

The Iron Guantlet

July 25, 2025 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

The Ozzman Leaveth

[COLD OPEN - BLACK SCREEN]

Sound of a bell tolling. Slow. Echoing. Once. Then again...

The bell tolls continue, somber and deliberate, up to ten.

[CUT TO: THE FOUNDRY - DARKENED ARENA]

The ICW ring is bathed in soft blue and purple light. The crowd stands silent. Wrestlers and staff line up in a respectful formation at the entrance stage. A lone spotlight shines down on a stool in the center of the ring--upon it, a black top hat and a vintage microphone, draped with a leather-studded jacket.

ROBBIE RAY CARTER (V.O.)

(subdued)

"Ladies and gentlemen, we begin tonight's broadcast with a moment of respect... for a true icon. A trailblazer. A madman. And the godfather of heavy metal. The Prince of Darkness, Ozzy Osbourne."

ERIC DANE (V.O.)

(low, gravelly)

"This week, our business lost a great friend. Whether you were biting heads off bats or raising hell with your friends, Ozzy was the soundtrack to rebellion. Goodnight, sweet Prince OF DARKNESS"

As the tenth bell tolls, a soft guitar riff begins--just the opening chords of "Mama, I'm Coming Home" played gently on a single electric guitar.

The crowd begins a slow, respectful clap. A chant starts up in pockets:

"OZZY! OZZY! OZZY!"

[FADE TO BLACK]

Here. We. Go.

The Iron Guantlet

[!~FLASH~!]

Black screen.

A low industrial hum rolls in, the sound of steel clanging faintly in the distance. Thunder rumbles. Then the opening riff kicks in--Ozzy's unmistakable snarl carried in on a crashing wave of distorted guitar.

GRAPHIC TEXT FADES IN:

FORGED IN STEEL...

BORN TO FIGHT.

Cut to a wide shot of The Foundry from overhead--billowing smoke, flickering red neon, train tracks carved through Birmingham's rust belt skeleton. A mob of fans pressed against the barricades outside the venue, fists raised, middle fingers thrown. Security barely holds the line.

Inside, a forge sparks to life. A sledgehammer strikes steel. Sparks fly.

Graysie Parker snarls, sweat pouring as she deadlifts massive weight plates in a cinderblock gym. Quick cut to in-ring: she spikes someone with the Graysie Driver, roaring to her feet in slow motion.

Eric Dane Jr. slicks his dyed hair back in front of a cracked mirror, wrapped in his father's sequined robe, smirking like he owns the world.

?I don't know what they're talking about

?I'm making my own decisions

?This thing that I found

?Ain't gonna bring me down

?I'm like a junkie without an addiction

Duchess Vaughn walks through a corridor washed in red light, glass crunching beneath her boots. She doesn't flinch.

Scott Steel, shirtless and steaming in a stairwell, screams incoherently at the top of his lungs, fists clenched, veins bulging. The Steel City Psycho powerbombs a nearby golf cart.

Astrid Reichert slams a sledgehammer into a rusted steel beam. Over and over. No emotion. No mercy.

The music surges--

?Mama, don't cry

?I just wanna say hi

The Iron Guantlet

?Like playing with danger and fear
?Everybody's walking, but nobody's talking
?It looks a lot better from here

The Iron Kid cartwheels off a wall and hits a moonsault in a blur of motion. The crowd explodes.

TD3 stands on a balcony above Mountain Brook, champagne in one hand, a stack of bills in the other. He tosses the cash toward the camera like he's never lost a thing in his life. The Rich Young Grapplerz pose behind him, smug and golden, dressed like a boy band from hell.

The chorus hits.

?All my life, I've been over the top
?I don't know what I'm doing
?All I know is I don't wanna stop
?All fired up, I'm gonna go till I drop
?You're either in or in the way
?Don't make me, I don't wanna stop

All hell breaks loose.

Scott Steel hurls a steel chair through a locker room mirror and lets out a guttural roar.

Graysie stands center ring, fists raised, bathed in pyro as the camera spins around her--hero, warrior, survivor.

Eric Dane Sr. sits behind the commentary desk, bathed in shadows, his icy eyes fixed on the camera. He doesn't blink.

The Iron Kid soars from the top rope, frozen in air.

Eric Dane Jr. steps into frame, smirk creeping across his face, and mouths the words:

"It's time to cash in my inheritance, Pops..."

The song hits its final scream--Ozzy snarling "I DON'T WANNA STOP!"--as a wall of fire explodes across the screen.

GRAPHIC BURNS IN:

LIVE FROM THE FOUNDRY

Birmingham, Alabama

The Iron Guantlet

Cut to a sea of screaming fans, fists in the air, as the camera swoops across the arena. The Foundry is alive.

ROBBIE RAY CARTER [V.O.]

(fired up)

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the fight club!

ERIC DANE [V.O.]

(dry, dangerous)

Light a candle for the sinners, set the world on fire! It's time!

The lights shift to a deep crimson as the rumble of the crowd builds, the tension inside The Foundry thick enough to chew. A single spotlight hits the stage.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Folks, what you're about to witness is more than just a main event--it's a moment. A moment Birmingham's been waiting for. A moment Iron City Wrestling was built for. Ten fighters. One crown. And the rest? Slag.

Eric Dane:

Someone's leaving here immortal. Someone's leaving here broken. That's pro wrestling, Double Arcee. That's the Iron Crown.

Graysie Parker interlude

We dissolve to black. Then back in--handheld cam, slightly shaky. Cement walls. Rusted lockers. A single overhead bulb hums with electricity.

Graysie Parker stands in front of the ICW logo. Tank top. Taped fists. Steam rising off her shoulders.

She doesn't smile.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)

Graysie... this is the night. The Iron Crown. Nine opponents. You ready?

GRAYSIE PARKER

(deadpan)

Ready don't matter. This city wasn't ready for me when I came up in it, and it sure as hell ain't ready for what I'm gonna do tonight.

She wipes sweat from her brow, never breaking eye contact with the camera.

GRAYSIE PARKER

Call it a crown. Call it a title. Call it whatever you want. Just know I didn't come back to the Iron City to kiss

The Iron Guantlet

hands and shake babies. I came to turn people upside down and drop them on their heads.

She leans in slightly, internally smiling at the inside joke between her and her trainer, one Eric Dane, Sr.

GRAYSIE PARKER

Ain't about gold. Ain't about fame. It's about proving that when you're built in the furnace, you don't melt when the fire hits. You harden.

She cracks her knuckles.

GRAYSIE PARKER

So line 'em up. Rich boys. Pretty boys. Monsters. Doesn't matter. I'm walking out with blood on my hands and iron around my waist.

She exits the frame. No music. No fade. Just tension.

The Trust Fund

Smash cut to luxury.

We're in a downtown high-rise suite in Mountain Brook. Floor-to-ceiling windows. Velvet curtains. Golden chandeliers. Champagne bubbles fizz in slow motion.

Todderick Davenport III lounges in a velvet robe and crocodile loafers. The Rich Young Grapplerz--Jacoby Jacobs and Darrian Darrington--flank him in matching gold satin shirts, sipping rosé like they invented it.

TD3

(grinning)

The Iron Crown? I had one of those in prep school. You know... before I was expelled for being too brilliant.

Jacoby snorts. Darrian throws grapes at a portrait of TD3 hanging on the wall.

TD3

You see, this little tournament... it's cute. Really. But let's not pretend this is a meritocracy. This is Iron City, baby. And I've got a lifetime VIP pass.

He raises a flute to the camera.

TD3

Let the common folk fight it out. I'll buy the crown and hire someone to carry it for me.

Jacoby steps in.

The Iron Guantlet

JACOBY JACOBS

Or melt it down and turn it into a chain.

DARRIAN DARRINGTON

Hell, we could make matching grills. Platinum only.

TD3

(mock serious)

Iron Crown? Please. I was born with a platinum one--and it came with a yacht.

They all laugh as the camera pans up and out--TD3 tossing caviar into his mouth while fireworks erupt outside his penthouse window.

Confrontation at Gorilla

Dim red light. The hum of the crowd beyond the curtain. That quiet, heavy tension before battle.

Eric Dane Jr. paces back and forth like a lion in a cage. Hair slicked back. Robe dragging across the concrete floor. Earbuds in. Focused--until he sees her.

Astrid Reichert walks by without a word. Tight ponytail. Dark eyes. Tape cinched tight around her wrists--ice in her veins.

ERIC DANE JR.

(removing one earbud)

Well, hey now... if it isn't the Ice Queen of Iron City.

She doesn't stop.

ERIC DANE JR.

You ever smile, sweetheart? Or do they chisel it into you after the match?

Astrid slows. Looks at him. Doesn't speak.

ERIC DANE JR.

Y'know, they say you're a killer. I say you're just cold. There's a difference. And me? I'm straight fire.

He smirks. Leans closer.

ERIC DANE JR.

Wanna see what happens when we touch?

The Iron Gauntlet

!~SMACK.~!

Astrid slaps him across the face so hard it echoes through the tunnel. Dane Jr. reels. Grins through the sting. Astrid? Still silent. Still walking.

ERIC DANE SR. [V.O.]

(dry)

Serves the little bastard right. I told him to keep his hands outta the hornet's nest.

Iron Gauntlet

A beat of silence before the first theme hits, a generic jock jam pulled directly from the public domain. The crowd roars as a homegrown anthem blares through the speakers. The Iron Kid bursts through the curtain, jittery with adrenaline. He's dressed in makeshift gear--patched tights, worn boots, a ring jacket two sizes too big. He sprints to the ring, slapping every outstretched hand along the way.

Robbie Ray Carter:

This kid might not look like much, but don't tell him that. He's got fire in his gut and Birmingham in his blood.

The Iron Kid hits the apron, springs over the top rope, and poses in the center of the ring with a fist raised high. The Foundry faithful are on their feet. Then--

The lights dim again, replaced by golden strobes. A wave of boos crashes across the building.

"Rich Boy" by Petey Pablo plays, and out struts Todderick Davenport III. His robe is made of purple paisley silk with gold trim, custom-made and exorbitantly expensive. His walk is slow, deliberate, oozing smugness. He removes his sunglasses, tosses them to a production assistant like garbage, and climbs the stairs one step at a time

Eric Dane:

Oh, I like this kid. Already asserting dominance.

RRC:

I bet that PA can pay off his house if he sells those shades on eBay!

TD3 enters the ring, circles The Iron Kid like a wolf sizing up a stray dog, then slaps him--hard--across the face.

The crowd gasps. The Iron Kid stumbles back. TD3 smirks, reaches into his tights, and pulls out a black AMEX card. He shoves it into The Iron Kid's mouth with no hesitation.

Todderick Davenport III:

The Iron Guantlet

(off-mic)

Buy yourself some pride, junior.

The bell rings.

The Iron Kid explodes out of the corner with a burst of wild forearms. His heart's in it, but his aim's off--Todderick ducks under a looping shot and drives the point of his boot square into the kid's jaw. The thud echoes like a gunshot off steel walls.

The crowd groans as the Iron Kid hits the mat hard. TD3 doesn't even look at him. He grabs a handful of sweaty hair, yanks the kid up, and drops him with a vicious swinging neckbreaker.

Then--he struts.

Not just a walk. It's a runway-worthy, exaggerated Vogue walk. Shoulders up. Hips rolling. Hands behind his back like he's gliding through Milan.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Hot Toddy's treating this match like a catwalk. But that Iron Kid's not here to pose--he's here to fight.

The music hits again. This time, it's loud. Over-the-top. Dramatic. The Foundry lights go silver as confetti rains from the rafters.

"The Crown Prince" Eric Dane Jr. steps onto the stage in his father's old robe--silver and blue sequins catching the light with every step. He takes his time, soaking in the mixed reaction. There's ego in every movement. Swagger in every breath.

Do not let it be said that Eric Dane Jr is not his father's son.

He climbs the ropes, throws both arms wide as pyro shoots off behind him, and mouths "It's showtime."

Inside the ring, TD3 leans lazily on the ropes like he's watching a rerun.

Todderick Davenport III:

Who'd you sleep with to get number three?

Eric Dane Jr:

Your mom. She says hi.

Hot Toddy lunges. Fists fly. They're not working a headlock--they're trying to kill each other.

Dane Jr. eats a right and fires back with a left hook. Then he steps back, plants, and lands a picture-perfect standing dropkick that sends TD3 flying into the turnbuckles. The moment his boots hit the mat, he whips

The Iron Guantlet

TD3 into the ropes and catches him on the rebound with a lightning-fast headscissors takedown.

The Iron Kid sees his chance, charges in with hope in his eyes--only to get obliterated by a stereo back elbow from the bigger men.

Eric Dane:

That's what you get for being born short and hopeful.

The countdown clock returns. The crowd chants along--"THREE... TWO... ONE..."--and the place gets LOUD.

A pulsing EDM beat hits as strobe lights scatter across the arena. Jacoby Jacobs bursts through the curtain like he's chasing a dopamine rush. Bright pink tights. Neon kneepads. He practically backflips his way down the ramp.

Jacoby springboards up, launches himself into the ring, and catches Dane Jr. flush in the chest with a flying dropkick. He kips up instantly and fires off double finger guns to the camera.

TD3 steps in. They bump fists. Then the beatdown begins.

The Trust Fund goes to work--quick tags in spirit, if not on paper. Double elbows to the ribs. Stereo snapmares. A tandem knee drop/leg sweep combo flattens Dane Jr. in the center of the ring. Iron Kid tries to get up. TD3 punts him in the ribs like he's trash on the sidewalk.

The countdown begins again. TEN... NINE... the crowd is amped now. The bodies in the ring are bruising, tempers boiling. The buzzer hits.

The arena darkens. A cold white spotlight hits the stage.

Astrid Reichert steps through the curtain like a soldier returning from war. Not a word. Not a smile. Her body tells the story--scarred shoulders, taped fists, traps like coiled cable. She doesn't run. She marches. Purpose in every footfall. The crowd doesn't know whether to cheer or duck for cover.

Jacoby Jacobs thinks he's gonna make a TikTok moment--charges her halfway down the ramp. Bad idea. Astrid dips her hips and launches him overhead with a brutal German suplex--straight onto the steel. TD3 follows with a cheap shot--swings wild. Astrid snatches him mid-motion, hauls him up with a deadlift gutwrench, and SLAMS him down on the entrance ramp with enough force to rattle the lights.

The ring welcomes her with silence. She slides in, stands tall. Eric Dane Jr. sizes her up. Astrid doesn't blink. She just nods. One, slow, acknowledging nod.

Then she turns, grabs The Iron Kid by the back of the neck, and hurls him across the ring like a sack of laundry. He rebounds off the ropes and collapses in a heap.

The Iron Gauntlet

Robbie Ray Carter:

Reichert's not interested in alliances--only velocity.

No time to breathe. The lights dim again. No music this time. Just smoke.

And boots.

Duchess Vaughn emerges through the fog, slow and ominous. Hoodie pulled low. Hair in braids. Eyes focused like lasers.

She storms down the aisle like she owns the building. Slides under the bottom rope. Stands.

She and Astrid lock eyes.

And then--it's on.

They collide in the center of the ring. Forearms swing heavy and fast, each one echoing off the steel walls of The Foundry. Neither woman budges. Astrid hits a suplex--Duchess no-sells. Duchess answers with a release belly-to-belly--Astrid pops up and levels her with a lariat. Both women crash to the canvas.

Eric Dane:

This isn't a match. This is weather!

Another countdown. The crowd counts along like it's church. "THREE! TWO! ONE!"

Cue the synth beat. The gold-trimmed tracksuit. The smug grin. Darian Darrington, the final piece of the Trust Fund triad, enters the chat.

He slides into the ring like a snake into water--and immediately the three-on-one begins. TD3 and Jacoby are already up and waiting. They descend on Eric Dane Jr. with the enthusiasm of paid debt collectors.

Punch to the ribs. Rope choke. Darrington kneels on EDjr's throat while TD3 hits the ropes and delivers a sliding elbow. Jacobs tags in with a slingshot senton. It's not a match--it's an assembly line of punishment

The Iron Kid tries to intervene--God bless him--but Darrington snatches him up like he weighs nothing and launches him across the ring with a massive fallaway slam. The kid lands hard and doesn't move.

The Foundry crowd is buzzing--beat down, breathless, but still on edge. The countdown hits zero. The lights pulse crimson. The building erupts. The roof might as well be coming off.

"Sweet Home Alabama" hits, but this version is faster, heavier. Graysie Parker bursts onto the stage like a warhead in boots. Fists taped. Hair and makeup on point. She's not smiling. She's storming.

The Iron Guantlet

Down the ramp she comes--no poses, no pyro. Just purpose. She slides into the ring and heads straight for the Trust Fund.

Darrington steps up--BOOM. Spinebuster to hell.

Jacobs rushes in--BAM. Big boot folds him inside out.

TD3 tries to beg it off--Graysie doesn't even blink. She scoops him up, turns, and powerbombs him onto Jacoby's twitching body.

Graysie stacks 'em both. Hooks the legs]

ONE--TWO--THREE.

? ELIMINATED: Jacoby Jacobs & Darian Darrington (by Graysie Parker)

The crowd explodes. Graysie stands up like nothing happened. The Iron Kid, half-conscious but still plucky, stumbles to her side and raises a hand for a high-five.

She gives it to him.

Then she immediately hooks his hips and suplexes him across the ring.

Robbie Ray Carter:

You love to see it. She ain't here for friends--she's here for that Iron Crown.

Another buzzer. No lights. No music. Just... the sound of metal scraping concrete.

UTA's Chris Ross is already halfway to the ring, dragging a steel chair like it's a weapon of war. No entrance. No show. Just business.

Eric Dane:

The fuck is this nerd doing here?

Robbie Ray Carter:

Wait, you mean you didn't invite him?

Eric Dane:

Are you high, Double Arcee? Why would I invite Chris Ross to the Iron City?

He slides in and blasts Eric Dane Jr. across the back with the chair. CRACK. Dane Jr. screams. Ross grabs him by the tights and hurls him through the ropes to the floor.

The Iron Guantlet

The crowd gasps. Graysie stands tall in the ring, staring Ross down. There's a moment--a breath of stillness between storms.

Ross raises his hands like he wants no trouble... then cheap-shots her with a shove and immediately rolls out the other side.

Eric Dane:

Aaaaand there it is. That train is never late.

Robbie Ray Carter:

How do you mean?

Eric Dane:

This is another example of some dork weaseling their way into a living made off of my good name. It's low-hanging fruit.

? ELIMINATED: Eric Dane Jr. (by Chris Ross)

Robbie Ray Carter:

And how do you feel about that?

Eric Dane:

It looks like the kid needs to figure it out, Superchief.

One spot left. One name missing. The lights go dark.

Sirens blare. Red strobes flare. The entire building begins to rumble like the floor itself is afraid.

Smoke billows from the entrance. And then--he appears.

SCOTT STEEL. Bigger than life. Madder than hell. Eyes wide. Chest heaving. He stomps through the smoke like a kaiju through Tokyo.

Ross barely has time to turn around before Steel grabs him by the throat, lifts him high, and powerbombs him through the timekeeper's table. The whole corner explodes in splinters and gasps.

Steel roars. Slides into the ring. Wrecks everything.

Duchess Vaughn steps up--CHOKESLAM.

Astrid Reichert charges--HEADBUTT. Astrid staggers, actually dazed. That doesn't happen.

Iron Kid, bless him, flies off the top rope--Steel catches him mid-air and press-slams him into the chest of

The Iron Guantlet

Todderick Davenport III. Both crash in a heap.

The Foundry is in chaos. All ten are in!

Chaos reigns. Bodies everywhere. They are flying around like debris in a hurricane. Scott Steel stands tall at the center--bloody, unshaken, unmovable.

Until they come.

Two masked men vault the barricade from opposite ends of The Foundry. Fast. Flashy. Smug as hell. They simultaneously unmask themselves and it's The New Untouchables. Jeffrey Daniels in a Wizards jersey. LSR in a muscle shirt, slacks, and long coat - it's a Kai Scott cosplay for those who know.

Eric Dane:

What the entire fuck are these two doing here?

Steel turns--but he's just a half-second too late.

Daniels pulls a taser from a fanny pack and zaps Steel in the ribs. The big man jerks, staggers. LSR hits the ropes and springboards in with a DDT that rattles the ring.

Eric Dane:

SERIOUSLY? JEFF ANDREWS PART TOO AND NOT RONNIE LONG?

Steel tries to rise. He gets to one knee. Daniels grabs a lead pipe from under the ring and cracks it across the knee. Steel buckles. Then--SUPERKICK. And another.

The New Untouchables dive on top, both men struggling to hold him down.

ONE--TWO--THREE.

? ELIMINATED: Scott Steel (by The New Untouchables, unsanctioned)

Dane slaps his formats across the commentation station and snatches off his headset, tossing it at the ring.

Eric Dane:

Fuck this shit.

Security starts storming the ring, but the Untouchables are already out. Grinning, disappearing into the crowd like ghosts in neon.

Back inside the ring--what's left of it--Astrid and Duchess are still throwing bombs. They roll under the bottom rope and keep fighting up the ramp. A suplex on the steel. A lariat into the crowd barrier. Neither woman

The Iron Guantlet

comes back.

? ELIMINATED: Astrid Reichert (countout)

? ELIMINATED: Duchess Vaughn (countout)

The dust settles.

It's down to two.

Graysie Parker. Todderick Davenport III.

Hot Toddy pulls himself up using the ropes, clutching his ribs. Blood at his hairline. His sequined gear is torn. But he smiles. Somewhere in his boot, he finds the secret. The loaded elbow pad.

He straps it on with a flourish. Reels back. Charges in for the kill--

Graysie ducks. Spins. Hooks him--

GRAY-SIE DRIVER.

He bounces. She covers.

ONE--TWO--THREE.

? WINNER: Graysie Parker - Inaugural Iron Crown Champion

The Foundry explodes.

Robbie Ray Carter:

GRAYSIE WINS! THE HOMETOWN GIRL WINS IT ALL!

Confetti erupts from the ceiling--red like war paint. Graysie Parker drops to her knees in the center of the ring, clutching the Iron Crown like it might explode in her hands. She's bleeding from the mouth. She's grinning through it.

But there's no time for tears. No moment to breathe.

Jeffrey Daniels and LSR hop the barricade again, taunting, circling like vultures. Scott Steel bellows on the mat. Then--

!~CRACK~!

The Iron Guantlet

Chris Ross is back. He's got another chair. And he's swinging it at anything that moves.

Eric Dane Jr barrels back down the ramp, sliding into the chaos. He spears Ross, fists flying. The New Untouchables hit the ring. It's an explosion. Bodies everywhere. Fists, boots, steel chairs, and spit. The crowd's lost their rabbit-ass minds.

RRC:

(shouting)

THIS WAS MEANT TO BE A CORONATION--AND INSTEAD IT'S A WARZONE!

Smash cut to black.

The Iron Gauntlet

Show Credits

Segment: "The Ozzman Leaveth" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Here. We. Go." - Written by justin.

Segment: "Graysie Parker interlude" - Written by justin.

Segment: "The Trust Fund" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Confrontation at Gorilla" - Written by justin.

Match: "Iron Gauntlet" - Written by justin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite