

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

September 8, 2025 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

Astrid Reichert/Duchess Vaughn vs The Brothers Gluck

Show Opening

ICW's theme, "I Don't Wanna Stop" by Ozzy Osbourne, blasts over the PA. The Foundry is on its feet, wall-to-wall noise rattling the steel girders. The camera sweeps the rabid Birmingham crowd, then cuts to the Commentation Station. Robbie Ray Carter sits centered with Eric Dane Sr. on his left in his old leather jacket, and Angus Skaaland leaning in from the right, smirk already loaded.

RRC:

"Birmingham, Alabama--welcome back to The Foundry, and welcome to Iron City Fight Club! I'm Robbie Ray Carter, alongside 'The Godfather of Violence' Eric Dane, and the ever-incorrigible Angus Skaaland. Gentlemen, ICFC 1.4 is ready to roll."

Eric Dane:

"Ready to roll straight downhill, Robbie Ray. Momentum's building, the matches are heating up, and we're on the road to something big."

Angus:

"Big? You mean The Iron Way. September 12th, live from The Foundry--this whole tag tournament is funneling into that night, and somebody's walking out with brand new gold."

RRC:

"That's right, folks. The Iron Way is coming to us live on September 12th, and tonight's semifinal matches will set the stage for who fights for those first-ever Iron City Tag Team Titles."

Eric Dane:

"And let's not forget the road here. Last week at ICFC 1.3, Rich Young Grapplerz cheated their way past Top Notch Team, Sunny Holliday lit up Tigress Wilde in her debut, Jesse Collins scrapped with 'Superstar' Sammy Star, and Jack Havoc kept feeding his reputation for destruction--until Clovis Black marched out and drew the battle lines."

RRC:

"And in the main event, Graysie Parker and Eric Dane Jr. battled the New Untouchables, but interference spoiled the contest and left Jr. hotter than a depot stove."

Eric Dane:

"Meanwhile, Graysie herself made headlines outside ICW. At WrestleUTA's stop in Little Rock, she stepped

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

into chaos with Maxx Mayhem and walked out bruised but unbroken."

RRC:

"And because of that, Graysie Parker will not be here tonight--she's at home recovering from one of the most punishing fights of her career."

Angus:

"Yeah, yeah, call it recovery. I call it leaving the lane open for Trust Fund to take another victory lap."

Eric Dane:

"You keep running your mouth. That woman's carrying two championships on her back--she's earned a night off."

RRC:

"And while Graysie recovers, the action keeps moving. Tonight we'll see the Cruz sisters--Celestina and Valeria--make their debut against local competition. Sunny Holliday returns to the ring after her debut win. Clovis Black demands two opponents at once. And of course--our two semifinals in the Tag Team Tournament: Astrid Reichert and Duchess Vaughn against the Brothers Gluck, and the Rich Young Grapplerz against the New Untouchables."

Eric Dane:

"Semifinals tonight, finals at The Iron Way. That's how history gets written."

RRC:

"And it starts right now--let's go to the ring for the debut of Celestina and Valeria Cruz!"

The camera swings to the entrance as the crowd buzzes, ready for the first match.

Trust Fund Town Hall

Camera cuts back to the ring. A red carpet has been rolled out, a lectern set up in the center with a gaudy "Trust Fund" banner draped over it. Darian Darrington looms like a bodyguard beside the podium, arms crossed. Jacoby Jacobs circles with his phone already live-streaming, while Todderick Davenport III stands in a paisley blazer, sunglasses on indoors, smirking like a politician who just bought the building.

RRC:

"Folks, I'm being told this is the so-called 'Trust Fund Town Hall.'"

Eric Dane:

"I've been in my share of town halls, Robbie Ray. Never saw one where the mayor wore sequins."

Angus:

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

"Speak for yourself. This is democracy at its finest -- the rich ruling over the poor."

Jacoby raises his phone, yelling over the crowd.

Jacoby Jacobs:

"Ladies and gentlemen, shareholders, stakeholders, haters, and broke marks alike -- welcome to the very first Trust Fund Town Hall! Streaming live to millions -- but only if you can afford the data plan!"

Boos rain down. Darian grins, flexing slightly.

Jacoby:

"Tonight, we address the board -- and by 'board,' I mean all you Birmingham boneheads -- and inform you that the Rich Young Grapplerz are now officially... SEMI-finalists in the Iron City Tag Team Tournament!"

He thrusts the phone in Darian's face; Darian flexes, shouting "Champions in the making, baby!"

TD3 (adjusting his jacket, stepping up to the podium):

"Thank you, Mr. Jacobs. Now then... as Chairman of Trust Fund Incorporated, it is my honor to report last week's acquisitions. Item one: Top Notch Team. Outdated equipment. Filed for bankruptcy at 1.3 courtesy of my Grapplerz. Item two: ICW management. Continues to let a part-timer like Graysie Parker waltz in and out, carrying two titles she can't even defend. And item three--"

He lowers the sunglasses just enough to sneer at the camera.

TD3:

"Me. The inevitable Iron Crown Champion, whether Graysie likes it or not."

RRC:

"Cheap shot -- Graysie's at home recovering after that war in Little Rock!"

Eric Dane:

"And here's this kid calling her soft. Unbelievable."

Angus:

"Unbelievable? It's accurate. The throne's empty, and TD3's already trying it on for size."

Jacoby spins back to the crowd, phone high.

Jacoby:

"Tonight, you're all gonna witness a hostile takeover. The Grapplerz aren't just beating the New Untouchables -- they're consolidating assets and punching their ticket to The Iron Way! And when we win it all on September 12th, the Foundry gets a new set of bosses."

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Darian steps forward, snatching the mic from the podium.

Darian Darrington:

"Yeah, and let me spell it out real simple for y'all that flunked outta high school -- we're bigger, we're badder, and we're already richer than every single one of you in this dump. The New Untouchables? They're just another bad loan about to get foreclosed on."

Boos cascade as Darian puffs his chest. TD3 raises both hands like a politician calming a crowd he's intentionally inflamed.

TD3:

"The board meeting is adjourned. Class dismissed. And after tonight... your new tag team champions-in-waiting will be celebrating at the VIP Lounge while you peasants cry into your dollar drafts."

Jacoby shouts "Adjourned!" into his phone, Darian flexes, and TD3 smirks as the group bails from the ring under a shower of boos.

RRC:

"Trust Fund Town Hall, ladies and gentlemen -- more like a hostile takeover of air time."

Eric Dane:

"They run their mouths like they run Wall Street. Fast, loose, and with no shame."

Angus:

"Jealousy don't look good on you two. The Grapplerz are the future -- and the future's got commas in the bank account."

Camera fades to the next segment as the jeers roll on.

It's always Sunny in Birmingham!

Back from the Trust Fund Town Hall, the camera settles on the Commentation Station. Robbie Ray Carter rises from his seat, mic in hand, a grin on his face.

RRC:

"Folks, after hearing from Trust Fund, I think we all need a little light. So let me introduce you to someone who brought exactly that in her debut last week -- please welcome Sunny Holliday!"

The Foundry comes alive as "Walking on Sunshine" blasts. Sunny bounces out, throwing her arms wide with a huge grin. She high-fives fans at the rail, throws in a little twirl, and beams as she joins Robbie Ray at the desk. Eric Dane and Angus lean back in their chairs to make room. The fans continue to cheer and clap in rhythm.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

RRC:

"Sunny, welcome to Monday nights in Iron City. Last week you pinned Tigress Wilde right here in your debut -- what's it like being part of this Foundry family?"

Sunny Holliday:

"Robbie Ray, this place? It feels like somebody plugged the whole city into a joy socket. The fans, the energy -- it's electric. I came here to toss bodies, hug necks, and smile big while I do it. And last week, Tigress found out what happens when the sun comes up swinging."

Crowd pops big. Sunny waves and claps along with them.

RRC:

"Tonight you're back in action. What's the mindset heading into match number two?"

Sunny Holliday:

"Keep the feet moving, keep the hips under me, and when it's time to throw -- throw like the sun's rising over Birmingham. Doesn't matter who's across the ring. Local, veteran, tag champ, doesn't matter. I'm here to prove power can be joyful, and joyful can still knock you flat."

Eric Dane:

"That's a young woman who knows what she's about. Strong, athletic, and not afraid to scrap. That Sunshine Bomb last week? That's no joke."

Angus Skaaland:

"Yeah, yeah. Lotta smiles, lotta twirls. But this ain't a parade, sweetheart. Somebody's gonna wipe that grin off your face sooner or later."

Sunny leans toward Angus, still smiling.

Sunny Holliday:

"Maybe. But until then, Angus, you're just gonna have to squint."

The crowd laughs and cheers at the quick clapback. Robbie Ray chuckles, holding the mic steady.

RRC:

"Sunny Holliday in action later tonight -- but for now, let's step aside. Don't go anywhere, Iron City Fight Club rolls on after this break!"

Camera zooms on Sunny waving to the fans, her bright grin filling the frame as the show cuts to commercial.

Reinas de Sangre vs Kayla Reyes and Maddie Miles

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

The arena lights dim, red strobes flashing as ominous guitar riffs pound through The Foundry. The screen pulses with the words REINAS DE SANGRE in dripping crimson script. Celestina and Valeria Cruz step onto the stage together -- Celestina with a cruel half-smile and a jeweled tiara perched mockingly on her head, Valeria in Dia de los Muertos-inspired half-skull face paint, stone-faced and cold. They march down the ramp with regal disdain, ignoring the jeers from the crowd.

RRC:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is our first look at the Cruz sisters -- Celestina and Valeria, the self-proclaimed Reinas de Sangre. And from the look of them, they mean business."

Eric Dane:

"Not just business, Robbie Ray -- blood business. I've heard stories about these two south of the border. Precise. Ruthless. They'll break you and smile about it."

Angus Skaaland:

"And let's be honest, they're an upgrade from the smiling sunshine routine. These two are here to hurt people."

Their opponents, two local hopefuls -- Kayla Reyes and Maddie Miles -- are already in the ring, nervously bouncing in their corner. The bell rings.

DING DING

Celestina starts. Maddie steps up bravely -- only to eat a stiff knee to the midsection. Celestina clubs her down with forearms, then drives her head-first into the turnbuckle. Quick tag to Valeria. The sisters whip Maddie into the ropes -- Celestina with a clothesline, Valeria follows with a nasty running knee that folds her inside out.

RRC:

"Good lord, Valeria nearly decapitated her!"

Valeria doesn't even cover -- she drags Maddie up by the hair, sneers, and tosses her into her corner. Tag to Kayla. The crowd pops a little as Kayla charges in with a flurry -- forearm, dropkick, another forearm! Valeria staggers back a step and the Foundry comes alive.

RRC:

"Kayla Reyes fighting for her life in there -- she's got fire!"

Eric Dane:

"Fire's nice, but fire gets snuffed."

Valeria cuts Kayla off with a brutal spinning back elbow. The hope dies instantly. She drags Kayla to the Reina corner and tags Celestina. They double-team her -- Celestina hooks a butterfly suplex while Valeria

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

hits a running kick to the ribs on the lift. Kayla crashes hard. The crowd boos as Celestina arrogantly puts a boot on her chest, but lifts it at two just to inflict more punishment.

Angus Skaaland:

"See, that's dominance. You don't pin 'em when you can, you pin 'em when you want."

Celestina snarls something in Spanish, drags Kayla up, and tags Valeria back in. They set her between them -- Celestina hits a snap spinebuster while Valeria comes off the ropes with a leaping double stomp to the chest. Kayla convulses on impact. Valeria covers, hooking the leg deep.

Referee:

"One! Two! Three!"

DING DING DING

The Reinas de Sangre stand tall as their music hits, barely breaking a sweat. Celestina casually nudges Kayla's body out of the ring with her boot while Valeria stares down the hard cam, unmoving, her painted half-skull face an eerie mask.

RRC:

"An absolutely devastating debut for the Reinas de Sangre. They didn't just win -- they made a statement."

Eric Dane:

"And that statement's real simple: Astrid Reichert, Duchess Vaughn, Sunny Holliday -- the whole women's division just got a new problem."

Angus Skaaland:

"No, Robbie Ray. Not a problem -- a reign. The reign of blood just started, and it's not ending anytime soon."

The camera lingers on the Cruz sisters, hands raised, as the crowd boos their cold dominance.

There can be only one Superstar

"Sharp Dressed Man" by ZZ Top hits the PA. The Foundry crowd groans and boos as "Superstar" Sammy Starr struts through the curtain in his sequined robe, arms wide, screaming at the hard cam.

RRC:

"Here he comes, ladies and gentlemen -- and I use this word loosely -- the self-proclaimed Superstar of ICW, Sammy Starr."

Eric Dane:

"Sammy stole one last week. But in this business? They don't ask how, they ask how many. And Sammy's

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

got a one in his column."

Angus:

"Exactly! A win's a win. And Jesse Collins is back to being what he always was -- a warm-up act."

Sammy stomps into the ring, snatches a mic, and waits for the boos to die down just enough to shout over them.

Sammy Starr:

"Shut your mouths and listen to your Superstar! Last week, I told Jesse Collins he ain't on my level -- and what happened? I pinned him right in the middle of this ring! One, two, three! Superstar reigns supreme!"

The Foundry boos louder. Sammy soaks it in, smirking.

Sammy Starr:

"Jesse, I hope you're watching from the back, kid. That little miracle over Eric Dane Jr.? That was your one and only highlight reel. 'Cause now? Your fifteen minutes are up, and my star -- it's only rising!"

Before he can say more, "Iron Kid" Jesse Collins storms down the aisle, fire in his eyes, Rich Mahogany right behind him in his signature velvet jacket. The crowd roars as Jesse slides under the ropes. Rich is quick to grab his arm, stopping him from lunging. Sammy backs to the corner, barking into the mic.

Sammy Starr:

"Hold him back, Rich! Hold him back before this little punk embarrasses himself twice!"

Jesse shouts back, no mic needed, pointing furiously at Sammy. Rich gets between them, hands raised, trying to talk Jesse down. Sammy inches closer, grinning.

RRC (channeling Lance Russell):

"Now listen here! We don't need this breaking down here at the Foundry, we've got matches scheduled tonight!"

Sammy suddenly lunges -- cheap shot forearm to Jesse while Rich is still holding him. Jesse staggers, and the two explode into a wild melee, fists flying. Rich stumbles back, caught in the chaos, as Starr and Collins trade blows like wild men.

Eric Dane:

"This is what happens when pride gets involved. Neither of these guys is backing down."

Angus:

"And why should they? You wanna move up in ICW, you take the initiative! Doesn't matter if it's clean, doesn't matter if it's pretty -- you fight for every inch."

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

The fight spills into the ropes. The Steel Brigade security team hits the ring -- half a dozen guards swarming, dragging Jesse one way and Sammy the other. Both are kicking, yelling, trying to break free as the crowd chants "LET THEM FIGHT! LET THEM FIGHT!"

RRC:

"This is bedlam, folks, absolute bedlam at the Foundry! Starr and Collins are tearing each other apart -- and it's taking half the Steel Brigade to keep 'em separated!"

Sammy kicks at the guards restraining him, screaming "I'M THE SUPERSTAR!" while Jesse struggles against three men holding him back. Rich Mahogany paces frantically, trying to calm Jesse as Starr shouts insults across the ring. The camera lingers on the chaos as Robbie Ray's voice pleads over the bedlam.

RRC:

"We've gotta get this under control! We'll be right back after this -- stay with us!"

Fade to break with the image of Jesse and Sammy straining against security, both red-faced with fury.

Sunny Holliday vs Rachel Steele

Back from commercial. The camera cuts ringside as the ring announcer steps in.

Ring Announcer:

"The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Montgomery, Alabama... Rachel Steele!"

Rachel Steele is already in the ring, jawing at the front row, pointing to herself and mouthing "I'm the star tonight." The crowd boos politely, already buzzing for who's next.

The lights brighten, a colorful wash of purples and yellows hits the stage, and Sunny Holliday bursts through the curtain with a joyful spin. She claps above her head, egging the crowd on, high-fives down the rail, and hops to the apron in one clean motion. The Foundry roars as she points skyward with both hands.

RRC:

"Here she comes, the woman who lit up this building last week against Tigress Wilde -- Sunny Holliday is back in the Foundry!"

Eric Dane:

"You look at her, you see the smile and the color, but underneath that is raw horsepower. If she gets her hips under you, you're taking the ride."

Angus Skaaland:

"Ride? More like a merry-go-round. I don't buy it, Robbie Ray. You don't smile your way to championships."

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Sunny offers Rachel Steele a handshake. Steele smirks -- then slaps it away and lands a cheap right hand. The bell rings as Sunny staggers back.

DING DING

RRC:

"And Rachel Steele wastes no time! Cheap shot right out of the gate!"

Steele lays in a few forearms, backs Sunny to the corner, and drives a knee to the midsection. She poses to the crowd -- and gets booed loudly. Steele smirks, then charges again, but Sunny sidesteps and sends her face-first into the turnbuckle.

Sunny fires back with heavy forearms of her own, then hoists Steele up and plants her with a belly-to-belly suplex. The Foundry pops huge.

RRC:

"Overhead belly-to-belly! The power of Sunny Holliday on full display!"

Eric Dane:

"Notice the footwork. She kept her base under her -- that's good mechanics."

Sunny claps along with the fans, feeds off the energy, and deadlifts Steele from the mat into a gutwrench suplex. She doesn't release -- she muscles her back up and hits a second one, the crowd roaring louder.

Angus Skaaland:

"Why's she showboating? Pin her already!"

Eric Dane:

"Because she can. She's got the juice to stack two in a row."

Sunny hoists Steele one more time, carries her across the ring like dead weight, and slams her down with a running powerslam. She pops to her feet, grinning, and signals to the crowd -- twirling her finger in the air.

RRC:

"She's calling for it -- time for a little sunshine in Birmingham!"

Sunny hauls Steele up, spins her into position, and hoists her into the air before planting her with the Sunshine Bomb -- a spinning sit-out powerbomb. The impact rattles the ring as Sunny folds Steele up tight for the cover.

Referee:

"One! Two! Three!"

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

DING DING DING

The crowd erupts as Sunny sits back, clapping along with the fans, her grin wide. The referee raises her arm as she points to the crowd and mouths "We did it!"

Ring Announcer:

"Here is your winner... Sunny Holliday!"

RRC:

"Another impressive outing for Sunny Holliday! The Sunshine Bomb seals it, and the Foundry faithful are right there with her!"

Eric Dane:

"She's raw, but you can't teach that kind of strength. If she keeps learning, the rest of the division better be ready."

Angus Skaaland:

"Yeah, yeah, everybody's happy. We'll see how long the sunshine lasts once Astrid or Duchess get ahold of her."

Sunny climbs a corner rope, leading the crowd in claps, then hops down to celebrate with fans on the rail before heading up the ramp, all smiles. The camera lingers on her joyful energy as the commentators reset for what's next.

They crossed a line

[Backstage. ICW interviewer Tyler Voss stands with Daeriq Damien and the Brothers Gluck. Carlton is calm and steady, hands folded in front of him. Chapps paces behind, restless, jawing under his breath.]

Tyler Voss: "Gentlemen, tonight you've drawn one of the most dangerous duos in this tournament -- Astrid Reichert, decorated MMA fighter who once submitted Heidi Christenson in the octagon... and Duchess Vaughn, who cut their teeth in the London underground fight scene. These are not competitors to be underestimated."

Daeriq Damien (smooth, precise): "Tyler, the Glucks don't underestimate anyone. There's a nasty little stereotype out there that rednecks are misogynist -- that they don't take women, or anyone, seriously. That's not who these men are. Carlton, explain."

Carlton Gluck (measured, steady, Mississippi drawl): "Ah was brought up t' never hit a woman. An' Ah was raised t' treat women with respect -- like our better halves. Which brings me t' th' paradox that is intergender wrasslin', Tyler. You cain't have it both ways."

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Tyler Voss: "Well, I should point out -- Duchess identifies as non-binary, not a woman. They use 'they' pronouns."

Chapps Gluck (snorting, shaking his head): "They? She's just one person! Ain't no 'they'--"

[Carlton smoothly takes the microphone away, calm but firm.]

Carlton Gluck: "You'll have t' excuse Chapps. He's a bit set in his ways, still remembers th' old ways. But let me put it like this -- they, meanin' Duchess by theirself... and they, meanin' both Astrid an' Duchess together, crossed a line last week. For that matter, she, meanin' Astrid..."

Chapps Gluck: "And that's one hell of a she!"

[Carlton ignores his brother. He leans in, voice firm.]

Carlton Gluck: "Crossed that line. They brutalized th' Urban Ninjaz. Now, there's a difference between bein' th' bigger dog in th' fight -- that's just wrasslin', ain't but two weight classes an' they ain't segregated. But takin' liberties on a couple kids just tryin' t' break in? That's different. That's bullyin'. An' that ain't right. An' it ain't gonna fly with th' Glucks."

"So here's th' paradox, plain an' simple. If you wanna treat Astrid Reichert an' Duchess Vaughn with respect? You fight 'em. An' that means--"

Chapps Gluck (cutting in with a crooked grin): "That means ya might just have t' hit 'em. Hit 'em real good. Waffle 'em right in th' mush."

[Daeriq Damien steps forward quickly, adjusting his jacket with a professional smile.]

Daeriq Damien: "That's enough, boys. Time to get ready for your match."

Tyler Voss (wrapping up): "You heard it from the Glucks -- back to you at ringside."

Clovis Black vs Chip and Dale

The lights dim. A low, distorted hum rattles the steel bones of the Foundry. The big screen flickers with static before the word "BLACK" slams onto it in white block letters. Tech N9ne's "Face Off" blasts, and the crowd erupts. Clovis Black stalks out, all mass and menace, his bald head shining under the lights, his black singlet stretched tight across his chest. He doesn't look at the fans--he doesn't need to. He's not here for them. He's here for violence.

RRC:

"Clovis Black, ladies and gentlemen. And after what we saw last week with Jack Havok putting a pair of poor

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

locals through the wood chipper, I'm almost scared to think what Clovis is about to do."

Angus:

"You can say that again!"

Dane:

"Double Arcee, Havok's a wild dog--violent, unpredictable. This man? He's a bear trap with legs. You don't escape Clovis Black. You just pray he gets bored before you're broken."

Two nervous locals are already in the ring, shifting on their feet. Let's call them Chip and Dale. They barely get introductions before Clovis slides under the ropes and barrels toward them. The ref tries to hold things back, but Clovis shoves past him, clamps both men by the throat, and with one monstrous heave...

RRC:

"DOUBLE CHOKESLAM! GOOD LORD!"

Both jobbers crash to the mat like dropped lumber. Clovis doesn't blink. He doesn't flex. He doesn't even breathe heavy. He drags the limp bodies into a pile, stacks them neatly, and plants one massive boot across the pile of humanity below him.

The referee hesitates, horrified--but he drops to count anyway.

ONE! TWO!! THREE!!!

Angus:

"Jesus CHRIST! That was BRUTAL!"

The bell rings. The match lasted less than fifteen seconds. Clovis doesn't move his foot until the ref signals, then he steps off like he's disgusted by the waste of time. The locals roll to the apron in heaps, medical staff rushing in.

Dane:

"That wasn't a win. That was a warning shot."

RRC:

"Jack Havok might've set the bar last week with his destruction, but Clovis Black just raised it. That wasn't even a match, folks--that was a mauling. And if Havok's watching? He knows there's a monster staring right back at him."

Clovis leans over the ropes, glaring down the hard cam, mouthing something about Havok. The crowd boos but there's a nervous edge to it. This isn't heat--it's fear.

The bell barely stops echoing before Clovis Black rips the microphone from the ring announcer. Two

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

enhancement guys lie stacked like cordwood at his boots. The Foundry crowd rumbles--some impressed, some uneasy at how fast the monster handled business.

Clovis Black:

"You see that? That's not competition. That's pest control. Jack Havok--Detroit's outlaw, the man who thinks he's the baddest bastard in Iron City--last week you stacked two bodies in three minutes. I just did it in ten seconds. You call yourself violent? I call you ordinary. If you want to find out who the real monster is, we don't have to wait until Iron Way--"

Before Clovis can finish, the sound of a maniacal yell cuts through the PA. The video wall behind the commentary station flickers to life. The camera shakes, handheld and wild, showing Jack Havok in the back lot of The Foundry. He's pacing like a rabid wolf, chains dangling from his fists, his voice a hoarse scream that echoes through the speakers.

Jack Havok (on screen):

"HEY, CLETUS! You think you're the yard dog 'round here? You think stackin' up a couple of nobodies makes you king of the heap? Screw Iron Way, screw the posters, screw the hype. I'm out here, right now, waitin' to bleed! So get your ass outta that pretty little ring and come find me in the parkin' lot. Let's see if you've got the stones to back up that bark!"

The crowd pops, roaring "LET THEM FIGHT!" as the camera cuts between Havok pacing in the dark of the parking lot and Clovis seething in the ring. He throws the mic down, snarling, and storms out through the ropes as the audience surges to their feet.

RRC:

"Havok's not waiting for Iron Way--he's daring Clovis to come fight him on the asphalt!"

Eric Dane:

"That ain't a sanctioned match, that's a felony waiting to happen. But hell if I'm not here for it!"

Angus Skaaland:

"Somebody call the fuzz, 'cause this is about to get ugly in a hurry!"

The camera follows Clovis barreling up the aisle as the feed cuts abruptly--leaving the sense that chaos is about to erupt outside.

A "gentlemen's" agreement

[Inside the lavish "Trust Fund Town Hall" locker room. The Trust Fund Trio lounge in plush chairs, suits crisp, drinks in hand. A butler stands stiffly at the door. Jacoby Jacobs is leaned back, holding up his phone like

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

he's livestreaming. Darian Darrington sits with arms folded, nodding like he understands every word TD3 is saying.]

TD3: Gentlemen, tonight is not about chance. It is about certainty. We are not gamblers, we are investors. And I have a plan in motion that will guarantee a favorable return. The Rich Young Grapplerz will not simply hope for victory -- they will acquire it.

Jacobs: [without looking up] Deadass. Straight dubs only.

Darrington: Just like crypto, bro. Always bullish.

[The room goes quiet. Everyone side-eyes him. Darian keeps nodding proudly, oblivious.]

[There's a knock. The butler opens the door.]

Butler: Mister Daniels... and Mister... Roth-les...berger? They are here.

[The New Untouchables enter. Daniels strolls in with a big grin.]

Daniels: What's up, diggity dogs?

[Daniels strolls over to the hors d'oeuvres tray and examines it for something that one can recognize as food without having a net worth of over 8 digits. LSR follows behind, smooth, and pours himself a generous glass of champagne.]

[The butler scowls at Daniels' baggy jeans.]

Butler: ...JNCOs? In here?

Daniels: Vintage, bro. Pure 1999.

TD3: Not fitting. This is a boardroom, not a skate park.

LSR: Don't worry. We came prepared.

[He nods at Daniels. Daniels unhooks his belt and lets his JNCOs drop. Beneath: immaculate Zimmerlis. The Grapplerz react with surprise. The butler gasps in ever-so-dignified horror. Daniels shrugs, takes some sort of sausage and cheese kabob-ette looking thing from the hors d'oeuvres tray and plops down on the couch.]

Daniels: What? We're wrestlers. We spend most of our lives in our underwear anyway.

Jacobs: [snorting, phone aimed at him] Man's lowkey drippy tho.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

[TD3 straightens his tie, forcing composure.]

TD3: Very well. Let's proceed.

[He paces slightly, slipping into his "boardroom voice."]

TD3: We value certainty. And tonight, certainty means ensuring the Grapplerz secure victory. That is where you gentlemen come in.

LSR: [nodding along, trying to match tone] A sensible proposal. But if you're expecting a guaranteed... outcome, then naturally you'll need to diversify your investment. A fifty percent down payment would stabilize the--

Daniels: [cuts in, calm and polite] Lee. Chill.

[LSR blinks. Daniels gestures lazily at the envelope.]

Daniels: We're not talking stocks here. It's simple. You want us to go down, we're not doing it for pocket change. We want half up front.

TD3: [thin smile] Half? Absurd. Assets only pay dividends once the market closes. You'll be paid when the service is rendered.

Daniels: [still calm, but firm] Then maybe you don't understand. We're not in this to gamble. Half now. That's the floor.

TD3: [voice tightening, just a touch] You're overplaying your leverage. We can find other assets to back.

[His gaze flicks, briefly, at Daniels in his underwear.]

TD3: And frankly... I question whether someone negotiating while wearing nothing but underpants is in a position to demand more.

[Daniels looks down, then back up, deadpan.]

Daniels: Well, I'm also wearing my wrestling boots.

[The line lands -- understated, but heavy enough that TD3 smooths his tie and doesn't push it further.]

LSR: [after a beat, quieter] Then perhaps... a restructured arrangement.

TD3: Twenty-five percent now. Seventy-five after. Final offer.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

[Daniels and LSR exchange a glance. Daniels shrugs. LSR extends his hand.]

LSR: Deal.

[They shake. Daniels slaps his hand on top, still in underwear and boots.]

Daniels: Gentlemen's agreement.

[Jacobs keeps filming, narrating.]

Jacobs: No cap, this bout finna be content.

[The New Untouchables head for the door. Daniels munches hors d'oeuvres as he goes. LSR drains his champagne. Once they're gone, TD3 raises his glass.]

TD3: Gentlemen... the market remains bullish.

Darrington: Bullish. Like Bitcoin at sixty K.

[Jacobs groans, shaking his head.]

Jacobs: Bro, you're straight cringe.

[The Trust Fund Trio clink glasses as the scene fades.]

And then there were Four

Dramatic, pulsing music plays over slow-motion shots of the Foundry crowd roaring. The ICW logo fades in, then the words: IRON CITY TAG TEAM TOURNAMENT - SEMIFINALS.

Eric Dane (voiceover):

"From the very first bell, the Foundry has been witness to history. Eight teams entered this tournament... but only two will survive the bracket and fight for championship gold at The Iron Way."

Cut to highlights: The Brothers Gluck crushing the Night Riders with the Gluckensteiner; Astrid Reichert folding an Urban Ninjaz member with a suplex; Duchess Vaughn leveling Flip D with her spinning backfist.

Dane (V.O.):

"On one side of the bracket... the Brothers Gluck. Two mountains of muscle from the bayou. No flash, no flair -- just blunt force trauma. Across from them... Astrid Reichert and Duchess Vaughn. Reluctant partners. Bitter rivals. Yet together, as dangerous as any team in Iron City."

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Clips of Astrid snarling, locking a choke; Duchess grinning after her KO shot; the two shoving each other after the bell.

Dane (V.O.):

"They don't need to like each other. They don't even need to trust each other. They just need to keep winning."

Music kicks harder. Cut to clips of the Rich Young Grapplerz cheating Top Notch Team at 1.3 -- Jacoby with the small package, Darian pushing the legs on the ropes. Then, to the New Untouchables interfering in Jesse vs. Eric Jr., cocky grins plastered on their faces.

Dane (V.O.):

"On the other side... the New Untouchables. Hustlers, outlaws, hungry for respect. And opposite them... the Rich Young Grapplerz. Money, arrogance, and just enough brains to cheat their way into the semifinals."

Quick montage: Jacoby filming himself, Darian hitting a power move, Jeffrey Daniels flashing his chain, Lee Scott Rothlesberger smirking at ringside.

Dane (V.O.):

"Four teams. Four very different roads. But at The Iron Way, only two will walk the aisle with the chance to carve their names into history as the very first Iron City Tag Team Champions."

The screen splits: Brothers Gluck on one side, Astrid/Duchess on the other. Then another split: New Untouchables vs. Rich Young Grapplerz. The Iron Way logo slams across the middle in fire and steel.

Dane (V.O.):

"This isn't just about survival. This is about legacy. This is about gold. This... is Iron City Wrestling."

The package ends on the words: SEPTEMBER 12 - THE IRON WAY - LIVE FROM THE FOUNDRY.

Astrid Reichert/Duchess Vaughn vs The Brothers Gluck

[The arena lights drop and "Requiem (The Fifth)" by Trans-Siberian Orchestra rumbles through the speakers. Astrid Reichert emerges to boos, split-colored hair catching the light as she prowls onto the stage. She moves with her predatory aura, eyes locked into the hard cam. She suddenly whips up her arm and flexes "the python" right into the lens, sneering. Then she turns away, ignoring the fans, slithering down the ramp and sliding under the bottom rope.]

BOOOOO!

Robbie Ray Carter: "There's that look, Angus. Astrid Reichert isn't here to win friends -- she's here to choke you out and make you hate her for it."

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Angus Skaaland: "She's got that snake-charmer thing goin'. You know she's bad for you, but you can't stop starin'."

[The music cuts, replaced by "Pretty Piece of Flesh" by One Inch Punch. Duchess Vaughn trudges onto the stage, shoulders hunched, face curled into a scowl. She doesn't so much as look at the fans. Surly, indifferent, miserable. She stomps straight to the ring, jaw tight, climbs the steps, ducks through the ropes, and heads for the far corner without even glancing at Astrid.]

Mixed reaction -- a few cheers, mostly boos, drowned in buzz.

Robbie Ray Carter: "That's Duchess Vaughn. No flash, no posing, no smiles. Just misery in boots."

Angus Skaaland: "She don't hate the fans, Robbie. She hates everybody. That's an equal opportunity scowl right there."

[The lights shift again as "The South is Rising" by The Sign of the Southern Cross hits, drawing a rough cheer. The Brothers Gluck, with Daeriq Damien in tow, stride onto the stage. Carlton lumbers steady in front, Chapps stalks behind, barking at the crowd. Carlton clamps a hand on Chapps' shoulder, muttering something low. Chapps scowls but reins himself in. They casually slap a few outstretched hands on their way to the ring.]

Robbie Ray Carter: "The Gluck boys play it straight, Angus. Country tough, but they'll shake a hand if you throw it out."

Angus Skaaland: "Only reason Chapps is behaving is 'cause Carlton told him to. That boy's a powder keg. And when you've got a team as hot as Astriss across from you, it's set to be trouble."

Robbie Ray Carter: "Astriss, Angus?"

Angus Skaaland: "Yeah, y'know, it seemed funny when I came up with it, but I don't think I'll poke that particular hornet's nest. Astrid Reichert and Duchess Vaughn. Respectfully."

[At ringside, Damien circles to his spot. Carlton wipes his boots and climbs through the ropes with deliberate calm. Chapps storms in after, pounding his chest. Astrid smirks on the ropes, Duchess scowls in her corner. The ref calls for the bell.]

DING DING DING.

[Astrid opens with Carlton. She clamps a guillotine headlock. Carlton steadies, lifts her, stalls, then drops into a perfect Northern Lights Gluckplex with a bridge.]

BOOM!

ONE! TWO!--KICKOUT!

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Robbie Ray Carter: "Would you look at that bridge! From Carlton Gluck of all people!"

Angus Skaaland: "That's not a man, that's a barn! And barns shouldn't bend like that!"

[Astrid scrambles, red-faced, tags Duchess. Duchess barrels into Chapps, trading forearms center ring.]

OHHHH!

[Chapps whips Duchess into the corner. Carlton charges in behind with the Gluck Truck lined up -- Chapps at full steam, Carlton on his back for the crushing cannonball.]

[Astrid had slipped off the apron and suddenly yanks Duchess out of the way, out of the ring under the bottom rope. Chapps barely gets stopped in time, sets Carlton down as Duchess and Astrid argue on the outside.]

Astrid Reichert: "Don't you vant to vin?!"

Duchess Vaughn: "Ah want to fight, girly!"

Robbie Ray Carter: "Well that tells you everything -- Astrid wants the victory, Duchess just wants a scrap. They're not on the same page, Angus."

Angus Skaaland: "Doesn't matter what page they're on if the words all spell 'pain,' Robbie Ray. Together, these two are still nasty."

[With a grimace, Astrid ducks back in against Chapps. She raises her hands like she's going for a classic collar-and-elbow tie-up. Chapps obliges -- and the moment he does, Astrid rolls backward, dragging him down and lacing up a hiza-gatame kneebar out of nowhere!]

Robbie Ray Carter: "She baited him! Astrid faked the lockup and snapped him straight into a kneebar!"

Angus Skaaland: "That's the MMA in her -- you think you're wrasslin', and she's already two steps ahead workin' your knee apart!"

[Chapps howls, thrashing, and manages to drag himself far enough to grab the ropes. Astrid milks the count before breaking, then snaps a kick into the side of his knee as he rises. She drags him back, stomps the leg, and twists it into a standing toehold before yanking him into the corner.]

[Duchess leans over the ropes. Astrid actually tags her in, and the two stomp Chapps' leg together before Astrid steps out with a smirk.]

Robbie Ray Carter: "Would you look at that -- actual teamwork between Reichert and Vaughn!"

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Angus Skaaland: "And Chapps Gluck's knee is payin' the price for it."

[Duchess hooks Chapps' arm, slams forearm after forearm across his chest, then suddenly wrenches him down, trying to hook in the Garrison Lock.]

[The crowd rises as Duchess roars, cranking back with every ounce of strength in her thick frame. Chapps fights it, but he's bent awkwardly, close to the mat, his face twisted in pain.]

Robbie Ray Carter (shocked): "She's got the Garrison Lock cinched -- and she almost overpowered him! That's a man with nearly a hundred pounds on her!"

Angus Skaaland (half in awe, half tense): "Don't matter the weight -- look at the torque! Duchess Vaughn might end this whole match right here!"

[Chapps strains, twisting, his face red with effort as he claws toward freedom from the Garrison Lock. He's almost out--]

[Astrid suddenly ducks through the ropes, illegal, and CRACK! she punts Chapps square in the bad knee.]

BOOOOOOO!

Robbie Ray Carter (furious): "Come on! Astrid Reichert's not even the legal woman -- that's a blatant cheap shot!"

Angus Skaaland (grim): "And it was effective. That's all Astrid cares about. She don't give a damn about rules, she just wants control."

[Chapps howls, clutching his leg, and the opening is all Duchess needs. She heaves him up -- all grit and muscle -- and spikes him down with a thunderous sit-out powerbomb.]

BOOM!

ONE! TWO! ... THR--NO!

HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Robbie Ray Carter: "She nearly had him! Duchess Vaughn nearly pinned Chapps Gluck off a powerbomb!"

[Duchess slaps the mat in disbelief, jaw clenched tight. She glares at the referee, then whips her head toward Astrid on the apron. Astrid is screaming at her, pointing furiously to Chapps and shouting to finish him. Duchess snarls back, jabbing a finger at Astrid.]

Robbie Ray Carter: "They're arguing again! These two just can't stay on the same page!"

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Angus Skaaland: "And the Glucks are usin' every second of it to recover, Robbie Ray!"

[Duchess grabs Chapps by the hair, muscling him to his feet, still jawing at Astrid. She yells something sharp, Astrid fires back -- and in that moment of distraction, Chapps dips low and SPEARS Duchess spine-first into the Glucks' corner.]

WHAM!

POP!

[Carlton immediately tags himself in. The big man storms through the ropes like a freight train, smashing forearms across Duchess' back and chest, knocking her loopy. The crowd comes alive as he rattles her with another forearm, then another.]

Robbie Ray Carter: "Here comes Carlton Gluck, fresh and mean!"

Angus Skaaland: "And Duchess is about to regret every ounce of that jaw-jackin' with Astrid."

[Carlton builds steam and charges at Astrid on the apron -- but she drops lightly to the floor, smirking up at him, arms spread like she's untouchable. Carlton growls, turns back--]

BOOM!

[Duchess nearly takes his head off with a boot to the jaw! Carlton reels, bounces off the ropes on instinct... and the rope-a-dope rebounds send him roaring right back at her.]

CRACK!

[Folds Duchess in half with a clothesline!]

Angus Skaaland: "Holy shit, he just clobbersaurused her!"

ARENA ERUPTS.

Robbie Ray Carter: "Flip D is still on medical leave, but I'm sure if he's watching this he's smiling."

[Carlton shakes his head, trying to clear it from the boot, backing away from Duchess -- but he strays too close to Astrid.]

[That snake-scaled arm whips around his neck and up behind her own head, anchoring in a Schlechte Nacht! She wraps her legs around his waist, the steel cable in between them, helping her to hold the much bigger man in place.]

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Robbie Ray Carter: "Astrid's got him tied up, she's not legal, it's not legal to use the ropes in holds! And the ref's checking on Duchess and doesn't see!"

Angus Skaaland: "It's like he's one of those big old Florida gators and she's an invasive python!"

[Carlton grimaces, one big hand pushing against her forearm, the other clawing to pry himself free. But the instant he does--Astrid shifts like it's second nature. She snakes her hand down, seizes his wrist, and twists it backward across the top strand.]

Robbie Ray Carter: "Oh no! Oh no, she's got the wrist--look at that torque!"

Angus Skaaland: "That's the thing, Robbie Ray. Everybody knew Astrid's ground game was the strongest part of her MMA, and now it's the strongest part of her wrestling too. But the way she just blended it into a cheap rope choke? That's scary. I'm impressed, but it makes me sick at the same time."

[Carlton's massive frame shudders, the crowd groaning in sympathy as his elbow bends against the ropes. The referee is still with Duchess, checking her for a KO after the Clobbersaurus. Outside the ring, Daeriq Damien is beside himself.]

[As the count reaches five, Duchess begins sitting up. As the count reaches six, Astrid drops Carlton. Carlton crumples, trying to catch himself with that arm -- but it just buckles and he faceplants into the canvas. At the count of seven, Duchess is up. She walks up to Astrid, stops just out of tag range, and locks eyes, her expression cold and unreadable.]

Astrid Reichert (mocking, cold): "Say thank you, Inselaffe."

[Duchess steadies herself, glaring through the haze.]

Duchess Vaughn (rasping, venomous): "Fuck you, cunt."

[She drives her point home with a vicious open-hand slap to Astrid's bare shoulder, the crack echoing as a red welt instantly blooms. The live crowd pops loud for the slap, but only the cameras pick up what happens next.]

[Astrid doesn't respond. She just tilts her head slightly, dragging her tongue across her teeth in a slow, deliberate lick.]

Robbie Ray Carter (uneasy, hushed): "Did you see that? She just... licked her teeth."

Angus Skaaland (grim, uncertain): "Yeah, I saw it. I don't know what it means, but it gave me a chill down my spine. That woman's about to go cold."

[Astrid ducks through the ropes and launches herself back onto Carlton. The crowd surges as she lays into

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

him -- stomps, short elbows, grinding forearms, every strike clean and cruel. The referee has to wedge himself between them to force a break.]

[And then, as if nothing happened, Astrid smooths her hair back, strolls to the corner, and tags Duchess on the chest -- not hard, not playful, just a quiet hand-off -- before stepping back to the apron.]

Robbie Ray Carter (still unsettled): "Is that all? Is she done? Or is that just a warning of what's coming?"

Angus Skaaland (grave): "I've seen another woman wrestle like that before... and I don't want to see it ever again. Speak not her name."

[Carlton has just gotten to his hands and knees when Duchess plows into him with a running knee. Grabbing two hands full of beard, she slowly pulls the three-hundred-pounder to his feet, then threads one of his arms between his own legs.]

Robbie Ray Carter: "Pumphandle toss, can she get him up?"

[She strains, but Carlton shifts his weight and shoulder-tosses her over his back.]

WHAM!

[It's not a slam, and Duchess is up quickly. Carlton dives across the canvas and tags Chapps. Chapps limps in, clutching his ribs, clearly not ready. Duchess meets him head-on with a double-leg tackle that rattles the boards. With a grunt and a heave, she muscles him over and cranks into the Tower Bridge. Chapps' back bows at an awful angle.]

[He thrashes in the hold, teeth bared, but refuses to quit. Every second he survives is pure grit, dragging his way inch by inch toward the ropes.]

[On the outside, Daeriq Damien starts hammering the apron with his palms, stomping his boot in rhythm. STOMP-CLAP! STOMP-CLAP! STOMP-CLAP! Carlton joins in from the apron, stomping, trying to conduct the crowd. Chapps hasn't precisely won the crowd, but the noise is infectious.]

[Chapps claws forward, veins standing out in his neck, fingertips stretching for salvation. One more desperate lunge -- and he snatches the bottom rope. The referee dives in, forcing the break.]

Robbie Ray Carter: "What a display of heart from Chapps Gluck! He had no business surviving that hold, but he just refused to give up!"

[On the apron, Astrid's smile fades to a look of pure disgust.]

Astrid Reichert: "I could've tapped him!"

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Duchess Vaughn (snarling): "Be my bleedin' guest."

Angus Skaaland: "See, that right there -- that's the crack in the foundation. Whatever teamwork these two women had coming into the match, it's starting to unravel."

[A rough tag is exchanged. Her smile back on, Astrid prowls around behind Chapps, raises her arms, and dramatically lashes her right around his neck -- another attempt at Schlechte Nacht. But Chapps spins before she can add anything else, and suddenly the positions are reversed! Clamping his own arms around her head and neck, Chapps spikes her with the Rebel Proud Gluckplex.]

HUGE POP.

Robbie Ray Carter: "Rebel Proud Gluckplex! That took everything he had, but he turned the tide!"

[As Chapps crawls across the ring to Carlton and Astrid lies dazed, Duchess stands on the apron, brawny arms folded across her chest.]

[And the tag is made!]

[Chapps slaps Carlton's hand -- hot tag! Carlton storms in as Duchess stays on the apron, arms crossed, glaring at her partner.]

[The Glucks move in perfect sync. They whip Astrid to the ropes, snatch her up in a double hiptoss, and instead of letting go, catch her mid-air and launch her back into a brutal double backdrop.]

[The crowd surges again as Astrid staggers up, only to be driven into the corner. Chapps whips Carlton in for a crushing body press. Carlton drops to all fours -- Chapps charges, springs off his brother's back, and cannonballs into Astrid with Real Talk in Motion!]

WHAM!

[Chapps crumples, clutching his knee, and rolls to the apron, grimacing in pain. Carlton, now the legal man, hauls Astrid up by the hair and hooks her for the Gluckbuster.]

Robbie Ray Carter: "Chapps needs to recover, but Carlton's legal and he's calling for it -- the Gluckbuster! This could end it right here!"

[The crowd rises as Carlton lifts Astrid into position. Astrid thrashes, clawing for escape -- then suddenly lashes out with a blatant low blow, booting him square between the legs.]

THUD!

[Carlton doubles over, groaning in agony. The referee saw it clean, storms over wagging his finger,

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

threatening a disqualification.]

BOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd is molten, and the referee can't bring himself to end it. Astrid doesn't have enough left to play to anyone - she stumbles to her corner and collapses, tagging Duchess on the way down and rolling to the apron.]

[Duchess steps through the ropes, seemingly indifferent to the sight of Carlton clutching himself. She winds up and drills him with a massive big boot, nearly taking his head off.]

WHAM!

OOOOHHHH!

[Carlton stumbles backward, reeling. Duchess takes a half step back, measures another kick.]

WHAM!

[Duchess takes a visible deep breath and clenches every muscle in her upper body as Carlton wobbles back towards her. With a roar, she steps up, grabs the crotch and shoulder, and muscles him straight upside down into the air!]

Angus Skaaland: "SHE -- SHE JUST HOISTED THE BIG MAN!"

[Pausing just long enough to make sure everyone and their cousin knows it wasn't a fluke or adrenaline trick or Christmas magic that she did it, Duchess slams him down with authority.]

THUD!

RRRRAAAAHHHHH!!!!

Robbie Ray Carter: "She slammed Carlton Gluck! Unbelievable! What a scoop slam! She just muscled a three-hundred-pounder up and dropped him like nothing!"

Angus Skaaland (incredulous): "I don't like her, but I'll say it -- that's frightening power. And the fans may not like her either but they just lit it up for that."

[Duchess stands tall, glaring at Astrid on the apron, barking something sharp and contemptuous. Then she storms toward her corner and throws her arm out for a rough tag.]

[Astrid doesn't take it. Instead, she intercepts the arm, yanks Duchess throat-first into the ropes, and coils her up in Off With Her Head -- a rope-tangled guillotine choke. Duchess thrashes, kicking her boots against

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

the mat, gagging as Astrid wrenches down.]

Robbie Ray Carter (outraged): "She's choking her own partner out! This is madness!"

Angus Skaaland (low, uneasy): "And look how smooth it is -- that's her MMA instinct, no wasted motion. She's dangerous, Robbie Ray... too dangerous."

[The referee screams at Astrid, threatening disqualification, but Astrid holds on until four-and-three-quarters before releasing. She drops Duchess in a heap and struts away, hips swaying in a deliberate, taunting walk, adding in a little shoulder shimmy, leaving her own partner coughing and clutching at her throat on all fours.]

Robbie Ray Carter (outraged): "She just choked out her own partner! Astrid Reichert has lost it!"

Angus Skaaland (low, uneasy): "Lost it? No... she knows exactly what she's doing."

[Duchess staggers to her knees, still coughing, when Carlton finally pulls himself up from the slam. He locks eyes with her across the ring. His lips form the word: sorry.]

[Carlton drives his boot into her midsection.]

CRACK!

[He hooks her up, hauls her vertical, and spikes her with the Gluckbuster.]

WHAM!

[He covers, hooking the leg. The referee slides in -- 1... 2... 3.]

Robbie Ray Carter: "And that's it! The Brothers Gluck advance -- but what a war we just witnessed!"

[Chapps hobbles in to join his brother, raising a fist. Daeriq Damien slaps the apron, grinning ear to ear. Carlton kneels for a moment, breathing hard, then pulls himself up, sparing one last glance back at Duchess on the canvas.]

Robbie Ray Carter: "You can't deny it -- Astrid Reichert and Duchess Vaughn had so much potential together. They came within a heartbeat of beating a team that's twice their size and that steamrolled through the first round."

Angus Skaaland: "If those two had been able to coexist? I'll tell you right now, Robbie Ray -- they wouldn't just have beaten the Glucks. They'd have walked through this whole tournament. That's how dangerous they were. But they couldn't stop fighting each other, and it cost 'em."

Robbie Ray Carter: "And for the Glucks -- nothing but respect. They're already one of the toughest teams

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

around, and they just survived the storm of their lives. I want to see more from all four of these competitors."

[The Glucks stand tall, battered but victorious, as Duchess rolls to her side, coughing, glaring through her hair at both her partner and her opponents.]

[On the ramp, Astrid pauses, turning back toward the ring. Her lips curl into a wide, wicked smile as she licks her teeth one more time for the camera.]

Angus Skaaland: "She may like the python symbolism, but make no mistake -- Astrid Reichert is as venomous as any viper."

[The final shot lingers on Astrid's grin, the smirk of someone who's already planning the next choke.]

Never trust a snake

[Backstage. Astrid Reichert comes through the curtain after the Glucks match, jaw tight, hair damp. Ryan Caudill steps into her path with his microphone.]

Ryan Caudill:

Astrid, you just blindsided Duchess Vaughn in the middle of that match. You cost your own team against the Glucks. What's your explanation?

Astrid Reichert [Baroness voice, clipped but controlled]:

My explanation? Simple. I pulled Duchess out of ze Gluck Truck, saved her from being pancaked--and how did she thank me? By standing like statue while Carlton Gluck got ze hot tag and zey double-teamed me. She vas not partner, she vas anchor. I do not drown for anchor.

Ryan Caudill:

So this was about the match? Because from where I stood, you were slapping each other instead of tagging like partners.

Astrid Reichert [smirks thinly]:

Hmph. She start zat game. She make slap, I return ze slap. Child's play. I gave her chance to be serious. She did not take it.

Ryan Caudill:

And that's what justifies turning on her?

Astrid Reichert [tilts her head, letting the purr slip in, eyes narrowing with mock sweetness]:

Mmm... Ryan, sometimes you haf to learn to read between ze slaps. I am not here to babysit. I am here to win. Tell me--do you not like ze chaos?

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

[She leans close, brushing an invisible speck off his lapel]

Ryan Caudill [voice cracks, stammering a little]:

Th-th-that's not... th-that's not the question. You--you cost Duchess the match!

Astrid Reichert [straightening, mask slipping into anger]:

She cost herself. She insulted me, called me girly in ze middle of ze ring, after I tried to save her. She vill not insult Astrid Reichert and walk away smiling.

Ryan Caudill: [firm now, fan side slipping out]

So it wasn't just about the Glucks, was it? It was about Duchess. That word--"girly"--that's what really set you off.

Astrid Reichert [face hardens, drops the purr entirely]:

Careful, Caudill. You do not tell me vat I can or cannot handle.

[She seizes him by the lapels, yanking him sideways out of her path. Ryan stumbles but clings to the mic. Astrid struts off down the hall. Ryan straightens his tie, breathing hard but steadying himself for the camera.]

Ryan Caudill:

She says it was about the match. But you all heard it--something else slipped out.

[Fade out.]

Into the Fire

A sudden static scream tears through the broadcast, a vile sound that fills with fright and fear. The picture dissolves into a grainy, flickering visual, a stream of sabotage unseen, showing a massive bonfire at the center of a grim triangle. Upon each corner, a silhouette stands, and on each shoulder, a raven watches. The air is thick with the scent of damp earth and the unnatural tang of coming ruin. From this desolate, forgotten landscape, a voice, deep and sepulchral, emerges with a dreadful calm.

NARRATOR:

Hark! From the sepulchral stillness of the ancient woods, where boughs hang like the gaunt arms of forgotten specters, a frightful decree has been borne upon the wind. They who walked in slumber are now roused, and with them comes a shadow to blot out the very sun. This is no mere mortal conflict, but a summoning, a final offering to gods long forgotten and a harbinger of all that is to be.

From the first point of the triangle, the icy Valkyrie steps, her form immense and her movements as deliberate as a glacier, and she carries with her a heavy, horrid offering: the severed, bloody head of a great bear, a thing of dread. She lifts the massive head and hurls it to the pyre, and with a terrible, unspoken reverence, she casts the grisly tribute into the rising fire. The flames roar in response, a hungry, savage beast

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

lashing out toward the sky, and its light pulses with a feral, primal energy, a sight to make a mortal cry.

From the second point, the wraith-like Karasu Tengu moves in a fluid, dreamlike motion, with a long, gleaming katana at her side. Her hair is a cascade of black feathers, a crown of night that seems to writhe with a life of its own. She clutches a scroll of ancient, forbidden paper and speaks a single, spectral word, then casts the cursed creation into the blaze. The flames turn a sickly, violent shade of green as they devour the dark script, and the ghostly echo of a thousand forgotten souls screams in the wind with a sound that chills to the bone.

And from the third point, the red-haired Morrigan, the mistress of their ruinous design, steps to the edge of the pyre. In her left hand, she holds a ceremonial dagger. With no hesitation, she uses it to carve a pentagram into her right palm, drawing the blood. She then holds her bleeding left hand over the inferno, allowing her dark ichor to drip into the fire below, a grim libation from her own life's flow. The fire screams, changing to a lurid, impossible purple. Within the heart of the inferno, in the briefest flash of time, a dreadful shape forms--a horned visage, its eyes burning with malevolent life, before it vanishes back into the chaotic flames, leaving behind a trace of ruin and a hint of a face.

NARRATOR:

The old gods have stirred, and the earth itself now trembles. This is not a contest of muscle and steel; it is a reckoning. A divine judgment brought forth upon the sinful and the proud. They have been tasked with bringing you a piece of hell. They will not merely defeat your heroes; they will leave them as broken, hollow shells. For they have come to claim your souls, and soon, Ragnarok... Armageddon... the Apocalypse... whatever you wish to call it, will descend upon your house of hope and sin, a final war you can't hope to win.

The Morrigan smiles, a wicked, knowing smirk. The raven on her shoulder takes flight, its wings like twin daggers cutting through the gloom. It flies straight and fast, growing in the frame, its eyes glowing with a feral intensity. The broadcast cuts to a blinding, high-pitched static just as the bird's beak seems to make contact with the camera.

The Iron Way

Heavy industrial sounds echo -- the clang of hammers on steel, sparks flying in a darkened warehouse. Quick flashes of ICW action: Graysie Parker holding both belts high, Jack Havoc snarling, Clovis Black towering, Sunny Holliday smiling mid-suplex, the Brothers Gluck demolishing opponents, Astrid and Duchess arguing even as they win. Over it all, a voice cuts in.

Eric Dane Sr. (V.O.):

"In Iron City Wrestling, nothing is given. Everything is forged... through fire, through pain, through violence. The road has been paved in sweat, steel, and blood. And on September 12th, the Foundry bears witness... to history."

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Music swells -- quick cuts of the tag teams: Untouchables, Grapplerz, Glucks, Astrid/Duchess. Then flashes of singles stars: Graysie, TD3, Eric Jr., Sunny, Havoc, Clovis.

Dane (V.O.):

"Champions will be crowned. Legacies will be tested. And when the sparks die down, only iron remains."

The screen slams to black. Then slowly, the Iron Way poster fades in, full screen.

Music fades, leaving only the sound of metal chains rattling as the poster lingers on screen.

Escalation

The camera cuts outside, the night air heavy with tension. Floodlights cast long shadows across the cracked pavement. Clovis Black storms into frame, jaw clenched, eyes scanning for his adversary. He's throwing open doors, shouting down empty alleys of concrete and steel.

Clovis Black:

"Havok! Where you at, boy? You wanted me out here--here I am! Come and find me!"

The crowd inside the Foundry can be heard through the audio, reacting on delay, chants rumbling: "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"

RRC (voice-over):

"Clovis Black is hunting for Jack Havok, and you can feel it--something ugly's about to happen out there."

Suddenly--ROOOAAARRR. An engine fires up like a beast out of hell. Tires squeal. The camera whips toward the noise just as headlights blaze into the frame.

Eric Dane:

"That ain't a fight. That's a hit job!"

A midnight black '67 Impala hotrod fishtails into view, barreling straight at Clovis. He sees it too late. He leaps instinctively, but the bumper smashes him mid-air. His body twists, crashes to the asphalt with a sickening thud. The impact echoes through the speakers--the Foundry crowd erupts in shock and horror.

Angus Skaaland:

"GOOD GOD--he just ran him over! Havok just ran over Clovis Black!"

The car screeches to a stop, smoke curling off its tires. The door swings open and out steps Jack Havok, denim cut flapping, eyes wild. He doesn't rush--he saunters. He squats down beside Clovis, who's sprawled

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

on the pavement, bloodied and writhing.

Jack Havok:

"You still breathin', Cletus? Good. 'Cause at Iron Way, right here in this lot, we finish this. You got the guts, you drag yourself back out here... and I'll put you down for good."

He pats Clovis on the head--mocking, cruel--then stands, smirking as the camera zooms in on Clovis, scraped up, blood running down his face, barely moving.

RRC:

"Somebody get medical out there! Clovis Black's been mowed down by Jack Havok!"

Eric Dane:

"This ain't wrestling anymore. This is war. And The Iron Way just got a whole lot bloodier."

The screen fades out on Clovis' broken body, EMTs rushing into the shot as Jack walks away with a satisfied and smug look plastered across his face.

Corny

Robby Ray Carter: Up next, tag team action here in Iron City Wrestling. Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington -- the Rich Young Grapplerz -- are set to square off against the New Untouchables. Now, don't let that name fool you, Angus. Neither of these guys is some kind of mat technician. Jacoby Jacobs? He's a former track star, a human highlight reel. He can fly, he can sprint, he can dazzle you in an instant -- but he never met a camera he didn't like. He's livestreaming his life, mugging for every shot, and sometimes that ego of his gets in the way of just wrestling the match.

Angus Skaaland: Yeah, the kid can run fast, Robbie, but you can't sprint your way through a fight.

Robby Ray Carter: Then you've got Darian Darrington. Former football standout, big, strong, dangerous -- the power half of the team. But he's not exactly the brains of the operation. He follows Jacoby's lead, and together they've got all the arrogance you'd expect from a pair of rich young athletes. Privileged, entitled, and more than happy to remind everybody of it. Still, between Jacoby's speed and Darian's muscle, they can be a real problem in that ring.

Angus Skaaland: [snorts] Robbie, should we really be wasting our time doing this? Let's be honest: the RYGs will bend the rules every chance they get, and the Noots are even worse. There's no way this match is going to be anything besides a mockery of everything this promotion stands for.

Robby Ray Carter: Well, you may not like it, Angus, but the New Untouchables do bring something to the table. They're cut from the same cloth as each other -- fast-paced, high-flying, a lot of kicks and dives -- but they approach it differently. Jeffrey Daniels? He's swinging for the fences every time, looking for that highlight

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

reel. Lee Rothlesberger, on the other hand, picks his spots. Or just sets the table so Daniels lands the big shot instead of missing it. It's unorthodox, but it's effective.

Angus Skaaland: Effective like a car wreck's effective.

Robby Ray Carter: Regardless, you put those styles together, it makes for a dangerous duo. And that's why this match has people buzzing.

BOOOOOOOOO!

Angus Skaaland: Oh for the love of fu--

[Jeffrey Daniels and LSR stroll out from the curtain like they own the place, no music, no rush. They wave smugly at the jeering fans and make their way to the announce table, sliding into spare headsets.]

Jeffrey Daniels: You know, Robbie, Angus -- it hurts our feelings that people say such mean things about us. We're innocent. We're kind. We're just two sweet boys from Baltimore here to entertain the world with our dazzling athleticism.

LSR: Exactly. Honest as the day is long. Pure as the driven snow. Wouldn't hurt a fly.

BOOOOOOO!

Robby Ray Carter: [sighs, trying to keep it on track] Well, since you're out here, gentlemen... what are your plans for the Rich Young Grapplerz tonight?

[The Untouchables glance at each other and break into snickers.]

Jeffrey Daniels: [clearing his throat obnoxiously] Our plans to defeat the Rich Young Grapplerz are numerous in amounts. One of those plans is...

[Tense, expectant silence.]

Jeffrey Daniels: Corn.

[Quick cut to the booth for a reaction shot. Awkward silence. Daniels tries to hold a straight face. Robbie blinks. Angus pinches the bridge of his nose.]

[LSR leans into his mic, deadpan.]

LSR: The Indians call it ~maize~.

Angus Skaaland: Oh, for crying out loud... you two are ridiculous. Absolutely ridiculous.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Jeffrey Daniels: Another famous Indian was Crazy Horse.

[With a deep breath, Robbie Ray tries to salvage something from this... thing.]

Robby Ray Carter: [trying again] Let me try this one more time. If you're being serious, do you have a strategy? Any kind of plan to share with the audience?

[The New Untouchables nod solemnly, suddenly pretending to behave.]

Jeffrey Daniels: Okay. Okay. We'll play along. Truth is, Robbie, we've got a secret weapon tonight.

LSR: But we'll only tell... if Angus asks.

[The crowd stirs. Angus looks disgusted.]

Angus Skaaland: No. No, I'm not doing this.

[Daniels and LSR lean forward, goading him.]

Jeffrey Daniels: Come on, Angus. Don't you wanna know?

LSR: "ust ask us, man. It's killing you.

[Angus growls under his breath, then finally spits it out.]

Angus Skaaland: Fine. What's your so-called secret weapon?

[Daniels and LSR grin wide. In perfect unison, they bellow:]

Daniels & LSR: FUCKIN' MAGNETS!

[They lean in opposite directions, both ripping off a double biceps pose. You know this pose. It's rather Young. Something about Bucks. They grin at each other while the crowd rains boos.]

Angus Skaaland: I knew it. I knew it! You clowns can't take anything seriously. And let me tell you something -- I was sick of that joke twelve years ago when I was sitting next to Jeff Andrews calling DEFIANCE shows. Sick of it then, and if I have to hear that shit even one more time--

Jeffrey Daniels: [leans in close, not smiling now, tone like a casual conversation] You're going to do what, Angus?

[The tension spikes. Daniels hovers too close, headset tilted just enough to glare across the desk. Angus bristles, half-rising out of his chair.]

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

HUGE POP as Eric Dane Jr. storms out to the announce desk.

Eric Dane Jr.: Yo, cut the cap. Last week wasn't a win, it was a straight-up mugging. You couldn't beat me clean if you tried. You had to pull every cheap trick you could think of, and you still barely scraped by. But that was then. Tonight? I'm right here, eyes on you. No running, no hiding.

POP!

Jeffrey Daniels: [mock gasp] Oh nooo, guys, he's gonna... watch us. Scary! Quick, somebody put a leash on Eric Jr. before he gets his wittle fee-fees hurt again.

LSR: Yeah, Juju. You don't get it. This is grown-up business. This is the New Untouchables putting on a clinic. You? You're just a distraction. A nepo baby mascot.

BOOOOOOO!

Eric Dane Jr.: Nepo baby? Deadass, yeah, I'm my dad's kid. That's facts. But what's your excuse? Jeff Andrews and Kai Scott ain't your real dads, and Heidi's definitely not your mom. Y'all are just knock-offs.

POP!

[The New Untouchables freeze, then clutch at their chests in mock heartbreak. Daniels staggers back in his chair like he's been shot, LSR wipes an invisible tear, both shaking their heads like their feelings have been crushed. Crowd laughs and cheers.]

Eric Dane Jr.: Go ahead, laugh it up. Play your little TikTok routine. But sooner or later you're stepping in the ring with me. And when you do? All the magnets, all the maize, all the cheap shots in the world won't save you. No shot.

POP!

[Daniels and LSR exchange a smirk, regaining their swagger. Daniels leans into his headset.]

Jeffrey Daniels: Be careful what you wish for, Junior.

LSR: Because around here? You might just get it.

[The New Untouchables lean back, smug again, as Dane Jr. paces, eyes locked on them.]

Robby Ray Carter: Alright, let's see if we can get some kind of order here. Let's get the New Untouchables away from our desk and into the ring, then get the Rich Young Grapplerz out here and get this match underway -- and get this show back on track.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

The New Untouchables vs Rich Young GRPLRZ

[Daniels and LSR reluctantly remove their headsets, mugging for the crowd as they do. Daniels walks backwards, doing the Scott Hall Finger Waggle at Angus. The two strut down from the desk and slide into the ring, waving smugly as the jeers rain down.]

BOOOOOOOOO!

Angus Skaaland: About damn time. Maybe now we can wrestle instead of whatever that garbage was.

[The house lights shift. Music hits for the Rich Young Grapplerz.]

Daniels: [pointing at the stage, indignant] Hey! Where was our music!? We didn't get an entrance!

Angus Skaaland: [explodes] BECAUSE YOU CAME OUT HERE TO TROLL ON COMMENTARY, YOU DUMBASS! YOU LOST YOUR THEME SONG CHANCE! ACTIONS HAVE CONSEQUENCES!

[Daniels throws his arms up in mock outrage, farming for attention. LSR smirks, unbothered, patting Daniels on the shoulder like it's no big deal.]

[Jacoby Jacobs bursts out, bouncing with his phone in hand, livestreaming every step while Darian Darrington flexes and points to the crowd. The fans boo.]

Robby Ray Carter: And here come the Grapplerz! Jacobs all swagger, Darrington all muscle -- together they've been climbing the ranks here in Iron City Wrestling, and a win tonight over the New Untouchables would be a big one.

Angus Skaaland: A big one? Robbie, it's a finger-painting contest between toddlers. Don't waste your breath.

[The Grapplerz hit the ring, posing for their livestream as the crowd boos them too. The referee tries to wrangle all four wrestlers into their corners as the bell readies to sound.]

[DING DING!]

Robby Ray Carter: Well folks, I don't even know how to set this one up. The Rich Young Grapplerz against the New Untouchables.

Angus Skaaland: Don't overthink it, Robby. These four kids are about to embarrass the hell outta professional wrestling.

[Darrian Darrington steps up to the center of the ring, puffing his chest. Jeffrey Daniels wanders forward, still chewing gum.]

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

P O K E.

[Daniels goes flying backwards like he's been shot out of a cannon. He stumbles, he twirls, he drops to one knee, clutching his chest. He ricochets off the ropes, stumbles again, does a pratfall, then launches himself into a convulsive flop across the mat.]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Robby Ray: What on earth--!

Angus: Look at that! He's embarrassing this company! This is a disgrace!

[Daniels flails and rolls for a full minute, clutching random body parts like they're broken. Finally, still twitching, he army-crawls across the mat and slaps in a tag to LSR.]

[LSR power-walks to center ring, face serious, nodding like he's about to wrestle for the world title. He squares up with Darrington... who pokes him with one finger.]

P O K E.

[LSR stiffens, arms flailing, and stumbles backwards like he's been hit by a shotgun blast. He careens corner to corner, crashes face-first into the turnbuckle, stumbles out, spins, and then collapses in a dead-fish sprawl.]

HA HA HA HA HA!

Robby Ray: This is... this is unbelievable!

Angus: Unbelievable? It's unforgivable! Somebody stop this before the sport's reputation is ruined forever!

[LSR, still spasming, tags Daniels back in. Across the ring, Jacoby Jacobs is bouncing on the apron, practically begging.]

Jacobs: Yo yo yo lemme in, I got this, I got this!

[Darrington tags him. Jacobs springboards into the ring with a twisting corkscrew moonsault, tucks into a backflip, lands in a kung-fu crouch -- then pokes Daniels in the chest with one finger.]

F I N G E R P O K E O F U L T R A D O O M !

[Daniels shoots straight up into the air, limbs stiff. He spasms midair like he's being electrocuted, then crashes flat on his back in the dead-cartoon pose -- arms and legs pointed straight up, wrists dangling.]

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Robby Ray: He's... he's out cold!

Angus: OUT COLD FROM A FINGER!? ARE YOU KIDDING ME!?

[Jacobs does a series of kung-fu poses around Daniels' "corpse." Finally, he drops down and places one finger on Daniels' chest.]

ONE! TWO! THREE!

[DING DING DING!]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Robby Ray: The Grapplerz win... I guess?

Angus: They didn't win! They just paid off a couple of idiots to disgrace this sport!

Bad juju

[The Rich Young Grapplerz are announced the winners. Daniels is sprawled on the mat cartoonishly, arms and legs stiff, wrists dangling, after selling a fingerpoke of doom like he'd been shot. LSR rolls around clutching his chest like he's convulsing, finally draping himself across the ropes like a fainting Victorian lady. The crowd rains boos and laughs in equal measure.]

Robbie Ray Carter: This is... this is absurd. I don't even know what we just witnessed.

Angus Skaaland: What you saw was the Grapplerz buying themselves a win, and the Noots making a mockery of professional wrestling. Again.

[In the ring, Jacoby Jacobs and Darian Darrington smirk, give each other a nod. Darian steps through the ropes. Jacoby withdraws an envelope and slips it into the waist of LSR's pants, then does an unnecessary handstand over the ropes to leave the ring. They depart without a second glance at the New Untouchables -- transaction complete, business concluded.]

[At ringside, Eric Dane Jr. takes a camera carefully off a tripod, hands it to the cameraman, then folds the tripod up like a steel weapon. The crowd roars as he slides into the ring. Daniels is still "dead" on the canvas, LSR pulling at him half-heartedly.]

Eric Dane Jr.: Nah, I'm done with this bit. I'm sick of you two hijacking the show, wasting time, farming boos just to amuse yourselves. That's L-move behavior. I'm ending it.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

LSR: [eyes the tripod warily] Careful, Junior. You sure you wanna risk damaging your daddy's valuable TV equipment?

[Dane Jr. rears back, ready to swing. The crowd pops huge.]

Jeffrey Daniels: [sitting up suddenly, panicked] Woah, woah, woah! Okay, maybe we can negotiate a little bit here. What exactly do you want?

Eric Dane Jr.: I want you to quit your goofy shit. Straight up.

Jeffrey Daniels: Our shit is being awesome. We can't quit.

Eric Dane Jr.: Then bet. Either give me a match, or I beat the brakes off both of you right now and deal with Dad later.

LSR: But... but we're a tag team! And your honey--

[Dane Jr. brandishes the tripod threateningly. The crowd gasps.]

LSR: HEY HEY HEY! Okay, okay, sorry, we'll stop! But we're still a tag team, and Graysie's busy, you don't have a partner!

Jeffrey Daniels: We already took out your Great Uncle Scott, you got no friends!

Eric Dane Jr.: Doesn't matter. I don't need a partner. I'm not booked at the PPV anyway, so one of you can step up. Probably you-- [points at Daniels] --since you-- [points at LSR] --been running around role-playing Kai Scott like it's 2014. Whole gimmick ripped.

BIG POP as LSR's smirk falters.

Eric Dane Jr.: Except you're missing the best part. Kai Scott wasn't just slick. He hated wrestling. Faked injuries, hid behind DQs, bragged about winning matches without landing a move. That's your hero? A guy who spent more time dodging fights than having them.

OOOOOHHHHHHHH!

[LSR's composure cracks. He steps forward, jabbing a finger at Dane Jr.]

LSR: You wanna talk about dodging fights?! Your old man built four title reigns picking soft targets! CJ Rowell -- career midcarder! Our boys leveled him - remember Old Line versus OCW?. Aerius Hyrule -- are you fucking serious? Aerius. Goddamn. Hyrule. And that's half of Eric Dane's "legacy" right there! And I don't remember who the fuck Zane even was!

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

HUGE REACTION -- CROWD ERUPTS.

[The main thing keeping Dane Jr.'s temper down right now is LSR's temper clearly flaring.]

Eric Dane Jr.: [smirking] Cute. Guess I'll just have to hope you borrow your idol's one good trick. You know -- vanishing into thin air forever.

POP as LSR's face reddens, legit furious.

[Daniels wedges himself in, half-grinning, trying to pull LSR back.]

Jeffrey Daniels: Easy, Lee. Save it for the PPV.

[He glares at Dane Jr., smirk curling again.]

Jeffrey Daniels: Fine. You want a New Untouchable? You've got it. You put your foot in the fire and your mouth on the line, and at the PPV, he's gonna kick it shut for you.

[The crowd ERUPTS, chanting "L-S-R! L-S-R!" as if it's already set. This is not fan support. They're trying to bait the dude. LSR seethes, breathing hard.]

[Daniels finally sits on the ropes and pulls on Lee's arm. LSR shakes his head, and the New Untouchables leave the ring. They back up the ramp, smug smiles in their usual spot on their faces, but still more serious than usual.]

Robby Ray Carter: It's official! Eric Dane Jr. versus Lee Scott Rothlesberger at the PPV!

Angus Skaaland: Don't get too excited, Robbie. These clowns always got something up their sleeve.

Up Next: The Iron Way!

The camera cuts back to the Commentation Station. The crowd behind the desk is still buzzing from the night's semifinals. Robbie Ray Carter leans in, headset tight, voice steady. Eric Dane and Angus Skaaland flank him, each with their own brand of intensity.

RRC:

"Birmingham, before we sign off tonight, let's take a look at what's ahead. In just a matter of days -- September 12th -- Iron City Wrestling presents The Iron Way, live from right here at The Foundry. History will be made."

The screen splits, showing the Iron Way poster with match graphics fading in one by one as the desk calls them out.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

RRC:

"First up, Eric Dane Jr. will go one-on-one with an as-yet-unnamed member of the New Untouchables. Bad blood's been boiling for weeks, and now Jr. finally gets his chance to settle it."

Eric Dane:

"That's my kid. He's cocky, he's reckless, but he's got fight in him. The Untouchables better bring more than fast talk, 'cause Jr. doesn't forget."

RRC:

"Also signed -- Jesse 'The Iron Kid' Collins collides with 'Superstar' Sammy Starr. We've all seen it -- tempers flaring, brawls breaking loose. At The Iron Way, they settle it in the ring."

Angus Skaaland:

"Settle it? Nah, Robbie Ray. They're gonna beat the brakes off each other just to see who gets the bigger spotlight."

RRC:

"In the women's division, Astrid Reichert and Duchess Vaughn will finally face each other in a No Holds Barred grudge match. These two were forced to team up; they tore through opponents, but they never stopped fighting among themselves. At The Iron Way, the leash is off."

Eric Dane:

"That's not a wrestling match. That's a demolition derby waiting to happen."

The screen flashes black and white highlights of Havoc and Clovis destroying enhancement talent, then their staredowns.

RRC:

"And for the very first Iron City Television Championship -- Jack Havoc battles Clovis Black in a Parking Lot Brawl. No rules. No ring. Just two monsters looking to prove who's the most dangerous man in ICW."

Angus Skaaland:

"I don't care who you are -- you're not walking away the same after that one."

Tag tournament highlights roll -- Rich Young Grapplerz cheating TNT, the Brothers Gluck demolishing the Night Riders, tonight's semifinals.

RRC:

"Then it's the finals of the Iron City Tag Team Title Tournament. Rich Young Grapplerz against the Brothers Gluck. One team walks out with gold and the right to call themselves the very first Iron City Tag Team Champions."

Eric Dane:

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

"That's history. Those belts get etched in stone, and whichever team wins, they'll never be forgotten."

The screen shifts to a split-shot of TD3 smirking in his paisley jacket and Graysie Parker raising both the Iron Crown and WrestleZone titles high above her head.

RRC:

"And in our main event, Todderick Davenport III challenges Graysie Parker for the Iron Crown. Graysie's been fighting wars in two promotions, carrying two championships -- but TD3 has been circling like a shark from day one. On September 12th, it's all on the line."

Eric Dane:

"That's the heart of Iron City right there. Graysie Parker. If TD3 wants to take that crown, he's gonna have to break her to do it."

Angus Skaaland:

"And I think he just might."

The full Iron Way card fills the screen, the logo stamped bold in the center: **SEPTEMBER 12 - THE FOUNDRY.**

RRC:

"Folks, history awaits. Iron City Wrestling: The Iron Way. September 12th. Don't miss it. For Eric Dane and Angus Skaaland, I'm Robbie Ray Carter -- goodnight from Birmingham!"

The show fades out on the Iron Way poster, the crowd still roaring in the background.

Iron City Fight Club: 1.4

Show Credits

Match: "Astrid Reichert/Duchess Vaughn vs The Brothers Gluck" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Show Opening" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Trust Fund Town Hall" - Written by justin.

Segment: "It's always Sunny in Birmingham!" - Written by justin.

Match: "Reinas de Sangre vs Kayla Reyes and Maddie Miles" - Written by justin, firstlady.

Segment: "There can be only one Superstar" - Written by justin.

Match: "Sunny Holliday vs Rachel Steele" - Written by justin.

Segment: "They crossed a line" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "Clovis Black vs Chip and Dale" - Written by Sheriff, justin.

Segment: "A "gentlemen's" agreement" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "And then there were Four" - Written by justin.

Match: "Astrid Reichert/Duchess Vaughn vs The Brothers Gluck" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Never truzt a ßnake" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Into the Fire" - Written by justin.

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

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

Segment: "Corny" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Match: "The New Untouchables vs Rich Young GRPLRZ" - Written by oldlinejeff, justin.

Segment: "Bad juju" - Written by oldlinejeff.

Segment: "Up Next: The Iron Way!" - Written by justin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite