

Sunday Night Cock Fight: 05.19.2013

May 19, 2013 | Mark Price Arena - Enid, Oklahoma

SUNDAY NIGHT COCK FIGHT

Everybody's Pissed!

The opening video for Sunday Night Cock Fight played. Obviously, it didn't last long. Inside the arena, Dolan Jones and "Dirty" Mark Sanchez welcomed the television audience while the cameras showed various views of the crowd.

Beethoven's Fifth played throughout the arena. It could only mean one thing. And sure shooting, Professor Proof came through the black curtains wielding the chain connected to The Project as per usual. They made their way to ringside and walked towards the announcers. Proof grabbed a microphone from the ring announcer and placed it in his lab coat's pocket. He tied the chain around the ring post and entered the ring while Project remained on the outside standing still and staring blankly.

"Manchin!" Proof shouted into the microphone, "I think we all know who stole the files regarding my Project's experiments now!" There was a certain fire in his voice. "Hypothesis: Working along with a plan laid out by Mr. Muscles, Lunatic stole my files. Answer: YES! YES! YES!"

Proof paused as the crowd began to chant along with him. "I demand justice, Mr. Manchin! Bring me the head of Lunatic or Mr. Muscles or else I will have my Project retrieve their craniums myself!"

For seemingly no reason at all, "Something in Your Mouth" by Nickelback played on the P-A system Bobby Banger, who hadn't been seen since Episode 2 of Sunday Night Cock Fight, entered the arena while holding Victoria Townsend's hand in his. They embraced with a kiss before she returned to the backstage.

Bobby walked down to the ring and, much like Proof and Project had moments before, he walked towards the ring announcer and grabbed another microphone. He cautiously passed by Project, who still had barely moved at all.

"What, dare I ask," Professor Proof said while Bobby Banger walked up the steel steps and entered the ring, "brings you out here?"

"I don't know how good your memory may be," Bobby said into the microphone, "But I've got WAY more to be pissed about than you, old man! I'm not going anywhere until I get my hands on that dickless asshole, Scott E. Moe!" Bobby paused for a moment. "Get out here, Scotty!" He screamed.

Instead, "Walk" by Pantera burst onto the stereos. Again. It seemed seemingly random. Mr. Muscles entered the arena. Boos followed him. He had a microphone in his hand. "Walk" ended abruptly.

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"SHUT UP RETARDS!" More boos. Like always. "Listen here, you scrawny, old, piece of shit! I've beaten 'your Project' twice now! I've got nothing to prove! How about you keep my name out of your mouth?! HUH?!"

Like everyone else, Mr. Muscles too was extremely upset and fiery. He walked up to ringside and ended his journey. "You got something else you wanna say old man?! HUH?!"

"LOOK!" Bobby shouted into his microphone, "I don't care what I gotta do, I'm not going anywhere until I get my hands on Scott E. Moe or Robert Fairfield! I don't care which one of them mans up first!"

"WAS ANYBODY TALKING TO YOU?!" Muscles shot back. "Unlike you, I got NOTHING between my legs! You don't hear me bitching about it!"

Proof and Banger looked at each other confused.

"Walls" by Emery came on the P-A system next. A thunderous thud was heard as Bobby Banger dropped his microphone and prepared for battle. It didn't take Scott E. Moe long to make his entry into the arena.

He also brought a microphone along with him. "Bwah," he mumbled into the microphone. "This is the point in time where I'm supposed to have something to prove. I'm supposed to stand up for my manhood and use fisticuffs to resolve this problem we have, Bobby."

E. Moe walked down the ramp way and stood behind Mr. Muscles. "But, unlike you, I'm not fake. I don't hide behind superficial constructs of testosterone. My heart is cold. It's so black. I wanted to give you that pain, Bobby. I gave it to you two weeks ago. You should have learned your lesson."

Quickly, Bobby bent down and picked his microphone back up. "SHUT UP AND FIGHT ALREADY!" He shouted. "Fairfield! I'm still waiting on you, Mr. Viagra!"

"ENOUGH!" Another voice called out. It was the familiar opening statement and voice of Budd E. Manchin, the owner of ReJect Wrestling. He stood atop of the entryway. He looked towards the ring. Scott E. Moe and Mr. Muscles turned around to face him.

"I'm going to address everybody's concerns," he said, "But first I've got to say this. There was an explosion at ReJect Headquarters on Wednesday. Thankfully, no one was hurt, although Michael America checked himself into the hospital but he is OK and will be released tomorrow. What we do know is that the electrical power grid of ReJect HQ is completely destroyed and will take several weeks to repair. We also know that bombs were strapped to dogs and were blown up. And lastly, we know that the explosion that occurred inside of the studio during the live filming of Meet the ReJects, was due to a failure in the gas lines inside the building set off from the fires outside."

The crowd was completely dead at this point. Manchin, with the charisma of a bookshelf, spoke again, "I also need to say: I'm SICK AND TIRED of all of this outside interference in my matches! If ANYBODY interferes in

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ANY match tonight, they will be FIRED ON THE SPOT!" This garnished a slight pop from the crowd.

"Now," he said and pointed towards the ring, "Professor Proof, my men haven't confirmed that Mr. Muscles or Lunatic broke into your lab, but they're still looking into the situation. And as far as I know, Lunatic hasn't even arrived in the building yet."

He turned slightly, "Bobby, sorry to say, but your beef with Robert Fairfield will have to wait. I've got other plans for him this evening." This garnished some boos. But not really.

"And since," he said, "You all seem to be ready to go RIGHT NOW!" He paused, "How about we have ourselves a little tag team main event tonight?! Project and Bobby Banger against Mr. Muscles and Scott E. Moe! TONIGHT!"

Manchin cracked his whip. "NOW GET TO WORK!"

Some cheers. Most were confused.

...COMMERCIAL:...

Omar Shabazz

VS.

Brian Douglas

After both ReJects came down to the ring, Brian Douglas tried to share his Bible with Omar. This greatly upset the friendly extremist. He shouted, "???? ?????" and charged at Douglas. Then he dropped him with NOT a Jihad. The Bible went flying into the audience. Immediately afterwards, **Omar Shabazz covered Brian Douglas for the easy pinfall victory.**

A Knock on the Head

The cameras cut to the backstage area and stared at a door. Slowly, the door creaked open. Lunatic walked through the door. His trademark, devilish smile was on his painted face.

He walked through the conjoining corridor. The cameras followed him. He turned to the left to walk through

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another hallway. But he ran into the brick wall that was the body of The Project. Lunatic looked up at the gigantic man. The monster's expression was changing from the typical blank glare to that of anger after Lunatic bumped into him. Lunatic's smile remained uninhibited.

"Yes," Professor Proof, who was standing beside his Project said, "This is the man that infiltrated my lab and stole the files is it?" Proof sneered. "Tonight, I will have justice!"

"Heh heh," Lunatic scoffed. "Maybe I took your files. Maybe I didn't." Lunatic put his hand on Proof's shoulder. "C'mon guy!" He said, "Relax. Put up a smile!" Lunatic then patted Project's back. The pat was so harsh, you could describe it as a slap.

In a flash, Project thumped the top of Lunatic's head with the bottom of his right fist. Lunatic's legs gave in and his body began to crumble to the concrete below.

Proof looked at Lunatic's fallen body. "What a maroon!" He said with glee. And there it was. The smile that Lunatic was looking for. It was donned on Professor Proof's face.

Project looked down at his current enemy's body. Proof tugged on the chain "Pantadda!" Project cried following the tugs of the chain. They both walked away from the scene.

The camera pointed downwards at Lunatic laying on the ground. Lunatic began to stir slightly. The camera zoomed in on his face.

He smiled.

He chuckled.

He laughed.

Each guttural expression of joy seemed to grow higher in pitch after each other.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

...COMMERCIAL...

Caliente y Fria

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VS.

Texas Hold 'Em

Great tag team psychology was on display for this bout. Both teams made quick tags in and out. Eventually, both member of Texas Hold 'Em were able to cut the ring off from Muy Helado and destroyed him in their side of the ring. Out of no where, Muy Helado hit "Outlaw" James Smith with an enziguri. This gave him enough time to make the hot tag to Dos Fuegos. Fuegos cleared house for several moments. Muy Helado recuperated and attacked Smith, who had made the tag to "Cowboy" John Potter. Those two went on the outside and distracted the zebra shirt. Potter gave Fuegos a low blow behind the zebra shirt's back and immediately delivered the Cow Tipper. This gave **Texas Hold 'Em the pinfall victory over Caliente y Fria.**

Vengeance Is Mine, Sayeth the Owner

"The Gambler" by Kenny Rogers was playing in the arena. "Cowboy" John Potter and "Outlaw" James Smith hugged each other in celebration of their victory. They exited the ring and threw their arms up as they began to walk up the aisle.

"HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!" A voice called out. The song ended abruptly. The cameras cut to the entryway. Budd E. Manchin was standing in front of the black curtains. "I'm getting sick of the two of you! You both keep pulling this kind of crap and I'm not going to tolerate it anymore!"

Some fans cheered. Texas Hold 'Em were stopped at the bottom of the aisle. They looked at their boss somewhat confused.

"Outlaw!" Manchin sprayed into the microphone, "You're going to have your ReJect Championship Tournament quarter-final match RIGHT NOW! And that partner of yours is banned from ringside!"

This garnished a pop from the audience.

"FAIRFIELD!" Manchin shouted. "GET OUT HERE NOW!" Manchin cracked his whip. "GET TO WORK!"

"The Times They Are a-Changin'" by Bob Dylan began to play. Smith returned to the ring. Potter walked to the backstage in shame. Manchin returned to the backstage.

Robert Fairfield entered the arena. As they passed each other, "Cowboy" John Potter and Fairfield exchanged some heated, unheard words.

Slowly, Fairfield entered the ring.

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"Another match in the ReJect Championship tournament?!" Dolan Jones questioned the home audience with glee. "THIS IS GREAT!"

ReJect Championship Tournament:
Robert Fairfield

VS.

"Outlaw" **James Smith**

A few moments after Fairfield entered the ring, the bell sounded. Frustrated with the situation, "Outlaw" James Smith charged at his opponent and was given a hip toss for his trouble. But he was quick to return to his feet. He spun around and tried to give Fairfield a discus lariat, but the breathing legend ducked. Outlaw was disoriented and suddenly found himself locked in Fairfield's classic crossface chicken wing! Fairfield grapevined his legs around Smith's waist and the two fell to the canvas. It didn't take long before Smith tapped out. With that, **Robert Fairfield defeated "Outlaw" James Smith by submission.**

...COMMERCIAL:..

A Suspected Suspect

Following the commercial, the cameras were on Dolan Jones and "Dirty" Mark Sanchez sitting at the announcer's table. They had a somber look on their face. Dolan began to address the home audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "as you may know, there were several explosions at ReJect Headquarters on Wednesday during the filming of Meet the ReJects."

"It's a shame, yo!" Sanchez said.

"Indeed," Dolan replied. "Michael America was being interviewed by Jessica Styles. He checked himself into the hospital on Thursday but now he joins us live via satellite! Michael are you there?"

Michael America was sitting in a hospital bed and wearing a hospital gown. The fans in the arena gave him a boo once they saw him on the ReJecTron. "I'm here and I can hear you just fine, Dolan!" America said with

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jubilation.

"Great," Dolan said, "So tell us, what was running through your mind when you heard that explosion in the studio?"

"I gotta say," Michael said, "My first thought was that I needed to protect Ms. Townsend. I could never allow an innocent, bystanding, young lady such as herself to be harmed!" The crowd booed loudly.

"Here," Dolan said, "We have the tape of what occurred during he filming of Meet the ReJects - Episode 2. Can we roll the footage please?"

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Victoria: Yeah... umm... Well, like, you said you were soldier...

...

...

...

Victoria was unable to complete her thought. She and America both looked around with strange, confused looks on their faces. There was a strange thud heard in the distance.

And then...

!~BOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOM~!

There was a thunderous explosion and it was much closer than the previous thud. In a flash, it could be seen that Michael America jumped out of his seat towards Victoria. As soon as he was seen hovering over her...

America: Don't worry Miss! I'll protect you!

There was another distant thud. And just like that -- the show was cut short. All that was visible on the screen for the remainder of the program was ReJect's "J" logo

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Back in the arena Dolan said, "That was a very horrifying scene." Michael's head nodded on the ReJecTron. "What happened after the power was cut inside of ReJect HQ?"

"There was fire all over the place!" America said. "I grabbed Victoria's hand and lead her to safety, I returned inside and tried to rescue as many as I could." More boos from the audience. "I found someone stuck in the

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control room. There was a support beam in front of their door, I mustered up the strength to move it and brought them to safety!"

"Oh, come on now!" Dolan said in disgust.

"Ey 'dere Michael, it's 'Dirty' Mark Sanchez," Dolan's broadcast partner said. "I, 'tink whatcha' did was very brave! 'Da investigators is claimin' 'dat they have no leads on a suspect! Can you belee' 'dat?!" Michael America scoffed. "Does yous have any thoughts on 'dis?"

"Well," America took a moment to gather his thoughts, "I have a theory. But I don't want to go out on a limb and make accusations. Next week, after I'm released from the hospital, I'm going to confront that person like a man!"

Massive boos from the crowd. They threw popcorn and drinks towards the ReJecTron. One drink collided with the screen and splashed all over it.

"I guess," Dolan said, "We'll see you then!" He shook his head in disbelief. "That man is repulsive! Risking his life saving people?! WHAT IS HIS PROBLEM?!" He shook his head some more. "Fans, we'll be right back."

...COMMERCIAL...

ReJect Championship Tournament:
Lunatic

VS.

"Ziggy" **Wagge D.**

Something strange happened.

"OK..."

"I'm going to attempt to drown myself..."

"You can try this at home..."

"You can be just like me!"

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With the intro to the song completed, "Role Model" by Eminem played throughout the arena. No one had heard this song played before in ReJect Wrestling. Ever. It made no sense. But someone made their way through the curtains. Apparently, it was Lunatic, according to Dolan Jones, anyways. He was pushing a shopping cart in front him. He hopped into the cart and rode it down the rampway. The cart didn't stop until it crashed against the ring's apron, launching Lunatic into the ring. "Ziggy" Wagge D. made his way down to the ring rather typically, especially given the bizarre fashion of the previous entrance. Lunatic seemed completely disinterested in the match. In fact, as soon as the bell rang, he went to the outside and set up a table. He returned to the ring, ran to the opposing side, bounced off the ropes and leaped over the original side's set of cables in a flipping motion. He put his body through the table for seemingly no reason. Ziggy went to the outside and rolled Lunatic's body into the ring. He climbed to the top rope and crashed down with the Chart Topper. Needless to say, **"Ziggy" Wagge D. defeated Lunatic.**

The Loony One?

"Baby" by Justin Bieber was playing in the arena. "Ziggy" Wagge D. was on his way to the backstage area. Lunatic stood up and looked at the crowd. They chanted his name in unison.

LOON-Y~!

LOON-Y~!

LOON-Y~!

He began side stepping wildly whilst his arms were sticking out at his sides. The patented, "Pher's walk," of years past. Lunatic leaped over the top rope to the outside and landed on his feet.

"Baby" faded away as Lunatic ran laps around the ring crazy. The crowd still chanted his name.

"GUUUUUUUUYZ~!" Lunatic was screaming as he ran around the squared circle.

After around five laps, he finally started to walk the aisle. Victoria Townsend was waiting for him. She had her martini glass and a microphone in her hands. He almost ran right passed her, but she stuck her arm out and was able to stop him just in time.

"So like," Victoria said into the microphone, "you are Lunatic right?" She pointed the microphone towards his mouth.

"Forreals dude!" Lunatic said. His voice was high-pitched. Child like. Much different than the somber, raspy and dark tone that he had previously at the beginning of the show. It was odd. Very odd. But the crowd did nothing but cheer.

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"Mmkay," Victoria said, "Umm... did you break into Professor Proof's lab and steal the files on Project... or... whatever?" Again she pointed the microphone towards Lunatic.

Lunatic looked at Victoria confusedly. "NOOOOOOO~!" He cried out, "I forgot to do my science project! Ms. Cadenced is gonna be SOOOOOOO mad at me!" He frowned. "But, dude though, it's like I find these papers in my pants earlier."

"Uhh..." Victoria was now confused, "So you, like, do have the papers?"

"I IZ SOOOOOO THURSTY~!" Lunatic shouted into the microphone. He snatched the martini glass out of Townsend's hand and dumped the liquid in his mouth. Immediately, he spat the liquid out. "EWWWWWW~!" He cried. "That wasn't my Capri Sun!" He was disgusted. "MOOOOOOOO~!"

Lunatic ran to the backstage. Surely, he was going to vomit.

...COMMERCIAL...

...MAIN EVENT...

Mr. Muscles & Scott E. Moe

VS.

The Project & Bobby Banger w/ Professor Proof

After the break, the cameras in the arena viewed the ring. Inside, the four combatants that were scheduled to face off in the main event tag bout were raring to go. On the outside was Professor Proof. Richard Dawson called for the bell.

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

To start the match, Bobby Banger was going to square off against Mr. Muscles. Bobby knew that the only way he was going to get any sort of advantage would be by utilizing his quickness against the Musclebound

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Mad Man.

Bobby charged at Mr. Muscles. Muscles attempted a lariat, but Banger ducked. Bobby ran up to the top rope and dove off with a moonsault. His abdomen collided with Muscles' shoulder. However, the moonsault had no effect on Muscles. He held on to Bobby's body and dropped him with a powerslam.

Muscles returned to his feet and brought Banger with him. Muscles sent Banger for the ride with an Irish whip into his team's corner. Immediately after Bobby's body crashed into the turnbuckles, Muscles hit him with a clothesline in the corner. Muscles made a quick tag to his partner for the evening, Scott E. Moe.

E. Moe came in and started throwing wild kicks all over Bobby's body. Stomping the proverbial mud hole. Dawson had to physically separate E. Moe away from Bobby after the count of four preceding a stern warning.

"PUNISH ME DADDY!" E. Moe yelled in Dawson's face, taunting the zebra shirt.

Bobby was now sitting in the corner. Muscles dropped to the floor whilst E. Moe argued with Dawson. Muscles strangled Bobby from the outside with the official distracted. Muscles returned to the apron in the knick of time when Dawson turned around.

E. Moe ran back towards his opponent's corner. The Project stared blankly at absolutely nothing as per usual. His hands held on tightly to the top rope. Scott took note of this and darted forward back towards his own corner. He drove a knee into Bobby's face.

Bobby was now lying on the canvas. E. Moe pulled him away from the ropes and fell on top of him in a lateral press. Dawson dropped down in perfect position.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Bobby shot a shoulder up.

E. Moe picked up his opponent and applied a front face lock. Scott walked backwards into his corner with the hold firmly applied. Muscles slapped Scott's shoulder and tagged himself into the bout. He entered over the top rope and drove a double axe handle into the small of Bobby's back. The one foot wonder dropped to the mat.

Scott returned to the apron. Muscles grabbed Bobby's hair and drove his forearm into Banger's face with some crossface forearm shots over and over again. Dawson warned Muscles of this inappropriate behavior. The warning went largely unnoticed. Muscles shoved Bobby's face downward, smashing it on the canvas.

Muscles picked up Bobby's prone body and applied a front face lock, much like his partner had earlier.

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Muscles extended his hand and barked an order at his partner. E. Moe nodded and tagged Muscles' hand.

Mr. Muscles lifted Banger up in a vertical suplex while Scott E. Moe climbed to the top rope. E. Moe dove forward, tilting his body sideways and extending his limbs as far as he could. His body collided with Bobby Banger's and Muscles fell backwards, delivering a perfect suplex/cross body block combination.

Muscles quickly rolled out to the floor while E. Moe stayed atop of Bobby's body. Dawson dropped down again.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

NOOOOOO~!

Banger barely managed to kick out.

"Mr. Muscles and Scott E. Moe are strangely executing perfect tag team wrestling tonight." Dolan Jones noted from the announcer's table.

E. Moe dropped a leg across Banger's throat. Quickly he stood up and delivered another leg drop. And again.

Scott followed up the third leg drop with a lateral press. Again.

ONE~!

TWO~!

ANDAHALF~!

Again, Bobby kicked out.

E. Moe quickly followed up by applying a reverse chin lock. He held the submission hold tightly, not letting up on the pressure. At all.

Bobby began to kick his feet wildly to attempt to bring life back into his body. He rose to one knee. And eventually he stood up to his feet bringing Scott E. Moe with him.

E. Moe let go of the hold and instead he instantaneously applied a waist lock on Banger. Scott threw their bodies backward with a German suplex. He held on with a bridge, looking for yet another pinfall.

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ONE~!

TWO~!

ANDSEVENEIGHTHS~!

Scott pulled Bobby back towards his team's corner. He locked on a side leg lock and reached out his hand to tag the musclebound mad man back into the match. Mr. Muscles came into the ring and crashed his elbow across Bobby's sternum.

E. Moe rolled out of the ring.

Muscles stayed on the mat and hooked Banger's leg.

ONE~!

TWO~!

ANDNINEFUCKINGTENTHS~!

Somehow. Someway.

Bobby Banger kicked out. Again.

Again.

Muscles looked upset. He wanted to get this match put away in the bag. Sooner rather than later. Muscles tucked Bobby's head in between his legs. He hoisted Bobby up and dropped him with a sitout power bomb.

Muscles stood up confidently. He walked towards The Project. He waved his hand in front of the monster's face. No reaction. As expected. Muscles scoffed and returned to his fallen opponent.

He grabbed Banger's wrist and pulled him towards his team's corner. Again.

He slapped E. Moe's chest hard. "I'm done with this stupid shit." Muscles said. "Have at him."

Muscles exited the ring and walked back up the aisle.

"Mr. Muscles is leaving?!" Dolan question.

"Yeah mang!" Mark Sanchez replied. "He don't need none of this match! What's he gotta prove?!"

Mr. Muscles walked up the ramp way and pushed his way through the curtains and left the arena. Leaving

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Scott E. Moe with an apparent handicap match in front of him. But with Bobby seemingly out of commission and Project being as brain dead as he is, there's not much of a handicap.

E. Moe bent down and picked up Bobby Banger. He lifted Banger up in a fireman's carry. He hoisted Bobby's body higher and dropped him whilst bringing up his own knee. There it was...

THE ABYSS~!

NOOOOO! Bobby blocked it! He grabbed a hold of E. Moe's leg and swept the other out from under him! He flipped forward and held onto both of E. Moe's legs with a bridge.

BOBBY'S GONNA STEAL ONE OUTOFNOWHERES~!

ONE~!

TWO~!

NOOOOOO!

E. Moe kicked out suddenly.

Bobby leaped to his feet and dove forwards, extending his hand. His fingertips barely connected with Project's knuckles on the top rope.

HOT TAG~!

But...

Project didn't move.

Bobby rolled to the floor of the arena.

Project stood on the apron. Staring dead ahead of him. Not moving a muscle.

E. Moe didn't know what to do. As hard as he could, he shoved Project's chest. Professor Proof's Project didn't move an inch, feeling no effect from the shove. But he turned his attention to his opponent.

Scott E. Moe shouted at the brain dead monster. But his words remained unheard by the cameras. Project was upset. He entered the ring and chopped the top of E. Moe's head.

E. Moe was quick to his feet. But it didn't last long. At all.

THE DESTROYER~!

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Project hooked a leg.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

The bell rang and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony blared throughout the arena's P-A system. Professor Proof entered the ring as quick as he could. He hugged his Project.

For once.

Professor Proof had cause for celebration.

Credits ran at the bottom of the screen. Slowly, ReJect's "J" logo faded onto the screen.