

Iron City Fight Club: 1.3

September 1, 2025 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

It's good to be alive on a Monday in Birmingham, AL

ICFC 1.3 -- Show Opening

ICW's theme, "I Don't Wanna Stop" by Ozzy Osbourne, blasts over the PA. The Foundry is packed and loud. The music fades as the camera cuts to the commentary desk: Robbie Ray Carter and Angus at their posts.

RRC: Welcome to Iron City Wrestling, welcome to the Foundry, and welcome to the very first *Monday night* edition of Iron City Fight Club! I'm Robbie Ray Carter alongside Angus, and the Tag Team Tournament keeps on grinding forward tonight.

Angus: Mondays used to be miserable, Robbie Ray. Now they're the best night of the week. Because instead of working a job, you get to watch somebody else get worked over.

RRC: Couldn't have said it better. In our opening contest, the Rich Young Grapplerz meet the Top Notch Team -- Cameron West and Derek Hayes. Old-school grit colliding with new-school flash, and the winner marches on in the tournament.

Angus: And then the main event -- the New Untouchables against Graysie Parker and Eric Dane, Jr. That's pride, ego, and ambition all trying to fit in the same ring. Good luck with that.

RRC: Plus, Jack Havoc has demanded two opponents in a handicap match. Dangerous doesn't even begin to cover it, but that's Jack Havoc's way.

RRC steadies, looking into the camera.

RRC: Before we get to the ring, there's something that needs to be said. The last time this desk was full strength, it didn't last. **Chris Ross** made sure of that. He blindsided Eric Dane -- and put the hurt on his son, too -- and that's kept him away from ICW... until tonight.

The lights shift. "Heavy is the Head" by Zac Brown Band hits. The Foundry rises as Eric Dane steps through the curtain in his old leather jacket, eyes sharp. He strides to the desk with purpose. RRC rises for a handshake; Angus smirks but stands too, and Dane pulls him into a quick, gruff hug. The swell of reaction settles into focused anticipation as Dane sits and adjusts his headset.

Eric Dane: Chris Ross tried to take me out. He didn't get the job done. That's the last I'm saying about him. I'm back, right where I belong, and I'm here to call it straight. Let's move forward.

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The crowd gives a strong, approving cheer, then quiets for the call.

Angus: A hug in front of the whole Foundry, Dane? You're softening up on me.

Eric Dane: Don't flatter yourself, Angus. You needed it.

RRC: The team's back together, and the tournament rolls on. Let's not waste another second. We're going to the ring for our opening contest -- Top Notch Team are waiting, and the Rich Young Grapplerz are on their way.

Cut to the ring where Cameron West and Derek Hayes pace, jawing at the fans, ready for the fight.

Rich Young Grapplers vs Top Notch Team

The camera cuts to the ring. Cameron West and Derek Hayes--Top Notch Team--pace in their corner, shaking out arms, jawing at a few loudmouths on the rail. The Foundry buzzes, ready.

RRC: We're set--quarterfinal action to open Monday night! Top Notch Team are in the ring and ready to go.

Angus: Tight fades, tighter headlocks. West and Hayes don't waste motion; they waste opponents.

Dane: Fundamentals win tournaments--unless somebody finds a shortcut.

The Rich Young Grapplerz' music hits. Jacoby Jacobs struts out, phone held high, already live. Darian Darrington stalks behind him, all shoulders and scowl. Todderick Davenport III trails in a designer jacket, sunglasses indoors, grinning like he owns the lease. They hit the apron; TD3 wipes his feet with exaggerated care.

RRC: And here come the Rich Young Grapplerz with Todderick Davenport the Third at ringside. This is flash and force against precision and pressure.

Angus: And money. Don't forget money.

The bell rings. Jacoby steps in for RYG; West starts for TNT. West snatches a side headlock, snaps Jacoby over, floats to a cover--one, no. Jacoby slithers free, poses toward his phone. West tags Hayes--quick in, quick out--Hayes returns the favor with a clean takedown and a grinding front facelock. Jacoby scrambles to the ropes.

RRC: Clean, simple, effective--cutting the ring in half from the jump.

Dane: They're making Jacoby wrestle a match he doesn't like.

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Darian calls for a tag and gets it. Collar-and-elbow with Hayes--Darian wins the shove, then eats a drop toehold for his trouble. Tag to West; slingshot elbow drop from West, cover--one, two, no.

Angus: Don't blink--these two are carving the ring like a deli slicer.

West hits the ropes--TD3 flicks a fingertip at the ankle by the timekeeper's side. West stumbles half a step. Darian crushes him with an avalanche in neutral corner. The crowd groans.

RRC: TD3 with a little insurance--and just like that the momentum turns.

Dane: It only takes one bad step.

RYG isolate West. Darian hurls him with a tilt-a-whirl powerslam; Jacoby springs in with a knee strike and a quick, smug glance to the hard cam. Fast tags, a phantom clap, the official herds bodies while RYG press the edge.

RRC: Rich Young Grapplerz staying just this side of legal--barely.

Angus: If the ref didn't see it, it's a magic trick, Robbie Ray.

West ducks a wild line, rolls under, dives for Hayes--Jacoby snatches the referee by the wrist as he "checks the tag," pointing at RYG's corner. The ref waves it off; the Foundry rumbles. West gets dragged back, bootprints on his ribs.

Dane: That's ring placement. You don't have to like it to admit it's smart.

West explodes out of the corner--sunset flip on Darian--two-point-nine! Darian lunges for a corner splash--steel meets sternum. West finally dives--

RRC: Tag made!

Hayes storms in: forearm, forearm, lariat to Jacoby; back-body drop to Darian to the floor; spinebuster plants Jacoby middle of the ring--cover! TD3 vaults to the apron, finger-stabbing the ref about "illegal tags." The count lags--two and a half!

Angus: If TD3 talks any faster, he'll enter a new time zone.

Dane: That half-second is the difference between advancing and explaining yourself.

TNT stack the deck. West feeds Jacoby up--slingshot suplex from Hayes! West bridges into a jackknife cover--one, two--Darian blasts the pile to break it. Chaos.

RRC: That was close! Top Notch had him dead to rights!

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They reset. TNT signal the spike piledriver. West sets the lift; Hayes climbs to the second rope--Darian chop-blocks West's legs from the blind side. Jacoby spills free, gasping.

Angus: That would've been a wrap--Darian just saved the night.

Scramble. Hayes clotheslines Darian over the top; both spill to the floor. West snatches Jacoby--tight inside cradle--two-point-nine! Jacoby eye-rakes out, blinking hard.

Dane: Desperate, but legal until the ref catches it.

The official glances to the floor to separate Hayes and Darian. TD3 steps onto the apron, pointing and squawking. The ref moves toward him--one beat. Jacoby small-packages West toward the RYG corner.

RRC: Roll-up!

From the floor, Darian shoves Jacoby's boots up onto the middle rope, hidden from the ref's line. The official turns back--slides--

RRC: One! Two! Three!

Bell. The Foundry reacts--loud, unhappy, but respectful. TD3 drops to the floor, hands up, innocence personified. Jacoby scrambles out, grabbing his phone mid-celebration. Darian shoulders him away from danger as they backpedal up the ramp, laughing.

Angus: Somewhere there's a physics teacher crying about leverage.

Dane: Top Notch wrestled the better match. Rich Young Grapplerz won the moment. That's the business.

RRC: The Rich Young Grapplerz advance in the Tag Team Tournament--by a matter of inches and a whole lot of nerve. Cameron West and Derek Hayes have a right to be frustrated, but in Iron City the record book only knows winners and losers.

In the ring, Hayes helps West up. No tantrum--just steel in the eyes and a nod to the faithful. The camera follows RYG halfway up the ramp--Jacoby talking to his stream, TD3 flashing fingers that say "one down," Darian tapping his temple.

RRC: More tournament action still to come tonight, and later on, Jack Havoc in a handicap match he asked for. Monday night in the Foundry rolls on.

Joy socket.

Inside the Commentation Station, beside the commentary desk, there is a podium with the Iron City logo

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emblazoned across the front. No music--just the Foundry's Monday night hum. Robbie Ray Carter holds a handheld mic, steady and welcoming.

RRC: Folks, we're right here at ringside, and I'd like to bring out a young lady who brings a little sunshine with her wherever she goes. Sunny Holliday, step on in here.

Sunny bounces into frame with a bright grin, waving to both sides of the Foundry.

RRC: Sunny, welcome to Monday nights in Iron City. In just a few minutes you'll meet Tigress Wilde. Quick word for the faithful before we head to the ring?

Sunny Holliday: Robbie Ray, this place feels like someone plugged the whole city into a joy socket! I'm ready to toss some bodies, hug a few necks, and have a blasty-blast doing it. Tigress hits hard? Good. I lift heavy. Let's see who smiles last.

RRC: You've got the crowd with you, but Tigress is no walk in the park. What's the approach tonight?

Sunny Holliday: Simple: keep the feet moving, keep the hips under me, and when it's time to throw--throw like the sun's coming up. Win or learn, we're lighting it up either way.

The crowd buzz tightens; heads turn toward the aisle. Tigress Wilde steps into view--no music, just presence. She stalks to the platform, eyes never leaving Sunny. The two go face to face: Sunny beaming, Tigress stone calm.

Tigress Wilde: You don't glow in a storm. You get swallowed.

Sunny Holliday: Then bring the thunder, little kitty--let's dance.

RRC eases between them, one hand up to each.

RRC: All right, ladies, that's plenty right here at ringside. Let's keep it professional and settle it where it counts. To the ring, please.

Sunny backs toward the steps with a wink to the camera; Tigress follows, all coiled intent.

RRC: Referee, we are set. Timekeeper, ring the bell.

Sunny Holliday vs Tigress Wilde

The bell rings. Sunny and Tigress circle--Sunny light on her feet, Tigress low and steady.

RRC: We're underway.

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Dane: Watch Tigress's lead hand. She's looking for the wrist.

Tie-up. Tigress snaps a knee to the body, wrenches the arm, plants a boot on the forearm and drags Sunny down into a hammerlock.

RRC: Straight to the arm. That takes power out of Sunny's game.

Dane: Good choice against a lifter.

Sunny works to a knee, stands, and shoves Tigress off. Shoulder tackle puts Tigress down. Another sends her to the corner. Sunny follows with a hard splash, snap mare, quick lateral press--one, two, kick out.

Angus: Tigress felt that.

Tigress slides to the apron, draws Sunny in, rope-hung kick under the jaw, then slingshots in with a knee and short-arm lariat. Cover--two.

RRC: Tigress changes the pace and makes it count.

Tigress chops the thigh, calf kick to the same leg, sweeps Sunny down, then a basement dropkick to the posted shoulder. She threads the arm, cranks it, and rolls into a grounded armbar variation.

Dane: She's stacking pressure on the shoulder and elbow. Every lift will be weaker.

Sunny plants a boot, muscles Tigress up and throws her off. The crowd rises. Overhead belly-to-belly from Sunny. Gutwrench suplex. Deadlift running powerslam--cover--two.

RRC: Sunny answers with power and gets two.

Dane: Hips underneath, good control on the landings.

Tigress pops a quick thumb to the throat out of the ref's line and clips Sunny with a backfist. Body kick, body kick--high kick misses; Sunny catches and turns it into a T-bone suplex. Both down for a beat. Sunny hauls Tigress for a stalling vertical--Tigress slips out the back, shoves to ropes, meets the rebound--

RRC: Predator's Pounce!

Sunny flips and crashes. Cover--one, two--shoulder up.

Angus: Close.

Dane: Clean hit. Sunny's tank saved her.

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Tigress backs to a corner, waits, and charges for a second Pounce. Sunny sidesteps at the last step; Tigress hits the buckle and stumbles out. German suplex with a bridge--two-point-nine.

RRC: That was nearly it.

They trade: Tigress with sharp elbows; Sunny answers with heavy forearms. Tigress spins for a heel kick--Sunny ducks, clamps the waist, hoists and turns--

Dane: Center the feet--

Sunshine Bomb! *Spinning sit-out powerbomb--Sunny stacks the legs deep.*

RRC: Cover!

One... two... three.

The bell rings. Sunny sits back on her hands, exhales, then rises with a quick smile. The referee raises her arm. Tigress rolls to the apron, collecting herself, eyes still on Sunny.

RRC: Sunny Holliday gets the win with the Sunshine Bomb.

Dane: Strong finish. Tigress had her close after the Pounce; Sunny adjusted and closed clean.

Angus: No shortcut there. Just got caught and planted.

RRC: Sunny Holliday victorious. We'll reset at ringside.

You ain't no Superstar

Back at the Commentation Station at ringside, Robbie Ray Carter and Angus Skaaland are mid-rundown.

RRC: ...and later tonight, Jack Havoc returns in a handicap match--two on one, by his request--

Angus: Somebody's getting fed to the woodchipper--

Rich Mahogany slides into frame, smooth and smiling, hand up in polite interruption.

RRC: Rich, we're in the middle of--

Rich Mahogany: Robbie Ray, I'll be quick, sugar. I've got a thoroughbred to introduce and a city that deserves the heads-up. Jesse Collins--get out here, baby!

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Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins arrives a beat later--taped hands, measured nod to the crowd. He hangs back and lets Rich talk.

Rich Mahogany: Last week you saw it--minutes that mattered. First in, last out, never blinked under the lights. He doesn't ask for favors; he asks for opponents. He's not next--he's *now*. Jesse Collins is a--

"DON'T YOU SAY IT!"

That voice is loud, and it is unfamiliar.

"Don't you DARE call that little kid a SUPERSTAR!"

"Superstar" Sammy Star storms to the podium, shoulders squared, eyes hot. He plants beside Rich and jabs two fingers toward Jesse's chest.

Sammy Star: That word ain't yours to hand out. It's mine. I'm the name on the poster. I'm the draw on the door. Him?

Sammy pokes Jesse's forehead with two fingers. Jesse swats the hand away, never breaking eye contact.

Sammy Star (shouting): YOU AIN'T NO SUPERSTAR! I'M A SUPERSTAR!

Rich Mahogany: Cute routine. Prove it between the ropes.

RRC: Gentlemen--let's keep it professional--

At the desk, Eric Dane stands, headset off, voice firm on the house mic.

Dane: Around here, the name "superstar" gets earned, not gifted at my podium. You want the word? You fight for it. Collins versus "Superstar" Sammy Star--after these messages. Take it to the ring, or take it outside!

Sammy barks a laugh and backs toward the steps, still jawing. Jesse rolls his shoulders once and heads for the apron. Rich flashes a quick, knowing grin at the hard cam and peels to the floor side.

RRC: You heard him--when we come back, Jesse "Iron Kid" Collins meets "Superstar" Sammy Star. Stay with us.

Iron Kid vs Superstar Sammy Star

Back from break. The camera finds the ring. Rich Mahogany stands at floor level in Jesse's corner.

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RRC: We're back--made official during the break: Jesse Collins versus "Superstar" Sammy Star.

Dane: Sammy talks big. Now we see the wrestling.

Angus: Bell's the truth.

Bell.

They circle. Sammy barks at Jesse and immediately bails to the ropes on first contact. The referee calls for space. Sammy sneaks a low kick; Jesse checks it, switches to a waist lock, standing switch--Sammy grabs the ropes again and complains about a hair pull.

RRC: Early stalling from Sammy Star.

Dane: He's buying time to read the speed.

Reset. Jesse quickens--deep arm drag, another, then a dropkick that sends Sammy to the floor. Jesse fakes the dive; Sammy flinches and backpedals. Rich claps him forward.

Back inside at four. Sammy offers a handshake, then slaps Jesse across the mouth and dropkicks the lead knee. Chop block behind the leg. He drapes the ankle on the bottom rope and stamps the thigh until four.

RRC: Targeting the leg to ground him.

Dane: Put a flyer on one wheel and the ring shrinks.

Sammy yanks Jesse down with a dragon screw, sits into a half crab. Jesse turns his hips and reaches the ropes. Sammy milks the count, then strolls a circle jawing at Mahogany.

Jesse uses the ropes to stand. Sammy rushes--Jesse small package, two. Sammy up quick--Jesse schoolboy, two. Sammy swings wild--Jesse hits a quick slingblade and buys air. The crowd lifts; Rich pounds the apron.

RRC: Collins flips the rhythm.

Jesse strings a rally: running forearm, back elbow, leaping knee staggers Sammy to a corner. Whip reversed--Jesse hops up, turns, and hits a high crossbody off the second--cover, two.

Dane: Smart to keep it second rope with that leg.

*Jesse signals for space and lines up a dive anyway. He hits the ropes, limps mid-stride, and still launches--**tope suicida** through the ropes, flattening Sammy at the rail. Rich urges him to bring it back in.*

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RRC: Collins connects big to the floor.

Back inside at seven. Jesse climbs carefully--Sammy kicks the rope, crotching him on the second strand. Sammy follows with a standing shinbreaker, then snaps a DDT onto the bad knee. Cover--two and a half.

Dane: Bad landings on the joint. It's adding up.

Sammy gestures to the front row--"This your boy?"--then steps through for a figure-four. Jesse shoves him off with the good foot, crawls to a corner. Sammy charges; Jesse meets him with a corner back elbow, slips to the second and fires a tornillo-style press. The leg twinges on takeoff; he still covers--two-point-eight.

Angus: Half a beat short.

*Both up. Sammy rakes the eyes on the break and low-kicks the knee again. He hooks for a suplex; Jesse floats over, pushes to ropes--**O'Connor roll**--two. Sammy rolls through, stacks tight and **grabs a handful of tights** on the return cradle; the referee's view is screened.*

RRC: He's got--

--three. Bell.

RRC: "Superstar" Sammy Star steals it--handful of tights.

Dane: It reads as a win. This building saw the grab.

Angus: Scoreboard still says Sammy.

Sammy bails immediately, both hands up, shouting "Superstar!" toward the hard cam. In the ring, Rich steadies Jesse on the bad leg. Jesse nods to the crowd--frustrated more than hurt.

RRC: Collins pushed the pace; Star picked the leg and stole the fall. Jack Havoc's handicap match still ahead--stay with us.

Jack Havok vs Local Talent (2)

Handicap Match: Jack Havok vs. The Birmingham Bruisers

[IN-RING - Bruisers waiting]

The Birmingham Bruisers, two stocky locals, stand in the ring, nervously pacing.

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Robbie Ray Carter:

"Welcome back to Iron City Fight Club! And up next, we've got ourselves a handicap match. Two men, both locals, against the Outlaw himself, Jack Havok."

Angus Skaaland:

"Robbie Ray, this ain't a match. This is a mugging."

Eric Dane:

"I'll tell you now -- they're not challengers. They're victims."

The lights drop. Metallica's "Seek and Destroy" blasts through the PA. The crowd erupts in boos.

Jack Havok stomps through the curtain, denim cut hanging, fists taped. He sneers at the jeering crowd, spits toward the rail, and mouths "Cry Havoc" as he marches down.

Sliding into the ring, Havok paces like a caged wolf.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Every step says it -- Havok didn't come here to wrestle, he came here to wreck bodies."

Angus Skaaland:

"And the Bruisers are first in line."

DING DING!

Both Bruisers rush Havok at once. He ducks their double clothesline, rebounds off the ropes, and obliterates them with a running double lariat. Both men crash down.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"He just ran through 'em like a damn freight train!"

Havok mounts Bruiser #1 and rains down punches until he covers up. Bruiser #2 tries to intervene --

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Havok pops up and floors him with a back elbow smash to the jaw.

Eric Dane:

"Every shot's a bullet. Havok doesn't throw strikes -- he fires 'em."

Havok drags Bruiser #2 up, hoists, and slams him down across his partner with a thunderous Uranage. He stomps both men, snarling as the boos cascade.

Angus Skaaland:

"Stackin' bodies and smilin' while he does it. That's outlaw justice."

Havok hauls Bruiser #1 up -- Motor City Slam! The ring rattles.

He immediately yanks Bruiser #2 into position, hoists him, and drills him head-first into the mat with the Detroit Destruction!

Havok drags the bodies together, stacking them like wreckage. He covers with one hand on their chests.

Ref:

ONE! TWO! THREE!

DING DING DING!

Robbie Ray Carter:

"Detroit Destruction! And Havok just stacked 'em like cordwood for the win!"

Match Time: ~2:30

Post-Match

? Tech N9ne's "Face Off" hits. The Foundry crowd erupts as Clovis Black storms down the ramp like a runaway locomotive.

Havok instantly powders, slipping out under the bottom rope before Clovis can grab him. Clovis slides into the ring, towering over the fallen Bruisers, staring daggers at Havok.

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[CAMERA - Wide shot on Havok at the Commentation Station with a mic in hand]

Jack Havok:

"Look at you, Cletus! Stormin' in here like you're the savior of Iron City! You ain't scary -- you're just in my way. And one of these nights, I'll be sittin' on your mama's porch, waitin' to put you down like the rest. Cry Havoc... and let slip the dogs of war!"

He tosses the mic aside and disappears behind the curtain. Clovis remains in the ring, fists clenched, crowd roaring.

Robbie Ray Carter:

"The lines are drawn, folks -- Havok and Clovis are on a collision course!"

Angus Skaaland:

"And when that train leaves the station, Robbie Ray, nothing's gonna stop it!"

Eric Dane:

"You don't book this as a wrestling match -- you pray the building survives it."

[FADE OUT to commercial with Clovis standing tall in the ring as "Face Off" thunders.]

Trust Fund seg (RYG flex hard)

*Night. A VIP rooftop lounge over the city--warm string lights, a branded TRUST FUND step-and-repeat, champagne buckets, a confetti cannon by the glass railing, and a money gun on the table. The shot is vertical and a little shaky: **Jacoby Jacobs** is livestreaming on his phone. **Darian Darrington** looms over his shoulder. **Todderick Davenport III** lounges in a designer jacket with a bottle in hand.*

Jacoby (to camera): Foundry faithful, your favorite fiduciaries are live. Quarterfinals? Handled. *Handled.* Top Notch Team wrestled hard. We wrestled smart. There's a difference.

He flips the camera to the skyline, then back. Darian leans in, grinning.

Darian: Tell 'em about leverage, J.

Jacoby: Leverage is when you use a little to get a lot. West, Hayes--you had a lot. We used a little.

TD3 pops the bottle with a crisp twist; champagne hisses.

TD3: Gentlemen, to appreciating assets... and depreciating opposition.

They clink the bottleneck toward the lens. TD3 splashes a celebratory spray; Darian shields the phone with a

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forearm, laughing.

Jacoby (wiping the lens): Relax, compliance department--disclosure: portfolio's trending upward.

Darian (into camera, playful edge): West. Hayes. No excuses. You brought tag team class. We brought tag team **wins**.

Jacoby: Business outlook--main event. New Untouchables versus Graysie Parker and Eric Dane Jr. Whoever comes out? We're not scouting--we're shopping. Belts look like blue-chips from up here.

TD3 (smirking): Graysie, darling, you wrestle like a hammer. We purchase nails. Junior... legacy product line. We buy distressed assets, too.

*The confetti cannon **fwumps** a burst behind them. Darian grabs the money gun and rattles a short spray of bills across the step-and-repeat.*

Darian: Consider that a signing bonus.

Jacoby (leaning in): Understand us clearly--this isn't luck, and it isn't a phase. It's a run. Rich Young Grapplerz don't pray for openings. We **manufacture** them.

TD3 (lifting the bottle toward the skyline): Birmingham, enjoy the view. The higher the floor, the higher the ceiling.

Jacoby: Stream's closing. Trust Fund out. Somebody tell the winners to hydrate.

Jacoby taps the screen; the live counter vanishes. He lowers the phone. TD3 tops off flutes. Darian looks over the city, then to his partners, satisfied. Fade out.

The New Untouchables vs Eric Dane, Jr /Graysie Parker

The bell rings, and the Foundry is shaking. Graysie Parker is calm but coiled, belts handed off to the attendant as the crowd chants her name. Eric Dane Jr. paces like a storm, tugging at his hair, jawing at Jeffrey Daniels before they've even locked up. Daniels just grins, flicks his thick hair back, and shows off the dangling chain at his hip like it's both a fashion statement and a threat. Lee Scott Rothlesberger leans in the corner, smirking, eyes scanning the ring like he's already five moves ahead.

Robbie Ray Carter:

The Iron City Tag Team Title tournament rolls on, and this one's got venom baked into it--the New Untouchables--Jeffrey Daniels and Lee Scott Rothlesbeger--against Graysie Parker and Eric Dane Jr.

Eric Dane Sr.:

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I've known kids like these two all my life. Daniels wants the spotlight, wants to be Jeff Andrews. Lee R.? He's the brains. The Kai Scott cosplay, who makes sure the plan works. Together they're poison.

Angus Skaaland:

Don't forget cheap cologne and worse attitudes. They're everything that makes me want to drink.

Daniels starts for the New UTs, cocky grin, hair flip. Graysie steps forward, and the crowd surges. They circle, lock up, Daniels with a cheap knee to the gut, spinning back elbow, flips his hair again, and mugs like he just won the match. Graysie wipes her mouth, nods once, then as he turns around she explodes with a shoulder tackle that wipes him out. He scrambles up into a snapmare, dropkick to the jaw, and bails to the apron, clutching his face.

RRC:

The Iron City Ace isn't here to play mallrat games.

Sr.:

That's why she's the double champ: work ethic, fundamentals, and the fire to back it up.

Daniels tags out, waving his arms like he needs a break. LSR steps in cool and collected, hands out, facing Graysie but jawing at Jrr., who's practically begging for the tag. Graysie obliges.

Jr. comes in hot, chopping Lee into the corner, the sound cracking through the rafters. A whip reversed, but Jr. rebounds with a flying forearm that pops the crowd. He kips up, smirks, throws his arms wide. Daniels hollers from the apron, demanding to be tagged back in.

Angus:

Somebody tell the mall ninja to sit down. He's not ready for this.

Momentum doesn't last. LSR rolls out of a suplex attempt, sweeps the legs, and lands a quick kick to the jaw--sharp, precise, no wasted motion. He drags Jr. into their corner, tag to Daniels, who comes in throwing stomps and then whips out the wallet chain from his belt loop. He wraps it around Jr.'s throat, yanking back while the ref's tied up with Lee. When the official turns, Daniels drops the chain and flips his hair, protesting his innocence.

RRC:

He's choking him right in front of us!

Sr.:

And Lee made sure the ref was looking the other way. That's the playbook.

The Untouchables cut the ring in half, quick tags, stomps, a flurry of superkicks that nearly put Jr. down. They taunt Graysie constantly, Daniels blowing kisses at her, LSR smirking like this is just another execution of the plan. The crowd rallies, stomping the bleachers. Jr. eats a suplex-splash combo, kicks out at two, roars

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and fires off a desperate enzuigiri that staggers Daniels. Dive--tag to Graysie.

The Foundry explodes. Graysie storms in like a machine, clotheslines for both, a spinebuster to LSR, shotgun knee to Daniels that gets a red-hot near fall. She hooks him for a fisherman's suplex, but Lee chop-blocks the knee. The ref corrals him, Jr. tags himself in, springboards with a clothesline, nails Daniels with a DDT. Cover! The fans count along--one, two--ref's being dragged into the corner by Lee, screaming about phantom tags.

Sr.:

There it is again. He's got the referee in his pocket.

RRC:

And look, Daniels is rolling to the floor--wait a second, he's got brass knuckles!

Daniels slips the knucks into the laces of his boot. Jr. grabs LSR from the corner, hauls him up for a suplex. Daniels blasts Jr across the jaw with a roundhouse kick. Jr. drops like a stone. Lee lands on his feet. Daniels sprawls on top of Jr. as LSR cuts Graysie off with a springboard missile dropkick. The ref turns--one, two, three!

The place erupts in boos. Daniels pops to his feet, hair flying, screaming into the hard cam like he's conquered the world. LSR smirks coolly behind him, tapping his taped waist like everything went to plan.

RRC:

Brass knuckles! This whole thing was theft in broad daylight!

Sr.:

Don't call it advancing in the tournament. Call it what it is--cheating, just like their idols taught 'em.

Angus:

Hot Topic and Spencer's Gifts just stole one, and they're proud of it. Makes me sick.

The New UTs strut up the ramp. Daniels spins the confiscated chain like a trophy, flipping his hair with exaggerated flair, while Lee just smirks and points back to the ring. Inside, Jr. spits blood, clutching his jaw, pounding the ropes with both fists. Graysie slides in, kneels beside him, putting a hand on his shoulder, trying to settle him down. He shoves her off.

RRC:

Whoa--Junior just shoved Graysie away.

Sr.:

That's a mistake. A big mistake.

Jr. is pacing, screaming at the curtain, daring the New Untouchables to come back and fight him again.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.3

Graysie stands tall behind him, belts slung over her shoulders, eyes locked on him. The crowd murmurs, watching the double champ look at her partner like she's not sure she recognizes him.

RRC:

The New Untouchables advance, but what's more dangerous is what we just saw in this ring. Eric Dane Jr. is coming apart at the seams.

Sr.:

You can blame Daniels and Lee R. for the theft, but that crack you just saw between him and Graysie? That's his to answer for.

Angus:

And she didn't look one bit forgiving about it.

The last image is Jr. pounding the ropes, wild-eyed and apoplectic, while Graysie stands tall, stoic, her gaze sharp as steel. Fade to black.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.3

Show Credits

Segment: "It's good to be alive on a Monday in Birmingham, AL" - Written by justin.

Match: "Rich Young Grapplers vs Top Notch Team" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Joy socket." - Written by justin.

Match: "Sunny Holliday vs Tigress Wilde" - Written by justin.

Segment: "You ain't no Superstar" - Written by justin.

Match: "Iron Kid vs Superstar Sammy Star" - Written by justin.

Match: "Jack Havok vs Local Talent (2)" - Written by Sheriff, justin.

Segment: "Trust Fund seg (RYG flex hard)" - Written by justin.

Match: "The New Untouchables vs Eric Dane, Jr /Graysie Parker" - Written by oldlinejeff, justin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite