

Sunday Night Cock Fight: 06.09.2013

June 9, 2013 | War Memorial Auditorium - Ft. Lauderdale, FL

SUNDAY NIGHT COCK FIGHT

A Brief Introduction

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 Seven!" He said, "I am Dolan Jones, joined as always by 'Dirty' Mark Sanchez. This is the final episode before Down Under! And boy what a show we've got in store for you!"

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

"Firstly," Dolan said, "we have just received word from Budd E. Manchin that the moratorium on outside interference is once again in effect tonight. If there is any outside interference in tonight's matches, those interfering will be fired on spot!"

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

"Also tonight," Dolan started again, "we will see a triple threat match with James Smith, 'Ziggy' Wagge D., and Muy Helado! Lunatic will be battling Bobby Banger. And we will have the official contract signing between Mr. Muscles and Robert Fairfield!"

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

"But right now," Dolan began to conclude, "we have a match in the ring that is just about to get started!"

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

Lamar Vaughn

VS.

Kevin Mewes

Lamar Vaughn started the match strong taking the fight to the newest member of ReJect. Lamar used his

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brawling skills and backed Mewes into a corner. Kevin Mewes was heard trying to convince Lamar that they shouldn't fight. The pleads for peaceful ends fell upon deaf ears as Vaughn ended up sending the Hippy off the ropes and took him down with a very hard spinebuster. Kevin Mewes seemed content with just turning the other cheek but Lamar Vaughn stayed on the attack. Vaughn pulled Mewes to his feet and looked for a powerbomb. Not wanting to be hurt any further, Mewes instinctively flailed his arms around in desperation. One of his flails managed to hit Vaughn square in the nose causing the man from the mean streets of Omaha to drop the Hippy.

Kevin Mewes kept trying to explain to Vaughn that it was just an accident but Lamar didn't want to hear any of that. Lamar went for a clothesline but Mewes ducked it and continued to back peddle. This continued for a few minutes with Mewes dodging and avoiding the fight. His incessant dodging infuriated Lamar Vaughn to the point that he went and grabbed Mewes' guitar from the corner and appeared as though he was going to break it.

That wasn't a smart move as something came over Mewes and he just went bat shit crazy. The hippy started bouncing off the ropes left and right hitting flying forearm shots, lariats and finished with a flying calf kick that took Vaughn down. The next few minutes saw the newest member of ReJect flying all over the ring and taking the fight to Lamar Vaughn. Vaughn wouldn't get back into the match because once Kevin Mewes had already gotten the crowd behind him with his high flying he did a springboard off the top rope and flew at Lamar Vaughn with The Buddha Bash superman punch. It was academic after that as **Kevin Mewes picked up the three count and defeated Lamar Vaughn.**

...COMMERCIAL...

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

VS.

"Ziggy" Wagge D. w/ **Brian Douglas**

VS.

Muy Helado w/ Dos Fuegos

All three ReJects were standing in the ring. Their partners were outside for support. The bell sounded and

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the match was underway! Taking note of how a similar match played out last week, "Ziggy" Wagge D. and Muy Helado immediately began to team up against "Outlaw" James Smith.

Ziggy and Helado really were able to run circles around Smith. They dove off of top ropes seemingly every few seconds. Finally, after they both gave Smith a splash and leg drop combination, Ziggy floored Helado with a Russian leg sweep.

Normally, that would lead to his finish. Thus, he climbed to the top rope. But he took note of how there was a heated argument happening on the outside of the ring. All three of the combatant's partners were arguing amongst each other.

Thus, Ziggy dove off of the top rope with a corkscrew plancha onto all three of them!

After a few moments, the four men (or three and a half if you think on it) on the outside returned to their feet. But they found themselves right back down on the concrete after Muy Helado dove off with a springboard plancha of his own.

Ziggy caught the least of the blow. He rolled under the bottom rope to reenter the ring. The zebra shirt's attention was on the chaos on the outside. Ziggy stood up and found a fist loaded with brass knucks was heading straight towards him. He couldn't react in time to dodge it.

James Smith immediately dropped down and covered Ziggy after he placed the brass knucks back into his pants pocket. He yelled to get the zebra shirt's attention. **"Outlaw" James Smith won the match via pinfall**

Tag. YOU'RE IT!

Chaos was literally erupting in the arena. Brian Douglas was able to catch the final moments of the bout and stormed into the ring. He was furious. He gave Outlaw a release German suplex. "Cowboy" John Potter caught wind of this and slid into the ring as well. He was given a release German suplex for his trouble as well.

Caliente y Fria collected themselves and climbed up opposing sets of corners. The dove off and both gave Douglas a missile dropkick.

Ziggy was finally starting to stir. But both members of Texas Hold 'Em suddenly attacked Caliente y Fria. Ziggy stood up and began hammering away at James Smith.

Douglas did much of the same as his partner. Only, he attacked John Potter. The Modern Day Missionaries assistance went largely unforgiven. They both got attacked by the members of Caliente y Fria.

Texas Hold 'Em exited the ring and looked to get the hell out of dodge. The yellow bellied cowards! They made their way up the aisle.

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"ENOUGH!" Budd E. Manchin's familiar voice was heard. He was standing in front of the black curtains atop of the entry ramp. He had his trademark whip in his hand. The ReJect Championship around his waist. And two similar title belts around his shoulders.

Texas Hold 'Em stopped dead in their tracks upon seeing the owner. Caliente y Fria and The Modern Day Missionaries stopped their brawling and looked towards the entryway. "WHAT NOW?!" Smith yelled towards him.

"The six of you will be able to settle your differences NEXT WEEK! AT DOWN UNDER!" Manchin spoke into his microphone. "You see these two new titles around my shoulders here? They will be suspended above the ring! The only way to win the match is by climbing a ladder and retrieving them!"

"WHAT?!" Dolan shouted in his headset due to confusion, "A THREE-WAY TAG TITLE LADDER MATCH AT DOWN UNDER?!"

"Now get to..." Manchin paused correct his thought. "I mean," he said, "STOP WORKING!"

He cracked his whip.

...COMMERCIAL:..

Things to Do with a Computer Science Degree

We were shown the backstage where our drunken princess herself Victoria Townsend was leaned up against some sound equipment. She was letting her finger pickle in her martini glass between sips. She noticed our newest ReJect, Kevin Mewes, was walking through the back. He looked as though someone was after him as he peaked around back and forth rather paranoid looking.

"Hey, it's you," Victoria said, "the hippy guy."

Kevin nearly jumped into the air. He was taken by such shock by her voice. He looked at her and gulped hard. "Yeah," Mewes said, "hey." He glanced at her a few times. But he kept his eye out for, who or whatever may have been chasing him.

Victoria was slightly puzzled. "So like, in your match, you ran away from that guy for the whole thing," She noted. "What are you, a pussy?" She asked harshly.

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Kevin, though he may have been offended by the remark, he didn't show it. Instead, he said, "I just don't like conflict man, it's all about the love man."

"Then why are you a wrestler?" Victoria asked before she took a drink from her trademark martini glass.

"That's the thing," Kevin said, "I'm not. I'm just ReJect's computer guy. I work on the website and stuff man, I'm a creator not a destroyer ya know?" He kept poking his head all around, looking for whomever may be chasing him.

Victoria sort of cocked her head to the side a little either out of confusion or because she finally lost control of her motor skills. "Then how are you fighting in ReJect?" She asked him.

Kevin began to rush his words a bit. "I was just minding my own business in my little room in the back." He said. "Playing a little guitar and communicating with nature, ya know man? Mellowing and becoming of one mind so I could go through the waves of negativity that is the internet. It's an exercise in positivity man. Was about to start some work for the site and get the name out there to get more wrestlers. Next thing I know some scary dude with a whip comes up behind me and starts screaming and yelling. Says something about me getting to work and books me in a match man."

Victoria was even more confused. "But I saw you last week," she pointed at him while holding her glass. "And you seemed rather calm about it last week, didn't you?"

Kevin kept looking around for danger. "I was blitzed out of my mind," he said while poking his head around in every which direction, "had to stop the panic attack he threw me into man. Such a downer that guy."

"Well why don't you just do your 'communicating with nature' before your matches?" Victoria asked him.

Kevin shook his head. "No can do, too sluggish when smoking."

Victoria took a moment to think. Suddenly, her eyes light up. It dawned on her. "You should, like, try alcohol. It helps me get through a day in this hell hole."

"Really?" Kevin looked at her. His eyes were beginning to light up too.

Kevin Mewes reached out and took Victoria Townsend's martini glass and chugged the contents. He shook his head. Meanwhile, her mouth dropped open in disbelief that someone dared to take her liquor.

"Wow!" Kevin let out with joy. "You're right! That may actually work. Thanks man!" Kevin reached out and forced a hug out of Victoria. She squirmed and tried to slither her way out and away from his arms.

He turned around and walked off, leaving Victoria in complete disbelief.

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Attempted Diplomacy

Omar Shabazz was in a backstage corridor. He was kneeling down on his prayer rug. His arms were held open at his sides. He bent forward, bringing his face to the rug.

"Allah hu akbar!" He said quietly as he bent forward. He rose and began leaning once more. "Allah hu akbar!" He said a little louder. He brought himself back up. "Allah hu akbar!" He nearly shouted while he bent once more.

"How's the jihad going?" Michael America asked. He appeared behind Omar.

Omar sprang to his feet. He turned around to face the star spangled son. "INFIDEL!" Omar shouted as loud as he could.

"Now, now," Michael said, "I'm not here to fight you. I'll get my hands on you next week. I'm a virtuous man. And patience is one of God's virtues." Omar ground his teeth together. "I have only diplomacy on my mind right now. I only wanted to ask you: Why did you attempt to kill me? What purpose would it have solved?"

"INFIDEL!" Omar shouted again. "???? ???? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ??? ?????????? ?? ??????" He told Michael America. "?????? ?? ????????? ?????? ????? ????????? ??????" He also added.

Michael America rolled his eyes. "Great," America said sarcastically. "I see that this is not going to go anywhere." He looked down at the floor. "There is no getting through to you. You only wish to bring death and destruction."

"ALLAH HU AKBAR!" Omar shouted. He charged at Michael America and lifted his leg into the air, looking for his patented boot to the face. Michael dodged it.

Omar turned around. They began exchanging blows. Suddenly, zebra shirts and other backstage agents stormed the scene to break up the fight.

"ALLAH HU AKBAR!" Omar shouted. "ALLAH! HU AKBAR!" He yelled again. "ALLAH HU AKBAR!" He continued to chant as he was pulled away.

"Don't worry!" America called out to his nemesis. "You will meet your Allah next week!"

An Agreement is Made?

The cameras were found in the men's locker room. Bobby Banger and Victoria Townsend were sitting on a

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bench. Their lips were locked. Tongues were in mouths that they didn't belong. Hands were exploring a body that they weren't attached to.

In short. Bobby and Victoria were sitting in a tree. Only. You know. They weren't.

The door to the locker room was opened and shut. Bobby and Victoria paid no attention to what had happened. They just kept embracing one another.

"Bwah," Scott E. Moe's voice was heard. He had entered the locker room and leaned up against the wall. "Two lovebirds. How superficial."

Bobby shot up off of the bench. "HEY!" He shouted, "Why don't you get a life? Or better yet, if the life you have now is so terrible, why don't you just end it already and leave us alone?!"

"Bwah," E. Moe scoffed. "And miss the look you're about to have on your face? I don't think so. Bwah."

Bobby charged towards E. Moe "You little..." He couldn't finish his thought. His fist was cocked back and ready to be unloaded on Scott E. Moe's face.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," E. Moe said. Bobby held his hand in position to swing. E. Moe pulled out some sort of document out of his back pocket. "You might want to take a look at this first. Bwah."

E. Moe held the document in front of Banger's face. Bobby snatched it out of the black abyss's hand. He flipped through some of the pages and tried to skim through its contents.

"What the hell is this?!" Bobby angrily questioned.

"Bwah," E. Moe exhaled. "I just received that agreement from Budd E. Manchin. It says that you are not allowed to touch me unless we are in a bout sanctioned by ReJect Wrestling. Bwah."

Bobby Banger was steaming.

"If you do," E. Moe said, "you will be fired. Bwah." Scott had a smile slapped on his face. He walked over towards Victoria. Finding herself in an awkward position, she stood up. Facing Victoria, E. Moe's eyes were locked on Bobby Banger, who was still standing to his left. "Bwah." He said.

Scott E. Moe grabbed a handful of Victoria's hair from behind her head and forced a kiss on her. Banger was livid. But there was nothing he could do. Finally, Scott pulled Victoria's face away from his own.

"Bwah," Scott said. He shoved Victoria towards Bobby Banger. She collapsed in his arms. He knelt down and held her tightly. She began to spit and weep.

"See you next week, sir. Bwah." Scott E. Moe said. "Oh, and good luck in your match tonight. Bwah." He

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chuckled lightly and exited the locker room.

...:COMMERCIAL:...

Lunatic

VS.

Bobby Banger

Both men made their entry with nothing worth noting occurring. When the match began, Lunatic brawled his way through Bobby Banger as if he was nothing. The man of 1,000 smiles had one of his own on his face throughout the beating.

Lunatic attempted a hurricanrana, but was given a sit-out power bomb for his trouble. The move gave Banger a two count. With the match in his favor, Banger started to chain wrestle. Arm drags. And lots of them. And probably other things. Finally, he applied a reverse chin lock. Lunatic eventually got out of the hold with a jaw breaker.

Lunatic followed up with a DDT and garnished a near fall. Lunatic looked to end the match with his finishing maneuver, **THE PUNCHINE~!** He had Banger ready and set up for the end.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was suddenly heard playing. Lunatic turned around and faced the entryway. However, no one was seen entering the arena. Lunatic laughed. He must've found some sort of humor in the situation. With no Professor Proof or Project in the arena, there was nothing to truly be done about the distraction. But Lunatic turned to face his opponent once more. Only, Banger had seemingly disappeared.

OUT OF NOWHERES~! Lunatic's face and head were driven into the mat. Loony fell victim to **THE FACIAL~!** Banger immediately went for the cover. Afterwards, the zebra shirt's hand hit the mat three times and **Bobby Banger defeated Lunatic via pinfall.**

The Loony of Old?

"Something in Your Mouth" by Nickelback was playing throughout the arena. The fans were cheering Bobby

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Banger's much deserved victory. Banger left the ring and headed towards the locker room.

Lunatic pushed himself up off of the canvas. He had to peel his skin off of the mat. He took a moment to shake off the cobwebs. His eyes wondered around crazily. He stood up and stumbled backwards into the ropes.

He brought his hand to his forehead and massaged it slightly. He had felt the pain, give the after effects of THE FACIAL~! He looked down and saw the white from the face paint. It seemed to startle him. He started slapping his face repeatedly in order to wipe off the white on his face.

"NO WAYZ DUUUUUUDE!" He screamed in his high pitched, child-like voice. Lunatic looked around at the audience awkwardly. He didn't know how to react. Nor did the crowd know how to react to Lunatic's shenanigans.

With most of the face paint having been wiped away, Lunatic cracked a smile, showing a glimpse of the Lunatic of old. Then he began raising his knees over and over, slapping them with his hands.

Suddenly, he exited the ring. He lifted up the apron and pulled out a table. He set it up and stood it up straight. "GUYZ THOUGH!" He shouted. He slid back into the ring.

He ran towards the ropes. And bounced off of them. He met the opposing set of ropes and bounced off of them as well. Opposing side. Bounced off again. Finally, he jumped as high as he could and flipped his body forward. His body crashed through the table on the floor. For... seemingly no reason.

Lunatic lied there. Motionless.

And he remained there. Until the show went to a commercial.

..:COMMERCIAL:..

The Contract

"I Come from a Land Down Under" by Men at Work was playing inside the arena following the commercial break. The cameras scanned the audience. Dolan Jones was talking in his headset.

"And now," he said to the home viewers, "we're going to the ring for the official contract signing for the main

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event of Down Under!" The cameras cut to the ring.

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

"Alright, alright," Budd E. Manchin was standing in the ring. He was wearing the ReJect Championship around his waist. He held his whip in one hand and was speaking into a microphone held in the other. "Cut the music already. Jesus." Men at Work's song was suddenly cut short.

He himself was already growing tired of the evening. "Let's get these two out here already." He said. He turned to face the entryway.

"Walk" by Pantera exploded onto the stereo system of the arena. Most fans immediately showered the air with displeasure by booing. Mr. Muscles entered the arena after he pushed through the black curtains. Fans booed louder. Muscles seemed just as angry and pumped and intense as usual.

He stormed down the ramp and entered the ring. He paid no attention to the man that signs his checks and walked right on passed him to sit down at the table. Mr. Muscles fidgeted with the microphone in front of him for a few seconds. "Walk" finally dimmed down into nothingness.

In its place was "The Times They Are a-Changin'" by Bob Dylan. The crowd booed even more. Neither man that was scheduled to take part in the main event of Down Under was particularly liked by ReJect's fan base.

Robert Fairfield entered the arena. He was slow. He was as stiff as a board. His skin was as loose as... well... you can fill in your own simile here.

He walked down the entryway at a turtle-like rate. In fact, "The Times They Are a-Changin'" was over by the time he entered the ring. He stood in front of Manchin. The two briefly shook hands. Fairfield sat down at the table on the opposite side of Mr. Muscles.

"Alright," Manchin spoke into his microphone. "The both of you have in front of you the contract for the match next week at Down Under." Muscles and Fairfield grabbed the clipboard that held several pieces of paper. "You both made it to the finals of the ReJect Championship Tournament." Both ReJects flipped through the pages. "All that is left to do is sign on the dotted line."

Robert Fairfield picked up his microphone. "Wait a minute," he said, "I was told by my agent that we would be able to discuss terms." He cocked his head to look at the owner of the company.

"What terms did you have in mind?" Manchin questioned.

"Well," Fairfield said, "I thought we would be able to name our own match type." The breathing legend hadn't taken his eyes off of Manchin.

Manchin sighed into his microphone.

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"WAITAMINUTE!" Mr. Muscles had instantaneously grabbed a microphone and shouted into it. "IF THAT'S THE CASE," he took a moment to pause, "THEN I WANT AN ARM WRESTLING MATCH!" He smiled fiendishly.

"I do not concur, sir." Fairfield answered directly.

"Yeah," Manchin said, "that's not going to happen."

Fairfield took his time to look back and forth at the two in the ring with him while he said, "Logically, given that we both use a submission finishing maneuver, I would argue that we should have a submission match!"

"NO!" Mr. Muscles screamed, "I AM NEVER SUBMISSIVE!"

Fairfield sighed.

"Alright," Machin said into his microphone, "how about, I don't know, an I Quit match?" Fairfield pondered the thought by puckering his bottom lip. He nodded his head.

"That's fine by me!" Mr. Muscles exclaimed.

"Then it's settled." Manchin noted. Both ReJects nodded their heads. Quickly, they thumbed their way to the last page. They both picked up pens and signed their names. "And there you have it!" Manchin was elated. "At Down Under, Mr. Muscles will battle Robert Fairfield for the ReJect Championship in an I Quit match!" Both of the wrestlers slammed their pens down with authority.

"And now," Manchin said, "it is time for your final remarks." The ReJects lifted their microphones once more. "Mr. Muscles, you go first."

Muscles spoke into the microphone. "I'm going to keep this short and sweet. Next week, I'm going to beat the SHIT out of you, old man! I'm going to literally make you shit yourself in the ring! That's how bad I'm going to beat the shit out of you. I don't care if you're 70 years old. There's going to be shit in that little speedo that you wrestle in. Why? Because I'm Mr. Muscles. And I'm going to take you on the roid of you life!"

Muscles slammed the microphone down on the table.

Fairfield scoffed lightly in the microphone. "I am the breathing legend," he said, "and next week, I'm going to make sure that I FINALLY capture the big gold! And you, Mr. Muscles, you're going to have tears in your eyes. You're going to beg me to stop. You're going to yell, 'I Quit!'"

"HEY!" Once again, Muscles immediately grabbed the microphone and shouted into it. "I DON'T CRY, BRO! I DON'T DO NO PUSSY SHIT CRYIN', BRO!" And once again. He slammed the microphone down on the table.

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He shot up to his feet. He had a hand under the table and threw it up into the air as he stood. He threw it so hard, that the table actually flew into the front row of the audience.

Macnhin promptly left the ring while Robert Fairfield stood to his feet.

Mr. Muscles walked right up to the breathing legend and stared him down. The audience was booing and throwing the remnants of their concession stand purchases into the ring. The ReJects just stood their staring each other in the eye.

"FANS!" Jones shouted into his headset. "I STILL HATE IT! You are looking at the main event of Down Under! Who's going to win?! Who's going to be ReJect Champion?!"

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

Credits were shown at the bottom of the screen for the home viewers. Fans continued to throw trash in the ring. Mr. Muscles and Robert Fairfield continued to stare deep into each other's souls.

ReJect's "J" logo faded onto the screen.