

Sunday Night Cock Fight: 05.26.2013

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: May 26, 2013
Location: Bauman-Eberhardt Center — St. Louis, MO

Results

SUNDAY NIGHT COCK FIGHT

Segment

A 17,000-tier Brawl~!

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.

"Welcome everybody to Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode Five!" He said, "I am Dolan Jones, joined as always by 'Dirty' Mark Sanchez. Standing by in the ring is Victoria Townsend! Victoria?"

Cut to the squared circle, where, indeed, ReJect's interviewer was standing in the center. "Umm... thanks Dolan," she said as she struggled to stand straight. She had the microphone in one hand and her martini glass in the other. As always. She actually had tried her best to hold back a smile whilst saying, "So like, please welcome my favorite guest of allllll time! BOBBY BANGER!"

"Something in Your Mouth" by Nickelback started playing inside the arena. Most fans cheered their beloved, sympathetic, former porn star, who was certainly about to make his way down to the ring. And of course... Bobby Banger pushed his way through the black curtains.

He had his trademark confident smile on his face. He walked down to the ring with ease, especially considering that no less than three weeks ago, he was bleeding from the mouth having suffered internal injuries at the hands of Robert Fairfield and Scott E. Moe.

He entered the ring much to the delight of his, apparent, mistress, Victoria Townsend. He walked right up to her and planted a long, sloppy, presumably wet kiss on her lips.

After several impassioned moments, Victoria breathed heavily into the microphone. "So, like, Bobby," she said in between breaths. "Tonight, you're going to... you know... finally get a chance at revenge on that nasty, perverted old man and stuff. And like, I don't know, what are your thoughts?"

She pointed the microphone towards Banger's mouth and took a drink from her glass. "That's right," Bobby said into the microphone, "that old bastard is going to pay for what he did to me. What he did to us." He looked at Victoria and kissed her passionately.

The strings to "The Times They Are a-Changin'" by Bob Dylan played in the arena. Most fans booed the song. Robert Fairfield entered the arena to a chorus of some more boos from the crowd.

He had a microphone of his own. He stood atop of the entryway and spoke, "Bobby, I didn't do anything that anybody else wouldn't have done." He said. "Scott E. Moe got involved in our match, I took advantage of it."

"AND THEN YOU CHOKED ME OUT UNTIL BLOOD WAS COMING OUT OF MY MOUTH!" Bobby shouted, interrupting the breathing legend.

"Damn right I did!" Fairfield shot back. "That thing in the ring next to you, I had a great time with her the week before

our match! And what did she do? As soon as she finds someone younger and more equipped, she runs to him!"

"Get over it Mr. Viagra!" Bobby said.

Fairfield dropped his microphone. He walked as fast as he could towards the ring. Which, obviously, wasn't fast at all. But he eventually entered the squared circle.

Bobby Banger stood in front of Victoria Townsend in order to protect her. She quickly left the ring. Fairfield walked right up to him and slapped him across the face. This angered Bobby greatly.

The two exchanged fisticuffs wildly. Bobby had Fairfield backing up into a the corner where he drove kicks into Robert's mid-section.

In an instant, the ring was filled with zebra shirts, security and other officials to separate the two ReJects. Robert was the first escorted to the backstage. Bobby remained in the ring. "Something in Your Mouth" started playing again.

Victoria reentered the ring and grabbed Banger's hand. The two watched Fairfield leave the arena.

A Knock on the Head Part II

Suddenly, even though "Something in Your Mouth" could still be heard, the cameras cut to: Lunatic standing inside the locker room with a picket sign. "BATHE... THE... WHALES! BATHE... THE... WHALES! BATHE... THE... WHALES!" He chanted the words on the sign with his voice being as high-pitched and childlike as ever. The Modern Day Missionaries looked at him with puzzled faces.

Lunatic continued chanting. A door was heard opening and closing. Professor Proof entered the locker room with the chain connected to The Project as per usual. He approached Lunatic.

"Whoa d00d," Lunatic said, "you're like all spikey!" His comment was directed at Proof.

"Right," Proof said, unaware of any other possible response. "I believe, that last week, you told Ms. Townsend that you have the papers regarding my Project in your possession. Is that correct?"

"Forreals, dude, though," Lunatic told him. Lunatic rested the picket sign on his shoulder and turned around. The sign hit Project's face. "Sorry guy!" Lunatic said, seemingly genuinely. Loony pulled a folder that was falling apart off of the locker room's shelf. He turned around.

Instantly, Proof snatched the folder out of Lunatic's hands. Project, upset with having the sign hit his face, charged Lunatic. The two of them ran through the shelves and the room's wall.

Lunatic was completely out of it. Project stood up from the wreckage and looked down at the unconscious body of Lunatic angrily. Proof tugged on the chain with a wide, bright smile on his face. Project's face returned to the typical blank, nearly friendly expression as he stared blankly straight ahead.

Truly and entirely satisfied for the first time in weeks, Professor Proof walked out of the locker room with The Project trailing not far behind him.

...COMMERCIAL...

Texas Hold 'Em

VS.

The Modern Day Missionaries

When both teams made their entrance, “Ziggy” Wagge D. started things off against “Outlaw” James Smith. Ziggy used his speed to his advantage and dominated Smith for the first several minutes of the bout. Ziggy tagged in his partner, Brian Douglas. Douglas attempted to school Outlaw by way of utilizing his technical skills. When he applied a reverse chin lock, it backfired. Outlaw ran backwards towards his corner, crashing Douglas’ back into the turnbuckles, allowing him to tag in his partner, “Cowboy” John Potter. Texas Hold ‘Em dominated Brian Douglas for nearly 10 minutes before Brian could make the HOT TAG~! into his partner. Ziggy cleared house for several minutes, allowing Brian to recuperate. Ziggy tagged his partner back into the match. The legal men were once again Douglas and Smith. Ziggy clotheslined Potter out to the floor, distracting the zebra shirt. Outlaw applied a set of brass knuckles to his hand and drove the fist into the side of Brian’s jaw, delivering his patteted haymaker, The Dead Man’s Hand. This lead to Texas Hold ‘Em’s pinfall victory over The Modern Day Missionaries.

...COMMERCIAL:..

A Suspected Suspect

“Born Free” by Kid Rock blared throughout the arena after the commercial break. The cameras pointed towards the entryway. Michael America pushed his way through the black curtains. He had the bright smile on his face as most have become accustomed to while he walked down the entryway aisle.

“Oh boy!” Dolan Jones sprayed out. “Here we go!”

He entered the ring and politely asked for the ring announcer’s microphone. “Gosh! I tell you! It’s great being back here in the gorgeous city of St. Louis!” The crowd booed. “And it’s great to be standing here in a ReJect Wrestling ring!” More displeasure from the crowd.

Despite this, America continued, “As you might have heard, I was being interviewed by Victoria Townsend two weeks ago inside of ReJect headquarters when several explosions were set off.”

The crowd cheered. America held his palm open towards them, moving his arms up and down. The universal sign language for, “calm down.”

“Now, now,” he continued, “there’s no need to worry. No one was harmed, but I did end up spending a few days in the hospital due to complications from smoke inhalation.” More cheers.

“The police thus far have no leads as to who perpetrated the crime,” he informed the crowd. “But I have an idea. In fact, he’s a member of the ReJect roster!”

He paused to build up the suspense. “Omar Shabazz!” He called out.

“WHAT?!” Jones screamed into his headset, genuinely outraged.

“Dirty” Mark Sanchez responded to his broadcast partner, “He could be speakin’ ‘da truth, mang!”

“But gosh darn it!” America said into his microphone. “ReJect Wrestling is playing the politically correct card! Budd E. Manchin knows that Omar Shabazz is responsible for the attack! But since he is unwilling to offend anyone, he remains silent!”

America spoke again. “But for now, my quarter-finals match in the ReJect Championship Tournament is scheduled to take place right now! Morgan Jameson, let’s do this!”

America handed off the microphone back to the ring announcer. He pointed at a member of the crowd and winked. Then he gave him a friendly thumb’s up.

...:COMMERCIAL:..

A Knock on the Head Part III

We returned from the break to see Budd E. Manchin talking on his phone in the office. "No dump out of the oil stocks. Oil is a TERRIBLE investment!" He said to whomever he was talking to.

The office's door was opened. Then slammed shut. Professor Proof walked right up to Manchin's desk and slammed the unorganized manila folder, with papers falling out of it, down on the desk. There was a blue, sloppily drawn smiley face on the front of the folder.

Manchin let out a sigh. "I'm going to have to call you back," he told his phone and hung up. "What's this about, Proof? You've got your papers back. The guys I had looking into it didn't get the job done and I apologize for that. What more do you want?"

"Look at it!" Proof shouted at Manchin. "Hypothesis: I keep my files in a disorderly, cluttered and scrambled manner. Or – Hypothesis: After stealing the file on my Project, Lunatic completely ruined everything. The answer is obviously the latter! Not only is the folder unorganized, but he's nearly destroyed all of its contents by drawing childish pictures on them!"

Manchin flipped through some of the pages in the folder. "Hrmp." Manchin sighed.

"What is it?" Proof questioned.

"Oh nothing," Manchin said, "This is just a really well drawn Christmas tree."

Proof slammed the folder shut. "Nevermind that!" He yelled. "I demand there be repercussions! Lunatic must be taught a lesson for what he has done to my life's work!"

"Yeah?" Manchin was uninterested. "And what do you suggest I do about it?"

"I want Lunatic's..." Proof couldn't finish his thought.

The door to Manchin's office flung open and crashed against the wall. Manchin dropped down and tucked under his desk.

Lunatic stormed into the office and whacked the back of Project's head with a lead pipe. The monster fell to the ground. His weight crashing to the floor caused Professor Proof to also fall on his backside.

Lunatic pointed the pipe at Proof, who was completely terrified. Lunatic grabbed the folder still pointing the pipe at the fallen professor. Lunatic's white face paint cracked and chipped and fell off of his face as he smiled.

"Relax, Professor," Lunatic somberly said. "You've got nothing to worry about." The man of 1000 smiles walked over to Project and drove the pipe into the back of his head once again.

"Don't forget to smile!" Lunatic told the Professor.

In a flash, Lunatic left the office. Professor Proof's folder in hand. All that could be heard was his eerie laugh as he walked down the conjoining corridor outside of Manchin's office.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

Sensual, but Totally Manly

The scene was completely familiar. Much like at Sunday Night Cock Fight Episode 2, Brian Douglas was going through his duffel bag, getting ready to leave the arena after suffering his fourth straight loss, the second loss that the Modern Day Missionaries has gained because of him.

He pulled out his Bible and thumbed through its pages. He nodded his head at the words he was reading. All of a sudden, everything went dark for him. He couldn't see a thing.

"Guess who!" The distinct, excitable and recognizable voice was heard.

"Hey Ziggy," Brian said sounding much more downtrodden than his partner.

Ziggy took his hands away from Brian's eyes and stood beside his partner before he said, "Oh, come on now Bry! It's not that bad! So what if we lost again, it's not that big a deal!"

"But I don't understand it, Ziggy," Bryan told him. "I try my best each and every time I go out to the ring. But no matter what I do, I keep losing." He frowned.

"Oh Bry!" Ziggy sighed. "I'm still in the ReJect Championship Tournament! And you don't need to worry about those asshole Texans. Just look on the bright side hun!"

"I know, Ziggy," Brian said, "I know." He looked inside his Bible. "I was just reading Colossians 3:23. It says, 'Whatever you do, work heartily, as for the Lord and not for men, knowing that from the Lord you will receive the inheritance as your reward. You are serving the Lord Jesus. For the wrongdoer will be paid back for the wrong he has done, and there is no partiality.'"

Ziggy nodded along in agreement as Brian read. "You see?" Brian questioned, "Jesus still loves that you're trying your heart out. We're doing just great sugar!" Ziggy patted Brian on the back. The pat became a sensual, but totally manly massage.

"You're right, Ziggy," Brian said. "You're going to be in the main event next week. We've got a bright future ahead of us!" Brian turned around and hugged Ziggy. "Thanks bud!"

Ziggy smiled. "So, Bry, when do we get to meet your friend, Jesus?"

Brian smiled. "Well Ziggy, Jesus said..."

The scene faded into a commercial.

...:COMMERCIAL:...

Paying it Forward

"Walk" by Pantera burst onto the stereo system like a wildfire following the commercial break. Many boos were heard coming from the crowd. The next match of the night would feature one of the more hated ReJects in the company.

Mr. Muscles entered the arena to a chorus of more boos from the spectators. With his muscles bulging out of his skin, he trotted down the aisle and entered the ring. He walked to his designated corner and pulled on the top ropes.

His next challenge in the ReJect Championship Tournament was sure to be an easy one. Muy Helado, one half of the Caliente y Fria tag team, a man a third of the size of Mr. Muscles, was going to take on the musclebound mad man.

"Walk" by Pantera was cut off.

"Alright, alright," Budd E. Manchin's familiar voice was heard. He was standing atop of the entryway with his whip and a microphone in hand. "Mr. Muscles!" Manchin called out.

Manchin had finally caught the attention of the ReJect in the ring. "Don't think that what you did last week is going to go unnoticed" The words seemed to further upset Mr. Muscles. "You left your partner. You ruined my main event tag team match!"

"SO WHAT?!" Muscle shot back at the owner of the company. He hadn't had a microphone, but his shout was picked up by the camera's microphone.

"So, you think you're going to walk into this match and destroy Muy Helado, right?" Manchin asked. Muscles nodded in response. "NOT ANYMORE!"

"WHAT?!" Muscles seemed furious.

"Instead, you're going to be taking on BOTH members of Caliente y Fria!" Manchin's words pierced Mr. Muscles' soul. Possibly. "NOW GET TO WORK!" Manchin cracked his whip.

As much as Manchin tried to throw a speed bump in front of Mr. Muscles, the musclebound mad man only smiled.

"Incondicional" by Prince Royce began playing with many cheers coming from the audience.

ReJect Championship Tournament

Mr. Muscles

VS.

Caliente y Fria

Manchin left the arena whilst Caliente y Fria made their entry. The luchadores ran towards the ring. In no time, they were inside the squared circle and the bell was ringing. Immediately, Muy Helado climbed to the top rope and dove off, attempting a cross body block. The musclebound mad man caught Helado and hoisted him above his head military press style. He tossed Helado like he was a football into his brother's arms. Dos Fuegos and Muy Helado both crashed on the canvas. Muscles stepped on and stood on both of their fallen bodies. He pulled both of their bodies towards the center of the ring and put them in the appropriate position. He locked on The Roid on both members of Caliente y Fria. The brothers tapped out almost simultaneously, giving Mr. Muscles the submission victory.

...COMMERCIAL:..

...MAIN EVENT:..

Robert Fairfield

VS.

Bobby Banger w/ Victoria Townsend

Robert Fairfield came down to the ring. He was booed out of the arena as should have been expected. Bobby Banger entered next with Victoria Townsend by his side. The bell rang and the match was underway. Bobby Banger was finally going to get his chance at revenge against the breathing legend. The two locked up with Banger taking the early advantage. The advantage didn't last long. Fairfield dug his thumb deep into Banger's eye.

Fairfield took control and dominated with old school submission-based wrestling holds. Whenever Bobby attempted to mound a comeback, Fairfield had some other headlock he could place him in.

The breathing legend held the one foot wonder in an elevated arm bar for a few moments. But Bobby stood up and

gave Robert a hip toss. This caused the separation Banger so desperately needed. He backed himself into a corner. Robert charged at him, but was given two boots in his face for his trouble.

Slowly, Scott E. Moe crept his way down to ringside. The black abyss gained Bobby's attention. E. Moe walked over towards the ring announcer and grabbed a steel chair.

The brief distraction was all the time Fairfield needed. He Irish whipped Bobby into the ropes. NO! Bobby counted. E. Moe swung the chair and connected with Robert's spine. Scott's plan had essentially backfired.

Richard Dawson, the zebra shirt assigned to the match, argued with E. Moe for several moments. Banger also kept his eyes on him. Robert Fairfield managed to stand back up to his feet as E. Moe was leaving the arena. Victoria had entered the ring and gave him a low blow.

Banger finally turned around to see Fairfield hunched forward. Bobby climbed to the top rope and dove off. He wrapped an arm around Fairfield's head and drove it into the canvas.

THE FACIAL~!

The top rope bulldog lead to Bobby Banger's pinfall victory over Robert Fairfield.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite