

Sunday Night Cock Fight: 05.05.2013

May 5, 2013 | Buding Hall - Lawrence, Kansas

SUNDAY NIGHT COCK FIGHT

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?!

The opening video from the previous week opened the show for the fans in the arena and the television audience. Once it was completed, the camera zoomed in on Victoria Townsend, who was standing in the ring with her martini glass and a microphone.

"Ladies and uhh... gentlemen," she said, "Umm... my guests at this time are Professor Proof and The Project!" She extended her arm holding her martini glass to point towards the entryway.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony played throughout the arena to some cheers. Professor Proof entered the arena first and dragged The Project behind him by a chain that was attached to a collar around his neck. They made their way down to the ring rather quickly. Proof made his way up the steel steps and entered the ring while The Project remained outside on the apron.

Proof walked over to Victoria, "Professor Proof," she said, "last week The Project was, like, involved in the main event cage match and stuff. Then the ring was filled with mice." Proof nodded his head. "Let's take a look."

Once again, she pointed towards the entryway where, above which, was the giant projection screen dubbed, "The ReJecTron."

=====

!~BOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOM~!

There was a loud explosion at the somewhere in the rafter that echoed throughout the arena. Most in the audience, as well as The Project had been startled greatly. Project held his hands to his ears due to the pain he felt and the ringing he had going on inside them.

Suddenly, it was visible.

A huge 3d version ReJect's "J" logo was being lowered down to the ring. Once it hit the canvas, Project looked at it with even more confusion that would be normally seen on his face.

Slowly, he walked over to the "J" and hit it as hard as he could.

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The "J" imploded and out came several, HUNDREDS of black, gray, white and brown creatures. They scattered all around the ring.

"OH... MY... GOD... WE GOT MOUSES!" The announcer informed the audience at home.

By this time, Muscles was up to his feet. He looked over at his opponent, The Project, who was quickly backing himself into the corner. Project keeled over in the fetal position and attempted to protect his head.

This gave Muscles all the time he needed to easily walk out of the cage through the door.

He was announced as the winner of the match as "Walk" by Pantera once again blared on the P-A system.

It was an odd turn of events, but no matter. Mr. Muscles had won ReJect's very first Sunday Night Cock Fight main event. And he will be advancing in the ReJect Championship tournament.

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After the clip, we were brought back inside the arena. Professor Proof appeared to be disappointed with what he had seen. Victoria Townsend appeared to be as inebriated as ever.

"So umm," she said into the microphone, "What the hell happened?" She placed the microphone in front of Proof's face.

"Indeed," Proof said, "I had feared this hypothesis would be proven correct." He paused briefly still looking as disappointed as ever, "You see, among the many experiments conducted to my Project's body, one of the experiments was splicing his genes with elephant DNA."

There was a slight gasp in the crowd but Proof continued. "That's correct." Proof informed the crowd. "My Project is the first human to have been successfully eugenicized with another mammal's DNA."

"So like," Victoria said.

She was cut off when Proof pulled her hand back in front of his face. "As is common knowledge, elephants are deathly afraid of mice. Unfortunately, my Project shares this fear."

"That explains it!" One of the announcers said to the television audience.

"I DEMAND ANSWERS!" Proof screamed into the microphone. "Hypothesis: Upon learning of their upcoming match two weeks ago, Mr. Muscles broke into my lab and stole the files regarding my Project. He used those files to his advantage. Evidence to support hypothesis: Upon returning to my lab last week, I discovered it burglarized. And all information about my Project was missing!"

Immediately following the previous word, "Walk" by Pantera blared throughout the arena there was a smattering of boos, especially when Mr. Muscles pushed through the curtain and stood atop the entryway

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with a microphone in his hand.

"SHUT UP, IDIOTS!" Muscles shouted towards the fans. They booed louded. Because they are sheep. "Do you have any idea how badly I could kick the shit out of every one of you right now?!" More boos.

Slowly, Muscles strode towards the ring but continued speaking, "As far as your, 'hypothesis,' goes, whatever that is," he said facetiously. "It's as stupid as everyone else in this building!" The comment garnished even more heat on himself.

Muscles stopped when he reached the ringside area and looked up at Professor Proof. The Project stared blankly ahead of himself, towards the hard camera. Proof and Victoria changed their positioning to face Mr. Muscles.

"What's the matter old man?!" Muscles screamed again. "Do you wanna go on the roid of your life just like your retard over there did last week?! I wouldn't need to steal ANYTHING to beat his dumb ass!"

Professor Proof sneered, "Now, it is for certain. You have meat for brains!"

"HEY!" Mr. Muscles shot back, "WHAT THE HELL DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME?!" Infuriated, Muscles ran towards the ring and slid under the bottom rope. He stood up and said, "I DON'T HAVE ANY BRAINS! SAY IT AGAIN!" He walked straight forward until he was within arms reach of Professor Proof.

"ENOUGH!" Another voice shouted. Some boos followed. Cut back to the entryway. Budd E. Manchin was seen standing in front of the black curtains with a microphone, his whip and the ReJect Championship around his shoulder.

"Proof," Manchin continued, "I know all about your stolen files, and I've got my people looking into it. Now, I'm not happy about how the match ended last week either. So next week, Mr. Muscles and The Project are going to have a rematch. IN THE MAIN EVENT! And the only way to win will be by pinfall or submission. No DQ's. No count outs."

The last announcement garnished a slight pop from the crowd.

"NOW GET TO WORK!" Manchin said before he cracked his whip.

¡~CINCO DE MAYO~!

Caliente y Fria were standing in the locker room. They both made the sign of the cross, "En el nombre del hijo, el padre y la misma Virgen." They said in unison.

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Dos Fuegos turned to his brother, "En la celebración del Día de la Batalla de Puebla, que tenemos que prometer para obtener la victoria esta noche," he said calmly. "Debemos estar seguros de que esto sucede, o bien seremos una mancha en el nombre de nuestra familia."

Muy Helado nodded in agreement. He added, "Te lo juro, mi hermano, voy a salir victorioso." They braced each other in a strong hug.

"WOOOOOO~!" Someone called out before walking closer to the two brothers. Whoever he was, he seemed extremely scruffy and dirty. However, he was wearing a sombrero and had a bottle of tequila in his hand. "Hey guys!" He said again. A hiccup followed the phrase. He brought a hand up to his mouth and burped. "Excuse me, sorry about that."

The brothers looked at the man, who had taken a drink of the tequila. Dos Fuegos turned to his brother and said, "Se trata de un hombre blanco loco." Muy Helado laughed. "Él tiene que bañarse e ir a Home Depot para convertirse en un jornalero." They both laughed.

"YEAH!" The guy called out as he put his arms around the brothers. "I love Home Depot!" He chuckled. "Look, I mean no disrespect. I only wanted to wish the both of you a Happy Cinco de Mayo and wish you both the best of luck tonight."

Muy Helado said to him, "Su aliento huele a Robert Downey Jr."

"HA!" The man said, "I haven't seen the new movie, yet! But I heard it's good!" He extended his hand, "I'm sorry. I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Morgan Jameson." Neither of them shook his hand. "Well, how about you guys share this bottle with me?"

"Dice en el libro," Dos Fuegos said, "Y no os embriaguéis con vino, en lo cual hay disolución, antes bien sed llenos del Espíritu," There seemed to be extra fuego in his voice.

Both brothers walked past Jameson and brushed him on the shoulder as they did so. This nearly caused him to fall over but he was able to regain his balance.

"HA!" Jameson said, "Suit yourself boys." The door to the locker room shut behind the brothers. Jameson stood there, lonely, chugging the bottle of tequila.

...:COMMERCIAL:...

ReJect Championship Tournament:
Muy Helado

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VS.

Brian Douglas

In the first match of the evening, Brian Douglas tried to weaken Muy Helado's legs as best as he could. He was even able to lock in his finishing hold, Christ Approved, however, Helado was able to reach the ropes. And eventually **Muy Helado defeated Brian Douglas** after he hit him with La Uura Verdad.

????? ?????? ???? ???? ?

Victoria Townsend was standing next to Omar Shabazz in the backstage area. "So, like, I'm standing next to Omar Shabazz," she said. "He's SUPER hawt!" She turned to him and asked, "Omar, tell us, what do you, like, have planned for ReJect Wrestling?"

Omar looked at her ferociously, "???? ?? ???? ????? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ???? ??????" He said. He pointed his AK-47 at Victoria's breasts. The expression on his face was even fierier than before.

"Omg!" She said. "That's SO COOL!" Slowly, she stroked the barrel of the gun. "This gun... it's... soooo... sexy!"

He jerked the gun away from her, "??????? ?? ??????" He said.

She twirled her finger around his beard. "That's like... super hawt." She informed him before she took a drink from her martini glass. "So, umm, why don't you tell us a little about your past? Where did you get that sexy ass of yours cutie?"

Shabazz ground his teeth together and cocked back the trigger on the gun before he said, "??????? ?? ???????? ???????? ???? ??? ????? ??????"

She giggled and ran her fingers through his beard, "Wow! That's amazing!" She licked his cheek.

It appeared as though Shabazz was about to explode. "?? ?????? ?? ???? ???????? ?? ???? ???????? ?? ????? ???????? ?? ??????" He shouted before storming off.

"Stupid men!" Victoria screamed. "The hawt ones always run off on you." She frowned.

..:COMMERCIAL:..

Keeping Warm

Brian Douglas was in the locker room pulling his clothes out of his bag and looking disappointed after taking his second loss in two weeks. Ready to take a shower and call it a night, Brian let out a huge sigh.

"Hey there toots!" "Ziggy" Wagge D. said in his high pitched voice as he walked into view of the camera. His arm moved quickly.

SMACK~!

It wasn't seen, however the thud and Ziggy's moving arm could have only meant one thing. He smacked his partner across the ass. "Ohhhhh myyyyyy gaaaaawwwd!" Ziggy said, "Why the long face?"

Douglas sighed again. "It's just," he paused to gain his thoughts, "I really thought that joining ReJect would be our big break, you know? I mean, I lost the match for us last week. I lost again this week. I don't understand. It seems like He's mad at me."

Ziggy's eyes widened and he gasped before asking, "Who?"

"You know," Brian said, "Jesus."

Ziggy placed his hands against his mouth. "W-why would he be angry at you? Did you break his heart?" Ziggy was shocked. And confused. And. Shocked.

"I think I might have," Brian said, "I mean, all of my life, I had such a hard time finding friends. Then in 2009, I found you. And we've been best buds ever since!"

SMACK~!

"Totallyyy," Ziggy said with a smile and a wink after another smack of the buttocks.

Brian looked down at his boots, "But I always get the feeling that I'm somehow sinning." He said, "I mean," Brian pulled out a Bible from his bag and opened it up. He flipped through a few pages until he said, "In Ecclesiastes 4:9, it says: 'Two are better than one, because they have a good return for their work: If one falls down, his friend can help him up. But pity the man who falls and has no one to help him up! Also, if two lie down together, they will keep warm. But how can one keep warm alone?'"

"Mhmm," Ziggy said, "I sooooo know what you mean." Ziggy was entirely captivated. "But c'mon Bry! Tell me more about your friend, Jesus. You know how much I love it when you tell me about him!"

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Brian smiled. "Jesus loves you, Ziggy."

Ziggy blushed and gasped. "DID HE TELL YOU?!" Ziggy was dancing his legs with excitement.

"Well, no," Brian said softly, "But I know he does. He loves me."

"WOW!" Ziggy was so giddy. "I didn't think Jesus would be into that! Hell, I'm not even sure how I feel about that." He paused and seemed to be a little upset, "But screw it! Next time you see him, tell him I'm down!"

Brian looked at his partner confused. "But..."

"Sorry toots," Ziggy hugged Brian, "My match is up next. Gotta run! MUAH!"

Brian sighed again, feeling completely unresolved. "Jesus does love you, Ziggy." He said under his breath.

The Flame of the Heart

The cameras cut to a dark, blackened area backstage. In fact, there seemed to be no light at all. That is, until there was a pale face in front of the lens seemingly suddenly.

In front of the face, the flame from a candle's wick was clearly seen being the only source of light. This face had dyed, black, messy hair atop of it that nearly covered the eyes. The face's eyes were baggy. Its lips were black from apparent lipstick.

But most importantly, the face was as pale as the clouds. For serious. Not even the flame could give this face any color.

"This fire," the face spoke, "represents the one opportunity we're all given. For the first time in my life, I've been given an opportunity. I've been given a chance to win the ReJect Championship."

The face paused. "Unlike everyone else, this is the only moment in my life that I've been given to shine. Unlike everyone else, I've never been handed anything to me in my life. When I graduated high school, I asked my parents for a Ferrari. It would have been a modest graduation gift. But what was I given? A Mustang. A MUSTANG! The same Mustang that EVERYONE else has!"

"What's wrong with me, mom?" The face questioned. "Didn't I deserve to be happy, dad?!" The face's frown seemed to only grow. The face looked down. A single tear fell from one of its eyes.

The face... faced the camera again. "This flame," it said, "is the burning pain in my heart. And although it's

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illuminating, it can not brighten the black abyss that has engulfed my broken, shattered, destroyed heart."

"But with most things," the face continued, "this flame will not survive." The face blew the flame away from the candle. "It too will die alone."

ReJect Championship Tournament:

"Ziggy" **Wagge D.**

VS.

Dos Fuegos

Amazing agility was shown in the next contest, much like last week's tag bout featuring these two athletes. After Dos Fuegos missed an attempted moonsault, "Ziggy" Wagge D. planted him with a Russian leg sweep. And in the end, **"Ziggy" Wagge D. defeated Dos Fuegos** when he leapt from the top rope and nailed him with the Chart Topper.

...COMMERCIAL:..

The One Foot Wonder

Once more, the camera was backstage in the interviewing area. Victoria Townsend was looking to her left. Her jaw was proverbially dropped. She heldd her martini glass that was still full of liquid to her lips but she was lost. She was still wobbly and bobbed back and forth. But mentally, she was frozen.

The camera zoomed out. To the left of Victoria was a genuinely handsome young man with longer, wavy brown hair. He had just enough stubble on his face to be considered, "sexy stubble." He had a confident smirk as his expression. But it wasn't cocky.

"Victoria!" An unseen voice said, "YOU'RE ON!"

Slowly, her head turned towards the camera. She brought the martini glass and the dropped jaw with her. She tried to speak into the martini glass, but her words weren't heard. She shook her head violently and put the glass down and brought the microphone to her lips.

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"I-I-I'm standing with uh-uhhh... Banger Bobby," she struggled to say.

"Bobby Banger," the man beside her said softly and gently.

She giggled, "Stupid me!" She said, embarrassed. "I'm uhh... standing next to Bobby Banger, the-the," she gasped, "the one foot wonder." She paused to attempt to collect herself. "He's umm... going to be in tonight's main event. And so..."

Banger pulled the microphone to his lips, "Relax," he said soothingly, "No need to be nervous, hun!" This was said in a more joking fashion as the smirk turned into a perfect smile. He put his arm around her shoulder and said, "But you're right, I am in the main event tonight against some old timer."

She giggled again, "That's sooooo true!" Another giggle followed. "So... Ummm... Like... How do you feel about it?" With her martini glass placed down, she played with her hair trying to perfect it.

"Heh heh," Banger let out a scoff, "I won't even break a sweat. But how about you come down to ringside with me and see me in action?" She nodded her head tightly. Then took a quick drink from her martini glass. "Then later, we'll go back to my motel and you can *really* see me in action?"

Victoria dropped the microphone and her martini glass. The thud of the microphone hitting the ground was quickly followed by the loud shattering of the glass. She jumped on Bobby Banger and planted a long, messy kiss on his lips while she wrapped her legs around his waist.

Bobby kissed her back and stumbled backwards slightly as they exited the camera's view.

ReJect Championship Tournament:

"Outlaw" **James Smith w/ "Cowboy" John Potter**

VS.

Scott E. Moe

"Outlaw" came down to the ring with his tag team partner, "Cowboy" John Potter. The fans didn't take a liking to either wrestler in this match. After some brawling between the two that included lots of punching, kicking, scratching and whatnot, Cowboy distracted the zebra shirt after Scott E. Moe connected with his Abyss finishing maneuver. This gave Outlaw enough time to recuperate and give Moe a low blow which was quickly followed up with the Dead Man's Hand. Thus, **"Outlaw" James Smith won the match via pinfall.** After the match, Scott E. Moe appeared to be completely emotionally distraught. He threw off his vest and whipped it against the steel steps before he started banging his head against the steel post on the outside. Eventually, he sat on the floor beside the announcers with his head buried in his palms and no signs of leaving the arena.

...COMMERCIAL:...

...MAIN EVENT:..

ReJect Championship Tournament:

Bobby Banger w/ Victoria Townsend

VS.

Robert Fairfield

After returning from the commercial, "Something in Your Mouth" by Nickelback burst onto the P-A system of the arena. The crowd pointed their heads toward the entryway in anticipation of whoever would be on their way to the ring next. There was some struggle getting out from behind the curtain, but Bobby Banger could be seen. Somewhat.

Victoria Townsend was still attached to him in the same manner as they were seen during the final moments of their interview. Her face was planted in his neck. He held onto her buttocks tightly and walked as fast as he could to the ringside area give their position, where their lips connected once more. They rolled under the bottom rope and continued to make out on the canvas as "Something in Your Mouth" faded away.

In it's place, were first the acoustic strings of "The Times They Are a-Changin" before Bob Dylan himself started to sing. Robert Fairfield stood atop of the small entry ramp. He looked toward the ring with disgust. He walked slowly towards the square circle.

The entire journey took him around two minutes, but he reached the ringside area. He made his way up the four steel steps and onto the apron. Where his eyes were filled with even more disgust as he looked into the ring and saw those two displaying their filth. "The Times They Are a-Changin" was over before he could even enter the ring. But he did so slowly.

Senior Zebra Shirt, Richard Dawson, tried his best to separate the couple that still hadn't even stood up from the mat. Dawson called for extra help. It took three more zebra shirts to separate the two of them and escort Victoria outside of the ring. Once Banger was in his designated corner, Dawson called for the bell.

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

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The match was officially underway!

Bobby Banger and Robert Fairfield locked eyes. They inched their way towards each other ever so slightly. Banger smirked at his predecessor. He was given a slap across the face as a receipt.

Fairfield tried to keep the offense moving. He gave him a quick flurry of right and left hands before he slapped on a side headlock. Still trying to be as quick as possible, Fairfield changed positioning and put the young man in a hammerlock.

After holding onto the hold for around three seconds, he pushed the cocky young man away from him. Then he taunted Banger by throwing out his arms.

"YOU STILL GOT IT!" The fans began to chant.

Embarrassed, Bobby plunged forward and the both of them locked up. Bobby managed to apply a side headlock of his own. This was even quicker followed up with a hammerlock. And shoving. Bobby smirked yet again once Fairfield faced him again.

Robert charged as fast as he could, which wasn't very fast at all, obviously, and was given a hip toss for his troubles. Robert sat up from the mat and was given a kick to the spine.

The one foot wonder was quick to follow up on the offense. He pulled Fairfield up to his feet and whipped him into the corner. He followed his opponent as quickly as he could. He mounted to the middle rope.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

TEN!

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The fans chanted as Bobby drove a fist into Fairfield's skull consecutively. Bobby wrapped his arms around Fairfield's waist and delivered a perfectly executed gutwrench suplex.

Seemingly immediately, Bobby was on top of Fairfield and had hooked a leg. Dawson dropped into position.

ONE!...

TWO!... Fairfield shot a shoulder up.

Hastily, Banger applied a sleeper hold while Fairfield was still on the canvas. He looked over at Victoria Townsend, who was still at ringside to his right. He shot her a wink before Fairfield began to stand up.

Bobby tried to apply more pressure with the hold to no avail. Fairfield drove his elbow into Banger's mid-section. Another. And another. The hold was finally relinquished.

Fairfield turned around and hoisted Banger up on his shoulder in a fireman's carry. As fast as he could, Fairfield spun around in circles repeatedly. Upon being dizzy himself, Fairfield let Banger down but was then given a DDT for his troubles.

Both men lay on the mat for several moments. Dawson was able to make a count of six before there was movement. Banger was on his feet first. Fairfield made it up to one knee. Bobby ran towards the ropes that faced his opponent's back. After bouncing off of the ropes, Banger grabbed the back of Fairfield's head when he had just returned to a vertical basis. Bobby drove Robert's face into the canvas.

Upon the impact, Robert rolled onto his back. The one foot wonder immediately followed up with a lateral press.

ONE!...

TWO!..

THR...ANDAHALF!

Robert kicked out.

Now rolled over back onto his stomach, the breathing legend found himself in yet another submission hold. A front face lock. Bobby Banger was relentless in keeping the offense rolling, forcing this match to be at his speed. Not slow. Which would obviously be beneficial to the old man.

Slowly, Robert pushed his knees forward and was able to rest on them. The next step was to stand on his feet and bring the stronger, younger man with him. He was able to put the sole of one boot on the mat. It was then that Bobby decided to let go of the hold.

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Bobby allowed Fairfield to return to his feet. As soon as Fairfield laid eyes on his opponent, Bobby leaped and drove the bottom of his feet into Robert's chest, dropping him with a dropkick.

The one foot wonder had a cocky, confident smile on his face. He ascended to the top rope and did a little, sexy dance. Dawson was kneeling down to check on Robert. Fairfield had his eyes on Banger and he wasn't particularly fond of the predicament he found himself in.

But then it happened.

BOOOOOOO~!

"What the hell?!" One of the announcer's shouted. "Oh yeah, I forgot he was still here!"

Bobby got crotched in the corner. Scott E. Moe, who hadn't changed his position since the conclusion of the previous bout, shook the top rope, causing Banger's nether regions to collide with the corner. Slowly, Bobby's body crashed on the canvas below.

Scott E. Moe looked at the damage he caused and smiled fiendishly. He turned around and headed to the back to a chorus of boos.

Fairfield had an evil smile on his face.

Quickly, he crawled towards Bobby's prone body. Even faster, he locked on his patented cross-face chicken wing! Bobby screamed in pain as soon as the submission hold was applied. Fairfield grapevined his legs around Banger's waist.

Bobby looked over at Victoria Townsend, who shouted, "Don't you give up Bobby!" And she blew him a kiss. She reached her arm under the bottom rope. Bobby reached his hand out towards hers. Fairfield applied more and more pressure.

Bobby and Victoria's fingertips touched.

Then his hand fell limp.

Dawson checked Bobby's condition. He seemed to be unresponsive. Dawson grabbed his wrist and dropped it. "ONE!" He shouted out. He dropped Banger's arm again. "TWO!"

Dawson picked up Banger's hand even higher. Then dropped it.

"THREE!" Dawson cried out. "RING THE BELL!"

Once again, the bell rang three consecutive times. Shortly afterwards, "The Times They Are a-Changin'" began to play. The ring announcer was informing the crowd that Robert Fairfield was the winner of the match.

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Even still, Fairfield hadn't let go of the hold. Dawson struggled to pull the breathing legend off of the one foot wonder to no avail. After being threatened with a reversal of the decision, Fairfield finally let go and rolled under the bottom rope.

BOOOOOOOO~!

As Robert Fairfield made his way to the backstage area, he turned to face the fans a few times and told the fans to "stick it," with his arms in the universal sign language. He had a devilish smile on his face.

The camera cut back into the ring where Victoria Townsend was cradling Banger's head in her arms. Blood crept out of his mouth. Her mascara began to melt as credits were shown on the bottom of the screen.