

ICW: After Hours: 2

October 4, 2025 | The Foundry - Birmingham, AL

Show Opening

The screen fades in on the Foundry. No pyro, just the house lights bouncing off a smaller but rowdy Birmingham crowd. The After Hours logo flashes quickly across the screen before cutting straight to the hard camera on the ring. Robbie Ray Carter and Angus Skaaland are visible at the desk -- no Eric Dane Sr. here, he's not wasting his time on the B-show.

RRC:

"Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to ICW: After Hours! This is where the future of Iron City gets tested -- where hungry young talent and the toughest grinders in Alabama come to prove themselves."

Angus:

"Future, past, present -- it doesn't matter, Robbie Ray. If you don't bring it on After Hours, you don't make it to Monday nights."

A Superstar arrival

Cole Marksson is already in the ring. He paces nervously, bouncing on his toes, soaking in the crowd noise. No entrance music -- just a ring announcement that this kid is from Saraland, Alabama, making his ICW debut.

The lights shift as "Sharp Dressed Man" by ZZ Top struts over the PA. Out come Sammy Starr and Ricky Dale Cash, dressed like they own the building. Cash has a mic in hand, chewing his gum and smirking at Cole in the ring while Starr plays to the jeering crowd.

Cash (walking the aisle):

"Ladies and gentlemen, don't adjust your television sets -- what you're seeing right now is the most one-sided debut in Iron City history. That right there? That's Cole Marksson... from Saraland, Alabama. I didn't even know Saraland was a real place until tonight. And standing next to me is the Superstar of ICW -- Sammy Starr! So do the math. Kid from Saraland. Superstar. This is what we call a teaching moment."

Starr (snatching the mic as he steps to the apron):

"And the lesson, Cole, is real simple: don't step in the ring with a star unless you're ready to get burned."

He tosses the mic aside, and the crowd boos hard as Starr peels off his sequined jacket. Cole glares across the ring, fists clenched, trying to psych himself up. The ref calls for the bell.

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Cole Markkson vs Sammy Starr

DING DING

Starr struts right at Cole and slaps him across the face. The crowd boos loudly. Cole fires back with a burst of forearms, backing Starr into the corner! He whips him across the ring, charges, and lands a running dropkick that knocks the Superstar flat on his back.

RRC:

"Cole Marksson isn't here to play tourist -- he's fighting for his spot!"

Angus:

"Yeah, and he's about to lose it just as fast!"

Cole mounts with punches, the crowd counting along, but Starr bails under the bottom rope, pointing to his jaw and screaming at Cash. Cash calms him down, then Starr slides back in and cheap-shots Cole with a boot to the gut. He takes control, grinding the rookie down with a back suplex, then a chinlock, shouting "THIS is a Superstar!"

Cole fights back, elbows free, and hits the ropes -- leaping crossbody! One... two... Starr kicks out. Starr gets up wild, but Cole catches him with a snap powerslam for another two-count. The Foundry is buzzing now.

Cole stalks, clapping his hands, signaling for something big. Starr staggers up -- Cole hooks him and SNAPS him down with the Whiplash (snapmare driver)! The crowd explodes as he covers.

Ref:

"One! Two!"

Cash yanks Starr's foot onto the bottom rope! The ref misses it. Cole argues, but Starr blasts him from behind with a knee. He lifts Cole, spins, and plants him with the Starrstruck powerslam. Cover -- one, two, three.

Winner: Sammy Starr (pinfall)

Starr rolls out, throwing his arms wide like he just beat a world champion. Cash holds the ropes open for him as they strut back up the aisle, laughing. Meanwhile, Cole sits up in the ring, frustrated but getting a polite round of applause from the Birmingham crowd.

Stalking my prey...

"Electric Feel" by MGMT hits the speakers and out comes Pacey Skye, bouncing onto the stage in neon gear. She skips from side to side, slapping hands, twirling into a cartwheel at the top of the ramp. The

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Foundry pops for her energy as she sprints down, slides under the bottom rope, and poses on the middle turnbuckle, throwing up a heart sign to the crowd.

RRC:

"Pacey Skye is all speed, all energy -- if she can keep the pace high, she's got a chance tonight!"

Angus:

"Or she burns out in five minutes. Betting odds are heavy on door number two."

The lights dim. A low growl rumbles through the speakers before heavy riffs hit, heralding Tigress Wilde. She stalks slowly onto the stage, shoulders tense, eyes locked on the ring. No high-fives, no smiles. She stops mid-ramp, demands a mic, and glares at Pacey in the ring.

Tigress Wilde:

"Last time out, I let the sunshine blind me. I let myself get caught, and I was embarrassed in front of the whole world. Never again. From this night forward, I'm hunting. I'm stalking. And you, Pacey Skye... tonight, you're my prey."

She tosses the mic aside and stalks down the ramp, never breaking eye contact. Tigress slides under the ropes, crouched low like a predator waiting to pounce. Pacey bounces nervously in the opposite corner, psyching herself up as the referee calls for the bell.

Tigress Wilde vs Pacey Skye

DING DING

Pacey darts forward, quick as a flash, hitting Tigress with a pair of arm drags. The Foundry pops as she kips up and waves her arms, trying to keep the pace fast. She rebounds off the ropes -- flying headscissors sends Tigress rolling into the corner!

RRC:

"Pacey Skye showing off that lightning quickness! Tigress doesn't know what corner she's in!"

Angus:

"Yeah, but it only takes one swipe from the big cat to put the mouse down."

Pacey charges for a handspring elbow -- but Tigress bursts out of the corner and clotheslines her inside out! The crowd groans as Tigress roars, pounding her chest. She drags Pacey up by the hair and smashes her face-first into the top turnbuckle, once, twice, three times.

Tigress methodically stomps Pacey down in the corner, then yanks her out with a gutwrench suplex. Cover -- one, two, Pacey kicks out! Tigress snarls, hooks her up for a German suplex, but Pacey flips out of it, lands

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on her feet, and hits a dropkick to the knee. The crowd comes alive as Pacey hits the ropes -- springboard crossbody! One... two... Tigress powers out with authority.

Pacey rushes again, but Tigress catches her -- tilt-a-whirl into a backbreaker! She stands over her prey, circling. The crowd boos as she drags Pacey up and slams her with a powerslam. Tigress crouches, waiting, eyes wide.

Pacey staggers up -- Tigress lunges and SPEARS her nearly in half! She wastes no time, flipping Pacey over and wrenching her arm back into a vicious cross armbreaker. Pacey screams and taps immediately.

Winner: Tigress Wilde (submission)

The ref calls for the bell, but Tigress holds on a moment longer, teeth bared, before finally releasing. She rises, eyes wild, shouting into the camera:

Tigress Wilde:

"PREY. HUNTED."

She storms out as the ref checks on Pacey, who clutches her arm in pain. The crowd gives Pacey a sympathetic round of applause as she's helped out of the ring.

In a mood...

"Shake It Out" by Florence + The Machine hits, and Sam Gardner jogs out, grinning nervously but brimming with energy. She high-fives fans along the rail and points to the sky as she makes her way down the aisle. Dressed in simple green and black tights, she looks like the very definition of a rookie eager to prove herself. Sam slides into the ring, hopping from foot to foot, throwing a fist in the air to a polite pop from the Foundry crowd.

RRC:

"Sam Gardner, making her Iron City debut tonight! Young, hungry, and ready to prove she belongs."

Angus:

"She's young alright. Hungry? She better be, because she's about to get fed to the wolves."

The lights drop to a dull red glow. The opening chords of "London Calling" by The Clash rumble through the speakers. Duchess Vaughn storms through the curtain, no theatrics, no wasted motion -- just a fighter on a mission. They rip the jacket off before they've even hit the ramp, jaw set, eyes burning. Duchess snatches a mic at ringside and storms up the steps, glaring at Sam, then turning to face the hard cam.

Duchess Vaughn (thick Brixton accent, sharp and furious):

"Oi, Eric Dane. Iron City. All you lot watchin'. I ain't just some name to fill yer bloody card, yeah? I ain't no

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second choice. I'm Duchess Vaughn -- six foot o' bad news -- and I'm sick o' bein' overlooked.

Sam Gardner? You? Tonight, you're me example. Every punch, every slam, every second I drag you 'round this ring, it's a message. A message that I ain't waitin' me turn -- I'm takin' it.

You want dominance? Bruv, you're lookin' right at it. And when I'm done, ain't a soul left doubtin' what I can do."

Duchess drops the mic with a heavy thud, pacing like a caged animal, never taking their eyes off Sam. The crowd buzzes with unease as Sam steels herself, fists clenched, ready for the bell.

Duchess Vaughn vs Sam Gardner

DING DING

Sam circles fast, light on her feet, clapping to rally the crowd. Duchess stomps forward, sneering, hands out like they're ready to snatch her. Sam ducks low, spins behind, and snaps off a headscissors that sends Duchess rolling! The Foundry pops. Sam kips up, twirls, and bows with a dancer's flourish.

RRC:

"Sam Gardner using that ballet training to stay a step ahead!"

Angus:

"Yeah, but how long before she steps right into a buzzsaw?"

Duchess storms in again, but Sam bounces to the ropes, springboards into an armdrag, and launches into a monkey flip out of the corner. Duchess slams to the mat, rolling out clutching their back, red-faced with fury. Sam hits the ropes -- swan dive plancha to the floor! The crowd roars as Duchess crashes against the rail.

Sam pulls Duchess up, but the bigger wrestler hurls her into the apron spine-first. Duchess slides her back in and takes control: big boot nearly decapitates her. They drag Sam up by the hair, sneering at the hard cam.

Duchess (shouting):

"You don't belong in here!"

They hammer fists down into Sam's skull, then lift her into a gutwrench suplex. Cover -- one, two, Sam kicks out! Duchess snarls, hauls her up again, and locks a crushing bear hug. Sam squirms, clapping her hands, trying to rally the fans. Duchess shakes her like a rag doll.

Sam elbows free, lands on her feet, spins -- Pirouette Kick! Duchess staggers, dropping to a knee. Sam scrambles to the ropes, springboards -- flying bodyscissors into a cradle! One... two... Duchess powers out! The Foundry buzzes, believing for a second Sam had it.

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Sam backs up, signaling for Center Stage. She launches for the spinning jump kick -- but Duchess ducks and explodes with a lariat that turns her inside out! The crowd groans as Sam crumples to the mat.

Duchess doesn't waste a second -- pumphandle toss sends Sam crashing to the canvas. They drop down, snaring Sam in the Garrison Lock (ground cobra clutch), wrenching back with terrifying force. Sam claws toward the ropes, fingertips grazing -- but Duchess yanks her center-ring and squeezes tighter.

Sam taps furiously.

Winner: Duchess Vaughn (submission)

Duchess doesn't release immediately, grinding the hold as Sam cries out, then finally shoves her face-first into the mat. Duchess rises, snarling at the hard cam, pounding their chest, shouting:

Duchess (to the camera, Brixton accent):

"Eric Dane! You see me now?!"

They stomp out of the ring as Sam is helped up by the referee, clutching her ribs but still earning a round of applause from the crowd for her effort.

Levi Rex vs Marcus King

The crowd murmurs as the ring announcer introduces the next contest. "Blood and Thunder" by Mastodon rumbles through The Foundry, and Levi Rex emerges, stone-faced, wearing his black trunks and boots. He doesn't slap hands or play to the crowd -- he's laser-focused, jaw tight, stretching his arms as he makes his way to the ring.

RRC:

"Here comes Levi Rex -- one of the sharpest technical wrestlers in Iron City Wrestling, Robbie Ray. You know what you're getting every time: deliberate, calculated, dangerous."

Angus:

"And boring. Don't forget boring. Grapple, grapple, hold, hold -- I've seen paint dry faster."

Levi slides in, warms up with a few stretches in the corner. Then "Battle Cry" by Metallica hits, and Marcus King steps out, a smirk plastered across his face. Taller, broader, with a certain swagger to his stride, King mouths off to fans on the ramp, telling one guy he's "watching a master class tonight." He climbs the apron slowly, pointing at Rex as if to say you're in my ring. The crowd boos, and Marcus soaks it in like fuel.

DING DING

They circle, tie up. Rex with a headlock takeover, King counters to a headscissors, Rex kips out. They circle

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again, both smirking now. Another lock-up: King shoves Rex into the corner and slaps his chest, backing off with his hands raised. The crowd boos. Rex nods, wipes his chest, and shoots back in -- double-leg takedown into a slick ankle lock attempt, forcing King to scramble to the ropes.

From there it's a clinic: Rex strings together armlocks and snap suplexes, King answers with stiff elbows, European uppercuts, and a nasty cravat suplex. Every time Rex gains momentum, King smirks, shakes his head, and cuts him off with a strike or a rope break. Every time King gloats, Rex makes him pay with a counter hold or quick pin attempt.

Late in the match, Rex ducks a lariat, hits a German suplex bridge -- ONE, TWO... but King rolls his shoulder. They scramble, Rex hooks another waistlock, King counters with a standing switch and rolls him up -- ONE, TWO... Rex reverses, ONE, TWO... both men kick free!

RRC:

"These two are evenly matched! Neither man giving an inch!"

Angus:

"Yeah, but Marcus King looks better doing it, and that's what matters!"

Final sequence: King nails a roaring elbow, Rex staggers. King hooks him for the Hero's Welcome-style rolling cutter -- but Rex spins out, shoves him into the ropes, and grabs a backslide -- ONE, TWO, THREE-- NO! Both men's shoulders are down! The ref slaps the mat and signals confusion. Another official runs down, and after a hurried conference, the decision is made.

Result: Double Pinfall -- Match ruled a Draw

The crowd buzzes as both men jump up, chests heaving, pointing at each other and arguing with the referee. King insists he had Rex beat, Rex shouts back that King's shoulders were flat. The ref holds up both men's arms reluctantly, declaring the draw. Neither man looks satisfied -- Rex is stone-faced, King is fuming, storming out of the ring shouting "I WON! THAT WAS MINE!"

RRC:

"No resolution tonight -- these two are dead even!"

Angus:

"Even? Please. Marcus King had him! Levi Rex should be thanking his lucky stars for that ref's mistake."

Night Riders vs Steel City Saints

"I Wanna Be Somebody" by W.A.S.P. kicks in and the Steel City Saints charge the stage. Owen Mason throws his arms wide, yelling to the rafters, while Eli Dresden sprints left to right, slapping hands, both of them full of energy. They slide in, climb the corners, and fire up the Foundry crowd, who roar right back at

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them. The Saints slap forearms, pacing the ring like young lions ready for war.

RRC:

"Ottawa's own, the Steel City Saints, have come to After Hours with one thing on their mind -- making a statement!"

Angus:

"Yeah, yeah, statement this, statement that. Let's see how they do against a real team."

The lights shift neon pink and blue as Billy Idol's "Blue Highway" pulses through the speakers. The Night Riders -- Neon Blaze and Steel Thunder -- strut onto the stage, Blaze throwing exaggerated karate poses in his neon jacket and shades, Thunder stalking behind him, cold and scowling. Blaze blows a kiss to the crowd, rips off his shades with a flourish, and flexes. Thunder simply adjusts his wrist tape and marches to the ring. They jaw with fans at ringside, Blaze pointing at a kid in the front row and striking a crane-kick stance as Thunder smirks. They climb into the ring, Blaze striking another pose while Thunder glares at the Saints.

RRC:

"They call themselves the Night Riders -- from the Neon Horizon, wherever the hell that is. Blaze is flash, Thunder is fury, and together they'll cheat you blind if you let 'em."

Angus:

"Jealousy, thy name is Carter. Look at Blaze -- he's a karate master! He's the human highlight reel!"

DING DING

Eli starts with Blaze. Blaze struts into a crane stance, waving his fingers. Eli shrugs and charges -- Blaze sidesteps, chops the air, and strikes a pose. The crowd boos. Eli shakes his head, sweeps Blaze's legs, and dropkicks him out of the ring. Pop! Blaze scrambles up, screaming to the ref that it was illegal, while Thunder drops down to check on him. The Saints rally the fans with a double "come on!"

Back inside, Blaze tags Thunder. The Riders slow it down, Thunder grinding a wristlock, wrenching Eli down and stomping the arm. Blaze tags back in and springboards with a kick to the ribs as Thunder holds Eli in place. The Riders cut the ring in half, quick tags, constant jawing. Blaze karate-poses after every strike, while Thunder stoically punishes Eli with hammerlocks and backbreakers. The ref gets tied up more than once as Blaze pretends to re-tape his boots on the apron while Thunder chokes Eli behind his back.

RRC:

"Classic Night Riders strategy: isolate, antagonize, and cheat every chance they get."

Angus:

"That's called strategy, Robbie Ray. Saints are learning a lesson tonight."

Finally, Eli ducks a Blaze superkick, rolls through, and dives across the ring -- HOT TAG OWEN! The

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Foundry explodes as Owen storms in, blasting Blaze with clotheslines, knocking Thunder off the apron, and planting Blaze with a huge powerslam. Thunder rushes in, but Owen boots him down and tags Eli back. The Saints whip Blaze, double back body drop, and the Riders are reeling.

Thunder drags Blaze out to save him, regrouping. They plot a Neon Storm setup: Blaze lines up the superkick, Thunder waits for the redirect slam. But Eli ducks the kick and nails Blaze with a flying forearm. Owen intercepts Thunder, clotheslining him over the top rope! Blaze staggers, trapped center-ring. The Saints lock eyes, nod, and take off in opposite directions.

RRC:

"Here it comes--SAINTS ROW!"

CRACK! Dual running knee strikes crush Blaze from both sides. He flops to the mat as Owen covers, Eli diving across to block Thunder's late save attempt.

Ref:

"One! Two! Three!"

Winners: Steel City Saints (pinfall)

The crowd erupts as the Saints spring up, fists pumping. They pound their chests and climb the corners, soaking in the cheers. Thunder drags Blaze out by the arm, both Riders protesting to the referee, Blaze screaming that his hair was pulled. Thunder shakes his head, mouthing "robbery" as they slink up the aisle in neon disgrace.

RRC:

"The Steel City Saints have arrived, folks -- a massive win in our After Hours main event!"

Angus:

"Massive robbery, you mean. The Night Riders were robbed blind! Look at Blaze's beautiful face -- knee strikes like that should be illegal!"

The Saints embrace mid-ring, Owen raising Eli's arm as the After Hours logo flashes on the screen to close the show.

Show Credits

Segment: "Show Opening" - Written by justin.

Segment: "A Superstar arrival" - Written by justin.

Match: "Cole Markkson vs Sammy Starr" - Written by justin.

Segment: "Stalking my prey..." - Written by justin.

Match: "Tigress Wilde vs Pacey Skye" - Written by justin.

Segment: "In a mood..." - Written by justin.

Match: "Duchess Vaughn vs Sam Gardner" - Written by justin.

Match: "Levi Rex vs Marcus King" - Written by justin.

Match: "Night Riders vs Steel City Saints" - Written by justin.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite