

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

August 22, 2025 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

Show Opening

The camera opens on a packed Foundry, every seat filled with rabid fans holding signs and chanting. The steel girders and industrial setting create an atmosphere unlike anywhere else in wrestling. Pyro explodes from the entrance as the crowd roars.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Birmingham, Alabama! Welcome back to The Foundry for Iron City Fight Club! I'm Robbie Ray Carter, and folks, tonight we make history as the Iron City Tag Team Title Tournament begins!

The camera pans across the fired-up crowd before settling on the announce desk, where Angus Skaaland is already in position.

Angus Skaaland:

That's right, Robbie Ray. Eight teams entered this tournament, but after tonight, we're down to four. And let me tell you something - with pride, gold, and bragging rights on the line, these teams are gonna tear this place apart brick by brick.

Robbie Ray Carter:

We've got the Night Riders taking on the Brothers Gluck in what promises to be a collision between 80s metal mayhem and backwoods brutality. But Angus, you made some waves last week when you forced two women who wanted to kill each other into a partnership.

Angus Skaaland:

Sometimes you gotta light a fire under people, Rob. Astrid Reichert and Duchess Vaughn were about to throw hands in the hallway, so I figured - why not throw them into the deep end? They want to fight so bad? Tonight they fight the Urban Ninjaz, and they'd better figure out how to work together real quick.

The crowd buzzes with anticipation as highlights from the previous show play on the screen - the Night Riders' dominant debut, the Glucks' ominous bayou warning, the Ninjaz's table-breaking assault, and the heated confrontation between Astrid and Duchess.

Robbie Ray Carter:

And speaking of fights, we can't forget what happened in our main event last week. The Trust Fund's three-on-one assault on Graysie Parker left our Iron Crown Champion unconscious in the middle of this ring.

Angus Skaaland:

TD3 wants that title, and he's shown he'll do whatever it takes to get it. But let's be clear--Graysie Parker won't be here tonight. After that swing she took at the New Untouchables during the Grapple4Good event for

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charity, ICW management has suspended her for this event.

Robbie Ray Carter:

That suspension only adds more fuel to the fire, Angus. Graysie may be sidelined, but her shadow still looms large over everything happening in Iron City Wrestling. Tonight, though, it's about tag team gold and proving who the toughest teams in Iron City really are.

The camera cuts to a pre-taped segment showing Eric Dane Jr. walking through the backstage area, his jaw set with determination.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Plus, Eric Dane Jr. returns to singles competition tonight when he takes on the mysterious Iron Kid in our main event. After what Chris Ross did to the Dane family, Eric Jr. has something to prove.

Angus Skaaland:

That kid's got steel in his spine, just like his old man. The Iron Kid's got speed and mystery on his side, but Eric Jr.? He's got the weight of this company on his shoulders and the motivation to prove he belongs in that main event spot.

Suddenly, the lights dim and a spotlight hits the entrance. The crowd's energy shifts as they sense something big coming.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Wait a minute... we weren't expecting anyone out here to start the show...

Angus Skaaland:

In this business, Rob, you learn to expect the unexpected. And in Iron City Wrestling? That goes double.

The camera holds on the entrance for a beat longer before cutting back to the announce desk.

Robbie Ray Carter:

Well folks, whoever that was meant for, they're keeping us in suspense. But we won't keep you waiting much longer - the Iron City Tag Team Tournament starts RIGHT NOW!

Angus Skaaland:

Eight teams, four spots, and zero room for error. Let's find out who's got what it takes to survive the first round and move one step closer to becoming the inaugural Iron City Tag Team Champions!

The camera sweeps across the crowd one more time as they cheer and hold up signs, before cutting to the entrance area as music hits for the first match.

Robbie Ray Carter:

The hunt for tag team gold begins now - this is Iron City Fight Club!

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Complicationship

At the Foundry's Commentary Station, steam rises from the packed crowd pressing against the barriers. The energy in the venue is electric.

ANGUS:

You heard it here first, nerds! Eric Dane Jr. is officially cleared for competition. The prodigal son returns to Iron City tonight.

The camera catches Angus's knowing glance toward his broadcast partner as the crowd roars in anticipation.

RRC:

Let's be clear--we're not relitigating what happened with Chris Ross. That's yesterday's headlines. Tonight, it's Eric Dane Jr. stepping back into the fire against the Iron Kid in our main event.

ANGUS:

But first, we would be remiss if we didn't completely ignore personal boundaries and check in on the Crown Prince whether he likes it or not!

RRC:

AKA, let's take a look at this segment taped a few moments ago backstage!

Cut to a cramped locker room with concrete walls weeping condensation. A single bulb swings overhead, casting dancing shadows. Eric Dane Jr. sits on a weathered bench, methodically wrapping his hands. The tape makes a sharp rip as he tears each strip--measured, deliberate, like a ritual performed a thousand times. The door bursts open, almost Kool-Aid Man style.

ERIC DANE JR.:

F'r Christs sake! The door's unlocked for a reason.

Graysie Parker fills the doorway, championship gold catching the harsh light--the Iron Crown draped over her left shoulder, the newly won WrestleZone title secured across her right. She doesn't enter immediately, just studies him.

GRAYSIE PARKER:

Welcome back, Eric.

She steps inside, letting the door swing shut behind her with a metallic clang.

ERIC DANE JR.: *[mumbling]*

Here we go.

GRAYSIE PARKER:

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Excuse me? I just wanted to see with my own eyes if you're actually ready for this, or if you're still drowning in whatever guilt trip Ross left you with.

Eric's hands pause mid-wrap. The silence stretches between them--heavy with years of working together and navigating a relationship that defines the term "Complicationship," electric with the kind of tension that comes from knowing exactly how to push each other's buttons.

ERIC DANE JR.:

You could've just texted.

GRAYSIE PARKER:

Since when do we do simple?

She moves closer, setting both titles on the bench beside him with more force than necessary.

GRAYSIE PARKER:

Look, we're partners in this Tag Team Title tournament whether we like it or not. Whatever issues we keep dredging up--whatever this pattern is--it stays locked in this room. Out there, we're business partners. We win this thing together.

Eric finally looks up, and there's that familiar edge creeping into his voice.

ERIC DANE JR.:

Just business. Right. Because you're so good at compartmentalizing.

GRAYSIE PARKER:

Better than you are at letting things go.

He resumes wrapping his hands, yanking the tape harder than he needs to.

GRAYSIE PARKER:

Good. Because I didn't claw my way to two championships just to babysit you through another one of your moods.

ERIC DANE JR.:

My moods? That's rich coming from someone who spent last month refusing to return my calls.

GRAYSIE PARKER:

Maybe because every conversation turns into this.

She gestures between them, exasperated.

ERIC DANE JR.:

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Into what, exactly?

GRAYSIE PARKER:

You know what.

The silence that follows is loaded with all the arguments they've had before--professional disagreements that somehow always turn personal.

GRAYSIE PARKER:

Go out there and do whatever it is that you do. Just... don't overthink it like you do everything else.

She heads for the door, clearly done with the conversation.

GRAYSIE PARKER:

Try not to let Iron Kid get in your head, he's just a kid. You're better when you're not thinking so much.

It's meant as advice, but it comes out like criticism. The door closes with a sharp click. Eric stares at it for a moment, then shakes his head.

ERIC DANE JR.:

Unbelievable.

He flexes his wrapped hands, working out the tension. The distant rumble of the crowd reminds him why he's here--and it's not to figure out why Graysie Parker can get under his skin in thirty seconds flat.

Brothers Gluck vs Night Riders

The camera sweeps over the Iron City crowd as bell time hits. The faithful are rowdy and loud, packed in shoulder to shoulder. Signs bob, fists pump. The energy is raw and ready.

In the ring, the Night Riders are already pacing like caged dogs. Wolfe barks something at a front-row fan. Buck pounds the turnbuckles, shouting "BROTHER!" in rhythm. The crowd chants it back.

ROBBIE RAY CARTER:

If you tuned in last week, you know this tag tournament is already heating up. The Glucks ran through their opening round like a freight train, and now it's time for another pair to punch their ticket. The Night Riders got a point to prove tonight.

ANGUS SKAALAND:

They better do it quick, 'cause the Gluck brothers ain't exactly known for takin' their time.

The lights dim low and a distorted banjo riff buzzes through the speakers like a broken chainsaw. The

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Brothers Gluck emerge slow and heavy, both of them covered in sweat before the fight even starts. Chapps spits into the aisle. Carlton adjusts the strap on his singlet with one hand and stares through the ropes like he's looking at livestock he's already claimed.

The bell rings and Buck rushes Chapps like a shotgun blast. Shoulder tackle, chop, spinning elbow--he stuns the smaller Gluck early. Wolfe tags in and the Riders hit stereo knee drops. The crowd roars as Chapps gets rocked back into the ropes.

RRC:

The Riders came out like the devil was nippin' at their heels! They're pickin' up right where they left off, brother!

The momentum doesn't last long. Wolfe hits the ropes for another shot--but Carlton steps in and levels him with a blindside lariat that nearly folds him in half. Chapps tags out, and now the real trouble starts.

Carlton hoists Wolfe like a sack of feed and dumps him overhead with a brutal Gluckplex. Wolfe bounces. Buck tries to rush in but catches a shoulder to the gut from Chapps for his trouble. The Riders never get their footing again.

Chapps and Carlton turn the ring into a personal training ground. Wolfe eats the Gluck Truck--Chapps riding piggyback on Carlton for a cannonball into the corner. Buck gets dumped with a double hiptoss into a thunderous backdrop. The Glucks don't play to the crowd. They don't showboat. They punish.

Skaaland:

This ain't a tag team. This is a demolition derby on foot.

The crowd rallies for Wolfe as he tries to crawl toward Buck, but Carlton stomps the mat beside him like he's breaking up mulch. Chapps lines up in the opposite corner, slapping his chest. Real Talk in Motion connects--splash, drop, launch, cannonball. Wolfe stops moving.

Buck gets the tag and swings wild with desperation elbows, backing Carlton into the ropes. He tries to lift the big man--no dice. Chapps springboards off the second rope and hits a diving knee to the back of Buck's head. The Glucks reset. The crowd knows what's coming.

Carlton lifts Buck into the electric chair. Chapps climbs. The crowd rises with him. He launches off the top with a diving frankensteiner--Gluckensteiner--that spikes Buck headfirst into the mat.

Carlton leans Buck back over his chest like he's hanging up game meat. He climbs. The audience gasps. Chapps doesn't even look back.

Carlton comes off the top with the Biggest Splash you've ever seen. Full body weight. Impact like an avalanche. He stays down for the cover.

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ONE.

TWO.

THREE.

The bell rings and the referee doesn't even try to raise their hands--he just backs away. Chapps rolls out. Carlton follows.

RRC:

Dominance. No other word for it. The Brothers Gluck aren't here to compete. They're here to consume.

Skaaland:

Every other team in this bracket just broke out in a cold sweat. That was a damn mauling.

The Glucks trudge back up the aisle, blank-eyed and silent. The Night Riders regroup slowly in the ring, dazed but defiant. Buck helps Wolfe to his feet. They don't look mad. They look motivated.

Cut to the next segment.

The Liquidity Event - Trust Fund Tag Team Title coronation!

Glass walls frame the Birmingham skyline from a chandeliered banquet hall. Black tablecloths. Gold chargers. A string quartet saws through an opulent intro as servers weave between tables with tiny wagyu sliders and flutes of something expensive. At center: a museum-grade acrylic case on a black plinth. Inside, the belts gleam--white croc straps, gem clusters, fat gold plates. A step-and-repeat reads: UTA TRUST FUND TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS in money-green.

Spotlight. Todderick Davenport III steps onto a low riser in a paisley dinner jacket. Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington flank him in tailored black suits with money-green silk liners. A velvet rope separates them from the invited crowd of influencers, local bigwigs, and rubbernecking reporters.

TD3: Birmingham... luxuriate. This is the most expensive room in the city tonight because history should never be cheap. You are cordially invited to the official coronation of the UTA Trust Fund Tag Team Champions.

Polite applause rolls into real heat from the wrestling fans who muscled into "standing-room." Jacoby taps a gold-flag mic.

Jacoby Jacobs: Housekeeping. The Rich Young Grapplerz won on the crossover stage. No champions appeared to dispute. That's called a vacuum. Markets hate a vacuum. Champions--us--fill it.

Darian sets a polished briefcase on the plinth with a thunk.

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Darian Darrington: We didn't ask for these belts. We improved them. Appraised. Certified. Insured. Try to snatch and you'll meet our deductible.

TD3 produces a thick, embossed certificate: TFAC--Trust Fund Athletic Commission. A notary with a comically huge stamp waddles up. TD3 presses his signet ring into the gold foil; the notary thunks the stamp beside it.

TD3: By Article RYG, Section Money, the tag team championships are hereby upgraded and transferred to their highest-performing custodians: the Rich. Young. Grapplerz.

Jacoby touches a key fob. A soft security chirp. The case unlocks; pins retract. The lid rises. The belts look unreal under the pin-spot. Guests gasp. Haters boo.

Jacoby Jacobs: (to the photographers) Get the plate. Get the croc. Get the UTA TRUST FUND arc. Spell it right.

Darian lifts one belt like it's a newborn sports car. Jacoby raises the other. They feel heavy.

Darian Darrington: We ain't paper champs--we're platinum. And platinum defends. Frequently.

An attendant presents a small replica plate engraved LINEAGE. TD3 places a matte plaque over it: UPGRADED BY TRUST FUND and sets it in the case like a museum note.

TD3: History respected. Future perfected. Now, logistics.

He clicks open the briefcase: empty metal tray.

TD3: Escrow is open. Any team wishing to secure the first official defense of the UTA Trust Fund Tag Team Championships will deposit something real--purse percentage, jackets, masks, pride. We'll cash it after we pin you. You're welcome for the liquidity.

Jacoby Jacobs: And while we're clearing calendars--when the Iron City tag tournament wraps, we stack those straps on top of these. Double-champions. Two assets, one balance sheet.

Darian Darrington: Do the math. We already did.

A ripple of disbelief. The RYG smile, blissfully oblivious, absolutely serious.

Jacoby Jacobs: "Unofficial"? Cute word. Cute like your bank app when it says pending. The only thing pending is when we stop stacking trophies because the table sags.

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TD3: Tonight isn't a press conference. It's a crowning. The gallery opens now.

He gestures. Security unhooks the velvet rope. The quartet hits a triumphant sting. The brand ambassadors lift the belts to either side of TD3 for photos.

Darian Darrington: (into the nearest handheld) Bring your hands. Bring your receipts. Bring ice.

Jacoby Jacobs: And bring a pen for the autograph line after we humble you.

TD3: The Rich Young Grapplerz--your UTA Trust Fund Tag Team Champions--will see you at the pay window, then at the tournament finals, then at every photo shoot after. Consider Birmingham officially upgraded.

Confetti cannons whisper a slow fall of gold. Jacoby and Darian raise the belts to the glass ceiling as the skyline glows behind them. The empty case is wheeled off like a traveling exhibit, because the art just walked out on two shoulders.

I'm here to PUMP! You up!

A backstage corridor hums with road cases and cable runs. Jesse "The Iron Kid" Collins laces his boots on a rolling crate; the distant crowd thunders like weather. Rich Mahogany hovers ten feet back--hands clasped, overly respectful, very present.

RICH MAHOGANY:

I will keep a respectful radius of... let's call it nine and a half feet. Managerial aura only. No touching, no fussing, no spritzing.

THE IRON KID:

Didn't ask for a manager. Don't need one.

Rich inches a step closer, then remembers the "radius" and shuffles back the exact distance.

RICH MAHOGANY:

Understood. I'm simply an experienced gentleman observing a prodigy in the wild. Notes available upon request.

THE IRON KID:

No notes.

RICH MAHOGANY:

Excellent. First note: Eric Dane Jr. loves a pace change. He'll slow dance your hot start, then knife in when you exhale. If he looks left, he's actually stepping right--watch his hips, not his eyes.

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Jesse keeps lacing, pointedly ignoring him. Rich reaches into a garment bag and presents... nothing. He stops himself.

RICH MAHOGANY:

Not handing you anything. Respectful distance. Verbal counsel only. Also--keep your back off the buckles. He'll turn corners into traps. Center ring is your friend.

THE IRON KID:

You done?

RICH MAHOGANY:

Almost. Breathe on the rope breaks--count in your head, reset your feet. And if he talks--and he will--don't buy the stock. Smile, don't answer.

Jesse ties the last knot, stands, rolls his shoulders. He doesn't look at Rich, but the edge has softened.

THE IRON KID:

Biggest match I've had.

RICH MAHOGANY:

Which is why I am managing from a dignified distance. You are the star, kid. I am the velvet rope that keeps the chaos off you.

THE IRON KID:

You really not gonna hover?

RICH MAHOGANY:

Hover? Never. Lurk tastefully? Absolutely.

Jesse finally turns, sizing him up.

THE IRON KID:

Alright. Respectable distance. If I glance your way twice, you give me one cue word. Not a speech--one word.

RICH MAHOGANY:

Copy. One word. Prearranged. "Center."

THE IRON KID:

"Center," huh?

RICH MAHOGANY:

Where you pin him.

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Jesse nods once.

THE IRON KID:

Fine. Stay out of my way... but be there.

RICH MAHOGANY:

I am a constant, kid. Like gravity and good cologne.

A stagehand hustles by with a "Main Event" placard. Jesse bounces on his toes, then heads for the tunnel. Rich shadows him at that nine-and-a-half-foot radius, hands still clasped, perfectly helpful.

Urban Ninjaz vs Asterid Reichert/Duchess Vaughn

The Iron City crowd is buzzing when the driving strings of Trans-Siberian Orchestra's "Requiem (The Fifth)" hit, heralding the arrival of Astrid Reichert. The Austrian executioner stalks onto the stage with her signature sneer, shoulders squared and eyes locked forward. She barely acknowledges the audience--save for one mocking tilt of the head at a fan flipping her off in the front row--before marching to the ring like she's approaching a gallows.

Then the music shifts. "Kingdom of the Strong" blasts through the speakers, and out strides Duchess Vaughn from South London by way of Banff, Scotland. Thick accent, thick frame, and thick disdain written all over her face as she looks right past Astrid. The two meet at ringside--well, meet might be generous. They stop, glance at one another with narrowed eyes, and wordlessly agree on absolutely nothing before climbing in from opposite sides of the ring.

Robby Ray Carter: "Whew boy, partner, I can already tell you--this ain't a tag team, this is two predators who happened to smell the same bait at the same time."

Angus Skaaland: "Hell yeah, Robby Ray! Two lions in the same cage. And unfortunately for those poor Urban Ninjaz, they're the antelope tonight."

The lights dim. A burst of bass-heavy EDM hits--"Boost Up" by Fisher x Flowdan--and out zip the Urban Ninjaz: Junichiro and Flip D. The San Jose daredevils bound down the ramp, slapping hands with fans, showing off their quick feet, and hyping up the crowd with breakneck energy. They slide in under the ropes... only to have Astrid and Duchess standing over them like executioners at the block.

Referee Donna King barely manages to separate the sides before calling for the bell.

Junichiro volunteers to start for the Ninjaz, bouncing on his toes. Astrid steps forward for her team, though "team" is pushing it. Duchess slaps Astrid on the back--HARD--before Astrid can even get in position. Astrid

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glares daggers at her "partner" but steps out to the apron with a mocking, be my guest sweep of her arm.

Angus: "Did you hear that slap? I think Astrid's back has a Scottish handprint on it now."

Robby Ray: "You call that teamwork?"

Angus: "I call it tag team violence--on your own partner!"

Duchess smirks and steps into Junichiro's range. The smaller man peppers her with kicks--snap, snap, snap--blue and yellow boots flashing against Duchess's thighs and ribs. The crowd pops with every strike. Duchess reels back, lips curling, selling it like she's getting stung by bee swarms. Then--WHAM--she snatches a kick out of the air, yanks Junichiro forward, and BLASTS him with a forearm that flips him inside out.

Junichiro lands in a heap, clutching his chest. Duchess looks down at him, then at Astrid, and shrugs like, easy work. She stomps Junichiro into the corner, grabs him by the wrist, and hurls him halfway across the ring with a ragdoll toss.

Flip D yells encouragement from the apron, hand out for a tag. Junichiro crawls over, but Duchess grabs him by the ankle, lifts him straight up, and slams him belly-first into the mat with authority.

She turns toward Astrid, sneers, and slaps her across the shoulder this time. Tag made--whether Astrid wanted it or not.

Astrid steps in like a wolf given fresh prey. She drags Junichiro upright, hooks him around the waist, and SNAP--high-angle backdrop suplex. Junichiro folds like an accordion. Astrid doesn't even bother covering him. She kneels down and cranks on a single-arm rear naked choke, grinding Junichiro's face into the mat while snarling insults in German.

Flip D can't take it. He darts through the ropes and kicks Astrid in the ribs to break the hold. The crowd pops big as Astrid actually releases! She rises to her knees, clutching her ribs and staring murder at Flip D.

Robby Ray: "Flip D with the save! That's guts, Angus. Nothing but guts from the Ninjaz."

Angus: "Yeah, and no brains! He just made Astrid Reichert mad. That's like pokin' a hornet's nest with a toothpick."

Astrid stalks Flip D as he retreats back to his corner, referee herding him out. Junichiro staggers up behind her and throws a desperate spinning back kick that lands flush on Astrid's jaw. The crowd surges--Astrid staggers back two steps, head snapping to the side.

But instead of going down, she slowly turns back toward Junichiro with a smile that could freeze blood. She rushes forward, scoops him up, and plants him with a savage lariat-to-backbreaker combo.

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She stands, glaring toward Duchess now, and slaps her hand against Duchess's chest so hard the Scot actually stumbles backward into the ring.

Flip D finally gets the tag. He explodes in, ducking under Duchess's swing and firing off rapid strikes--low kick, body kick, high kick, spinning back kick. Duchess reels, gritting her teeth, acting like she's fending off a storm.

The Ninjaz's energy gets the crowd fired up again, but it's short-lived. Flip D bounces off the ropes for a flying forearm--CRACK--Duchess stops him cold with a headbutt that echoes through the arena. Flip D collapses like a shot duck.

Duchess drags him up, hooks him, and tosses him across the ring with a brutal judo-style throw. She stomps over, hauls him up again, and crushes him in the corner with a shoulder thrust.

Astrid leans over the ropes, barking something at Duchess. The two start jawing at each other, their argument loud enough to drown out the referee's count. Duchess waves Astrid off, but Astrid slaps her on the back again--forcing another tag.

Robby Ray: "This isn't even a wrestling match anymore, it's a custody battle over who gets to abuse the Ninjaz!"

Angus: "And the kids are the ones sufferin'!"

Astrid storms back in, furious. She manhandles Flip D into a dragon sleeper position, cinching it tight like she's about to tear his head off. Flip D's flailing, legs kicking, the crowd trying to will him free.

But Duchess isn't having it. She leans over the ropes, ignoring the ref, and BLASTS Astrid with a blind tag slap to the back of the head. Astrid breaks the hold, screaming in fury, but the ref signals: Duchess is legal.

Astrid doesn't leave the ring. She and Duchess nose-to-nose, screaming at each other, while Flip D staggers to his feet between them.

Then--WHAM--Duchess wheels around and nails Flip D with a spinning backfist that lands flush on the jaw. The sound is sickening, the sight worse: Flip D goes stiff, arms straight out, collapsing to the canvas like a felled tree.

The ref dives in immediately, waving off the match, calling for the bell.

Robby Ray: "Oh my God! Flip D is out cold! He's not moving!"

Angus: "That wasn't a wrestling move, Robby Ray--that was an execution!"

Astrid's face twists in fury. She wasn't done. She shoves Duchess hard in the chest, screaming that the fun

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was supposed to last longer. Duchess shouts right back in her thick London brogue, not backing down an inch.

Medics rush to Flip D's side as Junichiro scrambles into the ring, checking on his partner. King positions herself between Astrid and Duchess to prevent fists from flying.

Astrid finally storms out of the ring, kicking the barricade on her way up the ramp. Duchess stands tall in the center, arms crossed, unapologetic as the crowd rains down boos.

Robby Ray: "What an absolute mauling. Astrid Reichert and Duchess Vaughn... I don't even know if we can call them a team, Angus."

Angus: "Team? They don't even like each other! But together? They're a nightmare. Urban Ninjaz just found out the hard way."

The show cuts to a replay of Flip D's lights-out KO, the arena buzzing with unease at just how devastating these two women are--even when they're too busy fighting each other.

Walkin' on Sunshine

RRC:

"Folks, Iron City Wrestling continues to grow every single week, and we've just signed a brand-new competitor. Let's take you now to a special look at Sunny Holliday."

The feed cuts from the desk to a bright splash of color against the grit of The Foundry. A black-and-white montage of the warehouse, rusted steel beams, and battered ring fades in--until a burst of color explodes onto the screen. Sunny Holliday sprints into frame, hair bouncing, arms wide, like she's running toward the entire audience. Her laugh echoes as the music kicks up. Of course, the song is "Walkin' on Sunshine"

Sunny Holliday (voiceover):

"Life's too short not to fight with joy. You can call me Sunny Holliday, and I'm not here to blend in--I'm here to blaze right through."

Cut to training footage--Sunny driving her knee into a heavy bag, then grinning as she helps a sparring partner up. A suplex in slow motion, followed by her popping right up and clapping her hands like she's inviting the whole crowd to cheer with her.

Sunny Holliday:

"I know how tough this place is. ICW isn't the kind of place that hands out smiles--you gotta earn 'em. That's why I came here. To prove that you can be strong, you can be fierce, and you can do it without ever losing yourself."

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She leans into the camera, eyes wide, her expression flipping from playful to intense.

Sunny Holliday:

"So go ahead. Doubt me. Test me. Try to run me down. Because every single time, I'm gonna get back up. And when the lights hit and the bell rings, you'll see it clear as day--there's no storm strong enough to block out this sunshine."

She points at the lens, a smile breaking back across her face. She claps twice, then spins away with a playful twirl. The screen freezes on her mid-spin, arms wide, text flashing across the bottom:

SUNNY HOLLIDAY DEBUTS - NEXT WEEK

The feed cuts back to commentary.

RRC:

"There she is, ladies and gentlemen--pure energy, pure fire. ICW has never seen anyone quite like Sunny Holliday."

Angus:

"Robbie Ray, she's got more pep than a case of Red Bull and an eightball combined. But this ain't summer camp--it's Iron City. Let's see if that sunshine shines on after the first thunderstorm."

A Programming Note

The camera settles back at the Commentary Station; crowd buzz rolls like thunder behind the desk.

RRC:

Before we move on, folks, a programming note for next week: Eric Dane Sr. will be back on the call. The Voice of Iron City returns to his rightful chair.

ANGUS:

And let me tell you something, Birmingham--I've been proud to sit in for the boss these past few weeks, but nobody's happier about his return than me. When Chris Ross blindsided Eric not once, but twice at WrestleUTA 25... right in the middle of his own son's match... well, that crossed every line in this business.

RRC:

For those who missed it, Ross attacked Dane Sr. during Eric Jr.'s bout, then came back for more punishment. It was as personal as it gets.

ANGUS:

Twenty-plus years I worked for that man, and I've never seen him madder than he was laid up in that hospital bed. The doctors kept him out as a precaution, but trust me--Eric Dane has been counting the days until he

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could get back behind this microphone. And when he does? Ross better pray he's got eyes in the back of his head.

RRC:

The Kingpin of ICW doesn't forget, and he sure as hell doesn't forgive attacks on his family.

ANGUS:

I've kept his seat warm with pride, but next week? The king reclaims his throne. And Birmingham, you know I've always got a few irons in a few fires, I'll be back when the time is right!

RRC:

Eric Dane Sr. returns next week. For now, let's get back to the action.

Cut.

Clovis Black vs Local Talent

Match: Clovis Black vs. "Hard Luck" Hal Jenkins (Local Talent)

The camera cuts to Robbie Ray Carter and Angus Skaaland at the broadcast desk.

RRC:

"Up next, folks -- our first look at the meanest thing to stomp outta Birmingham since the steel mills shut down... Clovis Black."

ANGUS:

"And the poor guy in the other corner might wanna--"

Before Angus can finish, "Seek & Destroy" by Metallica rips through The Foundry. Boos swell as Jack Havoc storms into frame, mic in hand. Leather cut half-zipped, hair damp, eyes like steel on the lens.

HAVOK:

"Hold up. You want 'dangerous'? You're lookin' at him. Last week I made Lowlife Larry a memory. This week, I hear all the hype about some big Birmingham hero. Newsflash -- Detroit eats Birmingham steel for breakfast. And this so-called 'Clovis Black'? Nah... I'm callin' him Cletus. And Cletus is just another speed bump on my road."

The crowd pops as Clovis Black's theme cuts him off mid-sentence. Clovis steps through the curtain, eyes locked on Havoc. The two meet nose-to-nose at ringside. No words -- just a long, hard stare. Havoc grins; Clovis smirks, then slides into the ring.

ANGUS:

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

"That's colder than a witch's titty in a brass bra."

RRC:

"That's a man who knows exactly when the moment belongs to him."

Havoc drops the mic onto the desk, sits between them, headset on.

HAVOK:

"Don't mind me, boys. Just here to watch ol' Cletus try not to embarrass himself."

Clovis blasts Hal with a running shoulder block, sending him flying.

RRC:

"Clovis wasting no time -- big impact!"

HAVOK:

"That's impact? I've been hit harder by motel pillows."

Hal staggers up. Clovis deadlifts him into an overhead belly-to-belly suplex.

ANGUS:

"Air Birmingham!"

HAVOK:

"That's a puddle hop. When I throw a man, TSA gets involved."

Clovis rips him into a short-arm lariat that turns him inside-out.

RRC:

"Pure power from Clovis Black!"

HAVOK:

"Pure power? Please. I've seen more snap in a gas station hot dog."

Clovis hauls Hal up, glancing right at Havoc. He hooks him, lifts, and drills him into the mat with the Blackout Bomb, still facing commentary.

RRC: "Blackout Bomb! Lights out!"

Clovis stays locked on Havoc through the pin.

ONE... TWO... THREE!

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

Clovis stays seated, smirking across the ring at Havoc like he just made a promise.

Havoc slowly takes off his headset, stands on the commentary desk so he's eye-level across the barricade.

HAVOK:

"Enjoy that win, Cletus. 'Cause the next time you plant somebody like that... It's gonna be me. And when I get back up, you're gonna wish you never left your mama's porch."

The crowd buzzes as Clovis rises over the fallen Jenkins, smirk never fading. The glare-off lingers before the feed cuts to commercial.

It's a trap!

The picture snaps into vertical phone view--grainy, handheld, hearts and fire emojis cascading down the corner. The Foundry's back hallway hums with distant crowd noise and foot traffic as the lens follows Graysie Parker down the concrete corridor.

JACOBY JACOBS: (whispering into phone)

Live from behind the curtain, Trust Fund family. Your Crown Princess is here tonight--two belts, no match--but look where she's wandering.

The camera tracks Graysie as she slows near a door marked "ERIC DANE JR." She glances back down the hallway--checking if anyone's watching--then approaches the door. One hand hovers near the knob.

TD3: (off-camera, barely audible)

Look at her. She's actually doing it.

DARIAN DARRINGTON: (whispering)

Bold move, Princess.

Graysie's fingers trace the nameplate. She lifts her hand to knock, hesitates, then lets it fall. The phone camera zooms tighter on her conflicted expression.

JACOBY JACOBS:

Chat's going wild--our girl's got it bad for the prodigal son. But this wing's been quiet all night. Haven't seen him come through.

Graysie tries the handle. Locked. She presses her ear to the door, listening.

JACOBY JACOBS:

And that's our exclusive peek behind the velvet rope. Smash that heart, drop your theories in the chat. Trust Fund keeps the real stories flowing.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

The "LIVE" indicator blinks out just as Graysie steps back from the door, looking defeated.

The view cuts to the broadcast feed--wider angle, professional cameras. The same hallway, but now we see the full picture: Trust Fund emerges from an alcove where they've been watching and waiting.

Graysie is still at the door, back turned, when they strike. TD3 produces a keycard, slides it through the reader--the lock clicks open. In the same motion, all three move as one: Darian and Jacoby grab her from behind while TD3 yanks the door wide.

GRAYSIE:

What the--

Before she can finish or turn around, they drive her forward through the doorway. Graysie stumbles into the dark locker room as harsh fluorescents flicker to life.

She catches herself against a bank of lockers, whips around ready to fight, but Trust Fund is already repositioning in the doorway--perfectly framed for the broadcast cameras positioned in the hallway.

GRAYSIE:

You sons of--

The door swings shut with a solid thunk. Electronic lock engages with a beep.

Jacoby plants himself center-frame in the hallway, flashing two big thumbs up directly at the hard camera. TD3 leans into the shot beside him, eyes locked on the lens, and silently mouths: "Your move, Eric."

From behind the door comes the muffled sound of Graysie pounding on metal, her voice rising in fury.

Fade to black.

ICW Presents: The Iron Way

The screen fades in from black. Molten metal pours into a mold. Sparks fly. Intercut flashes of intense ICW action--Graysie Parker hoisting her two title belts, Eric Dane Jr. bloodied but standing tall, The Brothers Gluck hoisting someone into the air for the Gluckensteiner. Todderick Davenport III with the Multi-Million Dollar Dream locked in on some poor schmuck...

ERIC DANE (V.O.):

"This ain't the easy road. This is the one forged in fire... where the weak get crushed... and the worthy? They carve their names in iron."

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

The sound of a hammer striking an anvil rings out as a steel gate slams shut.

The path is set. The reckoning begins.

Eric Dane, Jr vs The Iron Kid

Main Event - ICFC 1.2

Birmingham, Alabama -- Iron City Fight Club's second episode. The house lights dim and the hum of anticipation tightens like a noose. This is the main event: Eric Dane Jr. versus Jesse "The Iron Kid" Collins. Both men at crossroads. The crowd knows it, the commentators know it, and the wrestlers feel it in their bones.

The opening guitar riff of "Eye of the Tiger" rips through the PA. The Foundry detonates. Jesse "The Iron Kid" Collins bursts from the curtain, fists pumping, eyes wide, singing along as he sprints the aisle like the floor might catch fire if he slows down.

Robbie Ray Carter: LISTEN to this place! That's their boy, Jesse Collins -- The Iron Kid -- born and raised right here in Birmingham!

Angus Skaaland: Don't need to tell me, Robbie Ray, my eardrums are bleeding. He's a folk hero in this zip code. Question is, can local thunder carry him when the lights burn brightest?

Collins slaps every hand in reach, slides in, and pops to the middle rope. "LET'S GO, IRON CITY!" The answer is volcanic. He peels off the jacket, pacing, coiled tight, feeding on every "IRON KID!" chant.

The music dies. A beat. Then the heavy swagger of Prof's "Dead Man Shuffle" rolls out. Cheers of respect for the name clash with smark whistles from the corners. Eric Dane Jr. steps through the curtain in his father's sequined robe, chin high, eyes locked on the ring with burning defiance.

Robbie Ray Carter: The Crown Prince himself -- Eric Dane Jr. First match back from injury, first match in front of these ICW faithful, and he's got something to prove tonight.

Angus Skaaland: Something? Try everything. I rode the roads with his old man twenty years and never once heard "Junior." Now he's here in the robe? He better wrestle like he belongs or this crowd'll eat him alive.

Dane Jr. ignores "ERIC'S KID" signs, smirks, and climbs the apron slow, soaking in love, hate, and mockery all at once. Inside, he spreads the robe to hard cam, tosses it aside, and stares holes through Collins. The ref checks both men. The atmosphere is molten.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

Robbie Ray Carter: Jesse Collins fighting for his city... Eric Dane Jr. fighting for his name. It doesn't get any bigger than this.

The bell rings. The main event begins.

The bell echoes off brick and steel. Chants of "IRON KID! IRON KID!" rattle the truss. Jr. flashes a grin like a dare.

Collar-and-elbow. Jr. leans into the three-inch, twenty-five-pound edge and muscles Jesse to the buckles. The ref slides in. Jr. gives a slow, deliberate break... and pats Jesse on the cheek like a smug benediction.

Angus Skaaland: That little nothing'll get you punched in the mouth in Birmingham, kid.

Robbie Ray Carter: And Jesse Collins doesn't need an engraved invitation--

Jesse explodes out: deep armdrag! Jr. rolls, pops--second deep armdrag! Jr. posts, swings--third one, steeper, snapping Jr. flat. Jesse kips to a knee, one clenched fist firing the building up.

Robbie Ray Carter: Look at the depth on those drags! Collins turning momentum into altitude--

Angus Skaaland: --and altitude into attitude. Crown Prince didn't see that hat trick coming.

Jr. slides to the apron, smirk slipping. Back in, they square again. Jesse feints low, darts high--standing dropkick to the jaw. Whip. Slick armdrag to a grounded hold until Jr. scrambles for ropes.

Robbie Ray Carter: Collins dictating pace--fast, frenetic, all heart!

Angus Skaaland: Pace is one thing; payment comes due when you get hit back. Don't spend it all early, kid.

Break. Jesse hits the far side--flying forearm wipes Jr. out. The Iron Kid springs to the middle rope, throws both arms to the ceiling.

"LET'S! GO! IRON! CITY!"

The Foundry answers like a blast furnace opening. Pivot--small package! 1... 2--Jr. boots out, stung. O'Connor roll! 1... 2--Jr. rolls through, stands--schoolboy! 1... 2--kickout, Jr. slaps the mat, temper flashing.

Robbie Ray Carter: Any one of those could've done it! Collins is a second away at all times--

Angus Skaaland: Or a second from getting planted if he mistimes one. Jr.'s rattled, though.

Wild charge from Jr.--Jesse ducks, ropes--Steel City Slingblade! Jr. flips and skids, eyes glassy. Cover! One... two--shoulder rockets up.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

Robbie Ray Carter: Steel City Slingblade! Collins just turned the Crown Prince inside out!

Angus Skaaland: That's a momentum breaker. Kid's cooking and this building is the bellows.

Jesse glances to the ropes--crowd surges. Sprint--Jr. bails to the floor, killing the launch angle. Jesse never breaks stride--near ropes, hands skyward, feinting The Foundry Dive at full speed. Jr. flinches into the barricade as Jesse yanks the brakes and grins on the second rope.

Robbie Ray Carter: The threat of the Foundry Dive moves mountains--and makes Eric Dane Jr. think twice!

Angus Skaaland: Smart powder. You don't take a loco local's home-field to the face when he's rolling like this.

Ref counts. Jr. paces, palms on hips, nodding like he's solving a problem. Jesse leads another chant, bouncing like a coiled spring. Jr. slides in slow, talking a little trash; Jesse answers with a "Bring it!" wave.

Robbie Ray Carter: Collins has the tempo, the crowd, the confidence--and Eric Dane Jr. has to solve it before this house runs him over.

Angus Skaaland: He better change gears fast. If the Iron Kid hits full burn, a garden hose won't put that out.

Jr. stalks the apron jawing with a heckler chanting "ERIC'S KID." Inside, Jesse measures. The house rises--no more feints.

Dead sprint--ropes, across, ropes again--body a slingshot. Jesse clears the top rope full extension, committing to The Foundry Dive like a rooftop jump.

Jr. takes one step left. No scramble. No panic. A casual human "nope."

Collins detonates on the floor with a bone-loud thud, skidding into the barricade. Gasps, a wicked smark pop for ring IQ. Jesse clutches ribs and shoulder, sucking air like it hurts to remember how.

Robbie Ray Carter: He missed everything! Collins went all-in on the Foundry Dive and came up empty--hard landing on the concrete!

Angus Skaaland: Experience without throwing a punch. Kid got hypnotized by his own momentum and gravity did the dirty work.

Jr. raises his hands like, "What? He jumped." Rolls Jesse in slow, arrogance evaporating to cold calculation.

Robbie Ray Carter: Collins might've cracked a rib on that spill. Danger time. Dane Jr. didn't have to cut him off--he let the Iron Kid crash and burn.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

Angus Skaaland: Now we find out if Junior can be mean about it. If he's his old man's son, he'll grind.

Grinding forearm across the jaw. Shoulder slung into buckles. Short knee under the ribs folds Jesse to canvas. Heat changes hands.

Facelock, face scrub, slap to the back of the head. Jesse answers with wild forearms--two land--Jr. guts him with a knee and snaps a suplex. Float-over--one, two--kickout.

Robbie Ray Carter: The Iron Kid is still alive, but he's wincing with every breath!

Angus Skaaland: Lungs are screaming. Everybody sees it, including Junior.

Whip--Jesse ducks a line, far side--leaps for a forearm--Jr. snatches him midair: tilt-a-whirl backbreaker into the bad ribs. Pressing cover--one, two--barely out.

Jr. crouches in the corner, predator eyes. Jesse claws up the ropes--

STAR DESTROYER! V-Trigger detonates under the jaw. Collins crumples. Cover--one... two--

JESSE KICKS OUT.

Robbie Ray Carter: HOW did he get out of that?! The Star Destroyer landed flush!

Angus Skaaland: Stubborn or stupid, take your pick. That knee ends nights. Kid's running on fumes and pride.

Jr. sits back, eyes wide, slaps the mat once, then twirls a circle overhead -- the smarks buzz; they know the gesture.

Robbie Ray Carter: He's calling for it--the Stardriver Three! A 720 Moonsault DDT. If he hits it tonight, Collins could be finished in an instant.

Angus Skaaland: Career-maker and career-ender. Spectacle and violence in one.

Jr. smirks, waves it off--"Not yet"--and drags Collins up by the wrist as boos mix with dread. Jesse sags; the match is slipping.

Jr. hauls Jesse by the hair, but the Iron Kid snarls, throws a forearm from his knees. The Foundry claps, pulse quickening. Jr. fires back; Jesse throws another -- louder response; Jr. staggers.

Robbie Ray Carter: Collins is swinging from his knees! The Iron Kid won't stay down!

Angus Skaaland: Too dumb to quit -- sometimes that's the secret.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

Jesse to his feet: body shots, running forearm! Opposite ropes -- leaping knee! Jr. reels -- final running forearm flush! The roof comes off.

Robbie Ray Carter: The Iron Rally! Punches, forearm, knee--Collins has this place ready to combust!

Corner climb--missile dropkick square to the chest! Cover--One! Two! Thr--Jr. blasts a shoulder up. The arena deflates then re-inflates: "IRON KID! IRON KID!"

Jesse to the apron, measures--"LET'S GO, IRON CITY!"--launches--The Foundry Dive lands flush! Bodies carom center ring. Cover--one... two... thr--Jr. kicks at 2.9!

Robbie Ray Carter: I swear that was three! The Iron Kid hit it clean and Dane Jr. barely--barely--survived!

Angus Skaaland: Half a heartbeat slower and this night's over.

Jesse slaps the mat, points to the ropes, smacks his forearm--everyone knows: the Furnace Flash. Running forearm stuns Jr., whip to the far side--Collins crouches to fire the shot heard 'round Birmingham--

--Jr. slips a half-step aside, arm-trap snapdown. Body shot to the ribs. Whip. Pop-up--Jesse twists midair--Jr. plants him with a hard sit-out slam. Air sucked from the room; the rally sputters.

Robbie Ray Carter: Collins overshot the kill shot and Jr. made him pay--momentum turning again!

Angus Skaaland: Don't blink around a Dane. You'll wake up staring at the lights.

Jr. shoves Jesse down to keep him stunned and signals to hard cam--arms circling overhead like a pilot banking. The Foundry buzzes with dread as he climbs.

Robbie Ray Carter: He's going for it--Stardriver Three! That 720 Moonsault DDT can end anybody's night!

Angus Skaaland: If he hits this, count to twenty.

Jr. steadies on the top--

And the laughter starts.

Heads turn up the aisle. The New Untouchables--Jeffrey Daniels in vintage JNCOs, Lee Scott Rothlesberger with shades and a superior smirk--saunter out like they own the block. Slow clap. Howling laughter. Pointing at Jr. like he's the punchline. No contact. No need.

Robbie Ray Carter: Not now! Come on!

Angus Skaaland: They know the kid wants the spotlight. They're stealing it with a smirk.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

Jr. freezes on the buckle, head snapping toward the aisle. "You think this is funny?!" he barks at Daniels and Rothlesberger, pointing down from the top. That second is all Jesse needs--he stumbles forward and yanks Jr. down into a small package out of nowhere!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The Foundry blows apart. Jesse tumbles to the ropes, eyes wide, one arm clutching ribs while the other shoots skyward. The referee hoists his wrist. Eric Dane Jr. sits up, hands in his hair, realizing he was a heartbeat away from the Stardriver III before the New Untouchables ripped it away.

Robbie Ray Carter: JESSE COLLINS SHOCKS THE WORLD IN IRON CITY! Dane Jr. had the Stardriver Three loaded--and the Untouchables robbed him blind!

Angus Skaaland: Miracle's real, Robbie Ray. Junior blinked and the Iron Kid made him pay. That's the game: finish the fight before you feed the wolves.

Up the aisle, Daniels doubles over laughing; Rothlesberger slaps his knee, pointing like hyenas who stole the kill. Jesse climbs the near buckle, grimacing, and pounds his chest twice. "IRON CITY!" The answer lives in your bones.

Junior lunges to the ropes, barking, "You think this is a joke?!" Daniels opens his hands like a gracious host--"Anytime." Rothlesberger taps an imaginary wristwatch and grins. Security shadows them as they backpedal, still cackling.

Robbie Ray Carter: Put the pieces together--earlier tonight Trust Fund shoved Graysie Parker into Dane Jr.'s locker room and we called it a prank. It wasn't a prank; it was the first domino. The New Untouchables set the trap and sprung it right here in our main event!

Angus Skaaland: Collins gets the win of his life, Junior eats the receipt of his, and the Untouchables walk without a fingerprint on the crime scene.

Jesse drops down and nearly buckles, but waves off the ref and raises both hands. Kids at ringside reach and he slaps every hand like signing a pact with the city. Junior steps away from the ropes before he does something he can't take back. Split image: Jesse luminous on the buckle; Junior in the foreground, jaw clenched, promise of violence carved into his shoulders as Daniels and Rothlesberger blow one last mocking kiss and disappear.

Robbie Ray Carter: The Iron Kid stands tall in Iron City--and business with the New Untouchables just went from cute to deadly serious.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

Angus Skaaland: Lesson written in neon. Next week, somebody pays.

Fade on Birmingham's roar--triumph and humiliation braided together, promising consequences at the next Iron City Fight Club.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.2

Show Credits

Segment: "Show Opening" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Complicationship" - Written by justin.

Match: "Brothers Gluck vs Night Riders" - Written by justin.

Segment: "The Liquidity Event - Trust Fund Tag Team Title coronation!" - Written by justin.

Segment: "I'm here to PUMP! You up!" - Written by justin.

Match: "Urban Ninjaz vs Asterid Reichert/Duchess Vaughn" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Walkin' on Sunshine" - Written by justin.

Segment: "A Programming Note" - Written by justin.

Match: "Clovis Black vs Local Talent" - Written by Sheriff.

Segment: "It's a trap!" - Written by justin.

Segment: "ICW Presents: The Iron Way" - Written by justin.

Match: "Eric Dane, Jr vs The Iron Kid" - Written by justin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite