

Sunday Night Cock Fight: 04.28.2013

April 28, 2013 | Iowa Field House - Iowa City Iowa

SUNDAY NIGHT COCK FIGHT

The ReJection Begins... AGAIN! ...AGAIN!

The show began when cameras showed the inside of the arena. Inside the ring stood a young man dressed in a sleazy sport coat. In one hand he held a long whip, in the other was a microphone. Around his shoulder was a large title belt with ReJect's "J" logo featured prominently on the large plate.

The young man brought the microphone to his lips and began to speak.

"Let me keep this short and sweet," he said matter-of-factly before letting out a smoker's hack, "This is ReJect Wrestling!" Some in the audience cheered. "And we're in the craphole called Iowa City." And immediately, they turned on him and began to boo.

"Yeah, yeah," the man said, "Whatever. My name is Budd E. Manchin. Everything you see here tonight, I OWN IT ALL!" Again with a smoker's hack. "As of now, we have no ReJect Champion. But that will change on June 16th! When ReJect Presents: Down Under!"

Getting bored and having not paid much attention to what had been said since he insulted their town, the audience tuned out. Although, one person had thrown a beer bottle that nearly hit Manchin's head.

He ignored the attempted battery. "Starting tonight, we're beginning a tournament and EVERYONE on the roster will have a chance to be the ReJect Champion! Tonight's main event, is being changed."

Some members of the crowd scrambled for the evening's program.

"Mr. Muscles will still be facing The Project. But it will take place in a steel cage!" That got a pop out of the crowd. "And it will be one of the three matches of the ReJect Championship tournament!"

A less of a pop that time.

"NOW GET TO WORK!" He flung his whip and the show faded away into an opening video to introduce the show.

Once the video had ended, the announcers at ringside introduced themselves and announced that the first match of the evening would be a tag team match and it was scheduled to be next.

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Caliente y Fria

VS.

The Modern Day Missionaries

With what was a phenomenal showing of speed and agility for ReJect's opening contest, **Caliente y Fria** **defeated The Modern Day Missionaries** when Dos Fuegos performed his El Dolor Ardiente on Brian Douglas and Muy Helado immediately hit La Uura Verdad afterwards for the three count.

The Roid of Your Life

The announcers introduced ReJect's interviewer, Victoria Townsend, who was standing by in the backstage.

"Thanks guys," Victoria said whilst attempting to maintain her balance, "I'm standing by with Mr. Muscles who will be in tonight's main event cage match." The camera zoomed out and showed Mr. Muscles standing beside her. Slowly, she brought a martini glass to her lips and drank the liquid contained inside before she asked her first question. "Mr. Muscles, uhh... what are your thoughts on the match? You know?"

Mr. Muscles took in deep breaths when Victoria brought the microphone to his lips.

"So let me get this straight," he said whilst looking as angry as always then he took some more deep breaths, "ReJect Wrestling, this stupid company, makes the signing of their lifetime and they put me in the ring with a retard?! That's what's going on here?"

Victoria tried to answer his question, which was an answer to her question, "Well, I-I think that's what's..."

"DO YOU KNOW WHERE I'VE BEEN?!" Mr. Muscles shouted so loud that it was picked up clearly by the microphone even though it had been placed in front of Victoria's mouth. He jerked her hand to bring the microphone back to him. "I've talked to EVERYONE that's ANYONE in this business! GAHHHH!" Again, more breathing.

Mr. Muscles stormed off and screamed, "GET READY FOR THE ROID OF YOUR LIFE!"

Victoria stumbled and seemed to be even more confused "So umm... back to you!"

**ReJect Championship Tournament:
Michael America**

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VS.

Lamar Vaughn

The first of three tournament matches on the show, was a boring match. **Michael America defeated Lamar Vaughn** by pinfall after he hit The Manhattan Project. After the match, America celebrated by wearing an American flag around his shoulders and ran around the ring several times to a chorus of boos.

Scientific Facts

Much like before, Victoria Townsend was seen in the backstage, only she was leaning against an elderly gentleman who was wearing a lab coat and eye goggles.

"You're a cutie," she said as she stroked his chest and ran her fingers through his hair. "You remind me of Zayn Malik." This was followed by a giggle.

The old man didn't know how to react to Ms. Townsend. He stood there as stiff as a board. "You're on the air!" Someone off camera anxiously said.

Victoria shook her head violently and attempted to stand up straight she pulled the microphone out of the old man's lab coat pocket and brought it to her lips. "So like, I'm here with umm," she turned to the old man, and whispered, "What's your name again?"

"I am Professor Proof." He said matter-of-factly. With no emotion whatsoever. He pulled her arm up to bring the microphone closer to him as she struggled to stand straight. "And I'm here to tell everyone that my Project is not only going to beat Mr. Muscles tonight, but he will go on to be the first ReJect Champion!"

The camera zoomed out and showed that another gigantic man had been standing beside Professor Proof. Unlike Mr. Muscles, this man's demeanor seemed to be absent minded. His eyes wandered crazily while he had an awkward, blank smile that featured his many missing teeth.

"Hypothesis: My Project will defeat Mr. Muscles." The Professor pondered. "I submit my evidence for this - My Project feels no pain. He has strength well beyond the capabilities of the latter. It will take an army to destroy my Project. Mr. Muscles has no such armory. Mr. Muscles can only rely on his dim wits. In a battle of the minds, he is on a level playing field with my Project.

"Submitted for evidence: The cage match environment." The Professor continued. "There will be no place for Mr. Muscles to run. My Project will be able to use the caging as a formidable weapon against that Neanderthal.

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"Results: My Project is victorious! BAHAHA!" He concluded.

"Durananana," The monstrous man mumbled.

"You're funny," Victoria leaned into the microphone and giggled.

Offended, Professor Proof shot back, "There is no humor in science!" He took the monstrous man by the hand and they walked out of view from the camera.

Still giggling, Victoria said, "So, like, yeah."

Put Up a Smile

The camera switched to another location backstage. This area was darker. Grittier. With a blue lighting shining against a wall off in the distance.

"Every once in a while," a voice said as the camera panned around in search of the source, "the universe gives you a smile handed to you on a silver platter." The camera continued to search for the source of this ominous voice.

A tone of musical sounds was heard playing slowly. The camera still panned around. "It's been a while," the voice said, "It's been a while since I've smiled. But tonight, I'll grin again."

The tune was "Pop Goes the Weasel." And once the musical tones hit that lyric, the camera had found the source of the voice. A man with long, greasy black hair was seen sitting on the concrete floor winding up a Jack in the Box.

The clown had popped out of the box once the camera had spotted the man. Slowly, the man turned his head and looked up at the camera. There was an evil, devilish grin on his face.

He jumped to his feet and grabbed a hold of the camera from its operator. He pointed the camera's lens directly in his white, painted face. "Put up a smile!" He screamed then dropped the camera on the floor. There was some loud banging in the background.

But all that could be seen on was the clown hanging out of the box ominously as a loud laughter was heard.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

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ReJect Championship Tournament:

Omar Shabazz

VS.

Lunatic

With this being the second match of three tournament matches, it was a hard-fought, highly contested bout. However, Lunatic was able to pull out a cheap victory after he hit Omar Shabazz with a lead pipe. After the victory, Lunatic formed a smile on Omar's face with blue lipstick. Fearing being stoned, Omar quickly attempted to remove the lipstick as he rushed back to the locker room.

The Breathing Legend

Yet again, the camera found Victoria Townsend attempting to stand up straight. By her side was yet another elderly gentleman. This man, however, seemed to be in much better shape and even younger than the former.

"So... umm..." She said, "I'm here with like, Robert... somebody..."

"Robert Fairfield," the man interjected.

"Oh yeah." She continued, "I'm here with Robert Fairfield, one of the last breathing legends in the business. And yeah."

"Now listen here, baby!" Fairfield said, "I won't take up too much of your time." He put his arm around Victoria, "I just got the word from Budd E. Manchin that next week, I'll be facing Bobby Banger in the main event in the ReJect Championship tournament baby!"

"Mmm..." Victoria moaned before she kissed Fairfield's cheek.

Fairfield pulled her closer and said lightly, "How about you and me go back to my hotel baby?"

She nodded her head. They took each other by the hand and walked out of the camera's view.

ReJect Championship Tournament:

Mr. Muscles

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VS.

The Project

There was a deaf tone in the arena as the main event of the evening was upon the audience. There was a complete calm.

That silence was destroyed once "Walk" by Pantera blared throughout the arena's P-A system. As with most of the entrance music of the evening, the audience didn't really respond to it. However the headbangers in the crowd participated in their usual fashion whenever this song is heard.

Mr. Muscles stepped into the entryway after pushing through the curtains. He stood atop of ReJect's ramp and snarled at the crowd while he made his way down to the ring. He strode powerfully until he reached the steel steps. There, he took a look to the top of the cage that surrounded the squared circle. He stomped his way up the stairs and stepped over the top rope to enter the ring. Once inside he screamed and flexed and "Walk" dimmed down into nothingness.

In its place, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony began to play across the stereos. Even the least intelligent member of the crowd should have been able to guess who was to make their way down to the ring next, given all of the hype for the main event.

Being drug to the ring by a chain with a collar around his neck, The Project entered the arena being led by Professor Proof. They made their way down the ramp slowly. Professor Proof entered the cage first then The Project. Proof unlocked the collar from Project's neck and exited the ring.

Behind him, a zebra shirt closed the cage door.

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

The match was underway!

The Project had barley moved a muscle since Proof had left the ring. He did look around and his eyes wandered that was about it. Mr. Muscles started to move closer towards his opponent. He pointed at The Project and shouted some words that weren't audible.

When he was close enough, he slapped The Project's face as hard as he could. Project's expression immediately changed to one of anger. He grabbed a hold of Muscles' gigantic neck and tossed him into the turnbuckle. He delivered several forearm shots to the musclebound madman's chin.

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Project grabbed a hold of Muscles' arm and whipped him into the opposite corner. The Irish whip was so strong that Muscles bounced back out of the corner and stumbled back into Project's shoulder and was given a lariat for his troubles.

Muscles was quick to his feet. Project allowed his eyes to wander and seemingly took, whatever is left of his mind out of the match. Muscles drove a forearm between Project's shoulder blades. The force backed Project up into the corner that Muscles had just bounced out of.

Quickly, Mr. Muscles drove his shoulder into the abdomen of the monstrous Project with a fast fury of shoulder thrusts. The zebra shirt backed Muscles up out of the corner to allow Project to defend himself. After a few harsh words with the zebra shirt, Muscles darted towards The Project yet again.

Having felt the effects of the shoulder thrusts, Project was angry. He hoisted Muscles up on his shoulder and charged towards the side of the cage and drove Muscles' head into the chain linked meshing. He turned in the opposite direction, and charged forward, driving Muscles' head into that side of the cage as well. Again, Project turned around but this time, he dove forwards and dropped Muscles on his back with a powerslam.

Project was quick to his feet and brought Muscles up with him. Project tucked Muscles' head between his legs then picked him up off of his feet before dropping him with a power bomb.

Project followed down to the mat and laid all of his weight atop of Muscles' body with a lateral press.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Muscles was able to kick out.

Again, Project picked Muscles up as he stood up himself. While Muscles was spaghetti legged, Project backed himself up against the nearest ropes and bounced off. He extended his arm looking to hit another clothesline. However, Muscles ducked. The both turned around to face each other. Muscles gave Project a boot to the mid section. With Project bent over slightly, it was enough to give Muscles a bit of leverage to be able to lift him off of the mat and drop his mid-section and performed a gutbuster.

With Project face down on the mat, Muscles dropped an elbow across his neck. Muscles stood up and 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.

Muscles stood above Project and bent down, grabbing his head. He wrapped his arms around Project's neck and held him in an elevated camel clutch. This is the finishing maneuver Muscles dubbed,

The Roid~!

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Muscles pulled back on Project's neck as hard as he could, "Ask him!" Muscles demanded the zebra shirt. The zebra shirt was in perfect position to make the call should Project give up or tap out. Professor Proof was livid at ringside.

Shockingly...

Project pushed himself on his hands and knees. Slowly, he stood up with Muscles still having a hold around his neck. Once Project was on his feet, Muscles wrapped his legs around his torso.

In an instant, Project, flung his body backwards, driving them both on the mat with Muscles taking the worse of the fall by getting squished by the monstrous Project.

Both were down for a few moments before Project stood up and brought Muscles up with him as well yet again. Project bent down and tucked his head between Muscles' legs and lifted him off of his feet. With his arms wrapped around Muscles' legs, Project flung Muscles downward and drove him into the canvas hard, executing his finishing maneuver,

The Destroyer~!

The match had to be over!

!~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.

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.

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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.

Credits were shown at the bottom of the screen.

The show faded into ReJect's "J" logo.

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Show Credits

Segment: "SUNDAY NIGHT COCK FIGHT" - Written by Ben.

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite