

Sunday Night Cock Fight: 06.02.2013

June 2, 2013 | Horner Hall - Hot Springs, AR

SUNDAY NIGHT COCK FIGHT

Professor's Pissed. Again. Or Still. Who Knows?

Sunday Night Cock Fight's opening video played on the ReJecTron and on the screens of everybody watching at home. Afterwards, the cameras viewed the arena and the various members of the audience. Dolan Jones was welcoming the home viewers.

In fact, the cameras cut to the announcer's desk. "Welcome everybody to Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode Six!" He said, "I am Dolan Jones, joined as always by 'Dirty' Mark Sanchez."

"Dat's right, mang!" Sanchez noted.

"Tonight," Dolan spoke again, "we will to find out who will be going into the main event of ReJect's first super card, Down Under, and compete for the ReJect Championship!"

"Dat's right, mang!" Sanchez noted. Again.

Dolan took a moment to gaze at his broadcast partner awkwardly, then turned back to the camera. "We know it will either be Mr. Muscles or Morgan Jameson taking on 'Ziggy' Wagge D. or Robert Fairfield. What are your thoughts, Mark?"

"Well, mang," Sanchez said, "I 'tink it's 'da time fer' Robert Fairfield ta' rule 'da world! Ee's gonna' beat Ziggy tonight and take the ReJect title fer sure!"

"That remains to be seen." Dolan stated.

Out of seemingly no where, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony burst onto the stereo systems in the arena. Some fans in the arena cheered, having taken a liking to Professor Proof and his Project.

And there they were. Professor Proof entered the arena with the chain connected to a collar on Project's neck. They came down to the ring. Proof brought the both of them towards the ring announcer.

The Professor snatched the microphone out of the ring announcer's hand and put it in his lab coat's pocket. He locked the chain around the ring's corner post and entered the ring.

"I am outraged!" Proof yelled into the microphone. Project remained still on the outside. "Lunatic! Bring your waste of skin out here this instant!" Proof waited for a while. However there was no response.

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"LUNATIC!" Proof yelled louder. "Bring back the file regarding my Project THIS INSTANT! I will not be removed from this ring until such a time occurs!"

Finally.

"Never Enough" by Five Finger Death Punch played on the P-A system. No one knew, exactly, what to expect. Soon enough, Lunatic entered the arena through the black curtains.

His face paint was sloppily applied. The blue lipstick smeared into the white on his face. The man of 1,000 smiles stood atop of the entryway with a microphone of his own in his hand. He had a manila folder, presumably the papers of Professor Proof's Project were inside, in the other.

"Never Enough" faded away as Lunatic spoke and began walking down to the ring.

"Heh heh," Lunatic scoffed in the microphone, "What a shock! Professor Proof still hasn't learned to look on the bright side of life!" Lunatic stepped up the four steel stairs and entered the ring.

"C'mon guy!" Lunatic said, "I'm begging you! Put up a smile."

"If it's expressions of joy you seek," Proof said, "then return the file regarding my Project back to me THIS INSTANT!"

Lunatic walked right up to Professor Proof and extended his hand holding the manila folder. "Go on," Lunatic said, "take it!" Loony's hand remained there for a while.

Proof looked around at the audience and pondered his circumstances.

"What's the matter?" Lunatic asked. His voice was low and somber. "It's what you want, isn't it?" Lunatic smiled widely. "Besides, I don't know why drew pictures on these papers when you regained them, but they are worthless to me now. Heh heh."

Proof was furious. But he snatched the folder out of Lunatic's grasp with ease. "WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!" Proof shouted in Lunatic's face. "YOU'RE THE ONE THAT DESTROYED MY LIFE'S WORK! YOU USED MY LIFE'S WORK AS A CHILD'S COLORING BOOK!"

"HEY!" Lunatic shot back. "Watch your tone with me, sir. Heh heh. That Project of yours is over there." Lunatic pointed at Project. "I could rip a smile on your face. Permanently." Lunatic's smile grew wider.

Lunatic turned around. He left the ring.

He smiled.

He chuckled.

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He laughed.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

"WAIT JUST A MOMENT THERE, MR. LUNATIC!" Proof shouted. "I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET!"

Lunatic stopped dead in his tracks. With his slouched position, he turned his upper body to look back towards the ring.

"You need to be taught a lesson in respect!" Proof yelled. Lunatic started to make his way back into the ring. "I want you to face my Project in a duel! Mano-a-mano! I purpose a contest between the both of you at Down Under!"

This seemed to tickle Lunatic. He chuckled as he walked closer to the ring announcer. He pulled a lead pipe out of his pocket. The lead pipe was whacked on the back of Project's head.

Lunatic brought the microphone back to his lips as he entered the ring. "Now," Lunatic said, "why would I want to do that? Hmm? What good would come from it?" He smiled. Directly in Proof's face.

Proof gulped a load of saliva. "I-I..."

He couldn't say another word. "NOTHING! HA HA HA!" Lunatic screamed in his face then laughed momentarily. He shoved Proof down onto the mat.

Lunatic hovered over Proof and drove the pipe into his throat, choking him. "You want your Project to teach me a lesson, right?! Heh heh." Lunatic questioned. He pointed the microphone towards Proof's lips. But he was only screaming and gasping for air.

"I'll accept!" Lunatic said. "But ONLY if we do it MY way! Heh Heh. What do you think about that?" He pointed the microphone towards the Professor again. Proof's response was much more of the same.

Lunatic spoke into the microphone again and let up on the pipe. "I accept. But I want a Last Man Standing match!"

On the outside, Project stood up to his feet. He looked in the ring and saw Lunatic. He charged up he steel steps and entered the ring. Lunatic noticed this and walked to the opposing corner and smiled. Project walked as fast as he could. But he got yanked backwards. The chain didn't allow for enough room.

Lunatic bent forward, extending his head towards Project. Project swung at him. Lunatic moved his head back. Lean forward. Swing. Move. This happened several times. Delighting Lunatic.

Proof was able to collect himself. He grabbed the microphone he was holding prior to being shoved and coughed into it.

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"FINE!" Poof was able to spray out. "You have a deal, Lunatic!" Proof coughed some more. "My Project is going to destroy you in two weeks at Down Under! LAST MAN STANDING MATCH!"

Lunatic was overjoyed.

He exited the ring again. Laughing all the way up the aisle.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

...COMMERCIAL...

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

VS.

Brian Douglas

VS.

Dos Fuegos w/ Muy Helado

Right after the commercial break, the cameras cut to the ring where the three ReJects were standing inside, just waiting for the bell to sound and begin the bout. Once it had, "Cowboy" John Potter immediately attacked Brian Douglas. Dos Fuegos gave a dropkick to the back of Potter, which caused both him and Douglas to exit the ring. Fuegos ran towards the ropes, jumped onto the top rope, and sprung off of it, colliding with both of his opponents on the outside. Eventually, all three reentered the ring. John Potter seemed to take control. He was really handing out the punishment for a while.

Fuegos and Douglas realized this and ended up working together. They gave him a double suplex. Douglas looked to take the advantage and almost won the match after a near fall following a German suplex on his newly found partner for the match. He held onto the suplex with the pin. Fuegos rolled out of the ring after kicking out at two.

Douglas was raring to go once Potter returned to his feet. Douglas forced Cowboy on his back with a double leg takedown and applied his version of the Texas Cloverleaf he's dubbed "Christ Approved." "Outlaw" James

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Smith hopped onto the apron and distracted the zebra shirt as his partner was tapping the canvas repeatedly.

Muy Helado climbed to the top rope, behind the zebra shirt's back and dove off, crashing down on Potter's back with La Uura Verdad. Helado quickly rolled under the bottom rope. Douglas let go of the hold and gave Smith a forearm to get him off of the apron. He was given a dropkick for his trouble by Dos Fuegos, which sent him back to the floor.

Dos Fuegos hurriedly turned his attention to Potter. Fuegos rolled him over dropped down with the lateral press. This lead to **Dos Fuegos winning the triple threat match via pinfall.**

..**COMMERCIAL**..

Omar Shabazz

VS.

Scott E. Moe

Both men made their entry to the squared circle following the commercial break. The bell rang and the match began. Both men started throwing fists all over the place. Shabazz got the early advantage and had Scott E. Moe backed up in a corner, where he lifted E. Moe up on the top turnbuckle and delivered a superlex. The move only garnished a two count.

Both ReJects were slow to return to their feet. Omar was up first. E. Moe was on his knees. He gave Shabazz a low blow. For seemingly no reason. The zebra shirt saw the illegal maneuver. **Omar Shabazz defeated Scott E. Moe via intentional disqualification.**

A Tag Team Match in Hot Springs, Arkansas!

The bell was ringing. Scott E. Moe stood up and threatened to hit the zebra shirt. The zebra shirt got the hell out of dodge. And all that.

E. Moe went to the outside and grabbed a steel chair from under the ring. He rolled back under the bottom rope.

"ALLAH HU AKBAR!" Omar shouted before he drove his boot into the chair and subsequently into Scott E. Moe's face. Omar readied himself for more combat. E. Moe rolled under the bottom rope.

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Out of NOWHERES~! Michael America was in the ring. He was climbing to the top rope. And he was diving off of it, feet first. The missile dropkick that he calls the Manhattan Project hit Omar Shabazz between the shoulder blades.

Omar's face fell to the mat. America walked over to him and held onto the top rope. He began stomping away at the man he believes attempted to kill him some three weeks ago.

Scott E. Moe came back into the ring and the both of them put the boots to the fallen, friendly extremist. Everyone in the arena was showing their displeasure by booing the both of them out of the arena.

"COME ON NOW!" Dolan said at ringside. "THIS IS SICK! THEY ARE **OBVIOUSLY** TARGETING THIS POOR MAN BECAUSE OF HIS RELIGION! WE GOTTA PUT AN END TO THIS!"

Seemingly upon request, "Something in Your Mouth" by Nickelback played in the arena to many cheers. Bobby Banger exploded out of the locker room. He darted towards the ring where Michael America and Scott E. Moe had readied themselves.

He slid under the bottom rope and gave America a quick clothesline. He headed straight towards E. Moe. Banger drove a fist into his jaw several times before America gave him a forearm from behind.

Omar was back to his feet. He turned America around and began punching him as well. E. Moe tried to throw a hit at Banger, but it was blocked. Banger resumed his attack on E. Moe.

Banger and Omar looked back at each other and clotheslined the others over the top rope. America and E. Moe collected themselves and started walking up the aisle backwards.

"HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!" Budd E. Manchin's voice was heard. He stood atop of the entry ramp with a microphone and his whip in his hands. "Since the four of you seem to want a match, then how about we do it here in Hot Springs, Arkansas?!"

Cheap pop.

"Right now we're going to have a tag team match!" Manchin continued. "Omar Shabazz and Bobby Banger will face Scott E. Moe and Michael America!" More cheers from the crowd. "NOW GET TO WORK!"

Manchin cracked his whip.

Omar Shabazz & Bobby Banger

VS.

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Scott E. Moe & Michael America

Manchin returned to the backstage area before the bell rang. Bobby Banger and Michael America started things off. Both were very well-matched. They chain-wrestled each other to hell and back. America found himself in a front facelock. Bobby backed up into his corner and tagged in Omar Shabazz.

Before Omar could get a hit on Michael, America performed a release Northern Lights suplex on Banger from the front facelock position. Banger's calf muscle connected with Omar's jaw, dropping the friendly extremist on his back. Bobby had to be escorted back to the apron by the zebra shirt while America and Scott E. Moe put the boots to Omar Shabazz.

E. Moe was now the legal man. He dropped a leg on Omar. It garnished a two count. E. Moe and America cut the ring in half, not allowing Omar to make the tag to his partner.

Eventually, after several fast, in and out tags, Michael America went up to the top rope and went for the Manhattan Project. Omar dodged the missile dropkick and made the **HOT TAG~!** On the opposite side of the ring, America also tagged in Scott E. Moe.

E. Moe wanted nothing to do with Banger. He backed up and looked to tag his partner, but he wasn't there. Banger gave him a hip toss. E. Moe returned to his feet. Another hip toss. And another. Finally, America returned to his feet. He was given a hip toss as well. Needless to say, Bobby cleared house.

Omar Shabazz recuperated. He went right after the star spangled son. The both of them went out of the ring. Omar kept giving him forearms the whole way up the aisle until they both were in the backstage area.

Inside the ring, Banger dropped E. Moe's head into the mat with a DDT. He called for **The Facial~!** Banger climbed to the top rope and dove off. E. Moe dodged the bulldog at the last second. Banger's coccyx bone crashed on the canvas. But Bobby was up to his feet rather quickly. E. Moe suddenly rolled him up with a school boy with a handful of tights for the victory. **Scott E. Moe and Michael America defeated Omar Shabazz and Bobby Banger by pinfall.**

...:COMMERCIAL:..

The Whining Ends?

"No," Manchin said into his cell phone inside his office, "Get my money out of gold RIGHT NOW! Gold is

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going to plummet. Hell it is plummeting! Take out all of my gold investments. NOW!"

The door to his office was swung open as hard as it could be. It banged against the wall. Bobby Banger walked in, breathing heavily. He was holding onto Victoria Townsend's hand. He hunched over Manchin's desk.

"I'll call you back." Manchin said into his cell phone before he hung up. He looked at Banger, who was still leaning on the desk. "Let me guess." He said towards the one foot wonder.

Townsend caressed Banger's cheek, trying to make sure that her apparent lover's condition was up to standard.

"I want Scott E. Moe!" Bobby Banger shot at the owner of ReJect Wrestling.

Manchin scoffed. "I knew it."

"I want to kick his stupid ass!" Banger stood up straight. But immediately winced in pain. He put the back of his hand on his lower back, trying to ease the pain to no avail.

"Do you see what Scott E. Moe has done to my baby?!" Victoria screeched at Manchin. She attempted to stand up straight and comfort Bobby. Both of her attempts seemed to fail.

Manchin nodded his head. "Honestly," he said, "I'm sick of hearing him whine just as much as you are. I swear, if I have to hear about his cold, black heart one more time, I **might** just fire the guy! So... you want your match? You got it. At Down Under, Bobby Banger will take on Scott E. Moe!"

Banger felt refreshed. He was relieved. "Thanks," he said towards Manchin. He put an arm around Victoria's shoulder. The couple briskly walked out of the office.

Manchin looked down at his phone. Shortly, it was reattached to the side of his face. "Oh," Manchin said into the phone, "one more thing! Invest in Facebook! Buy it now while it's low! It's going to SKYROCKET!"

The Light in the Darkness

Brian Douglas was in the locker room. His demeanor was solemn as it has been for the last few weeks. He was dressed in his street clothes, ready to head back to the hotel.

Also in the locker room was Caliente y Fria. Brian looked over at them and let out a sigh. Slowly, he walked over to the luchadores. He extended his right hand towards Dos Fuegos.

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"Hey," he said to Fuegos, "I just wanted to congratulate you on your win tonight." Douglas' hand remained open and extended. But he just stood there waiting for a response.

Muy Helado leaned towards his brother and said, "El hombre blanco parece ser amable. Pero no estoy seguro si se puede confiar en él." Dos Fuegos slowly nodded his head.

Fuegos shook Brian's hand firmly. "Hemos tenido una buena pelea de esta noche," He told Brian. "Yo creo que los tejanos idiota debe ser destruido. Y creo que si los dos equipos trabajaron juntos, vamos a destruir a los gringos."

Brian shook his hand firmly and looked him in the eyes. "Thank you," he said. He may or may not have understood a word that the luchadores had spoken.

Douglas let go of the hand and returned to his duffel bag. He sat down on a bench and began reading from his Bible.

"Ziggy" Wagge D. entered the locker room. He saw his partner sitting on the bench dismally. He looked over to see Caliente y Fria. Then he slowly sat beside his partner.

"Alright, Bry!" Ziggy said. "Oh my gaaawwwwd! Seriously! You're starting to get me down now." Ziggy frowned.

Brian looked up from his Bible and looked his partner in the eyes. For the first time since becoming a member of the ReJect roster, Brian Douglas - smiled.

"Ziggy," Brian said, "I was just reading from Second Corinthians 4:6." He looked back down into the book and read, "For God, who said, 'Let light shine out of darkness,' has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

"Mmmmm," Ziggy seemed to be pleased greatly by the words. "What does it mean Bry?" He asked.

"It means," Brian began, "something great is about to happen, Ziggy!" They both seemed to lighten up.

Ziggy was even more excited by Brian's last few words. "Ohhh?!" He wasn't sure of what to expect. "Do we finally get to meet your friend, Jesus?!"

"Gee," Brian blushed, "Maybe that will happen soon! No man knows the day or the hour, you know." Brian smiled while saying. "The Lord has shown me, Ziggy. Something great is going to happen. VERY SOON!"

"YAY!" Ziggy said. He was even more elated than his partner in the Modern Day Missionaries.

"In fact," Brian said, "I'm going to go to Budd E. Manchin and give him my vision! Surely, he will be as excited as we are!" Brian stood up and turned to face Ziggy. Ziggy stood up as well. "Good luck in your match

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tonight!" He said as they embraced in a tight, strong hug.

"Thanks Bry!" Ziggy smiled brightly.

Brian let go of the hug but held on top Ziggy's shoulders. Their eyes were locked, "Jesus will be by your side tonight, Ziggy. Don't forget it!"

Brian walked out of the locker room. The door shut behind him. Ziggy remained looking at the door. Jaw dropped.

Ziggy had the perfect expression mixing confusion and euphoria.

"He will?!" Ziggy thought out loud.

...COMMERCIAL...

A New ReJect?

The cameras found a scene in the back where Victoria Townsend was seen in all her splendor. Pickled finger in her martini glass swirling the liquid around as she was leaned up against the wall for stability. She was taken off guard as a man walked into the frame that she didn't recognize. The man had longer blonde hair and had a brown cigarillo-like object hanging from his lips.

After the long night, Victoria was puzzled, "Who the hell are you?" She asked the blonde man. He looked at her. He seemed to be equally as confused. "Do they just let anybody back here?" She questioned him again.

"Whoa..." The blonde man said as he took a look around at his surroundings, "Where am I?" He asked her.

She lowered her eyebrows. "You're like... backstage for something called Sunday Night Cock Fight, or something." She told him. He looked at her even more puzzled. "Umm... like... this is ReJect, which looking at you, I'd say it fits." Her insult seemed to go unnoticed.

The blonde man nodded his head as if he just discovered the solution to a page-long mathematical problem. "Ohh yeah," he said, "ReJect, why am I here?"

He pondered his surroundings once more. "Oh yeah," he said, "I'm here to tell Victoria Townsend that I am

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the newest member of the roster. And that I'll be debuting next week."

The blonde just stared off for a moment and then shook his head and started walking off.

Victoria's eyes were locked on her martini glass. "So what was your name?" She asked. She brought her head up only to notice that he had seemingly disappeared.

"Did that just happen?" She questioned out loud.

ReJect Championship Tournament

Mr. Muscles

VS.

Morgan Jameson

Mr. Muscles came down to the ring to the sounds of "Walk" by Pantera. Morgan Jameson entered the ring to "Whiskey Hangover" by Godsmack. One thing was for certain. Things didn't look good for Morgan Jameson tonight. In fact, that may be the understatement of a lifetime.

Morgan ran at Muscles. Their shoulders connected. Morgan just collapsed on the canvas.

Truly realizing his fate, Morgan rolled over to his hands and knees looking towards his corner. He had left his trusty beer bottle under the bottom turnbuckle. Muscles stood on Morgan's Achilles heel. Morgan screamed in agony. Muscles put all of his weight on the tendon stepped forward.

Morgan lifted his leg and tried to grasp his ankle while he was in some sort of pseudo-fetal position on the canvas. Muscles picked him up off of the mat with a waistlock. He hoisted Morgan up on his shoulder and threw him back down as hard as he could with a power bomb. Without question, Morgan was unconscious at that point. Muscles put a foot on Morgan's chest. The zebra shirt's hand hit the canvas twice. Muscles took his foot off. He wanted to make an example out of Morgan Jameson.

As if he were a child, Morgan Jameson was up in the air. Mr. Muscles held him in an inverted military press. As fast as he had picked him up, Muscles just dropped him back on the mat. Muscles walked over to the corner and rested his back on it, extending his arms on the top rope.

Slowly, Morgan Jameson once again started slithering towards his corner. Towards his bottle of brew. This time, Muscles just watched him. Jameson grabbed a hold of the bottle and tried to pick himself up with the use of the ropes. Finally, Muscles walked out of the corner and towards his opponent. Morgan broke the beer bottle on the top of Muscles' head.

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Mr. Muscles barely even blinked.

The zebra shirt went to call for the bell, but Muscles grabbed his wrist and threw him. Jameson kicked a field goal between Muscles' legs. The zebra shirt didn't see it. Muscles keeled over. Morgan fell on top of him and attempted to hook a leg. It was good for a one count. Muscles had enough. He drove his hands in between Morgan's shoulder blades with a double axe handle. He locked on **THE ROID~!** Morgan almost immediately kicked out. **Mr. Muscles defeated Morgan Jameson via submission.**

...COMMERCIAL...

...MAIN EVENT...

ReJect Championship Tournament
"Ziggy" Wagge D.

VS.

Robert Fairfield

The commercial was over. The crowd was still in disbelief over the utter brutality of the previous match. But they were told by the ring announcer that the following will be the main event of the evening.

It all boils down to this. Mr. Muscles has completely secured his spot in the main event of Down Under. Now, it's time to find out who will join him.

Will the pop icon finally make his mark in the professional-wrestling industry? Or will the breathing legend finally get his moment to shine after paying his 30 year dues to the game?

It all comes down to this.

"Baby" by Justin Bieber began playing on the P-A system of the arena. Pretty much every male member of the audience covered their ear sockets. But they cheered this ReJect's inevitable arrival.

"Ziggy" Wagge D. danced his way through the black curtains. His skin was practically shining due to all of the presumed baby oil and glitter that had been applied to it. He let Justin Bieber's music molest him and twist his body in whichever which way it wanted. He continued the dancing until he reached ringside.

Slowly, he strutted up the four steel steps and entered the ring. He proceeded to dance while the senior

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zebra shirt, Richard Dawson, showed him to his designated corner. He stood in his corner, continuing to dance up until "Baby" faded down and eventually stopped.

In it's place, the strings to "The Times They Are a-Changin'" by Bob Dylan were heard. The crowd booed once they heard the very first note. No one could stand the ReJect that was soon to make their entry.

Once Bob Dylan's vocals were heard, Robert Fairfield entered the arena. The audience shared their displeasure by booing louder. The breathing legend walked down the aisle slowly. As per usual.

Robert Fairfield's journey to the ring was snail-like. It was like watching paint dry. He was dull, boring and slow. No gimmicks needed with this old school ReJect.

In fact, the song, "The Times They Are a-Changin'," had ended by the time he was standing in the ring. Richard Dawson made sure that Fairfield was in his designated corner of the ring.

The zebra shirt looked over at Ziggy to make sure he was still in his corner. He turned to Fairfield for much of the same. Then, he called for the bell.

DING~!

DING~!

DING~!

"Oh my God!" Dolan said into his headset, "Can you feel the excitement in the air?! This is it. We're going to find out who's going to go into the main event of Down Under for the ReJect Championship!"

"SI!" Sanchez agreed.

Right off the bat, Ziggy charged at Fairfield, hoping to use his speed to his advantage. Fairfield wrapped his arms around the neck of the pop icon as soon as they were within arm's reach of each other and tossed him into the turnbuckles, using Ziggy's momentum against him.

Fairfield drove his forearm upside Ziggy's jaw several times. After about the sixth forearm, Ziggy quickly ducked and went behind the breathing legend. Fairfield turned around only to find two boots coming at him. Ziggy gave him a dropkick right on the button.

Fairfield fell into the corner in a sitting position. Ziggy ran towards the opposite corner then back towards his opponent. Ziggy leaped with his legs spread until his pelvis was in front of Robert's face. The bronco buster was applied for several seconds.

Ziggy pulled Robert out of the corner, dropped down and hooked a leg.

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ONE~!

Fairfield kicked out easily.

For the moment that both ReJects were down on the mat, Fairfield wrapped his arms around Ziggy's neck again. This time, to apply a reverse chin lock. Ziggy squirmed and wiggled, the baby oil was a wise choice. Fairfield couldn't maintain a grip on him.

Ziggy was quick to his feet. Fairfield was down on one knee. Ziggy cracked his leg against Fairfield's temple with an enziguri. The crack was so loud, the crowd exhaled, "OOOOHHHHH~!"

Fairfield could have been out of it right then and there. But Ziggy wanted to apply more damage. He grabbed both of Fairfield's legs and dropped downward, driving his head into Robert's groin.

He remained on his knees briefly and looked back to the corner where he had started the match. There was a sense of disappointment on his face but he stood up and bounced off the ropes.

As he approached the fallen legend, Ziggy jumped into the air. He extended his limbs wide. Ziggy's torso collided against Fairfield's after the running splash. Ziggy remained on top of his opponent, hooking a leg.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Fairfield shot his shoulder off of the canvas.

Out of nowhere, Fairfield grabbed a hold of Ziggy's arm and locked in an armbar. A quick change of position found Ziggy locked in a cross arm breaker.

Ziggy pulled as hard as he could. And once again, his skin must have been too slippery. He managed to free his arm with relative ease. However, he took a moment to grab his arm and favor the pain he had felt.

That moment was all Fairfield needed to return to his feet. He brought Ziggy up with him and quickly Irish-whipped him into a corner. Fairfield charged as Ziggy ran into the corner.

Ziggy had run up to the top rope. He dove backwards and flipped with a moonsault. Their torsos connected again. Fairfield fell backwards. Ziggy remained on top and hooked a leg.

ONE~!

TWO~!

NOOOOOO~!

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Fairfield kicked out!

"Ziggy, who is competing in the first main event of his career, is really laying it all on the line!" Dolan noted.

Sanchez agreed, adding, "Si, mang! 'Dat's watcha' gotta' do if ya' wanna' win a match like 'dis against 'da veteran!"

Ziggy stood up and looked back over towards the corner in which he started the bout. Again, a look of disappointment was visible on his face.

He turned around.

But was given a hip toss for his trouble. Fairfield had recuperated. And whatever it is that's in the back of Ziggy's mind, it caused a great distraction for Robert to exploit.

Ziggy was back to his feet almost the instant after he was taken down. But he was given yet another hip toss. And another. Finally, when he returned to his feet the third time, Fairfield picked him up again and dropped him with a simple body slam.

Simple in its initial execution, anyways. He made sure to add an extra oomph when he slammed Ziggy hard on the mat. He followed it up with a quick fist drop. Well. Quick for him anyways.

Lateral press...

ONE~!

TWO~!

Ziggy kicked out!

The pop icon was still on the mat, staggering. Fairfield realized he needed to take as big of a risk as Ziggy had been. He went to the apron and climbed to the top rope.

He was perched there awaiting for his opponent to stand up. It was only a few moments, but it seemed like an eternity. He leaped from the top rope. Or. Attempted to. His left foot got caught on the rope, causing him to barely connect with Ziggy's shoulder with a double axe handle. Ziggy sold it anyways. Fairfield crashed and hit his face on the canvas.

YOU FUCKED UP!

YOU FUCKED UP!

YOU FUCKED UP!

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The crowd chanted towards Fairfield's misfortunes.

Ziggy looked to make the best of a cruddy situation. He covered Fairfield.

ONE~!

TWO~!

ANDAHALF~!

Although the breathing legend kicked out, the match was clearing in Ziggy's favor. He had the victory gift-wrapped for him.

With all of his strength, he peeled Fairfield off of the canvas and brought him up to a vertical basis. He planted him back down on the mat following a Russian leg sweep.

Fairfield was in perfect position.

Ziggy turned to the corner he had started the match in and began to ascend its ropes. He stopped when he reached the middle rope. He looked deep into the crowd. He stared.

"What is it?" Dolan pondered in his headset.

The cameras scrambled to try and figure out what Ziggy was looking at. While standing on the second rope, Ziggy blew a kiss towards the audience. Finally, the cameras caught it.

There was a Hispanic man with long hair and a beard. He held a pink sign that read, "I ? ZIGGY." Finally, Ziggy reached the top rope. He turned around. Fairfield was still on the canvas, unconscious.

THE CHART TOPPER~!

NOOOOO!

Fairfield rolled out of the way of Ziggy's attempted corkscrew splash!

Regardless, Ziggy practically bounced off the canvas and up to his feet. Robert stood up as well. Fortunately for the breathing legend, Ziggy's back was turned to him. Out of nowhere, Fairfield applied his famously patented...

CROSS-FACE CHICKENWING~!

Ziggy struggled and squirmed as much as he could. But it didn't do any good. Once Fairfield leaped to apply a grapevine, Ziggy fell on top of him. With the grapevine applied, there weren't many options left for the pop

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icon.

He reached as far as he could with his free arm to grab a rope. This was unsuccessful.

The pain didn't go away. Fairfield was unrelenting. It seemed that whenever he attempted to break out of the hold, Fairfield would only apply even more pressure to him.

There was only one thing for Ziggy to do. His fate was sealed. As much as he didn't want to, the only way to stop the pain was to tap out.

The bell rang three times in succession again.

Just like that, he could breathe again. There was no more pain in his shoulder. His lungs were able to flex with ease now that Fairfield's legs were no longer wrapped around his ribs.

All of this happened once Ziggy touched the canvas several times in succession.

"The Times They Are a-Changin'" was heard in the arena once more. As was the unsatisfactory response from the audience. The ring announcer declared Robert Fairfield the victor by way of submission.

Credits were shown at the bottom of the screen for the home viewers.

"NO! NO! NO!" Dolan cried out in the last moments of the show. Fairfield had his arm raised by Richard Dawson. "Mr. Muscles is going to face Robert Fairfield for the ReJect Championship! NOOOOOOO!"

Slowly, ReJect's "J" logo faded onto the screen of those watching at home.

Show Credits

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

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite