

# Sunday Night Cock Fight: 05.12.2013

May 12, 2013 | Omaha Civic Auditorium - Omaha, Nebraska

## SUNDAY NIGHT COCK FIGHT

### A Destroyed Life

"I can't take this!" Victoria Townsend screamed into a microphone as she stood in the middle of the ring. Her mascara was wet and melted. She took a drink out of her martini glass before she spoke again. "Bobby Banger isn't here tonight!" She frowned. "And I'm not going anywhere until I get to talk to two assholes right now!"

The crowd seemed confused. She downed the rest of her drink in her glass. All that remained inside the glass was a lime and ice. "Robert Fairfield! Scott E. Moe!" She called out, "One of you needs to get your ass out here right now!" She was screaming so loud, her voice was screeching.

She looked towards the entryway. "Walls" by Emery burst onto the stereos throughout the arena. Slowly, Scott E. Moe crept out from behind the curtains and entered the arena. He stood atop of the entryway with a microphone in his hand. "Bwah," he said. "I suspect you're questioning why I inserted myself into that superficial manservant of yours' match last week."

Some in the audience remained confused. "Bwah," he mumbled, "I've brought the video footage for your viewing pleasure." He pointed behind and above him at the ReJecTron.

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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.

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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!"

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"Bwah," Scott E. Moe said as he made his way down to the ring. "I imagine your manservant wasn't worth much of anything to you later that night." A fiendish smile was slapped on his face while he entered the ring.

"YOU RUINED MY LIFE!" Victoria said as she stormed quickly towards Scott E. Moe.

"Oh please," E. Moe said, "you can lie to yourself all you want, but you can't fool a heart as dark and painful as mine. Your life was destroyed years before I entered it last week."

"YOU SHUT UP!" Victoria's voice screeched. She slapped Scott E. Moe as hard as she could. She kept slapping him over and over. She dropped the microphone and used both hands to slap him. Repeatedly.

Scott E. Moe only smiled whilst he was attacked ferociously. He dropped his microphone and grabbed Victoria's arms and held them down by her sides. He shoved her down on the canvas.

She sobbed uncontrollably. Scott bent down and grabbed the microphone again, "Thanks mom!" He called out. "Hit me some more, woman!" He smiled. "You're pathetic."

"ENOUGH!" Another voice called out. Cut to the entryway. Budd E. Manchin was standing atop the ramp. "Victoria, I know you're upset about Bobby, he'll be back next week. And as far as Robert Fairfield is concerned, I'll deal with him next week as well. He was given the night off."

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Manchin paused briefly, "Now Scott," he said, "I wasn't pleased with what you did to my main event last week and your actions tonight are unpleasant to say the least! You're going to have a match RIGHT NOW! I'm going to go back there and find someone to teach you a lesson."

"PUNISH ME DADDY!" Scot E. Moe called out into his microphone. "PUNISH ME MORE!"

"SHUT UP!" Manchin yelled. "Victoria, get out of there, you've got a job to do tonight too!" Manchin cracked his whip. "NOW GET TO WORK!" Manchin walked back behind the curtains. And the opening video to Sunday Night Cock Fight was played.

Scott E. Moe

**VS.**

"Ziggy" **Wagge D.**

After the opening video, E. Moe was standing in the ring awaiting his opponent. "Baby" by Justin Bieber began to play and it was announced that his opponent would be "Ziggy" Wagge D. Right away, E. Moe pummeled Ziggy straight away by throwing wild punches that connected all over. Ziggy wasn't even able to land in one offensive maneuver. **Scott E. Moe pinned "Ziggy" Wagge D.** after he hit him with The Abyss.

**...COMMERCIAL...**

### Man Down

Caliente y Fria and Texas Hold 'Em were sitting around a circular table in the backstage area. Both teams were sitting together. There were piles of cash and poker chips on the table.

"Alright boys," "Outlaw" James Smith said as he dealt out some cards. "Deuces are wild and..."

He was cut off. "Now wait just a done-didilly-second here!" "Cowboy" John Potter said. James stopped dealing the cards. "We need if fifth player if we's gonna' be playin us some gosh darn poker!"

Muy Helado turned to his brother, "¿Sabes lo que está pasando aquí?" He shrugged his shoulders.

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"Todo lo que sé," Dos Fuegos said to his brother, "es que estos chicos blancos locos quieren jugar a las cartas. Tenemos que mostrarles cómo lo hacemos en México!"

"SI!" Muy Helado said. They have each other a high five.

"HEY NOW!" Outlaw shouted, "NO TABLE TALK!"

"But James," John said, "these beaners is just doin' what we's doin'!" He looked at his partner confused. "That done-diddily ain't not fair now! And we's still need a fifth player!"

Outlaw let out a sigh. "You're right." He stood up from the table. "I'll be back. You all stay here." Outlaw walked away from the table and the others.

Cowboy looked around at the two brothers that form the Caliente y Fria tag team. "Now, why didn't you beaners brung us some salsa?!"

**Michael America**

**VS.**

**Lamar Vaughn**

In a rematch from Episode 1, Michael America took on Lamar Vaughn. Embarrassed with his previous performance, Lamar tried his best to keep offense coming in. Out of no where, America hit him with a gut buster and followed it up with the Manhattan Project. **America then covered Lamar for the pinfall victory.**

**Your Star Spangled Son**

Victoria Townsend met Michael America halfway up the entryway. She was drinking from her glass. America breathed heavily into the microphone. Then he opened up a water bottle and poured it all over himself.

"So like," Victoria said. She seemed completely uninterested "Michael America..."

"WOOOOO!" He screamed into the microphone, interrupting Victoria. He was elated with his second victory. "I just want to thank my Lord and savior, Jesus Christ, for blessing me with yet another victory!" His words were met with a chorus of boos from the audience.

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"Yeah," Victoria said, "whatever." America's heavy breathe could still be heard. "So like, you're going to face either 'Cowboy' John Potter or Morgan Jameson next in the tournament for the ReJect Championship. And uhh... their match is next tonight. Who would you rather face?"

"Well," America said before breathing heavily into the microphone some more, "I know that I can beat either one of them!" Some boos were heard. "But John Potter is a tough son of a gun! He's from Texas, I served in Iraq with a Texan." More boos from the crowd. "He'd give me the greatest run for my money, that's for sure! So I guess I'd have to say, I'd like to face Morgan Jameson!"

The crowd just hated everything this guy said. "COME ON EVERYBODY!" Michael shouted, "I'm your star spangled son! Let's here it everybody!" More boos. "U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!"

They would have none of it. He continued to try to get the chant started as he walked with a smile graciously to the backstage.

**...COMMERCIAL...**

### **Poker Face**

The cameras again cut to the backstage where Texas Hold 'Em and Caliente y Fria were now joined by "Ziggy" Wagge D. around the circular table. "Outlaw" James Smith was dealing out more cards.

"Ohhhhh yay!" Ziggy called out when he had three cards in his hand. He had a package of ice wrapped around his head. The others were retrieving their cards calmly. "Ohhhh myyy gaaawwwd!" He said upon receiving his fourth card. "YESSSSS!" Was sprayed out of his mouth after the fifth.

"Cowboy" John Potter slammed his arms down on the table. "Now I's done-diddily had it with the queer boy over here!" He said angrily. "Doncha know what a poker face is?!"

"Totallllyyy," Ziggy replied. He shot a wink towards Potter. The Cowboy stood up from the table slightly. But Outlaw held him down.

Caliente y Fria looked at Ziggy awkwardly. "Le gusta tener sexo con hombres." Dos Fuegos said.

"SI!" Muy Helado agreed.

Outlaw turned to his partner, who had sat back down. "What do you got?" He asked him.

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"I ain't got no nothin'!" Potter responded. He slammed his cards down on the table.

Smith looked at Ziggy. "How 'bout you?"

Ziggy looked down at his cards and slowly put them down. "All hearts!" He said with much excitement in his voice.

Suddenly, Brian Douglas appeared next to his partner. "Ziggy," Douglas said, "can't we just get out of here now?!" Ziggy waved his hand in front of his partner. "Proverbs 13:11 says, 'Wealth gained hastily will dwindle, but whoever gains little by little will increase it.' We're better than gambling!"

"Don't worry, sugar." Ziggy told him. "We're winning!"

"A gosh darn flush!" Cowboy shouted. "Four of a kind and now a flush!"

Outlaw looked at Muy Helado, "And you?"

"Nada." Muy Helado said and put his cards on the table calmly.

Outlaw turned to Helado's brother. "How about you there, firefly?!" Dos Fuegos laughed hysterically. He slammed his cards down. "WHAT?!" Outlaw was outraged. "A Royal Flush?!"

"Sí, señor." Fuegos informed him. He began to collect the pot.

Outlaw grabbed his arms and pulled him across the table. Cowboy flipped the table on top of the Modern Day Missionaries. The hard wood crashed on their skulls. Outlaw drove his fist upside Fuegos head, delivering his Dead Man's Hand. Muy Helado had a beer bottle broken over his head courteous of John Potter.

"GET THE LOOT!" Outlaw shouted as the both picked up the cash that was laying around on the floor. There was a lot of moaning and groaning while Texas Hold 'Em rushed out of the scene.

## **Scientific Justice**

Victoria Townsend looked as uninterested as ever. She was standing next to Professor Proof who had The Project chained up behind him. "So yeah," she said into the microphone then quickly took a drink from her martini glass, "Professor Proof, your Project is in the main event again against Mr. Muscles this week, but this time it's all like a No DQ match or whatever."

She put the microphone to his lips, "Precisely!" Professor Proof said in the microphone. "They say that justice

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is blind. And tonight, my Project is going to receive his due justice! And everyone will bear witness to it!"

"Mmhmm..." Victoria had zero interest in the interview whatsoever. She took another drink from her martini glass. "Just like, keep talking," she said.

"Well," Professor Proof began, "I have yet to have the files regarding my Project returned to me. Budd E. Manchin is attempting to stonewall me. He won't return my phone messages. He doesn't respond to my e-mails. NOTHING!" He paused briefly. "But no matter. Justice gets served. Tonight!"

"Wow," Victoria said with zero emotion in her voice, "that's so interesting. Please go on."

"Very well," Professor Proof stated. "Mr. Muscles, you Neanderthal, my evolutionarily superior Project is going to DESTROY you tonight! May science have mercy on your soul!"

Professor Proof pulled The Project's chain. "Namcatatah!" Project exclaimed. Again another tug on the chain. "MUNCHKINS!" Project shouted. The two walked away from the interviewing area.

Victoria Townsend looked away from them while they left. She continued to drink the liquid out of her martini glass. Her mind and eyes were off in the distance.

ReJect Championship Tournament:

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

**VS.**

**Morgan Jameson**

"Cowboy" John Potter and Morgan Jameson had a very evenly-matched contest. Both pulled out every bit of brawling they could out of their repertoire. Potter eventually hit The Cow Tipper on Jameson and AMAZINGLY, Jameson kicked out. Shocked and upset, both members of Texas Hold 'Em argued with the zebra shirt. "Outlaw" James Smith continued to berate him while Jameson picked up his beer bottle and smashed it across Potter's head. Suddenly, Caliente y Fria hit ringside. Dos Fuegos pulled Smith off of the apron. They began to brawl and kept the zebra shirt's attention. Muy Helado came crashing down on Potter's body with La Uura Verdad. Jameson crawled over and put his body on top of Potter's. The zebra shirt turned around in time to make the count. **Morgan Jameson won the match via pinfall.**

**...COMMERCIAL...**

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...MAIN EVENT:..

No Disqualifications

**The Project w/ Professor Proof**

**VS.**

**Mr. Muscles**

Immediately following the commercial, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony played on the arena's P-A system. Most fans cheered as they anticipated the arrival of a ReJect that they have come to know and love. It didn't take long for Professor Proof to push his way through the black curtains. Behind him, as always, was The Project with a chain connected to a collar on his neck.

They hurried their way to the ring. Proof walked up the steps and entered the ring. Project did so as well. Proof walked The Project to his corner and took off the collar. Proof exited the square circle while Beethoven's Fifth faded away into nothingness.

In its place were the harsh, strong strings of "Walk" by Pantera. Some boos immediately followed the song. Mr. Muscles burst through the black curtains like a fire out of a broken window. Yeah. That's right. A *Backdraft* reference. He stood atop of the entryway and looked down at the ring and scoffed.

He strode powerfully down the ramp. Again. The powerful striding didn't stop until he reached ringside. He jumped onto the apron and stepped over the top rope to enter the ring.

Senior zebra shirt, Richard Dawson, made sure that Mr. Muscles was in his designated corner while "Walk" dimmed down and eventually stopped playing. The Project hadn't moved a muscle since he was put in his corner by Professor Proof. Dawson walked back into the center of the ring and called for the bell.

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

The match was officially under way!

"This is a no disqualifications match, folks!" Dolan Jones told the television audience. "ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN!"

Mr. Muscles walked out of his corner and headed towards his opponent. The Project remained still in the corner. Mr. Muscles smiled. He charged at Project and speared him into the corner. He continued to drive his shoulder into Project's abdomen repeatedly with shoulder thrusts.

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The blank look that would normally be seen on The Project's face was erased. He had a fiery look of anger as he looked down at Mr. Muscles delivering the shoulder thrusts. Project drove his hands into Muscles' lumbar with a double axe handle. Muscles immediately collapsed to the canvas.

Project was still angered by the pain he had suffered. He picked up Mr. Muscles and dumped him over the top rope. Afterwards, he stared at the crowd with the same, emotionless, blank glare in his eyes.

It took a few moments, however, Mr. Muscles was able to recuperate and return to his feet. He turned to the ring and saw Project was once again giving his blank stare. He grabbed both of Project's legs and pulled him to the outside. Once The Project's feet hit the ground, Muscles drove an elbow in the side of his jaw. And another.

The Project was angry again. He shoved Mr. Muscles as hard as he could into the security railing. He charged at Muscles and clotheslined him into the crowd.

Yet again. The Project stared blankly at the fans. Some members of the audience gently patted his shoulders or they would lean forward to lay a hand on the fallen Mr. Muscles.

Muscles stood up again and shoved a granny out of her seat. (SHE'S A STUNT GRANNY!) He grabbed her chair and cracked it over Projects skull. He swung for the fences and nailed Project with the chair again. And once more.

The chair shots only seemed to back off The Project momentarily. Long enough for Mr. Muscles to hop back over the railing. Muscles cocked the chair back and swung quickly. The chair was caught in Project's hands. Project pulled the chair out of the grasp of Mr. Muscles and tossed it aside. Project wrapped an arm around Muscles' head and proceeded to drive his knee into Muscles' mid-section three times after which Muscles dropped to one knee.

Project was still extremely upset. He rolled Muscles into the ring under the bottom rope. Project then pulled Muscles' head under that rope and drove his elbow into his throat. Professor Proof watched on in complete delight. Muscles rolled back into the ring and kicked his feet uncontrollably in agony. Project grabbed the second rope and entered the ring once more.

The Project stalked his fallen prey and picked up the gigantic man with ease. He hoisted him, missionary style, on one shoulder and dropped him with a spinebuster. Immediately, he hooked a leg. Dawson dropped into position.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Muscles managed to kick out.

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Project rolled off of his opponent and stood up. He looked straight forward towards the hard camera blankly. This gave Muscles all the time he needed to recuperate and return to his feet. He gave Project an awkward look. He stopped dead in his tracks as the wheels in his head began to turn.

With Project remaining still in the ring, Muscles exited to the floor and looked under the ring. He pulled out a wooden table, picked it up and slid it under the bottom rope. He returned to the steel chair that Project had tossed aside before. With the chair in hand, he walked up the steel stairs and entered the squared circle.

"Tings are 'bout ta' get instrestin'!" Mark Sanchez told the audience at home.

Mr. Muscles turned to Professor Proof, "Watch this!" He yelled. He walked over to Project, who remained as stiff as a board. He waved his free hand in front of Project's face and received no response. This garnished a large smirk on his face.

Muscles dropped the chair and walked over to the table he had slid into the ring before. He bent over and picked it up. He walked behind Project and leaned the table into the corner nearest the monster.

Slowly, he walked back to the chair and picked it up. Quickly, he slapped Project across the face, changed his positioning so that his opponent would face him differently and drove the top of the chair into Project's mid-section. He followed that up with a shot across the skull. The chair shot backed Project up a bit. Thus he gave Project another shot to the head. Project was nearer to the table.

Muscles dropped the chair and moved backwards slightly. He charged at The Project and ducked down.

!~CRASH~!

Muscles speared Project through the table. He returned to his feet quickly and pulled Project's body out of the wreckage. He dropped down and hooked a leg with a lateral press.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THR...ANDAHALF~!

Project shot a shoulder up. The force of which rolled him over onto his stomach.

Slightly frustrated, Muscles stood up and grabbed a hold of the steel chair he was brandishing before. With all of the dents created to the seat, the chair's remnants were quite the sight. However, it would still be able to serve Muscles' purposes.

Muscles drove the steel chair into the small of Project's back over. And over. And over. And over. In fact, he didn't stop. He beat The Project's back into obliviachery (HI SHANE DOUGLAS!). Over. And over. And over.

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The chair began to fall apart. The seating fell off of the object. Frustrated with this, Muscles ripped the seat off of the chair. He put all of the force he could into pressing the top of the chair into The Project's lower back. After a few moments, he finally tossed the chair aside.

Mr. Muscles held his hands together tightly. He threw his arms upward as they formed a circle. He shouted, "It's over," as he was obviously calling for some sort of end to the match. He stood above Project's prone body. He bent down and INSTANTLY... it was applied...

The Roid~!

The submission was locked in. Project threw his hands around Muscles' wrists to attempt to relinquish some pressure. It didn't seem to matter much. Muscles cranked back with his elevated camel clutch as hard as he could.

Project put his palms on the canvas and attempted to push himself up. He was able to place his knees on the mat. With their last match in the back of his mind, Muscles let go of his hold and gave Project a double axe handle to the back of his neck.

Quickly, he applied the hold once again...

!~THE ROID~!

Professor Proof was livid at ringside. He was even panicking. He opened up his lab coat and looked inside.

Meanwhile, in the ring, Mr. Muscles applied as much pressure as he could to The Roid.

Proof leaned forward covering his actions with the ring's apron.

Muscles pulled back harder.

!~SPLASH~!

Muscles immediately let go of his hold. Professor Proof had a vial in his hands and tossed the liquid contents into Muscles' face. Muscles crumbled to the canvas and rubbed his face, specifically, his eyes. His screeching, blood-curdling screams were deafening.

But Project's body was still prone and practically out of the match entirely. Proof tried to will his Project back into the bout by slapping the canvas with his hands repeatedly.

Project began to stir but didn't do much. He grabbed a hold of the middle rope to allow himself some leverage in placing his feet on the mat. He pulled himself up. He was upset.

He was angry.

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He was furious.

He turned to Muscles who was still laying on his back screaming in horror and pain. Project was looking to inflict the most incredible pain imaginable. Slowly, he bent down and grabbed a hold of Muscles' right arm.

!~CRACK~!

Project collapsed to the canvas.

There was a third body in the ring.

"What the?!" Dolan Jones was confused.

Lunatic had come through the crowd and hopped over the security railing. He had ascended to the top rope and leaped off. He cracked the back of Project's skull with a lead pipe.

With all of his strength, Lunatic rolled Project onto his back and quickly exited the ring. He turned to face the ring and walked backwards up the ramp way. He smiled. He scoffed. He laughed. Eerily.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

Muscles had one eye barely open. He turned to see Project was laying on his back, completely unconscious. Muscles rolled over to his stomach and used his forearms to pull himself towards Project's body.

It took him several moments.

But he threw an arm on top of Project's chest. His other hands rubbed his eyes some more.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREEEEEE~!

It wasn't a surprise.

After what had transpired, it was clear. It was academic.

"Walk" blared throughout the arena again.

Due to some strange, random, chaotic help, Mr. Muscles pulled out yet another victory.

Proof had entered the ring and was applying the collar to Project's unconscious neck. He was obviously

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upset. He was furious. Justice had to wait. ReJect's, "J" logo faded onto the scene.