

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

August 14, 2025 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

Welcome to the Iron City

The camera opens on a packed Foundry, with every one of the 1,000 seats filled, fans pressed in close to the rails surrounding the ring. The noise is deafening, the chant of "I-C-W! I-C-W!" bouncing off the steel walls of the old mill. The hard cam pans to the announce desk, where Robbie Ray Carter is front and center, headset on, soaking in the energy.

Robbie Ray Carter: Birmingham, Alabama -- The Foundry is SOLD OUT! And for the very first time... welcome to *Iron City Fight Club*! I'm Robbie Ray Carter, and folks, you're here for history in the making. Tonight, we take the first step into a brand-new era of professional wrestling!

The screen behind him comes to life with a dramatic, slow-motion montage from the Iron Gauntlet. TD3 and the Rich Young Grapplerz controlling the early going... Scott Steel running wild before being swarmed and taken out by The New Untouchables... the shocking appearance of Chris Ross and his merciless assault on Eric Dane Jr... and finally, Graysie Parker digging down deep to survive nine of the toughest competitors in ICW and pin TD3 to win the Iron Crown.

Robbie Ray Carter: Graysie Parker walked into the Iron Gauntlet with everything to prove... and she walked out the very first Iron Crown Champion!

The montage shifts -- WrestleUTA: 25. Eric Dane Sr smiling at the Hall of Fame the night before... the sudden chaos backstage as Chris Ross blindsides him... the vicious brawl between Ross and Dane Jr... and the steel chair shot that left Eric Sr motionless on the floor. The Foundry crowd's cheers fade to a low, tense murmur.

Robbie Ray Carter: But one week later, the celebration turned to carnage. Chris Ross made it personal -- injuring the man who built this place, Eric Dane Sr, and brutalizing his son in the ring. Eric Jr stood tall that night, but the price... was steep.

The fans stir as someone approaches from behind the desk area -- Angus Skaaland, headset in hand, cutting across the floor from the side of the set. He slaps a few hands on his way past the guardrail and drops into the chair beside RRC.

Robbie Ray Carter: And folks, filling in for Eric Dane until he's medically cleared -- you know him, you probably hate him, but he's one of the best to ever do it -- Angus Skaaland.

Angus Skaaland: I appreciate that, Robbie Ray. Look, I'm not Eric Dane -- I don't run this place, I don't call the shots -- but I'm here to call it straight, have some fun, and make sure nobody falls asleep at the wheel while The Boss is on the shelf.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Robbie Ray Carter: And there's no sleeping through what we've got lined up. Next week, we begin an eight-team single-elimination tournament to crown the first-ever Iron City Tag Team Champions.

Lower-third graphic: "Iron City Tag Team Tournament - Begins Next Week." The crowd pops big.

Angus Skaaland: Eight teams, one set of belts, and zero rules about how clean you have to play it. That's my kinda bracket.

The camera cuts to a sweeping shot of the crowd as the noise builds toward the first match of the night.

Robbie Ray Carter: Well folks, that'll be then, but right now we're going to the ring for our look at the Night Riders, one of the eight confirmed teams for the TAG TEAM TITLE TOURNAMENT!

Night Riders vs local talent

Match - The Night Riders vs. "Quick" Danny Quinn & Bobby Hayes

*The roar of the crowd fades into the opening drumbeat of "Electric Eye" by Judas Priest, and a pulse of blue-and-neon pink lights sweeps the small venue. The fans pop as two figures emerge from the side entrance -- Steel Thunder and Neon Blaze, collectively known as **The Night Riders**. Leather jackets over their gear, mirrored shades, and an aura of 80's metal menace as they stride side-by-side toward the ring.*

Robbie Ray Carter: And here we go, folks -- making their ICW TV debut, a team with speed, power, and just a touch of midnight madness... the Night Riders!

Angus Skaaland: Look at these two -- they look like they just stepped out of a time machine from 1987 and kicked the door in. And if you've never seen 'em before, trust me -- somebody's about to get run over.

Steel Thunder peels off his jacket, climbing the ropes and raising a fist to the fans on the far side. Neon Blaze slides under the bottom rope, popping up with a quick spin before tossing his shades into the crowd. Across the ring stand two local hopefuls -- Danny "Quick" Quinn and Bobby Hayes -- both looking determined but nervous.

Robbie Ray Carter: Danny Quinn and Bobby Hayes are making their first appearance here in ICW too, and while these young men are game, they've got a mountain to climb tonight.

The bell rings, and Blaze explodes across the ring before Quinn can react, drilling him with a shotgun dropkick that sends him flipping into the turnbuckles. Blaze tags in Steel Thunder, who hoists Quinn up for a thunderous stalling suplex before dumping him halfway across the ring. Hayes rushes in, only to get mowed

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

down by a clothesline that nearly turns him inside out.

Angus Skaaland: That's not a clothesline, that's a decapitation! Hayes won't be wearing a tie for a week.

Thunder hauls Hayes up and whips him into Blaze's corner. Tag back to Neon Blaze -- he vaults to the top rope in one smooth motion, coming off with a flying crossbody that wipes out both opponents. The crowd's eating it up, clapping in time with his stomps as he points to Thunder.

Quick tag -- Thunder steps in, scooping Quinn up in a bearhug and holding him in place as Blaze hits the far ropes and nails a spinning heel kick to the jaw. Quinn crumples, Thunder plants a boot on his chest for the three-count.

Robbie Ray Carter: That's all she wrote -- pure dominance from the Night Riders here tonight.

Angus Skaaland: That's a statement, Robbie Ray. And if I'm one of the seven other teams in that Tag Title Tournament next week... I just saw my nightmares in living color.

The Riders pose in the ring, Steel Thunder crossing his arms while Neon Blaze perches on the second rope, pointing straight into the camera as we cut to a replay of the finish.

The Champ is here.

The crowd is still buzzing from the Night Riders' showcase when Robbie Ray Carter stands from the desk with a smile and makes his way into the ring.

Robbie Ray Carter: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the very first Iron Crown Champion -- Birmingham's own, Graysie Parker!

"Sweet Home Alabama" hits, and The Foundry comes alive. The fans clap and sing along as Graysie steps out from the side, Iron Crown Championship slung over her shoulder. She's in full gear, hair pulled back, and a look in her eyes that says she's ready for more than just polite conversation. She takes a quick lap around the ring, slapping hands before rolling inside and taking a mic.

Robbie Ray Carter: Graysie, you made history at the Iron Gauntlet. You--

Graysie Parker: Robbie, I know you're about to lay it on thick, but let's just cut to it... I know who you are, Angus.

Angus chuckles at the desk, leaning back in his chair.

Angus Skaaland: Good. Saves me the trouble of introducing myself.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Graysie Parker: Yeah, well, I'm not impressed. You might've been something once, but right now, you're just the guy keeping Eric Dane's seat warm while he heals up. So I'm gonna talk, and you can take notes if you want.

The crowd pops at the jab. Graysie paces the ring, title now in her hand.

Graysie Parker: Todderick Davenport the Third -- TD3 -- and his two Trust Fund stooges think the Iron Crown belongs to them. Toddy, I already pinned you. Clean. But I know that eats at you. I know you can't stand that this Birmingham girl with some grit in her teeth and steel in her spine walked out with what you think is yours.

The crowd starts chanting "GRAYSIE! GRAYSIE!" -- and then, the sound of a luxury car horn blaring cuts through the noise. "Lifestyle" by Rich Gang hits, and The Trust Fund strolls out from the side: TD3 in his paisley jacket, flanked by Darian Darrington and Jacoby Jacobs, both dripping in obnoxious confidence.

TD3: You've got a funny way of talking for somebody who's holding *my* championship, darling. But don't worry -- your little Cinderella story's got an expiration date, and I'm gonna be the one to write it.

Graysie Parker: You want it so bad? We can do it right here, right now.

*Graysie tosses the belt to the mat and leans over the ropes, daring him to step inside. TD3 smirks, straightens his jacket... and shoves Darian Darrington forward into the ring instead. Darrington barely has time to put his hands up before -- **CRACK!** -- Graysie blasts him with a nasty headbutt that drops him like a sack of bricks while Carter bails out of the ring to watch from a safe distance.*

Jacoby yanks Darian out under the ropes as TD3 throws his hands up and backs away, laughing, before The Trust Fund powders out toward the exit.

Angus Skaaland: "You know what? I like it. Tonight, we're not waiting. Main event -- non-title grudge match -- Graysie Parker versus Darian Darrington!"

The crowd roars as Graysie picks her belt back up, nodding in approval, and "Sweet Home Alabama" hits again as she makes her way back to the back and RRC re-takes his place at the Commentation Station.

Jack Havoc has Entered the Arena

Backstage - The Foundry

The feed cuts to a narrow, dimly lit hallway deep inside The Foundry. Overhead, a single fluorescent tube flickers, casting sharp shadows across cracked concrete. Steam hisses from exposed pipes behind a dented steel door. The air feels heavy -- and then, slow, deliberate footsteps echo in the distance.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Tyler Voss stands mid-frame, microphone in hand. Into the shot walks "The Outlaw" Jack Havok -- weathered leather vest, scuffed boots, eyes locked somewhere past the lens. Each step lands with a hollow thud on the concrete.

Tyler Voss: Tyler Voss here at The Foundry, and joining me now is the man making his Iron City debut tonight -- 'The Outlaw' Jack Havok. Jack, tonight you step into the ring with independent journeyman Lowlife Larry Edwards. Your thoughts?

Havok snorts, rolling his shoulders before cracking his knuckles one by one.

Jack Havok: Larry who?

He glances sideways at Voss, then right into the camera with a shrug.

Jack Havok: Look... I didn't come to Iron City Fight Club to collect scout badges. I didn't lace these boots to wrestle some career enhancement with a LinkedIn page. Yeah, I heard the talk -- Larry swings heavy, Larry don't stay down, Larry'll throw hands with anybody for fifteen bucks and a cold beer.

Havok leans in slightly, voice low and gravelly.

Jack Havok: That's cute.

Tyler Voss: Is it frustrating not being placed in a bigger spotlight match for your debut?

Havok tilts his head, eyes narrowing like a predator catching scent.

Jack Havok: Frustrating? Nah. This ain't politics. I'm not here to climb ladders. I pull 'em down -- and beat people with the rungs.

He shrugs off his vest, revealing #DAWGSOFWAR stenciled across the back in cracked white paint.

Jack Havok: See, it don't matter if it's Larry Edwards, Barry Neckbrace, or the damn Pope of Pain himself. When that bell rings? I'm draggin' you into deep water -- and lettin' the Dawgs feast.

Tyler Voss: So what kind of fight should the Iron City crowd expect tonight?

Havok stares into the camera -- slow, focused, unblinking.

Jack Havok: The kind you don't walk away from clean. You wanna brawl, Larry? Let's brawl. Let's see what breaks first -- your fists or your will.

He takes one step closer, eyes burning into the lens.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Jack Havok: That old asshole, *The Bard* said it best, didn't he? Cry Havoc... and let slip the Dawgs of War.

With that, Havok turns and walks off, his boots echoing against the concrete until the sound fades. Voss watches him go, then looks back to the camera.

Tyler Voss: ...Larry wanted a fight. Tonight, he might get a war!

Cut.

It's about Glucking time

Scene opens in near-darkness. The only light is a swaying lantern hanging from a bent tree branch, casting a pale glow over two men, who in turn cast shadows over a third man behind them. Behind even him, black water behind them reflects pinpricks of moonlight. The sound of cicadas and night frogs fills the air, constant and oppressive.

*Daeriq Damien's smile may be the brightest thing in the image. The light also catches his widow's peak, pronounced by his slicked-back mullet. **Carlton Gluck** stands next to him, his bald head shining, his massive beard a knot of shadows, his gigantic forearms folded over his not-gigantic but still significant belly. In the shadows just beyond the light, the broad silhouette of **Chapps Gluck** and his thatch of caveman hair paces slowly, half-hidden, head occasionally turning toward the camera.*

Daeriq Damien: You ever been somewhere... so quiet you could hear your own blood moving?

Name's Daeriq Damien -- you might remember me from a little place called Old Line Wrestling. I was a champion there. A real champion. But then came the injury... the one that put me on the shelf for good.

I didn't take to rocking chairs and fishing poles. No. I followed my connections. Saw where they'd lead me. And one night in New Orleans, I found... these two.

Daeriq glances to Carlton beside him, then to the dark where Chapps moves.

Daeriq Damien: They were beating the tar outta folks in a little backroom promotion that smelled like cheap beer and bad decisions. I saw potential. I took 'em under my wing.

We've been across oceans since then. Japan... the UK...

Carlton Gluck: (low, steady) In the UK... we beat everyone. Well... almost everyone. Truth is, we never won the belts. (half-smirk) Funny thing about that -- you ever heard of waggin' th' dawg? You got a guy, and he sells himself real good, an' the promoter believes in him... an' then th' tag team champs are also good buddies of his...well, we tried doin' the right thing-

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Chapps Gluck: (voice ragged, from the shadows) AND the WRONG thing!

Carlton Gluck: But we value pride above gold. We don't got much out here in the mudflats. Pride's everything. So we packed up and went over the other sea to the Land of the Rising Sun.

Chapps Gluck: And Japan! Japan was-- listen-- you ain't never seen nothing like the way we wrecked those people! We folded 'em in half, dropped 'em on their necks, and sent 'em home with bags of ice! And the food-- the-- the trains-- I ATE AN ENTIRE GODDAMN BEAR PAW AND-

Carlton cuts him off, slight headshake.

Carlton Gluck: Chapps.

He turns back to the camera

Carlton Gluck: So now we're in Alabam'. Alabama... it ain't quite Mississippi. But it's the third best thing in the world, right behind the real deal... and West Virginia. (small grin) Oh yeah. We spent some time in West Virginia, too. They got more up there than closed down coal mines and methamphetamines, Ah tell you what.

IYKYK

Chapps steps halfway into the light, eyes wild, grinning.

Chapps Gluck: But we're here now. An' now that we are... Iron City Wrestling's tag division? We gon' grind it down... 'til there's nothin' left but slag.

The lantern light flickers, the camera lingers on Chapps' grin in the shadows, and then the scene cuts to black.

Jack Havok vs Larry Edwards

Match - Jack Havok vs. Lowlife Larry Edwards

The lights dim as Metallica's "Seek and Destroy" begins pounding through the speakers. Jack Havok roars into the arena on a black Harley-Davidson, revving the engine and flipping off the booing crowd.

Robbie Ray Carter: Here comes Jack Havok, and he's brought his bike with him tonight. This man thinks he owns every road he rides and every ring he steps in.

Angus Skaaland: 200 pounds of bad attitude wrapped in leather, Ronnie. Havok's been terrorizing bars and biker rallies from here to California, and now he's brought that mentality to Iron City Wrestling.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Havok parks the bike at ringside, removes his leather jacket to reveal a cut-off denim vest covered in patches, and climbs into the ring. He grabs a microphone.

Jack Havok: You pieces of shit better show me some respect! I didn't ride 500 miles to play games with some punk! Send that lowlife asshole out here, he's gonna learn what happens when you mess with--

The lights cut out completely. The haunting piano intro of Nas' "NY State of Mind" begins, and the crowd absolutely EXPLODES.

Carter: Listen to this place! They know what's coming!

Lowlife Larry Edwards emerges through the curtain in ripped jeans, work boots, and a bloodstained flannel shirt. He's got a steel chair in one hand and pure hatred in his eyes.

Skaaland: Here comes a man who's fought in parking lots, back alleys, and dive bars across three states. Larry Edwards doesn't wrestle - he fights.

Larry storms to the ring as "NY State of Mind" continues to pump through the speakers. Havok's face twists in disgust at the hip-hop music.

Havok: Turn that ghetto shit off right now! I ain't listening to this garbage!

Larry slides the chair under the bottom rope and rolls in after it. A young referee tries to step between them.

Carter: This referee looks like he's in way over his head here.

Before anyone can react, Larry and Havok are chest-to-chest, screaming at each other. Havok shoves Larry back hard, and Larry responds by spitting right in his face.

Skaaland: Here we go! And you know what? Fuck the rules, let 'em fight!

Skaaland jumps up from the announce table.

Skaaland: Kid, get your ass out of there! IRON IAN! We need a real referee!

The young official scrambles out as Iron Ian McCarthy slides in. He takes one look at both men and immediately calls for the bell. Larry explodes forward with wild haymakers, backing Havok into the corner. These aren't wrestling punches - they're street fight bombs meant to cave skulls in.

Carter: Edwards coming out swinging! This looks more like a bar fight than a wrestling match!

Larry grabs Havok by the vest and starts ramming knees into his gut repeatedly. Havok doubles over, and Larry clubs him across the back with both fists.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Skaaland: No technique here, just pure violence! This is exactly what Larry Edwards is known for!

Havok fires back with a wild right hand that catches Larry in the jaw, staggering him. Both men start throwing bombs in the center of the ring as "NY State of Mind" continues.

Carter: Listen to those punches landing! Both men are already bleeding!

The brawl spills to the outside, with neither man getting a clear advantage. Larry whips Havok into the steel steps, but Havok reverses and sends Larry crashing knee-first into the unforgiving steel.

Skaaland: Larry's knee just met 300 pounds of steel! That's gonna slow him down!

Havok immediately targets the injured knee, stomping on it viciously. Larry screams and rolls around ringside, clutching his leg.

Carter: Jack Havok is showing those street smarts now. He's found a weakness, and he's going to exploit it.

Havok drags Larry up and rams his knee into the ring post. Larry's howl of pain echoes through the building over the Nas track.

Skaaland: Jesus! That knee is getting destroyed! Larry might not be able to stand after this!

Havok rolls Larry back into the ring and continues the assault, dropping his full weight across Larry's injured knee. Larry tries to crawl away, but Havok grabs his leg and starts twisting.

Carter: Larry Edwards is in serious trouble here. That knee could be seriously damaged.

Larry reaches desperately for his steel chair and manages to grab it. He swings wildly behind him and catches Havok in the side of the head with a sick thud.

Skaaland: Chair shot! Havok is down and bleeding!

Both men are on the mat, Larry clutching his knee and Havok holding his head. Blood is flowing from a gash above Havok's left ear.

Carter: Both men are hurt bad! This match has turned into a war!

Larry pulls himself up using the ropes, limping badly on his injured leg. Havok gets to his feet, wiping blood from his face and looking absolutely furious.

Skaaland: Look at Jack Havok's eyes! He's pissed off now!

Havok charges like an enraged bull and spears Larry through the middle rope to the outside. Both men crash

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

into the announce table, sending papers flying.

Carter: They just demolished our table! We're getting out of the way!

Carter and Skaaland abandon their position as both men brawl in the wreckage. Havok grabs a piece of the broken table and drives it into Larry's ribs.

Skaaland: [from a distance] This has completely broken down! Iron Ian's not even trying to maintain control!

Larry fires back, grabbing a monitor and smashing it over Havok's head. Sparks fly, and Havok drops to his knees, stunned.

Carter: Holy shit! Larry just destroyed him with that monitor!

Larry limps back into the ring, dragging Havok with him. He's breathing hard and his knee is clearly bothering him, but he grabs his steel chair.

Skaaland: Larry's looking to end this! But can he even stand on that leg?

As Larry raises the chair, his knee gives out and he drops to one knee. Havok recovers enough to charge and drive his shoulder into Larry's gut, sending both men crashing into the corner.

Carter: Larry's knee betrayed him at the worst possible moment!

Havok starts throwing vicious body shots, each one doubling Larry over more. He grabs Larry and drives him face-first into the top turnbuckle repeatedly.

Skaaland: Havok is just mauling him now! Larry's in serious trouble!

Havok backs up and charges with a big boot, but Larry moves at the last second! Havok's foot gets caught in the turnbuckles.

Carter: Larry moved! Havok's hung up in the corner!

Larry grabs his chair and drives it into Havok's exposed ribs. Havok screams and doubles over as Larry hits him again across the back.

Skaaland: Edwards found another opening! But how much does he have left?

Larry sets the chair up and grabs Havok, looking to drive his head into the steel. But his knee buckles again, and Havok breaks free with an elbow to Larry's face.

Carter: That damn knee! Every time Larry gets momentum, his leg gives out on him!

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Havok kicks Larry's bad knee out from under him, then grabs the steel chair. He holds it high above his head as the crowd boos.

Skaaland: This doesn't look good for Larry Edwards!

Havok brings the chair down across Larry's knee with a sickening crack. Larry's scream is audible even over the music.

Carter: Good God! He's trying to end Larry's career!

Havok hits the knee again, then drops down and starts punching Larry's bloodied face. Larry's barely conscious as Havok stands up and flexes.

Skaaland: This might be over. Larry Edwards has taken too much punishment.

Havok drags the barely conscious Larry to his feet and drives him down with a massive powerbomb. Larry's body bounces off the mat and goes limp.

Carter: That's it! Nobody gets up from that!

Iron Ian counts: 1... 2... 3! "Seek and Destroy" blares as Havok celebrates, but he's far from finished.

Skaaland: Havok wins, but look at his eyes! He's not done with Larry Edwards!

Havok grabs the steel chair again and raises it above the unconscious Larry. The crowd is booing with everything they have.

Carter: Come on! The match is over! Leave him alone!

Havok drives the chair into Larry's ribs, then his back, then his injured knee. Each shot makes Larry's body convulse.

Skaaland: This is sickening! Someone needs to stop this maniac!

Havok continues the brutal assault, hitting Larry with the chair over and over. Blood is pooling under Larry's head.

Carter: Where's security?! This psychopath is going to kill him!

Suddenly, six members of the Steel Brigade in tactical gear flood the ring from all directions.

Skaaland: Here comes the Steel Brigade! About damn time!

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

The security team surrounds Havok, who's still holding the bloody chair. For a moment, he looks like he might swing at them too, but even he's not crazy enough to take on six trained steel brigade goons.

Carter: Smart move backing down, Havok. Even you're not stupid enough to fight the Steel Brigade.

The Steel Brigade escorts Havok from the ring as EMTs rush down to check on Larry. Havok breaks free on the ramp and grabs a microphone.

Jack Havok: This is what happens when you disrespect Jack Havok! I don't care who you are or where you come from - cross me and I'll put you in the hospital! This ghetto music, this punk crowd, this whole damn place can kiss my ass!

Havok throws the mic down and storms out as the EMTs work frantically on Larry, who still hasn't moved.

Skaaland: What a despicable human being. Larry Edwards showed incredible heart tonight, but Jack Havok showed why he's one of the most dangerous men walking the earth.

Carter: As we watch these EMTs work on Larry Edwards, you have to wonder if we'll ever see him compete again after this savage beating.

The camera fades on Larry being loaded onto a stretcher as the crowd gives him a standing ovation, "NY State of Mind" finally fading out.

He's thinkin' about it...

Backstage - The Foundry

The camera finds Rich Mahogany weaving his way through the narrow halls of The Foundry like he owns the place -- shades on, sport coat collar popped, a lazy finger-gun for every crew member he passes.

Rich Mahogany: Love the hustle, kid -- that cable's got championship potential. Hey, chief -- killer clipboard work. Keep it up.

He turns a corner mid-bebop... and stops short. Standing dead center in the hallway is The Iron Kid -- hood up over his mask, hands wrapped in worn black tape, eyes narrowed through the metal plating. Gym bag slung over his shoulder, he looks every bit like he's ready for a fight... and not much else.

Rich Mahogany: Well, now, what do we have here? The man of the hour... the mystery in the mask... the Iron Kid.

Iron Kid gives a small nod, saying nothing.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Rich Mahogany: Kid, I've been in this game long enough to know talent when I see it. And you? You're raw steel. Just needs a little polish. Little... Mahogany shine, if you catch my drift.

Iron Kid stares him down, unmoving.

Iron Kid: I'm here to fight. That's it.

Rich Mahogany: Perfect! Fighting's great. Fighting sells tickets. But picture this -- you, me, walking into the Tag Team division together. We take the belts, you learn from the best, and boom -- your career skyrockets. And hey, we'll get matching jackets. Gotta have the jackets.

Iron Kid brushes past him without another word, disappearing down the hall. Rich watches him go with a smirk, adjusting his shades.

Rich Mahogany: Oh yeah... he's thinkin' about it.

Rich resumes his strut down the corridor, still humming to himself as the camera fades back to the Commentation Station.

Angus Skaaland: That's my Richie, always lookin' for trouble in all of the right, wrong, and indifferent places!

Robbie Ray Carter: Be that as it may, the Iron Kid could do worse for a partner, yanno?

Angus Skaaland: You know that I do, Rob.

Urban Ninjaz vs local talent

"Boost Up" by Fisher x Flowdan pumps through the arena. The bass shakes the floor as Flip D bounces onto the stage, white durag gleaming under the lights, shadowboxing to the beat. Junichiro strolls out behind him, headband snug, cool as ice, giving the hard cam a knowing smirk.

Robby Ray Carter: Folks, buckle up -- ICW's about to get a little faster, a little flashier, and a whole lot louder. The Urban Ninjaz have arrived!

Angus Skaaland: And they're about to find out what it's like to face a couple of units from the local MMA scene. Those two walking chemistry sets in the ring? That's Brody 'The Meat Rack' Raines and Tyson 'Flex' Hollister -- 270 pounds apiece and probably two percent body fat combined.

The Ninjaz hit the ring with twin rope flips and martial arts poses, while the gymbros flex and sneer from their corner.

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Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Brody storms out of the corner and blasts Flip D with a shoulder tackle that folds him in half.

Robby Ray Carter: Whoa! Brody Raines just mowed Flip D down like a runaway truck!

Tyson grabs Junichiro before he can react and heaves him with a belly-to-belly suplex that sends him skidding across the canvas.

Angus Skaaland: These Ninjaz are flying already -- just not in the way they planned!

Brody hoists Flip D in a gorilla press, parades him around the ring, and drops him face-first. Tyson follows up by catching Junichiro off the ropes and decapitating him with a lariat. The crowd gasps at the sheer power.

Brody whips Flip to the ropes for another big tackle -- but Flip springboards to the middle rope, spins, and cracks him with a flying back kick! Tyson tries to rush Junichiro, but eats a lightning-quick jumping knee to the jaw.

Robby Ray Carter: The Ninjaz are up! And they're bringing the fight to these big men!

Flip D hits a tornado DDT on Brody, while Junichiro cartwheels past Tyson and drills him with a head kick that sends him staggering into the ropes.

They crank up the pace -- standing moonsault from Flip, immediately followed by a running shooting star press from Junichiro. The crowd's getting loud now.

Junichiro slides outside and pulls two kendo sticks from under the ring.

WHACK! WHACK! Both gymbros stagger under the echoing shots.

Flip D grabs a chair from the timekeeper and baseball slides it into Tyson's knees. Junichiro sets up a table at ringside while Flip leans another in the corner inside the ring.

Angus Skaaland: Oh, I see where this is going...

Tyson staggers onto the apron -- Junichiro springboards off the top rope and spinning heel kicks him clean off through the table at ringside!

Robby Ray Carter: Tyson Hollister just went to splinters!

Inside the ring, Brody's dazed in the corner against the propped-up table. Flip D charges, vaults off Junichiro's back, and double foot stomps Brody straight through it!

Crowd: HOLY S--! HOLY S--!

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Junichiro dives onto the wreckage and hooks the leg. ONE! TWO! THREE!

"Boost Up" hits again as the Urban Ninjaz stand tall, kendo sticks raised, posing over the debris. The crowd's buzzing, and the gymbros are laid out in table rubble.

Robby Ray Carter: Five minutes, total destruction, and a debut statement that's loud and clear -- the Urban Ninjaz are here to take heads!

Angus Skaaland: And chairs. And kendo sticks. And any table they can find under that ring. These two are dangerous.

Disrespect

Backstage - The Foundry

The camera cuts to the narrow corridor just outside the locker rooms. Jack Havok, still in his ring gear with a thin sheen of sweat, stalks down the hall after his match. He's got that same dead-eyed focus, a slow stride that says he's not done looking for a fight. From the opposite direction comes Clovis Black -- massive frame filling the shot, towel draped around his neck, expression unreadable.

The two men stop a few feet apart, the air between them going heavy. Clovis glances Havok up and down once before speaking in his low, gravelly tone.

Clovis Black: "Hell of a match out there. Not many put Larry down that fast. Respect."

Clovis extends a hand. Havok just stares at it -- unmoving. After a long beat, he looks Clovis dead in the eye and shakes his head.

Jack Havok: "I don't know you. And I damn sure don't respect you. Earn it Youngblood"

He brushes past Clovis' hand without taking it. Clovis straightens, the muscles in his jaw tightening. The two square up, eyes locked, inches away from exploding. The tension spikes -- the crowd in the arena audibly reacts over the feed.

Robbie Ray Carter (voiceover): "Uh-oh... this could get ugly quick."

Before the first punch can fly, the Steel Brigade -- ICW's security unit in black tactical polos -- flood in from both sides. Four men wedge themselves between the two, pushing Havok back toward the locker room while another three try to hold Clovis in place.

Angus Skaaland (voiceover): "That's two powder kegs, and we just saw the first spark. Sooner or later, Robbie Ray... somebody's gonna light the match."

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Havok yells something off-mic as he's dragged backward, pointing at Clovis the whole way. Clovis doesn't move, just stares after him until the screen fades back to ringside.

Opportunity

The hallway is quiet except for the hum of the arena. Astrid Reichert rounds a corner, her leather jacket slung over her shoulder, duffel bag in hand. She's heading somewhere with purpose--until she spots Duchess Vaughn leaning against a crate, taping her wrists.

They lock eyes. Astrid slows to a stop. Duchess' jaw tightens.

Astrid: (coldly and Germanically) ...Duchess.

Duchess: (thick south London accent, chin tilting up) Astrid.

They both step forward, squaring up chest-to-chest. Not touching, but close enough the tension's almost visible in the air between the two large, intimidating women grapplers.

Astrid:

Still sore about ze battle royal?

The Concrete Queen crosses her massive arms across her chest and glares at Astrid.

Duchess: I'm sore I didn't snag a chance to choke you out before we 'it the curtain, fam."

Astrid: (mock smile) Cute. I was just thinkink how I should've taken your head off before ve got counted out. You took an opportunity from me, Vaughn... I've been a little pissed off ever since.

They lean in further, shoulders brushing. The "bro-up" is in full swing -- eyes locked, neither woman backing down, both waiting for the other to swing first.

Duchess: Was 'avin' the same thought. So go on then, bitch, please... take a swing. Make my bleedin' night.

Just as Duchess' fists clench and her feet move into a defensive stance, a very familiar voice to wrestling fans all over the world cuts through:

Angus Skaaland: (stepping in with two security guards) Ay! Ladies! Jesus... save the hair-pulling, please! Eric's not here tonight, and I'm not about to let you two tear up the backstage without him to sign the repair bill.

They both shoot him sharp looks, but don't break their stare at each other.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Angus: (grinning) And besides--girl bosses are out, but girl hosses? They're so in. Tag title tournament's coming up. Watchin' you two's little dust up got me and the bossman thinkin' the other night. One of those booker brainstorms, you know what I'm sayin'... anyhoo. You two? You're a TAG TEAM now.

Both women bark short, humorless laughs.

Astrid:

"You're jokink."

Duchess: Seriously. You've GOT to be fuckin' takin' the piss, bruv.

Angus: Too bad. You want in? You want to make names for yourselves in this business? You're a damn tag team now, got it? End of discussion. Make it work. (to security) Let 'em through before they do start swinging.

Security backs off, but Astrid and Duchess stay nose-to-nose.

Angus gives both women the glare of someone with the power to make or break their careers. Angus knows both women detest one another, but he's been in this game long enough to know lightning in a bottle when he sees it.

Astrid suddenly turns her back on Duchess to give Angus her full attention. Deescalation, or contempt?

Astrid: Mach ich. I vill do it.

She turns back to Duchess and leans back with a vicious smile across her face and her arms folded just under her chest. The muscles in her forearms and shoulders ripple. The ambiguous threat causes the huge Brit to once again snarl and bristle.

Astrid: Do not you be screwink zis up for us, lieblich. It would be... tragic.

Duchess Vaughn rolls her arms forward, emphasizing her huge traps.

She leans in, filling whatever extra space Astrid left.

Duchess: By the time this is ovah, you'll be fankin' me for the oppertunity, love. Trust.

They brush shoulders hard as they pass each other, heading in opposite directions, both still glaring over their shoulders.

Top Notch Team vs local talent

Match - TNT (Derek Hayes & Cameron West) vs. Derek Stiles & "Downtown" Ricky Dean

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Back from commercial, the camera is on two nervous-looking locals in the ring -- Derek Stiles and "Downtown" Ricky Dean -- trying to loosen up their shoulders. The Foundry crowd murmurs in anticipation. Suddenly, the lights pulse yellow and red as the opening riff of AC/DC's "T.N.T." rattles the speakers. The pop is instant.

Out from the side entrance stride Derek Hayes and Cameron West -- hazard-striped black-and-yellow gear gleaming under the lights. Hayes, the bigger, broad-shouldered powerhouse, cracks his neck with a smirk while West bounces on the balls of his feet, finger-gunning into the hard cam.

Robbie Ray Carter: Here they come -- Derek Hayes and Cameron West, TNT! And if you've been following the scene down South, you know they've been blowing up every tag division they touch.

Angus Skaaland: And now they're here to make their mark in ICW. Two words, Robbie Ray: controlled demolition.

West slides into the ring first, Hayes stepping over the middle rope behind him. The bell rings, and West wastes no time -- charging across and blasting Ricky Dean with a running forearm that spins him around. Quick tag to Hayes, who steps in and levels Dean with a short-arm lariat that nearly flips him inside out.

Stiles tries to get involved, but West intercepts with a spinning heel kick, then shoves him right into Hayes' grip. Hayes hoists Stiles into a military press and drops him stomach-first across the top rope before West springboards in with a guillotine leg drop across the back of his neck.

Robbie Ray Carter: Look at that tag work -- fluid, aggressive, and absolutely no breathing room for their opponents.

Angus Skaaland: And all with smiles on their faces. It's unsettling, really.

Hayes hauls Dean back into the ring and tags West. West hits the far ropes, rebounds, and baseball-slides between Dean's legs, popping up behind him. Hayes is already moving -- he scoops Dean up into a wheelbarrow position, and West hits the ropes again before coming off with a leaping cutter. Dean is planted, Hayes covers -- one, two, three.

Robbie Ray Carter: In less than two minutes, TNT make their mark in Iron City!

Angus Skaaland: If I'm in that Tag Tournament next week? I'm either studying tape on these two... or praying I don't draw them in the first round.

Hayes and West celebrate in the ring, Hayes pointing to the hard cam and miming a belt around his waist while West mouths "Boom!" before they head out, leaving the locals sprawled in the ring.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

New Untouchables segment

Ringside - Commentary Desk

The camera settles on the desk as Robbie Ray Carter shuffles his notes. A wave of boos crests from the crowd. Two men in tailored black-and-gold jackets vault the rail and stride right to the commentation station -- Jeffrey Daniels and Lee Scott Rothlesberger (LSR), the New Untouchables.

Robbie Ray Carter: Uh-- folks, we appear to be... joined at ringside by Jeffrey Daniels and Lee Scott Rothlesberger.

Jeffrey Daniels: Don't thank us, Birmingham. Thank ratings. Scoot over, Rob -- excellence needs elbow room.

LSR palms a spare headset, tapping the mic. Daniels leans across the desk and locks eyes with Angus.

Angus Skaaland: Nope. Absolutely not. I spent years watching the original Untouchables try to burn this sport down, and you two cosplay their legacy like it's cute. I want nothing to do with you.

LSR: Relax, Uncle Angus. Different era, same standard of greatness. Your boy Dane's not here to run interference -- heard he's busy getting well. We'll keep your seat warm... professionally.

Angus: (combative) I ain't yer uncle, kid.

The crowd rains heat as Daniels smirks at the legendary color commentator.

Jeffrey Daniels: And before you clutch pearls -- yes, we're the guys who put Scott Steel on blocks at the Iron Gauntlet. Consider it a public service. Monsters need leashes.

Angus Skaaland: You didn't leash anything. You jumped a man who was wrecking the field and then ran like you heard sirens. Same old Untouchables garbage with fresh hairspray.

Robbie Ray Carter: Gentlemen, if you're taking headsets, keep it civil. We've got a main event to call -- Graysie Parker versus Darian Darrington -- and the audience deserves professionalism.

LSR: Professional is our baseline, Robbie Ray. Insightful, too. We're scouting for the Tag Tournament. Free education for everybody within earshot.

Production slides two headsets over. Daniels drops into the open chair beside RRC; LSR perches on the desk edge, one boot tapping the metal frame. Angus angles his body away, arms folded tight.

Angus Skaaland: You two bring the stink of the worst years of this business. I stood with Dane when the real Untouchables tried to poison every locker room they walked into. You want my respect? Earn it without a

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

sneak attack.

Jeffrey Daniels: Cute history lesson. Here's the future: New Untouchables run this division. Everybody else learns to live beneath us.

Robbie Ray Carter: Then you can prove it on commentary tonight by keeping the focus where it belongs -- on the match in the ring.

LSR: Deal. We'll call it straight... as long as 'straight' means Graysie's about to find out what happens when Trust Fund meets destiny and the brackets fall our way.

Angus stares daggers into both men as the camera tightens on the desk -- Daniels and LSR smirking, headsets on; RRC centered and steady; Angus stone-cold and seething.

Robbie Ray Carter: Like it or not, folks, the New Untouchables will join us on the call for tonight's main event -- Graysie Parker versus Darian Darrington -- next.

Graysie Parker vs Darian Darrington

Main Event - Non-Title: Graysie Parker vs. Darian Darrington

House lights dip as "Sweet Home Alabama" hits and The Foundry erupts. Graysie Parker steps out from the side, Iron Crown on her shoulder, jaw set. She slaps hands down the short aisle and slides in, holding the title high to a thunderous "GRAY-SIE! GRAY-SIE!" chant.

Robbie Ray Carter: Main event time -- non-title grudge match set earlier tonight after that headbutt sent Darian to dreamland!

Jeffrey Daniels: Correction, Rob -- she ambushed a gentleman. Totally different science.

Angus Skaaland: He got shoved into it by his boss. Play stupid games, win concussions.

"Lifestyle" hits. Darian Darrington parts the curtain in designer warm-ups, Jacoby Jacobs at his side hyping him up while TD3 lingers smugly at the entrance, hands in his pockets. Darian shakes it off, jawing at front row fans about "Birmingham B-listers" before rolling in. The ref flashes the non-title signal and calls for the bell.

Lee Scott Rothlesberger (LSR): Let's scout, Jeffrey -- cadence, footwork, composure. I'm giving Graysie a 7 in posture, 3 in taste in music.

Angus Skaaland: You two couldn't carry a rhythm if it had handles.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

DING! DING! Darian sprints in, talking trash -- Graysie meets him with a double-leg, slides to side control, and peppers short forearms. Darian scrambles to the ropes, bails to the apron, and screams at the ref for "illegal amateur stuff." The crowd laughs; Graysie waves him back in.

Robbie Ray Carter: Early message -- Graysie can wrestle you flat as easily as she can knock you out.

Darian re-enters with a cheap thumb to the eye behind the ref's back, then strings a flurry: body shot, knee lift, snapmare, basement dropkick between the shoulder blades. He poses for the hard cam and soaks in the boos.

Jeffrey Daniels: That right there? Ring IQ. Create space, take the cheap when the cheap is there.

Angus Skaaland: We used to call that chicken-- well, family show.

Darian clamps on a front facelock, grinding her down, whispering trash talk. Graysie powers to her feet, turns the corner, and hoists him vertical -- a long stall suplex that dumps Darrington flat. Pop. Graysie follows with a short-arm elbow, then a running knee to the ribs that folds him.

Robbie Ray Carter: Big power from the Iron Crown Champion -- and you can hear that knee from Ensley to Avondale!

Jacoby scrambles onto the apron to chirp -- Graysie storms over, the ref cuts her off. Darian uses the screen: chop block to the back of the knee. He grins wide, stomps his leg, and threads it around the middle rope for a four-count stretch before the break.

LSR: Target acquired. You want to beat top champions? Take away their base.

Angus Skaaland: He didn't 'acquire' anything; Jacoby gift-wrapped it.

Darian drags Graysie to the center and cinches a standing figure-four variation, leaning back for leverage. The crowd claps Parker up. She hammers forearms to break the grip, hits the ropes hobbling, and blasts Darian with a running forearm that levels him. Both down.

Robbie Ray Carter: Momentum swing -- can Graysie capitalize on one leg?

They trade shots -- Darian with a crisp European uppercut; Graysie answers with a headbutt to the chest that staggers him. She strings a combo: body-body-head, then hooks and snaps him over with a fisherman's neckbreaker. Cover -- one, two, Darian kicks at two.

Jeffrey Daniels: Note the delay on that cover. In our house, that's a sin.

Angus Skaaland: In your house, the commandments are written in hairspray.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Graysie fires up the crowd, measures Darian for a corner charge -- Jacoby grabs an ankle. The ref catches him this time and lays down the law, pointing hard to the back. The Foundry roars as Jacoby is EJECTED, pleading his case all the way up the aisle to a smirking TD3.

Robbie Ray Carter: Jacoby Jacobs has been tossed!

LSR: Tragic. Thoughts and prayers.

Darian panics and lunges -- Graysie sidesteps, and he posts shoulder-first. Roll-up! One, two-- Darian kicks out, scrambles up wild, and eats a discus elbow. He staggers; Graysie deadlifts him into a spinebuster that shakes the boards.

Robbie Ray Carter: Spinebuster! Graysie's cooking now!

Graysie signals the end, hauls Darian up, and hooks him deep.

Angus Skaaland: "Load it up, kid--"

GRAY-SIE DRIVER! She plants Darrington center-ring with the Graysie Driver, hooking the far leg. One! Two! Three!

Robbie Ray Carter: Graysie Parker wins the main event!

Jeffrey Daniels: Non-title, footnote win. Put an asterisk on it -- bad knee, outside chaos, soft numbers.

Angus Skaaland: Buddy, that was decisive. Your scouting report just got set on fire.

Graysie rolls to a knee as the referee raises her hand. TD3 steps just onto the floor at ringside, clapping slowly with an infuriating grin. He pantomimes a belt around his waist and mouths, "Mine." Graysie answers by lifting the Iron Crown high and pointing dead at him.

Robbie Ray Carter: Statement made -- the champion is standing tall, and TD3 refuses to do his own dirty work!

LSR: Or he refuses to waste a payday before the real money match. Learn the game, Birmingham.

Graysie leans over the ropes, daring TD3 to step in. He shakes his head with a laugh and backs away up the aisle, shepherding a woozy Darian by the wrist. The camera returns to the desk -- Angus tight-lipped, Daniels and LSR wearing matching smirks.

Angus Skaaland: New Untouchables can talk themselves in circles -- the picture didn't lie. Champion wins, stooge loses.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Robbie Ray Carter: Folks, what a debut night in The Foundry! The Tag Team Tournament begins next week, and the Iron Crown Champion just sent a message you couldn't miss.

If you're gonna talk the talk, then...

Graysie Parker is still catching her breath after pinning Darian Darrington. The ref hands her the Iron Crown Championship, which she raises high to a big pop. But her eyes cut toward the commentary desk -- where Jeffrey Daniels and LSR have been running their mouths all match.

Graysie Parker: You two have been chirpin' all night like a couple'a parakeets in a pet store. If you've got a problem with me, how about you come down here and say it to my face?

Daniels grins, leaning back in his chair, mouthing "we're good".

Graysie: Oh, you're good? See, Eric's told me all about the guy that trained you. How he never did anything he wasn't dragged into kickin' and screamin'. So here's the question, boys--do I gotta drag you into this ring? Because if I do... (she paces toward the ropes, leaning on the top strand) ...I'm gonna give you somethin' to scream about.

The crowd roars, egging the New Untouchables on. Daniels turns to LSR, faux outrage all over his face. LSR wipes his brow, simply aghast. They stand up and slowly make their way towards the ring. Daniels grabs the bottom rope and puts one leg up on the apron...

...then LSR grabs hold of Daniels' shoulder and taps his own forehead. Daniels suddenly smirks, they turn away, and start backing up the ramp instead. Daniels throws up the Scott Hall finger waggle taunt as he tiptoes backwards, LSR blows an exaggerated kiss toward the ring.

Graysie: That's what I thought.

The crowd boos the New Untouchables as they retreat-----

Enter the Trust Fund, discreetly.

Toddy stays back just a bit. Darrington and Jacobs climb to the apron - and Jacobs springboards, crashing into Graysie with a missile dropkick!

But Graysie sees him coming at the last second! She sidesteps, and Jacobs crashes hard into the turnbuckles! The crowd explodes as Graysie immediately fires back with right hands to Darrington, who's trying to get through the ropes!

Jacobs staggers out of the corner, holding his shoulder. Graysie spins around and catches him with a European uppercut that snaps his head back! But as she turns back to Darrington--CLOTHESLINE! The

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

numbers game finally catches up as Darrington's big boot nearly takes her head off!

The crowd is going ballistic, booing and chanting "GRAYSIE! GRAYSIE!" as she tries to shake off the cobwebs.

Darrington roars triumphantly, flexing as Graysie gets back to her feet on pure adrenaline. She throws a wild haymaker that Darrington ducks, then Jacobs grabs her from behind in a full nelson! Darrington winds up for another clothesline--

--but Graysie breaks free and ducks! Darrington levels Jacobs instead! The crowd roars as Graysie fires up, but as she turns around--

Now Todderick Davenport III is right behind her.

Graysie spins around, sees Toddy, and immediately throws a right hand--but Toddy ducks under and locks in the Million Dollar Dream! The crowd's cheers turn to desperate boos as Graysie immediately starts fighting, clawing at his arms!

She backs him into the corner, trying to ram him into the turnbuckles, but Toddy cranks harder on the hold! Graysie's legs start to give out, but she finds another burst of energy and lunges toward the ropes--her fingertips just inches away!

She backs him into the corner, trying to ram him into the turnbuckles, but Toddy cranks harder on the hold! The referee is shouting at Toddy to let her go, trying to pull at his arms, but Darrington and Jacobs block him off!

Graysie's movements become more desperate, more frantic, her free hand clawing at Toddy's forearms, trying to pry the hold loose. The crowd is chanting louder now, willing her to fight, but her resistance is fading.

Finally, her struggles slow to weak, uncoordinated movements. Her clawing becomes pawing. Then her free arm falls limp, and her knees buckle completely.

Only then does Hot Toddy release the hold, letting Graysie crumple to the mat. He stands over her, smoothing back his hair, then picks up the Iron Crown Championship.

Toddy raises the title high with both hands as Darrington and Jacobs flank him. The crowd's boos are deafening as Toddy places the championship on Graysie's motionless body, then steps on it--and her--as he poses.

The Trust Fund exits through the crowd as officials finally rush to check on the fallen champion.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.1

Show Credits

Segment: "Welcome to the Iron City" - Written by justin.

Match: "Night Riders vs local talent" - Written by justin.

Segment: "The Champ is here." - Written by justin.

Segment: "Jack Havoc has Entered the Arena" - Written by Sheriff, justin.

Segment: "It's about Glucking time" - Written by oldlinejeff.

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

Segment: "He's thinkin' about it..." - Written by justin.

Match: "Urban Ninjaz vs local talent" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Disrespect" - Written by justin, Sheriff.

Segment: "Opportunity" - Written by oldlinejeff, bombastic.

Match: "Top Notch Team vs local talent" - Written by justin.

Segment: "New Untouchables segment" - Written by oldlinejeff, justin.

Match: "Graysie Parker vs Darian Darrington" - Written by justin.

Segment: "If you're gonna talk the talk, then..." - Written by oldlinejeff, justin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite