Under Review: 3.4

February 15, 2026 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

3.4 Intro

The camera comes up live on the ICW arena, the crowd already buzzing as the lights settle over the ring. No music, no rush--just the low, steady hum of anticipation as signs go up and fans lean forward, ready.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Iron City Wrestling! I'm Robbie Ray Carter, alongside Angus Skaaland on color as always, and we are live tonight just one show away from Point of Review! And while that event looms large, there is a whole lot that still needs to be decided before we get there--we've got a killer lineup for our fans tonight."

Angus Skaaland:
"We've got people jockeying for position, people trying to sneak in through the back door, and a few folks who think they've already got their ticket punched. Point of Review may be loaded, but getting there in one piece is gonna be a different story for a lot of our wrestlers. I said wrestlers, bro."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"And at the top of that list tonight--our main event. Graysie Parker. Kirsty McKinney. Two of the most dominant competitors ICW has ever seen, and tonight, they finally collide."

RRRAAHHH!!!

Reaction shot from the commentation station, with Angus Skaaland shaking his head.

Angus Skaaland:
"That's not just a main event, that's a problem waiting to happen. You've got Graysie Parker, comes back after a full season away and just starts running through people like she never left--"

Robbie Ray Carter:
"And Kirsty McKinney, who hasn't slowed down since the day she arrived in Season One. Different paths, same result--dominance."

Angus Skaaland:
"Saying Graysie's one of the strongest wrestlers pound for pound in ICW isn't giving enough credit to how strong that woman is, Robbie. But Kirsty's got one of the most elite sport wrestling backgrounds we've ever seen in the professional wrestling business, probably second only to our Olympic Gold Medalist with the Broken Freakin' Neck himself, if you know what I mean. And then you throw a generational war into the mix!

Something's gotta give, Robbie."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Fans, if you don't know what Angus is alluding to, Jeff Andrews made his return to the world of pro wrestling at the end of our very last show. And for the sake of any hypothetical fans who don't know already, Jeff Andrews and Eric Dane have bad blood. Behind the scenes bad blood. The kind of bad blood that leads to two men both being exiled from the promotion they built together. And now Graysie, Dane's disciple, and Kirsty, Jeff's disciple, set to meet one on one, and the stakes couldn't be clearer. The winner of that match moves on to Point of Review to challenge for the Iron Crown Championship--"

Angus Skaaland:
"Excuse you, Robbie. The Trust Fund International Championship, as currently held by the leader of the Trust Fund himself!"

Robbie Ray Carter: (with a sigh)
"--the Trust Fund International Championship, currently held by Todderick Davenport III."

Angus Skaaland:
"Damn. Straight."

Beat.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"The checks started clearing again?"

Angus Skaaland:
"Eeyup."

Camera pans the crowd again, energy rising a notch.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Anyway, that's later tonight. But this entire card has implications heading into Point of Review. The tag team division front and center--Night Riders taking on ALEXANDER with number one contendership on the line."

Angus Skaaland:
"Winner gets The Brothers Gluck. Should they want the Glucks? I mean, the Glucks are killers, even if the fans love them. But if they don't want the Glucks, they want the title belts currently around the Glucks' waists, and there's only one way to get those belts--through the guys holding them. As for the Glucks themselves, they're also in action tonight, against local talent. No rest for the champions!"

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Also tonight, a grudge match months in the making--Celestina Cruz goes one-on-one with Jenn Tinsley after the Cruz Sisters' assault just last show."

Angus Skaaland:
"When exactly is Jenn going to stop throwing herself into these situations? Duchess Vaughn! Now the Cruz Sisters, the Reinas de Sangre! Kid's got a deathwish."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Angus, what exactly is your problem with Jenn? Just because Duchess decided to pick her as their designated victim doesn't make Jenn some kind of helpless kid in the ring."

Angus Skaaland:
"Fuck New Jersey. There, I said it."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Angus, you can't--no, scratch that, you shouldn't but you will anyway. Moving on. In tag team action, the New Untouchables--now under the guidance of Jeff Andrews--"

Angus Skaaland:
"I don't like that. Not at all. Jeff Andrews is tolerable when he doesn't say things or do things. The New Untouchables aren't even that likeable. The last thing we need is him teaching them to not suck."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"--will face off against Storm and Thunder. That's Turbulencia and Dan Patterson--"

Angus Skaaland:
"Who?"

Robbie Ray Carter:
"You were given the notes, Angus."

Angus Skaaland:
"Why would I read the notes? If it's important, you'll tell me."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Turbulencia, one of the fastest rising stars of the lucha world, alongside 'Thunderbolt Kid' Dan Patterson--young, explosive, and making an impression wherever he goes. They're wrestling out of Promociones Legado Azteca."

Angus Skaaland:
"Great. So PLA gets Astrid Reichert and we get these kids. And according to these notes they're also Jeff Andrews guys and he hand-picked them for this!"

Angus throws the notes down on the desk in a fit of mild pique, as though it's their fault that all this is happening. Robbie leans forward slightly, tone sharpening as he brings it back to the immediate.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"And we are kicking things off tonight with championship stakes. Lowlife Larry Edwards will defend the ICW Television Championship against 'The Titan' Marcus King."

RRRAAHHH!!!

Angus Skaaland:
"That's how you start a show. No easing into it, no feeling-out process--just throw two big problems in the ring and see who's still standing."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"The champion has made a career out of surviving situations exactly like this. But Marcus King--this may be the biggest opportunity he's had in ICW. He won this opportunity over "Superstar" Sammy Starr, and he and Edwards went face to face backstage on our last show."

Angus Skaaland:
"And King didn't swing on him when he had a chance. 'I wrestle in rings, not alleyways' he said. Epic. But there's a big difference between landing an epic burn on Lowlife Larry and taking a championship belt away from him. But King's been real, real impressive so far in ICW. Maybe he's got what it takes?"

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Either way, we're about to find out. Over to you, Cito!"

Marcus King vs Lowlife Larry Edwards (c)

Cito Conarri:
"The following contest is for the ICW Television Championship! It is set for one fall, with a 15 minute time limit! Introducing first, the challenger... hailing from Dayton, Ohio, and weighing in at two hundred fifty-five pounds! MMMAAAARRRRCUS! THE TITANNN.... KIIIIIIINNNGGG!!!"

The arena lights settle into a cool, anticipatory glow as the opening orchestral overture swells through the speakers. Marcus "The Titan" King steps through the curtain with measured disdain, towel draped neatly over his shoulders, warm-up jacket zipped halfway. He pauses at the top of the ramp and raises one hand as if demanding silence from an unruly classroom.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"No warm reaction from the ICW faithful for Marcus King, ladies and gentlemen! He earned this title shot after beating Superstar Sammy Starr back on 3.2. His skills have impressed. His attitude? Not so much."

Angus Skaaland:

"I've seen a lot of arrogant technicians in my time, Robbie. But you know what's different about King? Most technicians want to out-compete each other. King, he likes to wrestle the flyers, the brawler. He wants to control chaos, impose intellectual wrestling. It's an unusual game for a man like King to play, but so far, it's been working well for him."

King ignores the booing completely, descending the ramp with long, precise strides. Inside the ring, he removes the towel, folds it with meticulous care in his corner, then cracks his neck once, jaw set, eyes already dissecting the space.

Cito Conarri:
"And his opponent! Hailing from Yonkers, New York City, New York, and weighing in at 239 lbs! He is the reigning ICW Television Champion! LOWLIFE! LLLLARRRYY... EEEDDDDDWAAARRRDS!

RRRAAAHHH!!!

The low, grinding riff of dirty New York hardcore blasts through the arena. "Lowlife" Larry Edwards storms through the curtain in a tattered hoodie, cigarette clenched between his teeth, Television Championship slung over his shoulder. He doesn't pose. He doesn't gesture. He just walks.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"He didn't come down south to make friends with a bunch of hillbillies, but the champion wears his heart on his sleeve and the fans reacted. And ever since taking down Jack Havok, Edwards hasn't backed down from a single fight."

Angus Skaaland:
"Last week he dared King to hit him. And yeah there's a part of me who wants to commend King for not being baited. But there's another part of me who wants to point out that King did not take that dare."

At ringside, Edwards flicks the cigarette away, climbs the steps, and steps between the ropes without taking his eyes off King. The hoodie comes off, tossed to the floor. He hands the belt to the referee and cracks his neck once.

The referee raises the title belt high between them before handing it off. Edwards steps forward immediately. King doesn't flinch.

The bell rings.

Edwards throws the first punch.

It's not pretty. It's not measured. It's a looping haymaker aimed at King's jaw. King ducks underneath and instantly latches onto the wrist, twisting into tight control.

Marcus King:

"Wrist control. Elementary."

He rotates through a cravat, wrenching Edwards' head down and dragging him toward the mat with clinical precision.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"King wasting no time grounding the champion--tight cravat control."

Angus Skaaland:
"He's already lecturing him. I hate this guy."

King snaps Edwards over with a crisp cravat throw, then keeps hold, grinding forearm pressure into the back of the champion's neck. Edwards grits his teeth, shoving to his feet, only to eat a sharp snapping elbow to the side of the head.

Marcus King:
"Balance. Structure. Fundamentals."

Edwards stumbles back a step--then fires a heavy knife-edge chop that echoes through the arena.

THWACK!

RRRAAAHHH!!!

King recoils, eyes flashing irritation for the first time. Edwards barrels forward with another chop, then a short-arm clothesline that nearly turns King inside out.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Edwards turning this into the kind of fight he thrives in!"

Angus Skaaland:
"Welcome to Yonkers, professor!"

Edwards drives King into the corner and unloads with clubbing forearms and a kitchen sink knee that folds the challenger in half. He spits to the side and drags King up for a snap DDT--

--but King wriggles free and shoves Edwards into the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a standing rolling elbow.

KRAK!

Edwards drops to a knee, stunned.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Royal Elbow! King caught him clean!"

Angus Skaaland:
"And the champ just tasted it--he barely stayed upright!"

King presses the advantage, chaining into the Lecture Series--one cravat throw after another, each impact snapping Edwards' head toward the mat. The crowd's energy shifts as King grinds the champion down, transitioning into a front chancery and wrenching viciously at the neck.

Marcus King:
"You see? This is what competence looks like."

Edwards claws to his feet, fighting through the hold. He drives King backward into the corner and fires a headbutt that cracks against King's brow. King staggers out--and Edwards explodes with the Barroom Blitz, rapid punches forcing King back step by step before finishing with a brutal headbutt.

THUD!

King collapses.

Edwards hauls him up--Iron City Slam!

ONE!

TWO!

--KICKOUT!

OOOOOOHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"King survives the Iron City Slam!"

Angus Skaaland:
"I thought that was it!"

Both men drag themselves up, sweat pouring. Edwards swings for the Lowlife Lariat--King ducks and spins, launching off the ropes for the Crownbreaker--

Edwards dives aside at the last second.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"He's already tasted the Royal Elbow and just barely survived it--he does not want the Crownbreaker!"

King stumbles through, shocked. Edwards seizes the opening and hooks both arms for the Dumpster Fire Driver--

King backdrops free.

Both men collapse to the mat.

This is awesome! This is awesome!

They rise slowly, exhaustion etched across their faces. King fires another Royal Elbow, flush to the temple. Edwards drops hard.

ONE!

TWO!

--KICKOUT!

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"The champion kicked out of the Royal Elbow!"

Angus Skaaland:
"He's running on fumes and stubbornness!"

King snarls, frustration cracking through the polish. He drags Edwards up, attempts to cinch in the Checkmate Clutch--

Edwards drives backward into the turnbuckles, crushing King against the pads. A desperate elbow breaks the hold.

Edwards stumbles out, fires one wild chop, then another. King swings--Edwards ducks and lands the Lowlife Lariat.

King spins to the mat.

Edwards wastes no time.

He hooks both arms.

Under Review: 3.4

Dumpster Fire Driver.

BOOM!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

RRRRAAAHHHH!!!

The bell rings as Edwards rolls onto his back, chest heaving, staring at the lights.

Cito Conarri:
"Here is your winner... and still the Iron City Wrestling Television Champion... LOWLIFE! LARRY! EEEDDDDWAAAARRRRDS!"

Edwards sits up slowly, wiping sweat and spit from his mouth as the referee hands him the title belt. Across the ring, King rolls to the ropes, clutching his jaw, fury simmering beneath the surface as he pulls himself toward the floor.

Havok Incarnate

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Larry Edwards notches his second successful defense of the Television Championship."

Angus Skaaland:
"You can teach technical grappling of all kinds, Robbie. For that matter you can teach all kinds of ways to throw an effective punch. But you can't teach the kind of grit and heart that Edwards has, and tonight, that might've just been the difference."

Edwards has risen, but his hands are still on his knees, his breathing still heavy. He takes the offered belt as his theme song plays-

-And goes silent.

Edwards straightens up and looks around, fighting off the exhaustion to go into alert mode.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Wait, something's up-"

And then, "Seek and Destroy" by Metallica blasts out.

For five seconds, it's pure shock.

OOOOOOHHHHH!!!

Then Jack Havok bursts through the curtain.

Angus Skaaland:
"It's Jack Havok! The former champ is back!"

Havok doesn't pose. Doesn't snarl. Doesn't acknowledge the crowd. He's already moving.

A referee sprints halfway up the ramp, hands up, shouting something unheard.

Havok doesn't slow down.

The Riot Kick snaps out of nowhere.

CRACK!

The official crumples on the ramp.

The music cuts instantly.

The arena drops into raw noise.

Havok bolts the rest of the way, slides under the bottom rope in one fluid motion, and pops to his feet as Edwards turns--

A running knee detonates into the champion's jaw.

THUD!

Edwards spins and crashes to the mat.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Jack Havok just took Edwards' head off!"

Angus Skaaland:
"Oh hell--oh hell, he's not done!"

Marcus King is halfway through the ropes, trying to escape the chaos.

Havok grabs him by the shoulder, yanks him back inside, double underhooks the arms without hesitation--

Chaos Theory.

BOOM!

King's head spikes against the canvas. Before he can even register what happened, Havok hauls him up and hurls him bodily through the ropes. King spills to the floor in a heap.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"No discrimination! Just violence! Jack Havok is unleashing in the ring, just pure-"

Angus Skaaland:
"Havoc, Robbie! Chaos and havoc!"

The in-ring referee rushes in, grabbing at Havok's arm, shouting.

Havok turns and blasts him with a straight right hand.

KRAK!

The referee collapses.

OOOOOOHHHH!!!

Now there's nothing in the ring but Havok and Edwards.

Havok stalks forward. Short-arm clothesline. Edwards flips and lands hard.

Exploder suplex. Edwards skids across the canvas.

Havok grabs him by the hoodie, dragging him up halfway, breathing heavy, voice low and venomous.

"Lucky..."

He shoves Edwards down.

"MINE..."

A stomp to the ribs.

"You don't--"

He jerks Edwards up again, face inches away, spittle flying.

"Yella..."

He snarls the word like it tastes rotten.

The camera drifts too close. Havok snaps his head toward it, eyes wild.

"THIS--" the rest garbled under breath and fury "--YELLA--" more broken words "--FUCKIN' YELLA!"

He shoves Edwards back to the mat and finally pauses.

For a moment, he just stands there, chest heaving, hands trembling slightly.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Is he done?"

Angus Skaaland:
"I don't think so... I don't know if even he knows."

Havok notices the Television Championship lying a few feet away. He walks over, slowly now, and bends to pick it up. Then he walks towards Cito Conarri and gestures with his hand, demanding the house mic.

Cito hands it over without hesitation.

Havok turns back to Edwards and crouches beside him, holding the belt between them. His voice is no longer shouting. It's steady. Controlled. Thick with disgust.

He leans in close.

Jack Havok:
"I'm comin' for my property."

He drops the title belt onto Edwards' face and rises.

No music. No celebration.

Havok rolls under the bottom rope and stalks up the ramp in silence, leaving the wreckage behind.

The arena hums with unsettled noise.

Edwards doesn't move at first.

Then slowly, he sits up.

He rubs his jaw. Winces slightly as his fingers brush his neck. He looks down at the championship belt in his lap.

A beat.

Larry Edwards:
"Yellow?

A short, mocking huff of laughter escapes him

Larry Edwards:
"... Fucker called me yellow?"

The laugh rises--then it catches in his throat. He clutches at his neck as the laugh turns strained, almost unstable, pain mixing with defiance.

RRRAAAHHH!!!

Edwards shakes his head, still sitting on the mat, eyes burning as the show moves forward with the Television Championship resting across his knees.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"I think, folks - I think I know who's going to be challenging Larry Edwards at Point of Review."

Angus Skaaland:
"Jack Havok rampaged through ICW during our first season. We didn't know why he was waiting, why he was biding his time. We still don't know. But he's back for blood. He beat Edwards and put him on the shelf. Edwards came back and won the TV Title. Rubber match time. Fans, we'll be right back!"

Holding Out for a Hero

Backstage, the camera catches Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins moving with purpose down the corridor. There's a stiffness to him tonight--not hesitation, but something close to it, like he's already decided what he's going to do and doesn't want to think about it again.

Duchess Vaughn isn't hard to find.

They're leaned up against a concrete wall near a loading bay door, one shoulder pressed into it, a cigarette burning slow between their fingers. Their other hand idly cracks knuckles--one at a time, deliberate, unhurried. They don't look up right away when Collins approaches.

Collins stops a few feet short.

Plants.

Doesn't move.

Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins:
"I know what you're doing."

Duchess takes a drag. Doesn't respond.

Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins:
"I know what you've been doing. Showin' up everywhere I go. Pickin' spots. Pickin' people you know ain't gonna fight back."

A small pause. He steadies himself.

Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins:
"I'm not lettin' you scare me."

That gets their attention.

Duchess finally looks up.

They don't move off the wall. Don't step forward. Just... look at him. Slow. Measuring. Like they're deciding what he is.

They take another drag.

Blow the smoke out through their nose.

Duchess Vaughn:
"You think that's what this is?"

Their voice is low, almost conversational--but there's something underneath it that doesn't sit right.

They push off the wall now, just enough to stand up straight.

Not closing distance.

Just... bigger.

Duchess Vaughn:

"You think I'm tryin' to scare you."

A beat.

They tilt their head, studying him.

Duchess Vaughn:
"Kid... if I wanted you scared, you'd already be beggin'."

Collins winces--just a flicker--but he doesn't step back.

He doesn't blink.

Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins:
"So you wanna do this at Point of Review, then?"

Duchess doesn't answer right away.

Instead, they bring the cigarette back up, take another slow pull--

--and step just close enough to exhale the smoke straight into Collins' face.

They watch him through it.

Waiting.

Testing.

Collins plants his feet harder.

Doesn't move.

Doesn't give them anything.

Duchess' lip curls, just slightly.

Amused.

Annoyed.

Duchess Vaughn:
"Don't threaten me with a good time, kid."

They hold the stare.

Trying to push him back without touching him.

Seconds pass.

Collins doesn't budge.

Doesn't look away.

Doesn't break.

That's new.

Duchess exhales sharply through their nose--something between a scoff and a grunt.

Disgusted.

They flick the cigarette aside and turn, already done with the moment.

Duchess Vaughn:
"Alright, kid. Have fun playin' hero."

A step away.

Duchess Vaughn:
"I'll send you to meet 'em."

Collins doesn't follow.

Doesn't chase.

He just answers.

Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins:
"My heroes are still alive."

Duchess pauses--just for a second.

Doesn't turn around.

Duchess Vaughn:
"Yeah."

A beat.

Duchess Vaughn:
"For now."

They walk off, leaving Collins alone in the hallway.

He stays there a moment longer.

Still planted.

Still breathing a little heavier than he wants anyone to see.

Then finally, he moves.

Celestina Cruz vs Jenn Tinsley

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Up next, a grudge match that's been boiling since last show--Jenn Tinsley finally gets her hands on Celestina Cruz after the Cruz Sisters' attack shut down an interview before it even began."

Angus Skaaland:
"And now she wants payback? Against her? Robbie, Jenn Tinsley's got heart, I'll give her that--but heart doesn't fix bad decision making."

"Rumba" by Ill Nino hits and Celestina Cruz steps through the curtain, composed and measuring the distance to the ring before she even takes her first step. A half-step behind her, Valeria Cruz stalks with that cast raised high, slamming it once against the barricade as she snarls at the crowd. Celestina doesn't react to any of it--she glides forward, calm and confident, while Valeria prowls and dares anyone to get involved.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Celestina slides into the ring smoothly and rises, rolling her shoulders loose, a faint smile already forming as she looks toward the stage. Valeria circles the apron, leaning in close, barking in Spanish and tapping the cast against the canvas like a warning drumbeat.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"The Reinas de Sangre, the Cruz Sisters. Angus, we've seen lots of family tag teams in this business, but even by family standards, the similarity of the wavelength those women operate on isn't just impressive, it's just a bit eerie."

Angus Skaaland:

"'A bit,' he says."

"Kawanga!" hits and Jenn Tinsley bursts onto the stage with immediate energy, not alone--Sam Gardner right behind her, light on her feet, clapping once before the two head down together. Jenn doesn't slow down, eyes locked on the ring, jaw set; Sam stays just behind her shoulder, composed, balanced, ready.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Jenn slides under the ropes and pops to her feet, already pacing, already bouncing on her toes. Celestina watches her with that same half-smile, head tilted just slightly--as if she's already figured something out.

Angus Skaaland:
"For some reason, I was thinking of the really old days, the Wifwah days, and Serbo. Mr. 'Choose Death.' It's like Jenn liked the line but got the meaning backwards, and she's determined to get herself killed. Duchess, Valeria, Celestina, what's next, is she gonna go back to the dojo and pick a fight with Heidi? Challenge the Glucks to a handicap match? Call out Bronson Box?"

The bell rings, and Jenn doesn't wait--she closes distance immediately with a running forearm that snaps Celestina back a step. She follows with a quick dropkick, then a snap suplex that hits clean, popping back up with urgency as the crowd roars behind her. There's no hesitation, no feeling-out--Jenn is here to fight.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Jenn Tinsley wasting no time here--she said she wanted this fight, and she's taking it right to Celestina Cruz!"

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah, and look at her--burning through everything she's got in the first thirty seconds. That's not a plan, Robbie, that's panic!"

Jenn presses forward, reaching for a waistlock, but Celestina slips out, pivots behind, then immediately disengages--hands up, smirking, shaking her head as if amused. Jenn charges again, but this time Celestina sidesteps, catching her with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker that halts the momentum cold.

KRA-THUMP!

Celestina rises smoothly, smiling down at Jenn as she pushes up on instinct alone. A quick snap suplex follows, into a floatover cover that gets a 1 count. Unbothered, Celestina pulls Jenn to her feet, then delivers a spinning heel kick that clips her across the jaw, sending her staggering into the ropes.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That's the difference--Jenn came in fast, but Celestina Cruz is already adjusting."

Angus Skaaland:
"No, she's not adjusting, Robbie--she's waiting. Big difference."

Celestina pulls Jenn into a cravat, wrenching the neck, then spins through--Cruz Control--but Jenn catches herself before going all the way down, twisting out and firing back with a sharp forearm. Another. Then a sudden German suplex--clean bridge!

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

RRRAAHHH!!!

Jenn rolls through, adrenaline surging, dragging Celestina back up--another German attempt--but this time Celestina drops her weight, blocking it, snapping off a quick elbow to break the waistlock and whipping Jenn toward the ropes. As Jenn rebounds, Valeria slaps the apron hard, drawing just enough attention for Celestina to yank the top rope down--

Jenn spills awkwardly to the floor.

OOOOHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"And there's Valeria Cruz--creating the opening!"

Angus Skaaland:
"That's not creating anything, Robbie, that's taking what's already there. That's called being smart!"

The ref is right there, wagging a finger at Valeria as Jenn struggles to rise and Sam approaches. Celestina, a smirk on her lips, looks at Jenn, glances at Sam, then hops to the top of the turnbuckle.

She braces her feet--

and flips in the other direction, crashing down on Sam with a moonsault that sends her sprawling, leaving Celestina to land gracefully on her feet.

OOOOHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Wait a minute--Sam Gardner just got taken out!"

Angus Skaaland:
"Collateral damage! Stay out of the way!"

The referee is instantly on Celestina, shouting, trying to restore order, attention fully pulled away. And seizing the distraction, Valeria steps towards Jenn, raising the cast.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"It was all a setup to give Valeria an opening to use that cast as a weapon just like she did when Celestina faced Sam!

Valeria swings--

--but Jenn surges forward from nowhere, trapping Valeria's arm under her armpit!

Valeria's eyes open wide in surprise as Jenn flashes a jagged smile before leaping into the air, turning upside down, and pulling the two of them to the ground with Jenn's legs tangled around Valeria's torso and Valeria's casted wrist in her clutches.

Armbar!

RRRAAHHH!!!

Valeria screams, thrashing, trying to pull free as Jenn cranks down, teeth clenched, fury pouring through every movement.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Jenn Tinsley saw it coming! She's got the arm--she's got Valeria trapped!"

Angus Skaaland:
"That's, that's--how the hell would Jenn Tinsley even think of that?!"

The referee turns--sees chaos everywhere--Sam down, Valeria caught, Jenn torquing her Valeria's injured limb and refusing to let go--and rushes toward them, trying to break it up. Jenn, teeth gritted, shakes her head, trying to hang onto the hold as the ref pries at her fingers.

And with all this, both their backs are turned to Celestina.

Celestina takes a running start, leaps to the top of the stairs, and flies through the air, crashing into the back of Jenn's head feet first with a shotgun dropkick.

BBBOOOOOO!!!

Jenn is sent flying forwards where she crashes into the guardrail and slumps. Valeria curls into a ball clutching her wrist as Celestina grabs Jenn by the hair and violently throws her back into the ring.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"That wasn't at all how the Reinas de Sangre drew it up, but in the end, they adjusted and used their divide and conquer strategy as effectively as ever."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah. AND! Jenn hurt Valeria without hurting her bad enough to call in the medics! Call me crazy but I think she'll be regretting that very, very soon."

Jenn, back in the ring, groggily gets to her feet as Celestina slides in behind her, stalking, waiting--

Jenn turns towards Celestina.

A boot to the midsection folds her over instantly.

Celestina hooks both arms--

lifts--

Queen's Gambit!

KRA-KOOM!!!

She sits out, stacking Jenn high!

ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Celestina releases immediately, rising to her feet with that same cold smile, breathing steady as if nothing about that had been out of control at all. Jenn lies on the mat, stunned, the moment slipping away as quickly as it came.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Jenn Tinsley had it--she had the answer for Valeria, she had the awareness--but in the chaos, Celestina Cruz capitalizes!"

Angus Skaaland:
"That's what separates them, Robbie! Jenn's trying to fight everybody at once, and Celestina's picking her spots. That's experience. That's control."

Escalation

Celestina rises off Jenn's body as the bell rings, her normal serene smirk replaced by a tight, bitter grimace. Meanwhile, Valeria, still doubled over and holding her injured arm tight against her stomach, breathing sharply and evenly, slowly climbs the stairs and enters the ring.

Angus Skaaland:
"See this? I told you Robbie. Jenn keeps trying to bat out of her league, she poked the bear with a stick, and she's gonna get mauled now."

The sisters lean in close, foreheads nearly touching, speaking in low, urgent murmurs just beyond the reach of the camera. It isn't theatrical. It isn't for the crowd. It's intimate -- and just unsettling enough to feel like something colder than comfort.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"I always get chills when I see the Reinas huddle up like that. Always."

Across the ring, Jenn Tinsley is pulling herself upright with the ropes, still shaken from the Queen's Gambit. Sam Gardner has rolled to her side near the apron, blinking hard, trying to clear her head.

Valeria rises first.

There's fury in her eyes now -- not wild, not reckless, but focused. She steps toward Jenn and wraps her good hand around Jenn's throat, driving her backwards towards the ropes. And then, aiming carefully, she clobbers her with a clothesline from the casted arm, sending her just far enough over the top rope to push it down. Celestina immediately moves with her, pulling Jenn fully into the ropes so her arms are trapped and stretched tight against the cables. Jenn thrashes, boots kicking against the mat, but the ropes hold her fast.

Celestina slips out to the floor and circles behind Sam. Without hesitation, she seizes Sam by the back of the head and drives her face-first into the steel ring post.

CLANG!

Sam collapses to her knees on the floor.

OOOOOOHHHH!!!

Celestina drags her up and rolls her back into the ring like discarded luggage. The referee shouts, torn between restoring order and keeping Jenn contained, but he's already lost control. Celestina slides back in and hooks Sam from behind, wrenching her arms into a tight chickenwing, forcing her upright.

Valeria steps forward slowly, raising the cast.

Angus Skaaland:
"I thought Jenn was just gonna get herself killed--but it looks like the Cruzes are gonna kill her friend right in front of her! This is just wrong. I mean maybe Jenn asked for it but Sam didn't!"

Jenn screams and pulls violently against the ropes, trying to break free, the cords digging into her shoulders.

Valeria slaps Jenn across the face once. Twice. A cruel little wake-up call.

Then she turns back to Sam and throws a tight hook with the cast, the motion shorter and sharper than her usual clubbing shots -- protecting her wrist even as she weaponizes it.

The cast cracks against the side of Sam's head.

Sam's body folds sideways, dropping awkwardly to the canvas in a boneless sprawl.

For a split second there is stunned silence.

Then--

OOOOOOOHHHHHH!!!

Sam rolls onto her side, hand flying instinctively to her ear and temple, eyes unfocused. Valeria staggers a half step back, doubling over herself, clutching the injured wrist against her stomach, pain flashing across her face from the force of her own strike.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"There is something legitimately wrong with Valeria Cruz. No one in their right mind throws hooks with a broken wrist like that."

Angus Skaaland:
"She didn't care. She just wanted to hurt somebody. And she did. And I don't think she's done!"

Celestina grabs Sam by the hair, hauling her partway upright. Sam barely reacts, dazed, blinking slowly as if trying to figure out where she is.

Jenn roars in frustration, still trapped, boots scraping desperately against the canvas.

And then movement at the top of the ramp.

Sunny Holliday is running.

No music. No smile.

Just urgency.

RRRRAAAAHHHH!!!

Valeria sees her first. She straightens, eyes narrowing, and gives Celestina a sharp nod. The sisters don't wait. They slide from the ring and retreat up the aisle as Sunny hits ringside, slipping under the bottom rope and moving straight toward Sam.

Jenn finally tears one arm loose from the ropes and stumbles forward as Sunny drops to her knees beside Sam. Sam rolls slightly, pulling her hand away from her ear. There's red on her palm.

Sunny's expression hardens.

She rises and demands a microphone.

The crowd murmurs, unsettled.

Sunny looks up the ramp at the Cruz sisters, who have stopped halfway, watching.

Sunny Holliday:
"I never wanted ICW to be this way. I wanted to stop you without sinking to your level."

She takes a breath, voice tightening.

Sunny Holliday:
"But I'm not letting you do this to anyone else."

Celestina smiles faintly and steps forward, Valeria at her side, still cradling her wrist.

Celestina Cruz:
"You want to stop me?"

Her tone is smooth, almost amused.

Celestina Cruz:
"I'll be glad to give you a chance. Just put that pretty gold belt around your waist on the line... and you'll get as much of me as you want. And then some."

A tense pause.

Sunny doesn't hesitate.

Sunny Holliday:

"Fine."

The crowd buzzes louder now -- not chanting, not celebrating, just charged.

Celestina's smile widens. She and Valeria exchange a look -- satisfied. Mission accomplished.

They turn and walk up the ramp together, slow and composed, as if they've already won something.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"We've got ourselves a title defense! Sunny Holliday! Celestina Cruz! Point of Review!"

Inside the ring, Sunny kneels again beside Sam, brushing hair from her face while Jenn crouches close, jaw set, breathing hard. Sam blinks up at them, still dazed, blood faintly marking her fingers as the referee calls for assistance.

The women's division just shifted.

And it won't be smiling next time.

Blowing Smoke

The camera fades up into a hazy, smoke-choked locker room. The source becomes immediately obvious--a thick cigar smoldering in an ashtray on a dented metal bench, curling gray into the air like it owns the place.

"Primetime" Preston Price stands in front of a cracked mirror, adjusting his hair, then his gear, then his shades, checking every angle like there's a camera on him at all times. Behind him, Ricky Dale Cash leans back against the lockers, jacket off, suspenders showing, watching his investment.

Ricky Dale Cash:
"Now they got yew in the opener, son. One o' them... scramble matches."

He lets the word hang there a moment, like it doesn't quite belong in his vocabulary.

Preston Price:
"Yeah. I know what it is."

Cash nods, unfazed.

Ricky Dale Cash:
"Buncha fellers all runnin' around at once, tryin' ta outdo each other. Cole Marksson, Eli Dresden, Riley Cross... loser o' King an' Edwards... an' a sixth man."

Now Price glances back, just a flick of the eyes.

Cash smiles faintly.

Ricky Dale Cash:
"One Ah'v taken the liberty of invitin' to join us."

Before Price can respond, the locker room door swings open.

"Superstar" Sammy Starr steps in, jaw tight, eyes already locked on Cash.

Sammy Starr:
"What do you want, Cash?"

Cash doesn't answer right away. He takes a long, deliberate pull from the cigar, the ember glowing bright, then exhales slow, letting the smoke drift between them.

Ricky Dale Cash:
"Now son... hear me out. Sometimes mah plans get a little ahead of themselves... an' Ah do believe Ah let yew go too easily."

Starr doesn't move.

Sammy Starr:
"You stomp me out for five minutes... an' that's what you got?"

Sweat beads on RDC's forehead, but he doesn't lose his composure, such as it is.

Ricky Dale Cash:
"Forgive me, son. Mah judgment was in error. Ah may not have provided the level of support a man like Sammy Starr requires. An' that--"

He taps ash into the tray.

Ricky Dale Cash:
"--that's on me."

Price snorts softly at the mirror but doesn't turn around.

Cash pushes forward, voice picking up speed as he finds his footing.

Ricky Dale Cash:
"But what Ah'm talkin' about now ain't the past. It's structure. It's support. It's buildin' somethin' that lifts all

boats, so ta speak. A system, Sammy. A system that recognizes talent, that positions talent--"

Sammy Starr:
"I been with you for years."

The interruption is sharp, controlled.

Sammy Starr:
"Years, Cash. You been promisin' me the moon that whole time, an' I ain't seen it yet."

Cash starts to respond--

Starr turns, pointing toward Price without looking at him.

Sammy Starr:
"What's he tellin' you, Prescott? Huh? What'd he promise you?"

Price finally turns, slow, like the whole thing barely registers.

Preston Price:
"Don't worry about what he tellin' me."

He brushes imaginary dust from his shoulder.

Preston Price:
"Whatever happened to you? That ain't got nothin' to do with me."

Starr lets out a short, humorless laugh.

Sammy Starr:
"Yeah... that's what I thought."

Cash steps in quickly, voice rising just enough to try and take control back.

Ricky Dale Cash:
"Now hold on just a minute there, son--Ricky Dale Cash tells no lies. An' he may--he may--have ta admit that maybe he wasn't able ta give ol' Sammy Starr the support Sammy needed. But that don't mean the opportunity ain't still there."

He gestures between them, expansive now.

Ricky Dale Cash:
"We can build somethin' here. Together. Provide that support. Create a foundation that rules over Iron City

Wrestling--support greatness o' all kinds, Sammy--"

Starr just stares at him.

Appalled.

Sammy Starr:
"You all beat me down like I'm garbage... an' now you expect me to come back an' do your bidding?"

Cash says nothing.

He just watches him, and fidgets with his collar.

Starr shakes his head, like he can't even process it.

Sammy Starr:
"...Fuck off."

He turns and heads for the door without another word.

Behind him--

Preston Price:
"Aight then. Keep walkin'."

Starr doesn't stop, doesn't turn.

He just throws a hand up behind him--middle finger raised--and keeps walking.

The room hangs quiet for a moment.

Cash reaches out, placing a hand on Price's shoulder.

Ricky Dale Cash:
"Let the man figure out his way, Preston."

Price immediately shrugs the hand off, annoyed, and turns back to the mirror--adjusting his shades again, polishing them like they matter more than anything in the room.

Cash doesn't react.

He just watches the door a moment longer.

Then he smiles.

A small, satisfied smile.

"Mm-hmm."

He taps ash from the cigar, brings it back up, and takes another long drag as the smoke curls upward.

Fade out.

Brothers Gluck interview

Backstage, the camera finds Ryan Caudill standing in front of an ICW backdrop, notebook tucked in one hand, microphone steady in the other. On either side of him loom the Brothers Gluck--Carlton calm and grounded, Chapps already shifting his weight, restless, eyes darting like he's ready to move.

Ryan Caudill:
"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with the ICW Tag Team Champions, the Brothers Gluck. Carlton, Chapps--at Point of Review, you'll be defending those titles, but tonight we find out against who. Night Riders versus ALEXANDER for the number one contendership. Your thoughts?"

Carlton nods once, measured, while Chapps lets out a short, dismissive scoff.

Chapps Gluck:
"Night Riders? Man, we already ran them boys over once. Season One. Flattened 'em. Ain't nothin' changed 'cept maybe they figured out a couple more ways to cheat."

Carlton glances sideways at his brother, then back to Caudill, voice steady.

Carlton Gluck:
"They've gotten better since then. You don't stay in this business long if you don't. Don't matter how you feel about 'em, they ain't the same team we saw back then."

Chapps rolls his eyes, shaking his head.

Chapps Gluck:
"Yeah, they better at grabbin' tights and cuttin' corners, I'll give 'em that."

Caudill doesn't bite, turning the question cleanly.

Ryan Caudill:
"And ALEXANDER? A relatively new team here in ICW, but they've already picked up a win over former

champions in the Rich Young Grapplerz."

Chapps snorts.

Chapps Gluck:
"One match. That's one match. Everybody gets lucky once."

Carlton's expression tightens just slightly--not angry, just firm.

Carlton Gluck:
"Don't write 'em off just 'cause they just got here. Ain't any smarter than writin' us off 'cause of W:UK."

That lands. Chapps pauses, jaw working, then turns away with a low mutter under his breath, pacing a tight half-circle behind Carlton, irritation simmering but contained.

Caudill watches it happen, adjusts without missing a beat, and brings it back on track.

Ryan Caudill:
"Tonight, though, you requested a non-title match--Eric Dane found you a pair of local competitors willing to step up. What do you have to say to them?"

Carlton shifts his weight slightly, hands resting loose at his sides, voice calm and direct.

Carlton Gluck:
"Gotta respect any kid who wants to see how high they can jump. But it ain't respectful to be dishonest to 'em about how high they gotta jump."

Chapps turns back in, energy snapping right back into place, a sharp grin cutting across his face.

Chapps Gluck:
"What he means is--we ain't holdin' back. Good luck, y'all."

Quick cut.

The Brothers Gluck vs local talent

Now back in the studio, we fade up to Robbie Ray and Angus in their given spots at the commentation station.

Angus Skaaland:
"So the Glucks are about to truck some kids. I'm okay with this. Maybe we'll see Chapps do something cool. Maybe we'll see Carlton bring Clobbersaurus out to play. As for the kids - who are these kids anyway?"

Pan to the ring. According to the nameplate graphics, the kids' names are Jason Jackson and Ted Doyle.

"The South is Rising" rumbles through the arena as The Brothers Gluck step out together--Carlton first, steady and deliberate, Chapps bursting alongside him with wild energy, arms thrown wide as he hollers to the crowd.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Carlton moves with purpose down the ramp, brushing a few hands along the way, while Chapps slaps the barricade and shouts to anyone who'll answer him, feeding off the noise. At ringside, Carlton wipes his feet and steps in, composed as ever; Chapps bounds up the steps and into the ring, pacing like a caged animal.

Jackso and Doyle--game, nervous, trying to look ready--exchange a quick nod as the referee calls for the bell.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"You heard what they said, Angus--no holding back. And that's exactly what we're about to see."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah, and those kids better hope they learn fast."

The bell rings and the locals jump first--quick double team, a pair of forearms catching Carlton high, trying to stagger the big man early. One of them, let's say Jackson, hits the ropes, comes flying back--

--and Carlton doesn't budge.

He absorbs it, reaches out, and in one smooth motion snatches Jackson into a gutwrench--

Gluckplex!

THWUMP!!!

The impact echoes as the ring shakes, and just like that, the tone changes.

OOOOHHH!!!

Carlton rises, calm as ever, dragging Jackson back up by the arm and steering him into the corner before tagging out.

Chapps explodes in.

He storms across the ring with a barrage of slaps and chops, each one louder than the last, barking at his opponent as he drives him back into the turnbuckles.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

RRRAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That's the other side of the Glucks--Carlton grounds you, and Chapps just... unleashes."

Angus Skaaland:
"You don't get a break, Robbie. That's the problem."

Doyle tries to intervene--springing off the ropes with a flying forearm--but Chapps ducks, spins, and hurls him overhead with a reckless T-bone Gluckplex that sends him crashing hard to the mat.

KRA-THUMP!!!

Chapps pops back up, shouting to the crowd, bouncing on his toes, feeding off the reaction as Carlton reaches out for the tag again.

Tag.

Carlton steps in and immediately takes control--snagging Jackson off the mat and launching him with a belly-to-belly Gluckplex that sends him skidding across the canvas. Doyle stumbles up into him--

--and gets flattened by Clobbersaurus.

KRA-KOOM!!!

RRRAAHHH!!!

Chapps then rushes forward, double legs Jackson, hoists him overhead, and slams him down with a double leg. Instead of releasing the man's legs he leans back, bringing him up so that he's hanging almost parallel to, but a foot above, the mat.

As for Carlton?

Carlton climbs.

One step. Two.

He steadies at the top rope.

Then--

Biggest Splash!

KRA-THOOM!!!

Carlton crashes down across both men as Chapps releases and steps aside, the impact thunderous.

Carlton hooks the leg.

ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

RRRAAHHH!!!

Carlton rises first, breathing steady, offering a small nod as he steps back. Chapps throws his arms wide again, shouting to the crowd, grinning like a man who got exactly what he wanted.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Statement made. No shortcuts, no hesitation--the ICW Tag Team Champions showing exactly where that bar is set."

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah, and whoever wins that contenders match later tonight? They better be ready to clear it."

Carlton glances down at the fallen locals for a moment--no mockery, no celebration at their expense--just a brief, acknowledging look before he turns away.

Chapps claps one of them on the shoulder as he passes--not gentle, but not cruel either--before following his brother out of the ring.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"The Brothers Gluck with another dominant performance, and Angus, as we watch them walk up the ramp together, we have to talk about how the division is taking shape around them. In our very next match we'll find out who will become the number one contenders and get the title shot at Point of Review. But, while we get the ring ready for that match, we've got some pre-taped footage of a newer entry into ICW's tag division, The Deputies."

The Deputies pre-taped

The feed cuts to a pre-taped shot outside the building, somewhere behind the loading docks. The light is flat, late-day gray. No backdrop, no production dressing--just concrete, chain link, and a beat-up metal door hanging half open.

Under Review: 3.4

Roy "The Enforcer" Harris stands slightly forward, hands loose at his sides, posture relaxed in a way that doesn't read as relaxed at all. Behind and off his shoulder, Big Bubba Blackwell stands with his arms folded, chin slightly raised, eyes forward.

They don't look at each other. They don't look around. They look straight into the camera.

A beat passes.

Roy Harris:
"We ain't law."

His voice is low, even. Matter-of-fact.

Roy Harris:
"We don't wear badges. Don't write tickets. Don't lock nobody up."

A small shift of his weight.

Roy Harris:
"We get called when somethin' needs handled."

Bubba nods once behind him, slow, deliberate.

Roy Harris:
"People like ta talk about teams. Rankings. Opportunities."

He shakes his head once.

Roy Harris:
"That ain't got nothin' to do with us."

Bubba uncrosses his arms, stepping forward just enough to share the frame.

Bubba Blackwell:
"We ain't here to climb nothin'."

His voice carries more weight, more presence.

Bubba Blackwell:
"We ain't waitin' our turn. We ain't tryin' to impress nobody."

He rolls his shoulders once.

Bubba Blackwell:
"We here to take what gets put in front of us... an' make it stop."

Roy glances sideways at him for a second--agreement--then back to camera.

Roy Harris:
"Heard through the grapevine."

A small pause.

Roy Harris:
"Urban Ninjaz... that's what's next."

Bubba exhales through his nose.

Bubba Blackwell:
"They fast."

A shrug.

Bubba Blackwell:
"They move around. Jump. Flip."

He tilts his head slightly.

Bubba Blackwell:
"That's fine."

Roy steps forward half a pace, filling the frame.

Roy Harris:
"They like bendin' rules."

A beat.

Roy Harris:
"Bringin' other things inta the ring."

No judgment in it. Just acknowledgment.

Roy Harris:
"That's fine."

Another beat.

Roy Harris:
"We know how ta deal with that."

Silence hangs there for a moment.

Bubba speaks, quieter now.

Bubba Blackwell:
"They can bring whatever they want."

He cracks his neck once.

Bubba Blackwell:
"Ain't gonna help 'em."

Roy nods once.

Roy Harris:
"Soon as they stop movin'..."

A small pause.

Roy Harris:
"They gotta deal with us."

The camera holds steady. No movement, no music.

Bubba Blackwell:
"An' when that happens..."

He lets it hang.

Roy's jaw tightens just slightly.

Roy Harris:
"Match gets real simple after that."

Another beat.

Roy shifts his stance just enough to break the symmetry.

Roy Harris:
"We know folks gonna be watchin'."

No names. No acknowledgment.

Just the idea.

Roy Harris:
"That's fine."

Bubba folds his arms again.

Bubba Blackwell:
"They can watch."

Roy nods once more.

Roy Harris:
"Just understand what yew lookin' at."

A beat.

Roy Harris:
"We ain't here ta win matches."

He looks straight into the lens.

Roy Harris:
"We here ta end 'em."

They hold the frame.

Still. Unmoving.

Then the feed cuts.

Night Riders vs ALEXANDER

Robbie Ray Carter:
"The following contest will determine the Number One Contenders to the ICW Tag Team Championship. ALEXANDER impressed in their debut, but tonight they face the most established heel tandem in this division."

Angus Skaaland:
"Established because they know how to win, Robbie. The Night Riders don't need to outwrestle you -- they just need one mistake. That's Southern tag wrestling."

"Blue Highway" - Billy Idol hits as neon lasers sweep the arena. Neon Blaze steps onto the stage in shimmering glam and dark shades, spinning once before snapping into a sharp karate stance beneath the lights. A half-step behind him, Steel Thunder walks with deliberate calm, flexing one gloved hand and rolling his shoulders as if loosening up for something heavier than a wrestling match. Blaze mouths off to fans along the aisle, throwing exaggerated kicks into the air while Thunder simply stares past them.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

ALEXANDER emerge without spectacle. Alek Konstantin walks straight ahead, jaw set and eyes forward, while Zander Thorne scans the arena with visible energy before sliding into the ring in one smooth motion. There are no poses, no theatrics -- just quiet readiness.

RRRAAHHH!!!

The bell rings.

Blaze insists on starting with Konstantin, circling loosely before firing a flashy spinning back kick. Konstantin steps inside the arc, catching the leg and dumping Blaze to the mat with a clean leg-trap sweep. Blaze scrambles up immediately and throws a karate pose anyway, jaw tight behind the smile.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Konstantin not impressed."

Angus Skaaland:
"He doesn't have to be impressed. He just has to be ready."

Blaze tries again, snapping off a quick kick after a snapmare. Konstantin rises through it and lands a stiff European uppercut that snaps Blaze's head back and forces a hurried tag to Thunder. The tempo shifts instantly as Thunder locks onto Zander's wrist with a deep arm wringer, walking him backward and torquing the shoulder down with deliberate pressure.

Blaze tags back in and unleashes the Armwringer Kick Combo, rattling off alternating roundhouse and heel kicks without releasing the hold. He punctuates the final kick with a frozen karate stance over Zander's bent frame.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

The Night Riders begin cutting the ring in earnest, tagging quickly and maintaining constant positional advantage. Thunder transitions from arm wringer to hammerlock, threatening the lift into Flying Hammerlock

before dropping Zander face-first instead. Zander fights through it with a sudden lung blower that collapses Thunder long enough for a diving tag.

Konstantin storms in with sharp shoot kicks, rocking Blaze backward into the ropes. A bridging capture suplex plants Blaze high on his shoulders.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

Blaze rolls to the floor to regroup, pacing and arguing while Thunder steps forward to steady the pace. Thunder lands a stiff palm strike to Konstantin's chest that echoes distinctly.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That sounded different."

Angus Skaaland:
"He's wearing gloves, Robbie."

Moments later, Zander grabs Thunder's wrist and calls for the referee to check the glove. The official inspects the knuckles, squeezes the fist, pats the outside -- and waves it off. The crowd erupts in frustration.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"He didn't check the palm!"

Angus Skaaland:
"He checked the glove. That's procedure."

Thunder immediately capitalizes, yanking Zander into the Riders' corner as Blaze rakes the eyes behind the referee's back. The isolation begins in earnest. Thunder grinds the arm with hammerlocks and wrist control while Blaze peppers in snapmares and quick kicks, posing smugly after each one. Thunder follows a throat chop with a cold martial-arts stance of his own, sneering as he flexes his striking hand.

Zander creates space with a quick inside cradle.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

Blaze dives to the apron and pulls Konstantin down before he can enter. Thunder hoists Zander into a backbreaker position as Blaze springboards in with a driving elbow for Backbreaker & Elbow.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

The Riders reset and Thunder traps Zander center ring in Flying Hammerlock, lifting him by the wrenched arm. Zander's body strains visibly as he reaches desperately toward the ropes.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Konstantin dives in with a sharp stomp to Thunder's ribs to break the hold.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That might have been it!"

Angus Skaaland:
"Thunder had him dead to rights."

Momentum shifts. Konstantin tags in and unloads with tight combinations, finishing Blaze with a Falcon Arrow before flowing directly into an armbar attempt. Blaze scrambles to the ropes to escape. Thunder charges, only to eat a bicycle kick from Zander that sends him staggering backward.

ALEXANDER sequence cleanly: a leg-trap sweep destabilizes Thunder, a hard tag follows, and Zander plants him with Iconoclasm.

ONE!
TWO!
--BLAZE DIVES IN TO BREAK IT!

RRRAAHHH!!!

The arena is electric. Blaze barely escapes a capture throw and is hoisted onto the top rope by Konstantin. Zander sets his feet below, preparing to finish the thought and complete Setpiece.

Thunder moves with precision. As the referee focuses upward on Blaze's elevated position, Thunder steps in and drives a compact loaded palm strike into the side of Zander's head.

THWACK!

Zander's body slackens immediately. Thunder whips the dazed Zander forward as Blaze shoves him into perfect position and climbs higher. Konstantin turns, but Thunder drives him hard into the opposite corner and physically blocks the save.

Blaze pumps once, twice, milking the moment.

Under Review: 3.4

KRA-THWUMP!

The Neon Elbow Dive crashes down flush across Zander's chest.

ONE!
TWO!
THREE!

BBBBBOOOOOOOOO!!!

During the count, Thunder smoothly swaps the loaded glove insert for an identical glove pulled from inside his boot before rising to his feet. Blaze pushes off Zander's chest and freezes in a triumphant karate pose as neon lights bathe the ring.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"They stole that match. ALEXANDER had them beat twice."

Angus Skaaland:
"They won because they accounted for everything."

Konstantin protests, pointing at Thunder's glove. The referee checks it again -- knuckles, palm -- finding nothing. Blaze loudly demands another inspection, grinning as the official waves him off.

Blaze adjusts his shades and throws finger guns toward the hard camera while Thunder stands behind him, flexing his striking hand with a cold sneer. Across the ring, ALEXANDER regroup quietly, frustration visible but discipline intact as the Riders exit beneath the lasers.

BBBBBOOOOOOOOO!!!

The New Untouchables vs Storm & Thunder

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Fans, we've got a special attraction up next. As part of Iron City Wrestling's growing relationship with Promociones Legado Azteca, Jeff Andrews personally selected this match--Turbulencia, one of PLA's hottest young prospects, teaming with Dan Patterson, an American journeyman out of Chattanooga, Tennessee currently on a world tour."

Angus Skaaland:
"I was in that booking meeting and I don't remember a word of this. Turbs? Patterson? What are we doing here?"

Robbie Ray Carter:

"You were there, Angus--you just weren't listening."

Angus Skaaland:
"Wait, so there's Black people in Tennessee?"

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Oh come on, Angus. Haven't you heard of Memphis? Anyway--Storm & Thunder bring a pace and aerial style that can test anybody, and Jeff Andrews hand-picked them for the New Untouchables tonight."

The opening chords of "You're Gonna Go Far, Kid" hit and Jeffrey Daniels strides out first, all swagger and restless energy, jawing at the crowd as if they're already behind him. Lee Scott Rothlesberger follows at a measured pace, shoulders loose, eyes forward, projecting control where Daniels thrives on chaos. Behind them, Jeff Andrews walks with purpose--no glance to either side, no wasted motion--his focus already on the ring.

Storm & Thunder arrive in a burst of motion. Turbulencia vaults clean over the ropes without breaking stride, landing in a crouch and springing up immediately, while Dan Patterson slides in behind him and throws a quick shadow-kick, bouncing in place as if the match has already started in his head.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"And here we go--this is a test for the New Untouchables, no question."

Angus Skaaland:
"Test them for what, Robbie? Flips per minute?"

The bell rings.

Daniels and Turbulencia circle for barely a heartbeat before both men surge forward at once. Daniels throws the first strike--a spinning kick--but Turbulencia slips under it and hits the ropes in one motion, snapping off a fast arm drag that sends Daniels skidding across the canvas. Daniels pops right back up, refusing to give ground, and answers with a handspring feint into a spinning enzuigiri. Turbulencia ducks it clean and comes up behind him again, forcing Daniels to turn and reset.

They don't slow down so much as layer another exchange on top of the first. Kicks are thrown and narrowly avoided, momentum carries them through the ropes and back again, and when Turbulencia suddenly goes for a huracanrana, Daniels plants his hands and cartwheels through it. He lands on his feet and claps, mocking, but there's a little edge to it--he's keeping up, not controlling.

RRRAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Fast start here! Turbulencia may actually be quicker than Daniels, and that's saying something."

Angus Skaaland:
"That kid flips like a pinball, Robbie. I don't even know where his feet are half the time."

The next exchange almost starts the same way, but this time Daniels cuts it off himself. He backs out, slipping under the bottom rope to the floor and slapping the apron in frustration as he circles away. It's not that he got caught--he just never got ahead, and that's enough for him to reset.

LSR joins him immediately, the two of them gathering near Andrews as Daniels talks and gestures back toward the ring. Turbulencia stays inside, bouncing lightly, ready to go again.

Jeff Andrews:
"Get back in the damn ring."

Daniels looks like he's about to argue--then Turbulencia makes the decision for him.

The luchador hits the ropes, plants, and launches backward in a clean arc--

WHAM!!!

The backward springboard backsplash wipes out both members of the New UTs on the floor.

RRRAAAAHHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Turbulencia taking the fight to the outside--he's not giving them time to regroup!"

Angus Skaaland:
"That's what I'm talking about! Don't let those Noots slow it down!"

Patterson moves toward Andrews as Turbulencia regains his feet.

Dan Patterson:
"Don't even think about it."

Andrews barely looks at him.

Jeff Andrews:
"I wasn't gonna. I'm coaching them, not cheating for them."

Inside the ring, Turbulencia rolls back in and rebounds immediately, keeping the tempo high. Daniels and LSR scramble up on the outside, still trying to collect themselves--just in time for Turbulencia to spring again,

this time inside the ropes, snapping off that backward backsplash that leaves both men staggered.

They're only halfway recovered when Patterson takes over.

He hits the ropes and dives through them, arching backward in a clean Fosbury Flop--

KRA-KOOM!!!

RRRRRAAAAAHHHH!!!

Greetings From Fosbury Park wipes out everyone on the floor.

The impact clips Andrews as he turns, sending him into a rolling tumble beside the barricade. For a moment he just sits there, mildly bewildered, then reaches for his John Deere cap, brushing it off carefully and fixing the dent in the brim before setting it back on his head like nothing happened.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Dan Patterson wiping out everything that moves--including Jeff Andrews!"

Angus Skaaland:
"I think he dented the hat, Robbie--that might be the most damage anybody's done tonight!"

Back inside, the New UTs finally manage to take control. Patterson is the one who gets caught first--LSR clips him from behind on the apron, and Daniels meets him with a sharp superkick as he turns back in.

THWACK!!!

Patterson stumbles, and the New UTs move quickly to isolate him. Daniels tags out, LSR comes in, and they start to close the space.

For a moment, it looks like the heat is about to settle in.

Daniels goes for a cartwheel flourish--

Patterson blasts him out of it with a jumping kick.

THWACK!!!

RRRAAAAHHH!!!

Patterson lunges and makes the tag.

Andrews doesn't wait.

"Don't god damn cartwheel when you don't fucking need to, dipshit!"

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Jeff Andrews furious with Daniels there--he had control and gave it away!"

Angus Skaaland:
"That's the problem, Robbie! Those Noots would rather be cute than win a match!"

Storm & Thunder surge back into control, riding the momentum. Turbulencia takes over with speed, snapping off a spinning headscissors that sends Daniels into the corner before Patterson follows with a flying forearm. The pace spikes again, the kind of rhythm that forces mistakes.

But this time, the New UTs adjust.

Turbulencia hits the ropes again, looking to keep it going--

Daniels steps in and catches him clean out of the air.

THWACK!!!

The superkick lands flush, cutting the sequence in half.

OOOOOOHHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Daniels just cut him off mid-flight!"

Angus Skaaland:
"...Yeah. That's different."

The shift is immediate.

They don't pause, don't play to the crowd--just move.

Tag.

LSR comes in with a spinning crescent kick that snaps Turbulencia's head back. Daniels follows with a slingshot corkscrew splash, then rolls through and tags again. The sequence flows cleanly, each movement setting up the next, no wasted motion.

ONE!

TWO!

--KICKOUT!

RRRAAHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"This is what Jeff Andrews wanted--no wasted movement, no distraction."

Angus Skaaland:
"I don't like this, Robbie. When those two idiots were screwing around, you could live with it. This? This is a problem."

The heat settles on Turbulencia now, and it's controlled. Double-teams come quickly--enzuigiri into a bulldog, a rapid tag into a springboard strike, a sequence of superkicks that never quite turns into a pose. Each time Turbulencia tries to create space, one of them is already there to cut him off.

Patterson pounds the turnbuckle, calling for the tag.

Turbulencia finally slips through a double-team attempt, ducking under and throwing himself toward the corner--

Tag!

Patterson explodes back in.

The pace spikes again as Patterson unloads--twisting enzuigiri, jumping calf kick, a sharp forearm that knocks LSR backward. Daniels rushes in and gets caught with another spinning kick that sends him stumbling to the ropes.

All four men are moving now.

Kicks collide, bodies rebound, and for a few seconds the match becomes exactly what Angus feared--pure, chaotic velocity.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!!!

RRRRRAAAAAHHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"All four men trading strikes--this one breaking down into chaos!"

Angus Skaaland:
"It's a car crash, Robbie--and somehow those Noots are keeping their footing!"

Storm & Thunder try to turn that chaos into a finish. Turbulencia heads up top, Patterson clearing space--

Daniels cuts it off.

Another superkick snaps Turbulencia back.

LSR is already there.

Kryptonite.

The spinning sit-out double underhook facebuster plants him.

Daniels climbs.

Tag.

LSR pulls Turbulencia up just enough--

Neo-Untouchadriver.

The spike piledriver lands clean.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

BBBBBOOOOOOO!!!

Daniels rolls to his knees, then to his feet, finally letting himself play to the crowd, arms spread wide as the boos pour down. LSR stands beside him, smirking, adjusting the tape at his waist.

Andrews steps onto the apron, watching both men closely--not celebrating, just measuring.

The New Untouchables, for now, have done exactly what he asked.

One More Time, One Last Time

Daniels soaks in the boos for a moment longer than he should, arms spread wide as if he's daring the crowd to get louder, while LSR stands just off his shoulder with that familiar smirk, already half a step ahead of whatever comes next. Behind them, Storm & Thunder are still trying to recover, and that's all the invitation the

New Untouchables need.

Daniels immediately starts laying in stomps - over-the-top, theatrical stomps - while LSR slides out of the ring and then slides a table in.

And another table in.

And another.

Angus Skaaland:
"Oh Christ alive, these fucking Noots! What the hell are they doing now?"

Robbie Ray Carter:
"You mean risking an incident between ICW and Promociones Legado Azteca?"

Daniels sets two tables up next to each other, then a table on top of those, then for some reason a folded table, upside down, in between the two layers. LSR places a table so that one end is hanging from the turnbuckle and the other is hanging from the side of the table stack, and then, sets another table up on top of that one. It's not just a setup--it's a spectacle, a teetering tower of wood and metal built for the sole purpose of taking things too far.

Outside the ring, Jeff Andrews doesn't move. He watches, hands at his sides, eyes tracking the construction like he's evaluating it rather than endorsing it.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Come on now, this isn't necessary--the match is already over!"

Angus Skaaland:
"This is what those Noots do, Robbie--they don't know when to stop!"

Daniels claps his hands together, pacing around the structure, talking to the crowd and to nobody at the same time, while LSR adjusts the angle of the top table like he's finishing a blueprint, then suddenly lunges to stomp the recovering Patterson down into the mat. Turbulencia is still just barely moving, and the intent is obvious.

And that's when "Children of the Grave" by Black Sabbath hits.

The James Gang don't wait. They don't milk the cheers. All three of them--Zeke, Zeb, and Cherry Mae--hit the ring at once, not sliding in so much as storming through the ropes. The tower doesn't survive the first contact. Zeb drives straight into Daniels, shoving him back, while Zeke barrels through the structure itself, sending the stacked tables crashing down in a splintering collapse.

KRAAASH!!!

RRRRAAAAAHHHH!!!

Cherry Mae is already moving, pulling Turbulencia toward the ropes while Patterson helps from the other side, the two of them getting Storm & Thunder clear of the ring as quickly as they came in.

The New UTs regroup on one side, breathing hard, while the James Gang holds the other. The wreckage of the table tower is scattered between them.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"The James Gang breaks up whatever the New Untouchables had planned!"

Angus Skaaland:
"That stupid-ass table tower is all over the place, the James Gang's ruling the ring, the Noots are backing up, like usual, and Jeff Andrews is just standing there like a fucking lump!

Zeb is the first to step forward, and this time he's got a microphone in hand. He doesn't shout. He doesn't need to.

Zeb James:
"Y'all really think everything's changing just cos a' him?"

He gestures disdainfully at Andrews.

Zeb James:
"Ah'm on' tell y'all what ain't changin. Ever since y'all been here you been tryin' to hurt people, mess with the promotion, cause trouble, embarrass the business. And we told you when we got here, every time y'all try to pull this, we're gonna be right there to stop ya. No matter who you boys got in your corner, hear? You don't get to hurt people and call it entertainment--not while we're here."

Daniels laughs.

Not a quick chuckle--he really laughs, doubling over for a second before straightening back up and looking at Zeb like he just told a joke.

Jeffrey Daniels:
"Oh, here we go--ICW's very own tactical counter-noot force. Fighting for the sake of peace, justice, and the Dane-ish way. Making professional wrestling less fun every time they show up. Guys, guys. Is this really that worthwhile for you? Really?"

LSR shakes his head, smirking, eyes flicking between Zeb and Andrews.

Lee Scott Rothlesberger:
"Oh, it's worthwhile for them. They're part of this generational feud we got going. Just because our mentor is the man who really built the place and theirs is a glorified office stooge-"

Zeb's face darkens and he raises the mic - but before he can speak, Cherry Mae has stepped past him, taking the mic from his hand as she does.

Cherry Mae James:
"Y'know what, I'd get mad at you boys for puttin' my uncle's name in your mouth, but, I was thinkin' - took y'all long enough to go there. What changed? Oh yeah... him."

She walks past the New UTs and points straight at Jeff Andrews.

Cherry Mae James:
"We come to ICW and y'all lose your balls, and now suddenly he shows up and you act like you found 'em again. Talk all you want, we all know it don't count. And you, Andrews, you gonna do anything besides stand there?"

Outside the ring, Andrews closes his eyes for a second and exhales, slow and quiet.

Whatever it means, Cherry seems to regard it as a challenge. In one motion she's up on the bottom rope, leaning over the top, staring down at Andrews.

Cherry Mae James:
"That's all? After every damn thing you've done around these parts that's all? You gonna keep standing there, or you actually gonna do something? Huh? All that talk, all that reputation--and you're just watching? Is this the first time in your damn career you ain't got somethin' to say?"

Andrews doesn't answer right away.

He shrugs out of the leather jacket first, dropping it over the barricade. Then the green-and-yellow mesh cap comes off, set carefully on top of it. He steps up onto the apron and pauses there, looking at her, then through the ropes and into the ring.

Only then does he step inside.

He doesn't rush.

He doesn't posture.

He just walks forward.

Jeff Andrews:

"You really want this to happen?"

He doesn't stop walking, and Cherry doesn't move back. The space closes anyway, step by step, until she's forced to give ground just to stay in front of him. She goes up on her tiptoes, trying not to yield any ground, getting her face as close to his as she can.

Cherry Mae James:
"I ain't afraid of you."

OOOOOHHHH!!!

The words hang there.

Andrews takes two more steps forward. He hasn't raised his hands, but his weight forces her backwards.

Behind her, Zeke shifts. It wouldn't be the first time he's seen Cherry Mae bite off more than she can chew, and it wouldn't be the first time he's intervened. He's ready.

But before either Zeke or Andrews can react--

SMACK!!!

Cherry Mae's hand snaps across Jeff Andrews' face.

OOOOOOHHHH!!!

For a split second, everything freezes.

Andrews takes a step forward.

Then another.

Cherry doesn't move.

Zeke does.

He crosses the space in two strides and grabs Andrews by the throat, hauling him backward and driving him into the corner. The impact rattles the turnbuckles as Zeke leans in, forearm tight, the protective instinct overriding everything else.

Andrews grabs Zeke's wrist with both hands.

But he doesn't fight.

He doesn't strike.

He just holds it there.

Daniels is the first to move, charging in and hammering forearms into Zeke's back. LSR follows, stomping in from the side. Zeke grits his teeth, ignoring the blows, as Zeb grabs LSR by the collar and throws him to the mat. The moment teeters on the edge of a full fight.

"ENOUGH!"

The sound cuts through the chaos, loud and sharp, and the crowd reacts instantly.

RRRAAAAHHH!!!

Eric Dane Sr. is already on the stage, microphone in hand.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"We've done one brawl tonight already--we are not doing it again. Stand down. All of you."

Daniels backs up a step cautiously. Zeke doesn't let go of Andrews' neck. Andrews continues to clutch at Zeke's wrist.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"I said stand down."

With a growl and a light shove, Zeke releases Andrews' neck. Spreading his arm out he takes two steps back, shepherding Cherry Mae backwards as well. LSR climbs to his feet and dusts himself off indignantly.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"So, before we go any further, I've got a question for you."

He points at Andrews.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"I've had enough of your surly bullshit to last a lifetime. But you're here now, and I guess you've got your reasons. So if I pay you money and put you in that ring, are you gonna work?"

Andrews locks eyes with Dane.

The tension builds. Zeke's hands ball into fists.

Jeff Andrews:
"Yeah. I can work."

Dane doesn't respond to him, directly. Instead, he turns to Cherry Mae.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Cherry, do you know what you're asking for? Do you really wanna do this?"

Cherry isn't picked up on the microphone, but her eyes are sparking and she mouths the words 'Damn right'.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Alright then. It's gonna be the James Gang versus the New Untouchables and Jeff Andrews at Point of Review!"

RRRRAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!!

Eric Dane Sr.:
"And with that being said, it's going to wait until Point of Review."

Zeke maintains his death glare on Andrews as Zeb steps up to one shoulder and Cherry Mae to the other.

Daniels and LSR look from Andrews to the James Gang and back.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Wait. As in, not now. Are we clear?

For a moment, it looks like it's going to break anyway.

And then Andrews raises his head - to look at Daniels and LSR

Jeff Andrews:
"Do what he says."

Daniels blinks, thrown for a second. LSR's expression tightens, processing it.

Andrews doesn't wait for either of them.

He steps through the ropes, drops to the floor, grabs his jacket and cap, and starts up the ramp without looking back.

Daniels instinctively starts to play to the crowd, backing up with a cocky grin, fingers waggling in a lazy taunt--

--and then realizes Andrews is already halfway gone.

Jeffrey Daniels:

"Hey--hey!"

He turns, scrambling to catch up, LSR already moving past him.

The three of them disappear up the ramp.

In the ring, the James Gang are left standing with Dane Sr., the wreckage of the tables still scattered around them. Cherry Mae hasn't taken her eyes off the ramp.

Neither has Dane.

The fight didn't happen.

Not yet.

Graysie Parker vs Kirsty McKinney

Robbie Ray Carter:
"This is our main event, and it is officially for the number one contendership to the Iron Crown Championship--currently being held hostage as the so-called Trust Fund International Title by Todderick Davenport the Third. Hot Toddy has spent this entire season throwing roadblocks in the path of his challengers: Graysie Parker, Kirsty McKinney, and Eric Dane Junior. He found a way to exclude Dane Junior on a technicality, and now he's engineered one last obstruction--by forcing Graysie and Kirsty to collide."

Angus Skaaland:
"And let's not pretend this just came outta nowhere, Robbie. This was by design. Todderick knows he doesn't want either one of these women comin' at him fresh, focused, and with momentum. So he puts 'em in the ring together and hopes they tear each other apart."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Last week, at Davenport's prompting, Kirsty McKinney attacked Graysie Parker following her match with Jeffrey Daniels. With Graysie already exhausted, Kirsty overpowered her and locked in the Pitty Choke. And even though it wasn't a sanctioned match, even though there was no referee to stop it, Graysie tried to tap out."

Angus Skaaland:
"And Kirsty ignored it. Completely. Security had to drag her off before Graysie went out cold. That wasn't about rankings, that wasn't about contracts--that was about sendin' a message."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Old grudges, new grudges, and long-standing animosity carried over from the Eric Dane Senior and Jeff Andrews rivalry have all converged here tonight. This match may decide a contender--but it also represents

years of unfinished business."

Angus Skaaland:
"I don't know if this is the most important match in ICW history, Robbie, but it might be the most loaded. And once this bell rings, there's no more stalling, no more maneuvering. One way or another, somebody's plans are about to fall apart. And with that being said, take it away, Cito!"

Cito Conarri:
"Ladies and gentlemen! The following contest is set for one fall, with NO time limit, and it is for the number one contendership to the Trust Fund International Championship! The winner will go on to face champion Todderick Davenport III-

BBBBOOOOO!!!

Cito Conarri:
"-at Point of Review! Introducing first!"

The opening strain of "In Walks Barbarella" hits, that strange, almost otherworldly tone floating over the riff, cutting across the noise in The Foundry. Noise that quickly turns into heavy boos.

Cito Conarri:
"Hailing from Amherst, Massachusetts, and weighing in at 149 lbs! KIRSTYYYY... MMMMMMMCKIIINNNNEEEYYY!

Kirsty McKinney walks out into the entrance aisle. There's still no grand flourish, no attempt to play to the crowd--but the neutrality is gone. Her jaw is set tighter, her eyes sharper, scanning the aisle instead of drifting past it. She rolls her shoulders once, twice, like she's testing the tension in them, then starts down the aisle with a quicker, more purposeful stride than usual.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Kirsty McKinney will be the first to the ring, and while she's still undefeated in singles competition here in ICW, tonight feels different. This isn't another test run, this isn't another opportunity to overwhelm someone who isn't ready for her. She knows exactly who's waiting on the other side of this."

Angus Skaaland:
"You can feel it, Robbie. This ain't business-as-usual for her."

She doesn't ignore the noise this time. A heckle from the front row earns a brief glare, not irritated but assessing, like she's measuring distance. Near the ring, she breaks into a short jog, slides under the bottom rope, and comes up to one knee before rising smoothly. Instead of settling immediately, she paces a half-circle, drops into a pair of deep squats, then plants herself center-ring. The contemptuous flick of hair is still there--but it's sharper now, edged with anticipation rather than boredom.

Angus Skaaland:
"You know, Robbie, I'm not even gonna pretend I'm neutral here, I know who I'm rooting for and it ain't her. But you know, everything I said earlier about Graysie hearin' about Kirsty and Jeff Andrews from the boss? Kirsty's almost certainly been hearin' about the other side of that coin too--from Jeff, and probably from Heidi Christenson too."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"You're saying she thinks she's the good guy?"

Angus Skaaland:
"I wouldn't go that far. But she might well think we're the worse guys. All of us. Me, you, everyone in this building. But that's the thing on Kirsty. As good as she's been so far I still don't really have a bead on what she actually thinks. She's as cool as a granite grave."

Cito Conarri:
"And her opponent!"

RRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"The fans aren't even waiting to hear her name to give it up for Graysie Parker!"

The opening riff of "Sweet Home Alabama" hits, and The Foundry explodes as Graysie Parker storms through the curtain.

Cito Conarri:
"Hailing from right here in Birmingham, Alabama, and weighing in at exactly 150 lbs! This! Is! GRAAAAYYYSIEEE... PAAAAAAARRRRRRRKERRR!

There's no pause this time, no lingering soak of the reaction--just purpose. Her eyes are locked straight ahead, jaw set, boots hitting the ramp with a faster, heavier cadence than usual as purple-and-gold light chases her toward the ring.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Graysie Parker has waited a long time for this moment. Not just for a path back to the Iron Crown, but for Kirsty McKinney herself. This isn't a surprise matchup, this isn't a scouting mission--this is something Graysie has prepared for."

Angus Skaaland:
"And if you think she didn't circle this one on the calendar, you don't know her. Graysie doesn't forget losses. She studies 'em. That loss to Kirsty in SWAT might've happened years ago in normal person time, but I guarantee you Graysie's still feeling like it happened yesterday."

Graysie doesn't break stride. She adjusts her armbands while walking, cracks her neck while slowly speeding up. About two-thirds of the way down the aisle, Graysie breaks into a run, the roar of the crowd swelling as she closes the distance.

Angus Skaaland:
"She's not waiting! Let's fucking GOOO lads!"

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Graysie charging in, Kirsty with the sprawl, ready for it - no, NO! She was NOT ready for it! Graysie's got her!"

We've seen Kirsty control matches and necks alike from the sprawl before. But where everyone else got flattened, Graysie snatches one of Kirsty's knees with both hands, yanks it tight to her chest, and powers upward in one fluid motion, hauling Kirsty up and over her shoulder.

DING DING DING!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"You were right Angus! Birmingham's favorite daughter did her homework, she was ready for McKinney, and-"

WHAAAAAAAM!!!

Graysie drops to her knees while whipping Kirsty forward and back first into the mat. She springs backwards into a half crouch, an intense gaze still locked on her opponent.

Angus Skaaland:
"And there's an Alabama Slamma a la Graysie! Initiation week's been running behind schedule Kirsty, but welcome to ICW!"

Graysie Parker surges forward. She snaps into range and leaps, driving a jumping power elbow down across the back of Kirsty McKinney's head, the impact snapping Kirsty forward to her hands and knees.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"No feeling-out process whatsoever. Graysie Parker came into this with a plan--and she's executing immediately."

Kirsty pushes up instinctively, reaching for the ropes, using them to pull herself upright. She barely has time to square her stance before Graysie lowers her shoulder and spears her clean into the corner, the turnbuckles rattling on impact.

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Graysie stays on her, forearm braced across Kirsty's chest as she fires short back elbows, sharp open-hand chops, and driving knees into the midsection. Kirsty absorbs it, teeth clenched, shoulders hunching as she looks for space--then suddenly drops her level, reaching for a single-leg.

Graysie reacts instantly. One hand hooks the top rope, anchoring her weight, and she raises her free arm and drops a 12-6 elbow straight down, the point of it crashing into the back of Kirsty's head. She does it again--measured, deliberate--forcing Kirsty to release and stagger sideways.

Angus Skaaland:
"That's not panic. That's preparation. She knew exactly where that takedown was going."

Graysie steps in, cinches a gutwrench, and muscles Kirsty up just enough to slam her belly-first across the top rope. Kirsty gasps, folded awkwardly over the cable--

--and Graysie immediately steps through the ropes, threading Kirsty's legs around the turnbuckle cable and dropping into a rope-assisted modified deathlock, cranking back hard.

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Now come on, no matter who you're in the ring with, that's blatantly illegal!"

Angus Skaaland:
"Yeah, and? Sometimes two wrongs make a right! Let's see how well the Shear Cradle works with only one working knee!"

The referee rushes in, dropping to a knee and counting.

ONE!
TWO!
THREE!
FOUR!

Graysie releases at the last instant, shoving herself backward as Kirsty spills off the turnbuckle and collapses to the mat, clutching at her knee.

Angus Skaaland:
"Breakin' on four, just like you're supposed to--but I don't think Kirsty liked that one bit."

Graysie doesn't wait. She reaches down, grabs a fistful of hair, and hauls Kirsty upright, dragging her to standing.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"That grip might be illegal in amateur wrestling--but right now, it's the safest way to keep Kirsty McKinney off your legs."

Graysie swings through with a heavy clothesline, sending Kirsty tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor. The crowd rises as Graysie steps onto the apron, backing up just enough to build momentum--

--and launches herself forward with a running shotgun dropkick, blasting Kirsty backward into the barricade.

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Graysie lands on her feet, chest heaving, eyes locked on her opponent as she steps back toward the ring--

--and trusts the moment just once too many.

She grabs Kirsty again, cinching the bearhug and driving her spine-first into the ring apron. Kirsty cries out, back arching as the breath is knocked clean out of her.

Graysie resets her footing.

She goes for it again.

Kirsty pivots sharply, slipping an arm across Graysie's shoulder and neck and snapping her down with an over-the-shoulder DDT onto the apron, the impact echoing through the building.

KRA-KOOM!!!

The front row recoils.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Right on the edge of the ring! That's how fast momentum can turn!"

Angus Skaaland:
"She didn't learn to do the Complete Shot on the amateur mats though, Robbie. Looks like Kirsty's got some

tricks she hasn't shown us yet."

Kirsty leans against the apron for half a second, one hand on her lower back, the other bracing her knee. She inhales once--then grabs Graysie by the arm and rolls her straight back into the ring, wasting no motion.

She dives into a tight pin.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

Graysie twists free--and Kirsty snaps forward with an eye poke, jerking Graysie upright into a short-arm kitchen sink that caves her midsection. As Graysie folds, Kirsty snaps her head down and drives her into the mat with a short, vicious DDT, rolling through into control.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Kirsty rolls onto her side, taking a breath, shaking the stiffness out of her leg once more before pushing back to her feet.

Kirsty McKinney steps back in, rolling her shoulders once, once more shaking out the stiffness in her leg before dropping back down across Graysie Parker's body. She presses a forearm hard across the jaw, grinding her weight down, not looking for the pin so much as daring Graysie to breathe.

ONE!
TWO!
--KICKOUT!

Kirsty doesn't move off. She stays draped across Graysie's back as the kickout comes, her hips heavy, her weight centered. She slides an arm through, beginning to thread her legs in, posture low and deliberate.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"She's not trying to rush this--she's trying to own it."

Graysie feels it coming. She snarls, reaches back, and hooks a fistful of hair, yanking Kirsty forward and off her back the hard way. Both women rise to their knees--

--THWACK!

A headbutt snaps Kirsty backward.

She shakes it off and fires a short punch--

--THWACK!

Another headbutt lands flush. The punch bounces off Graysie's cheek like it didn't even register.

--THWACK!

The third headbutt cracks home, echoing through the ring. Kirsty would have fallen, but Graysie still has the hair, still has control. She drags her forward, muscles tensing, and snaps her down into the mat with the Butterfly Bomb, all drop no sit, then steps back, chest heaving.

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Angus Skaaland:
"She needed that one. You could feel it."

Graysie's eyes are locked on Kirsty, her jaw clenched. She doesn't rush a cover. She doesn't even touch Kirsty again right away. She circles, measuring, breathing hard as she watches Kirsty try to orient herself.

Graysie drops low and shoots in, arms threading high, hands deliberately choosing biceps instead of wrists as she starts to cinch in the Graysie Lock.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"She's choosing her grips carefully here--she knows how dangerous Kirsty's hands are."

Kirsty reacts instantly.

She pulls Graysie's head down across her shoulders, trapping her posture, then snaps a leg up, catching one of Graysie's limbs. Her other leg snakes in, clamping tight as she rolls through, twisting her hips and folding Graysie into a tight, suffocating pinning lattice.

ONE!
TWO!
--NO DAYLIGHT!
THR--!

--KICKOUT!

Graysie explodes free, thrashing desperately, breaking the hold not with technique but with sheer refusal. Both women scramble apart, rolling to opposite sides of the ring, eyes wide now, breathing hard.

Angus Skaaland:
"THAT is how quickly you can lose a match to Kirsty McKinney!"

They push to their feet almost in unison.

This time, there's no swagger. No impatience.

Graysie knows now--control attempts are traps.
Kirsty knows now--one mistake could end her.

They step toward each other again--

--and the noise in the building changes.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

From the aisle, Todderick Davenport III appears, flanked by Jacoby Jacobs and the returning Darian Darrington, all three moving with sudden purpose toward the ring.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"Oh no... not like this."

Graysie glances past Kirsty, sees them, and her expression hardens. Kirsty turns, clocking them a half-second later, jaw tightening as she backs toward the ropes.

Angus Skaaland:
"Todderick doesn't like what he's seein', Robbie. Not one bit."

The referee steps toward the ropes, shouting, trying to wave them back--

--and the moment hangs, taut and volatile, as the Trust Fund closes in.

The crowd roars, anticipation curdling into fury as the match teeters on the brink of chaos.

The Golden Slot

Todderick Davenport III paces slowly across the ring, stepping carefully around the wreckage--around Graysie Parker, around Kirsty McKinney--as if neither of them quite qualifies as something he needs to acknowledge anymore.

He raises a hand, snapping his fingers toward the timekeeper's area.

A microphone is hurried into the ring.

TD3 takes it, turns it over in his hand once, then taps it repeatedly with his index finger.

Tap.

Tap.

Tap.

Todderick Davenport III:
"Let's try something very simple before we begin."

He pauses, tilting his head slightly, listening to the faint hum of the system.

Todderick Davenport III:
"If there is any feedback... any static... any unpleasantness whatsoever while I am speaking..."

A thin smile creeps across his face.

Todderick Davenport III:
"I will personally see to it that the individuals responsible find themselves seeking employment elsewhere. Do we understand one another?"

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

Todderick lowers the microphone slightly, satisfied, then brings it back up, posture straightening as he settles into that practiced, boardroom cadence.

Todderick Davenport III:
"Now then. I'm quite certain everyone here is wondering what exactly this means for the main event of Point of Review."

He begins to pace again, slow, deliberate, savoring every second of it.

Todderick Davenport III:
"What it means--since clarity is so often in short supply in environments like this--is that you will, unfortunately, have to make do..."

He allows himself a small, knowing smirk.

Todderick Davenport III:
"...with the Brothers Gluck and the Night Riders."

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

He stops, turning toward hard camera, expression sharpening just slightly.

Todderick Davenport III:
"Because, as there is no number one contender..."

A beat.

Todderick Davenport III:
"...the Trust Fund International Championship will not be defended."

The boos intensify, rolling over the ring as TD3 breathes it in, nodding faintly, pleased with himself.

He adjusts his grip on the microphone, slipping deeper into that self-satisfied rhythm, voice taking on that faux-analytical tone.

Todderick Davenport III:
"You see, this wasn't impulse. This wasn't emotion. This was structure. This was foresight. This was--"

The microphone cuts.

Dead.

TD3 blinks once.

He taps it again.

Nothing.

He lowers it slightly, frowning now, looking toward the production area.

Todderick Davenport III:
"No. No, no, no--don't do this to me right now--"

He taps it harder.

Still nothing.

The composure cracks.

Just a little.

Todderick Davenport III:
"Are you kidding me? I just-- I just said--"

He turns fully toward the stage, anger bubbling up--

--and then the opening notes hit.

"Heavy Is the Head" - Zac Brown Band

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!!

TD3 freezes mid-motion.

The irritation drains out of his face, replaced by something tighter. Something more controlled.

Because he already knows exactly who that music belongs to.

And a second later--

Eric Dane Sr. steps out onto the stage.

The crowd rises with him.

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!!

In the ring, Todderick Davenport III doesn't move much, but the difference is obvious. The pacing is gone. The smugness is tighter now, more forced, as he watches Dane make his way down the aisle.

Dane doesn't acknowledge him yet.

He takes his time, ascending the steps, stepping through the ropes with the same deliberate calm, and only then does he motion for a microphone of his own.

He doesn't tap it.

He doesn't test it.

He just raises it--and begins.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"As some of our fans may be aware, this most recent set of ICW shows has been under review by ICW's Board of Directors. For anyone who wasn't paying attention, that's why this entire season has carried the Under Review theme."

He lets that settle for a moment, eyes moving across the crowd before finally, casually, landing on TD3.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Now what that means in this context is that The Board has been asking a fairly simple question. Why is a

contracted wrestler-- even one holding the promotion's top singles title--being allowed to book his own matches when he is very specifically not a member of the booking committee?"

A faint shift of posture, almost like he's adjusting the weight of the conversation rather than himself.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"The answer is that ICW is a young promotion. And in almost every promotion I've ever worked in or with, somebody with more money than brains and just enough free time to treat professional wrestling like a hobby eventually comes along and starts throwing that money around."

A brief glance toward TD3--not sharp, not hostile, just placed.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Now, Mr. Davenport III isn't that guy. Not yet. But I wanted my kid--and for that matter, the ICW roster--to experience it when it did happen."

The crowd murmurs, picking up on the phrasing.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"So I let him have his way. I let him play his little games. And all the while, The Board complained. They wanted intervention, they wanted correction, they wanted structure."

A small, almost dismissive wave of the hand.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"I told them to be patient. I told them to let this play out the way it always does in this business."

Now he gestures lightly toward the ring around them--the fallen Graysie, the recovering Kirsty, the discarded chairs, the shaken referee on the outside.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"And then we arrive at what we have here tonight."

His tone doesn't rise, but it sharpens just enough to cut through the noise.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"I don't mind our champion playing games over who he defends against. That's part of the business. I do, however, have a problem with him playing games to try and get out of defending at all."

A beat.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"That hurts the company's bottom line. And when that happens, it hurts everyone--from the boys in the back,

to the staff at the desk, to the kids in the dojo who set this ring up... to even our champion, bless his heart."

A flicker of something almost like amusement crosses his face.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"So I decided it was time to take The Board's advice... on board."

The pause hits.

It wasn't planned.

But he lets it breathe anyway.

A few scattered reactions ripple through the crowd.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"...and step in."

Todderick Davenport III straightens slightly, rolling his shoulders back, trying to reclaim the space that had just been taken from him.

Todderick Davenport III:
"Go right ahead and step in, boss. The rules are the rules--"

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Yes."

He doesn't raise his voice. He doesn't rush. He just cuts across him clean.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"And the rules, as you established, are that when there is no number one contender, the title shot defaults to the number two contender."

A small step forward. Not aggressive--just enough to make it clear who owns the center of the ring now.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"I believe you established that when you were trying to get out of having your Rich Young Grapplerz defend against the Brothers Gluck."

The words land.

TD3 opens his mouth--

--and nothing comes out.

For a moment, he just stands there, blinking once, the rhythm gone.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Now, since Graysie Parker and Kirsty McKinney were competing for that number one contendership... and since, as you so helpfully demonstrated, a double disqualification produces no winner..."

He gestures lightly toward the two women still down in the ring.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"...that means neither of them advanced. Which means, by your own framework, they both remain number two contenders."

TD3's jaw tightens. He shifts his weight, pacing half a step, trying to find footing that isn't there.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"But let's talk about my kid."

That line hits the crowd differently.

A low buzz begins to build.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Yes, I watched the broadcast. And yes, I heard what Angus Skaaland had to say about Étienne LaMort getting a raw deal during the DEFIANCE unpleasantries."

A faint nod, conceding the point without conceding control.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Frankly, he was right."

The buzz grows.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"And as it happens, I was in a position to do something about that. It's not much, but approximately ninety-six hours ago, I signed Mr. LaMort to a developmental contract."

Now TD3's composure slips. Not fully--but enough. His eyes flick toward Dane, then toward the ropes, then back again, calculating and coming up short.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Which means that LaMort is on the roster. Which in turn means that concerns about his status are no longer

relevant. And which means that my kid's qualifier did, in fact, advance him to number two contender."

A beat.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"And his exclusion from this match... did not change that."

The crowd is fully engaged now, the realization spreading in waves.

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Eric Dane Sr.:
"So what we have is this."

He lets the words slow, precise.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"We have no number one contender."

Another step.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"And we have a three-way tie for number two."

Now he finally turns fully toward Todderick.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Which means--"

Just a hint of emphasis.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"--by your own rules--"

The line lands.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"--we're going to resolve it the only way that makes sense."

He raises the microphone slightly, voice firm, final.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"At Point of Review, Todderick Davenport III will defend the Iron Crown Championship in a four-way dance."

The reaction swells immediately.

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Against Graysie Parker!"

RRRRRRRAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

A beat.

A small smile - a promoter's smile upon seeing a hot audience - is playing across Dane Sr.'s face.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Against Kirsty McKinney!"

RRRAAAAAAHHHBBBOOOOO!!!

Another beat.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"And against Eric, Dane, Junior!"

RRRRRRRAAAA(booo)AAHHHH!!!

The reaction hasn't even finished cresting before Todderick Davenport III snaps, whatever composure he had left finally burning off as he turns sharply toward the Rich Young Grapplerz.

Todderick Davenport III:
"TAKE THEM OUT!"

He doesn't bother reaching for a microphone this time. Jacoby Jacobs is already moving, chair in hand, turning toward Kirsty McKinney and swinging for her head in one continuous motion--but she drops under it at the last possible second, the steel cutting through empty air as she pivots cleanly past him.

Graysie Parker is already stepping into that opening. She drives a sharp boot into Jacobs' midsection, doubling him just enough to hook him in tight, and with no wasted motion lifts and snaps him over into a butterfly suplex that spikes him into the mat with a heavy, ringing impact.

THUD!!

RRRRRAAAAAHHHHH!!!

Darian Darrington barrels in immediately behind it, trying to flatten both women at once with a double clothesline, but they read him at the same time. Both duck under the attempt, both turn on the rebound, and in one instinctive burst of coordination they meet him together, hook him, and launch him with a double-team waterwheel drop that sends him crashing flat across the canvas.

WHAM!!

The moment the move lands, they're already rising again, and for the briefest instant they stand side by side before instinct gives way to reality. Both take a step back, hands coming up, shoulders squaring as their attention snaps right back to each other. Whatever cooperation just happened was purely situational; the tension between them hasn't gone anywhere.

A few feet away, Eric Dane Sr. watches it all unfold without moving to intervene, his expression calm, almost expectant, as if this exact outcome had already been accounted for.

Across the ring, Todderick Davenport III finds himself alone. His enforcers are down, the momentum has shifted, and now he's staring at three different problems at once--Graysie Parker still keyed up and ready to strike, Kirsty McKinney already shifting her weight like she's deciding how she wants to take him apart, and Dane Sr. standing just off to the side, observing.

For the first time all night, TD3 hesitates.

His grip tightens around the chair as his eyes flick toward Dane, the calculation written all over his face. He knows exactly how far this crosses the line, knows what it would mean to follow through--but the anger is still there, and it's starting to win out. Slowly, deliberately, he begins to raise the chair, jaw tightening as he commits to it--

--and before he can bring it down, a hand reaches in from behind and yanks it clean out of his grasp.

The chair bounces on the ringside mats and comes to rest against the guardrail. TD3 spins on instinct, ready to lash out--

--and stops cold when he sees who's standing there.

Eric Dane, Junior.

For a moment, it looks like Todderick Davenport III might not make it out of the ring at all.

He's surrounded, the chair gone from his hands, the advantage stripped away, and for the first time all night there's nothing left to hide behind--no rules, no leverage, no timing. Just three opponents, each of them more than capable of handling him on their own, now standing between him and any sense of control.

And then Eric Dane Sr. steps forward.

He doesn't raise his voice. He doesn't rush. But the shift is immediate.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"That's enough."

The words cut clean through the moment.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"When I said I don't want ICW talent jeopardizing the pay-per-view, that applies to all ICW talent. Not just Todderick Davenport."

That breaks the standoff just enough.

He turns his attention directly to TD3, not angry, not loud--just done with the conversation.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Mr. Davenport, champion or not, I think you've overstayed your welcome. Shouldn't you be preparing for the biggest defense of your career?"

TD3's jaw tightens. He starts to respond--

--and nothing comes out.

The microphone is still dead.

For a brief second, it looks like he might try anyway, like he might force the words out just on principle. But he stops himself, the frustration written all over his face as he exhales sharply, turns, and motions for the Rich Young Grapplerz.

They gather themselves and follow.

TD3 doesn't look back.

BBBBBOOOOO!!!

The ring clears--but the tension doesn't.

Because Graysie Parker and Kirsty McKinney are still there.

Still squared up. Still watching each other. Small shifts of weight, subtle adjustments of stance, both of them reading, waiting, each convinced the other is one movement away from starting it all over again.

Off to the side, Eric Dane Jr lingers, and for the first time all night he looks uncertain, like he's stepped into

something that doesn't quite involve him the way he expected.

Eric Dane Sr. raises the microphone again, his tone firm now, leaving no room for interpretation.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"That's enough for tonight. I mean it."

A glance between the two women.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Graysie. Kirsty. Shut it down."

A beat.

Eric Dane Sr.:
"Because if the two of you can't control yourselves, I will make this a singles defense."

That lands.

Kirsty's head turns slightly toward Dane Sr, and for just a moment she gives him a look--sharp, cutting, unimpressed--before her attention snaps right back to Graysie. Then, slowly, deliberately, she begins to back away, step by step, never taking her eyes off her opponent as she lowers herself and slides out under the bottom rope.

Graysie doesn't move at first.

She waits.

She watches.

And only when she's certain Kirsty is heading up the aisle does she break her stance, turning and vaulting out the other side with that single-arm handstand, landing on the floor and immediately disappearing into the crowd.

The ring is left with Eric Dane Sr.--and Eric Dane Jr, still standing there, still processing.

Robbie Ray Carter:
"A four-way dance for the Iron Crown Championship, and after everything we've seen here tonight, I don't know how anyone could predict what's going to happen."

Angus Skaaland:
"I'll tell you what's gonna happen, Robbie--somebody's world is about to fall apart, and it might be all four of 'em."

Robbie Ray Carter:
"For Angus Skaaland, I'm Robbie Ray Carter--goodnight from Birmingham!"

The camera lingers just a moment longer on the ring--

--and then fades.

Show Credits

Segment: "3.4 Intro" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Marcus King vs Lowlife Larry Edwards (c)" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Havok Incarnate" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Holding Out for a Hero" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Celestina Cruz vs Jenn Tinsley" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Escalation" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Blowing Smoke" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Brothers Gluck interview" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "The Brothers Gluck vs local talent" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "The Deputies pre-taped" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Night Riders vs ALEXANDER" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "The New Untouchables vs Storm & Thunder" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "One More Time, One Last Time" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Graysie Parker vs Kirsty McKinney" - Written by oldlinejeff.

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

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite