
"No. You don't get to talk your mealy-mouthed silver-spoon rich-kid shit. Not this time."

Graysie's head whips around as Kirsty walks straight down to the ring. Rolling in like she's got every right to be there, she rises right in front of TD3.

Kirsty McKinney:
"She won. So did I. Hell, so did Junior. That makes all three of us. So now what, Tod? What fucking happens now?"

TD3 recoils for half a second, then straightens--irritated, but visibly relieved to finally stop pretending.

Todderick Davenport III:
"Much as I hate to admit it, you girls are on a different level than the average Birmingham slob. You both won your matches."

Making eye contact with Kirsty, TD3 raises one eyebrow.

Todderick Davenport III:
"I think you can figure it out."

A small smile appears on Kirsty's face. She doesn't otherwise respond - verbally.

She just turns--and lunges.

Kirsty tackles Graysie from the side, driving her down to the mat as the crowd explodes. Graysie tries to scramble up, arms still heavy from the match, but Kirsty is already on her back, threading her arm under the chin and cinching in the Pitty Choke.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Oh no--Kirsty McKinney has the Pitty Choke locked in!"

Graysie claws at the mat, boots kicking as Kirsty tightens her grip, body pressed close, all leverage and intent. There's no rage on her face. No shouting. Just focus.

TD3 beams.

Todderick Davenport III:
"She gets it! I told you all she's smarter than the average Birminghamian!"

Graysie tries to roll, but her movements are sluggish, her neck trapped, air and blood flow tightening fast.

Angus Skaaland:
"That choke ends nights, Robbie. She's got it sunk in deep."

TD3 steps closer to the ring, hands clasped behind his back, savoring it.

Todderick Davenport III:
"I'll let you ladies fight for the number one contendership next week. Now tonight, I'm sure Junior will come

out and save you..."

As if on cue, Eric Dane Jr. appears at the top of the ramp, already moving toward the ring, eyes on Graysie as she struggles on the mat.

But TD3 keeps talking.

Todderick Davenport III:
"But Junior only beat a ringer tonight. Not an ICW roster member. As we previously discussed, that's meaningless. So he won't be joining you."

Junior slows.

Stops.

You can see it on his face--the decision landing. He looks at the ring. At Graysie. Then back at Toddy.

And he turns.

Junior charges down the ramp--not toward the ring, but straight at Todderick Davenport III. He slams TD3 into the barricade. The barricade breaks loose and falls over on its side. TD3 ends up lying on it desperately trying to guard, Junior standing above him with fists flying, the smug grin wiped clean as the crowd erupts again.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Junior just changed targets!"

Angus Skaaland:
"He came out to save her--and decided Toddy was the bigger problem!"

Inside the ring, Kirsty tightens the Pitty Choke, dragging Graysie fully prone as her legs kick weakly. Graysie's hand slaps the mat -- tapping.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"If someone doesn't get her off, Graysie might not even make it to Final Review!"

Junior hammers TD3 with elbows. Security drags him backwards and helps TD3 to his feet. TD3, a bleeding cut under his right eye, is happy to let security drag him away. In the ring, other security grabs at Kirsty's arms, her hands, anything to try and loosen that choke she's got on Graysie.

The building is pure noise--boos, cheers, shouts--nothing resolved, everything worse than before.

The show ends in total disorder.

Under Review: 3.3

The Stinger

Rain drizzles steadily over a mostly empty parking lot, the asphalt slick and black under flickering sodium lights. A lone car sits near the edge of the lot, steam rising faintly from the hood as Jeffrey Daniels limps alongside Lee Scott Rothlesberger, one arm slung over LSR's shoulder. Daniels' head is bowed, hair plastered to his face, one hand pressed gingerly against his neck.

LSR keeps his voice low, trying to sound upbeat despite the night.

Lee Scott Rothlesberger:
"Hey, man... it happens. She's Graysie Parker. Nobody's sayin' you embarrassed yourself out there."

Jeffrey Daniels: (sighing)
"S'all good man. S'all good."

Lee Scott Rothlesberger:
"Nah. And--I'm sorry. I shouldn't've gotten involved so fast. Should've waited til it did more good. My timing was shit bro, I'm sorry."

Daniels grimaces, leaning harder on him.

Jeffrey Daniels:
"It's a thing that happened. Don't dog yourself."

He breathes in heavily and sighs.

Jeffrey Daniels:
"My neck hurts. Like... really hurts. I just wanna go home. I just wanna go to bed."

A beat.

Then, from somewhere ahead of them--calm, dry, and impossibly familiar--

"Your neck hurts, kid? Being piledrivered tends to lead to sore necks. You should've known."

The rain seems louder all of a sudden.

The voice hangs in the chilly, humid air --not raised, not threatening, just there, and damnably familiar. A voice that belongs to old buildings and old grudges. A voice the New Untouchables know far too well for their own good.

Daniels and LSR stop cold.

They don't turn right away.

Lee Scott Rothlesberger:
"...what're you doing here?"

Daniels finally looks up, squinting into the darkness beyond the reach of the lights.

Jeffrey Daniels:
"Yeah! You told us-- you told us if we were gonna work for Dane, we were dead to you!"

A shadow shifts. A figure perched casually on the hood of a nearby car reaches down, produces a beer from somewhere, and cracks it open. He takes a long pull, rain running down his arm, unfazed.

Figure:
"I still get mad about it. All of it. I'm sorry about that."

Another drink.

Figure:
"But you two? You two are also sorry."

LSR bristles, starting to speak, but the figure cuts him off by draining the rest of the bottle and tossing it into the dark. Somewhere out of sight, glass crunches.

Figure:
"You guys lost the plot somewhere along the way. And for a while, I was just gonna write you off."

The figure slides off the hood and takes a step forward, just close enough for the light to catch the edge of his face.

Figure:
"But these last two shows... they made me think maybe all hope isn't lost. Maybe you don't need to be written off."

Another step. The rain beads on his leather jacket. His expression is flat--disappointed, not angry.

Figure:
"Maybe you just need someone in your corner to help you shape the fuck up."

He steps fully into the light.

It's Jeff Andrews.

Daniels' eyes widen. LSR swallows hard.

Andrews sighs. He takes that green and yellow John Deere trucker's cap off just long enough to rub a hand over his scalp.

Jeff Andrews:
"And since I already had to do annoying shit like stand up outta my chair, put on pants, and drive all the way to Alabama..."

He looks between them, unimpressed but present.

Jeff Andrews:
"...might as well be me."

The rain keeps falling as the New Untouchables look at their erstwhile mentor.

Jeff Andrews:
"...promise. Shit's changing. Forever. Now c'mon."

Three figures trudge out from beneath the parking lot lights into the darkness as the screen fades to black.

Show Credits

Match: "Marisol Serrano in singles action" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Show opening" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Eric Dane, Jr. vs Etienne LaMort" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Cast Iron" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Sunny Holliday's in-ring interview" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Sunny Holliday vs Riley Cross" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Down with the Clowns" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "The Deputies debut!" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Iron Kid interview" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Market Confidence" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Kirsty McKinney vs Jacoby Jacobs" - Written by oldlinejeff.

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

Segment: "Elevation" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Graysie Parker vs Jeffrey Daniels" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "The Golden Slot" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "The Stinger" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite