

Sunday Night Cock Fight: 06.30.2013

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance

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Results

SUNDAY NIGHT COCK FIGHT

Segment

The ReJect Championship?

There was no opening video. There was no music playing. There was nothing.

Well. No. That's exaggerated.

Budd E. Manchin stood in the ring. He had the ReJect Championship draped around his shoulder. There was a microphone in one hand. And his trademark whip in the other.

He let out a sigh into the microphone.

There was some chatter amongst the crowd. But it was nearly silent. Deathly silent.

"It took two months," Manchin said, "two long months. And finally, we had our first ReJect Champion." He readjusted the belt. The center plate was raised higher on his shoulder.

"And then," Manchin continued, "our champion collapsed right in this ring. He passed away, victim of a massive heart attack, and several more that followed."

He sighed in the microphone again and paused.

He looked somberly at the audience. "It's taken me two weeks to come to a decision of what to do about this situation my company has found itself in." He said. "Two long weeks."

Another sigh. Another pause.

"And I've decided," he said, "we're going to crown a new champion. TONIGHT!"

There was a fairly massive pop from the crowd.

Manchin brought the microphone back up to his lips. He was about to speak...

Interruptions Galore!

"The Times They Are a-Chanin" by Bob Dylan exploded onto the stereo system. Most in the crowd exploded with boos. It didn't take long for Robert Fairfield to enter the arena. He had a microphone in his own hand.

"Thank you Mr. Manchin!" Fairfield said as he slowly walked down the ramp. "I knew you would come to the correct conclusion!" He had approached ringside.

Neither of the two said a word. Fairfield walked up the steel steps and entered the ring. He walked over towards ReJect's owner. He opened and extended his free hand towards Manchin.

"I gladly accept the ReJect Championship!" Fairfield said with glee.

He waited for Manchin to hand the title over to him. He waited. And waited. For several moments. But the title didn't change holders. Fairfield became angered.

"Manchin, don't you do this!" He said into his microphone. "I was the runner-up in the tournament! I am the natural

choice for you to make! You have no other options here buddy!"

ReJect's owner was tempted. He contemplated the situation. He let the title slide forwards. Manchin held onto the center plate. He gazed into its golden core. He looked back up into Fairfield's eyes. He looked out at the audience. They were booing every second of what they were seeing.

Manchin spoke into his microphone. "Fairfield," Manchin said, "you are a true legend in this business." He paused briefly. "Hell, you are THE breathing legend!" The crowd booed. "You were in the final match of the ReJect Championship Tournament. And you're right."

Louder boos.

No one in the audience was fond of what was about to happen.

"And as owner of ReJect Wrestling," Manchin said, "I hereby awar..."

Interruptions Galore! pt. 2

"Baby" by Justin Bieber blared on the P-A system. Some fans cheered. Others booed. Let's face it. No one likes hearing this song. Even the Beliebers are sick of it at this point. Well. They probably aren't. But still. You get the idea.

"Ziggy" Wagge D. entered the arena. Much like Robert Fairfield had moments earlier, Ziggy had a microphone accompanying him. He was also wearing the ReJect Tag title around his waist. Ziggy stood atop of he entry way for a brief moment.

"Wait a minute toots!" Ziggy said into his microphone as the Biebs faded away. "Ohhhh miiiiii gaaaaawwwwwd! I'm not going to let this happen! I'm not going to sit back there and watch ReJect's title get put in the hands of some mean old asshole!"

Ziggy had reached ringside. He jumped and slid under the bottom rope to enter the ring. He stood up and approached Manchin and Fairfield.

"And," Ziggy said into his microphone once more, "I'm totally not going to sit back there and see the title Mr. Muscles died for be handed off like it doesn't matter!"

Ziggly giggled briefly. "Like, I could totally beat this old asshole! I almost did a few weeks ago!" Ziggy turned to face Manchin and shot a wink in his direction. "I was in the semi-finals against this old asshole, I'm just asking, put the title on the line in a match, y'know!"

Manchin nodded his head slowly. He realized the point that Ziggy was making. And the point was very, very valid.

"Now wait just a second there, queer boy!" Fairfield said harshly. "I don't know if your queer brain can comprehend this, but you had your shot! Mr. Manchin stood in this ring and told EVERYBODY. On the VERY first show. We all had ONE shot to be the ReJect Champion! You had yours. You failed."

"Oooohhh," Ziggy sprayed out, "But so did you, with your pants filled with shit! He he!" The crowd laughed. "I came pretty damn close to winning that belt! So why shouldn't I be given another opportunity instead of just handing it over to your shit-filled pants? He he!" He shot a wink at the breathing legend.

SHIT YOUR PANTS!

SHIT YOUR PANTS!

SHIT YOUR PANTS!

The crowd chanted at Fairfield. The breathing legend was entirely upset. He did his best to cover his ears with the microphone in his hand.

Manchin nodded again. "Then it's settled! Tonight's main event for the ReJect Championship will be..."

Interruptions Galore! pt. 3

OUTOFNOWHERES~!

"Whiskey Hangover" by Godsmack was heard on the stereos. No one was quite sure why. Morgan Jameson pushed through the curtains. He had a beer bottle in one hand and a microphone of his own, just like the other two ReJects that had interrupted this mess.

He stumbled down the ramp way. But he was able to lean against the security railing to remain on his feet.

"Whoa!" Morgan let out into the microphone as he regained balance. "That was close! HIC! But anyways." He started walking down the aisle once again. "I might be wrong here, but wasn't I the last person Mr. Muscles beat before he beat HIC! the other guy?"

He took a swig of his beer before he climbed up the steel steps and entered the ring.

"Cause, I mean," Morgan said, "If Ziggy here is gettin' another chance HIC! then shouldn't I?" He leaned his back into the turnbuckles of one of the ring's corners.

Once again, Manchin was nodding his head.

"And like," Morgan said, "I think it was 10 years ago, I nearly won an arm wrestling match against someone as old as Robert Fairfeel!" He took another swig. "So why not?!"

Again, Manchin nodded his head.

"Then it's settled!" Manchin spoke into his microphone, "Tonight, we're going to have a triple threat match for the ReJe..."

Interruptions Galore! pt. 4

"Whoa like hold up man!" There was a voice heard cutting off Budd E. Manchin. The camera cut to the entryway once more. Kevin Mewes was seen making a B-Line for the ring with a microphone in his hand just like all the others.

"I'm sorry to interrupt, scary bossman man," Mewes said, "but I've been looking for Morgan Jameson all night!"

Mewes entered the ring. Everyone, except for Morgan Jameson, looked at the hippy with a confused look. Mewes slowly approached the drunken warrior of the road.

"I was just wondering," Mewes said, "do you have any more beer? I could really use some if I'm going to be wrestling tonight, man. You know I can't fight sober, I get all wiggled out man!"

Morgan Jameson just looked at the hippy kind of dumb struck that he came out just for that. Morgan went to speak but something about chastising someone for search of alcohol seemed too hypocritical to him. So Morgan Jameson just shook his head. Meanwhile Manchin looked at the hippy. He looked at Morgan Jameson. He looked at "Ziggy" Wagge D. He looked at Robert Fairfield. He looked at the crowd. Then he looked back at Kevin Mewes.

Suddenly, it dawned on him.

"Mewes," Machin said in his microphone. The hippy turned around to face the owner of the company. Manchin spoke once more, "you weren't in the ReJect Championship Tournament!"

"That's right, man," Mewes said in his microphone, "but don't worry, man, I don't wanna..."

Manchin made an interruption of his own. "Every other ReJect on my roster had a chance at this title. You need an opportunity too!" Mewes shook his head. He tried talking into his microphone but he was unable to.

"So tonight," Manchin said, "For the ReJect Championship we're going to have the final three of the ReJect

Championship Tournament. They will be joined by the newest ReJect, Kevin Mewes in a Four-Way Dance!"

Mewes had a look of despair as his shoulders fell limp. Morgan could barely stand straight. Ziggy dropped his microphone and clapped his hands several times. Fairfield was pissed off.

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

Lamar Vaughn

VS.

Scott E. Moe

Both men made their way down to the ring. The zebra shirt called for the bell and the match was underway. The bout started with both ReJects throwing fists at one another. Lamar Vaughn got the early advantage and had Scott E. Moe backed up into a corner, giving him right hand after right hand.

That came to a halt with a well-placed knee to the mid-section of the Omaha native. E. Moe turned the tables, quite literally, and put Vaughn's back into the corner his was just residing. E. Moe threw a variety of fists that connected all over on Vaughn's upper body. E. Moe grabbed Vaughn's wrist and pulled him out of the corner slightly but dropped him with a short arm clothesline. Afterwards, E. Moe attempted several lateral presses. They all garnished him a one count.

From there, E. Moe was in total control of the match for several minutes. Eventually, Scott applied a sleeper hold. He nearly won the match again after the zebra shirt had dropped Vaughn's arm twice. But Vaughn fought out of the hold. He gave E. Moe several clotheslines as he began to mount a comeback. After the clotheslines, he delivered some running, diving shoulder blocks. All of a sudden, he exploded and gave E. Moe a gut wrench suplex.

The crowd was firmly behind Lamar Vaughn at that point. Vaughn gave E. Moe a suplex near one of the corners of the ring. He climbed the corner's turnbuckles, dancing his body along the way, until he reached the top rope.

Perhaps he had took too long with the dancing. E. Moe was back to his feet. He leaped toward the corner and grabbed onto the top ropes, crotching Vaughn in the corner. Vaughn leaned forward quite a ways, feeling the affects of the blow. Unfortunately for him, he found himself in perfect position for E. Moe.

Scott E. Moe held Lamar Vaughn in a fireman's carry position. He walked towards the center of the ring, pulling Vaughn's body completely out of the corner.

OUTOFNOWHERES~!

Bobby Banger was in the ring. He gave Scott E. Moe a chop block. E. Moe and Vaughn fell forwards, colliding on the canvas. Banger continued to pummel E. Moe from behind. The zebra shirt called for the bell. Scott E. Moe defeated Lamar Vaughn via disqualification due to Banger's interference.

Bobby Banger continued to whale away at Scott E. Moe. Lamar Vaughn rolled to the outside of the ring. Banger kept hammering away with no end in sight.

E. Moe tried to cover up to no avail. The zebra shirt tried to pull the one foot wonder off of him and eventually succeeded. E. Moe rolled to the outside. Banger watched him go up the aisle with hatred in his eyes.

..:COMMERCIAL:..

Shadiness

One week removed from the “Mr. Muscle’s Memorial Show” and things still hadn’t gotten back to normal. Everyone in the back was not their old energetic and joyous selves, because they were still feeling the weight of the fallen champion on their shoulders that happened just a few weeks ago.

The air backstage was somber and quiet and the workers and agents were just going through the motions of their every day routines and they didn’t notice that one of the lighting fixtures was being cut in the rafters above the backstage area.

The person cutting the fixture was obscured by the shadows that surrounded him in the rafters.

“Nice.”

The person bellowed as they left the scene.

Lover’s Quarrel

Bobby Banger was backstage in the men’s locker room. He yelled and screamed. And everything else. He picked up a duffel bag and threw it across the room.

He sat down on the bench. He dug his elbows into his thighs and placed his forehead into his palms. He was still breathing heavily. He was pissed off. He was angry.

The door to the locker room opened. Victoria Townsend entered the room and sat next to him. He put an arm around him and tried to push his face to look at her. He kept moving away from her hands.

“Just stop, alright?!” Banger said. He was completely disinterested in being anywhere near her.

Victoria remained sitting there, trying to touch any part of his skin that she could. “But baby, I-I y’know I-I,” she couldn’t finish whatever it was that she was attempting to convey.

“NO!” Banger yelled and finally looked at her. “I asked you to stay away from the ring at Down Under, but what did you do? You cost me the match!” He stood up and looked at her some more. “Now, I could be fired for what I just did!” He kicked the bench he was just sitting on.

“I’m sorry!” Victoria cried out. Tears began to roll down her face. “I’m sorry!” She said again.

The locker room door opened once more. Bob E. Manchin entered the room. He was quite angry himself. He stared at Banger. His eyes burned a hole into the one foot wonder’s soul.

“Damn it, Bobby!” Manchin said. “I should fire you! You know that I made the agreement with Scott E. Moe that you are not to touch him unless you’re both in a sanctioned match!” Manchin sighed. “Consider this your one and ONLY warning.”

Manchin sighed a bit again before he said, “I know you want to get your hands on Bobby Banger again. And damn it, you’re going to get your chance. Next week, we’re going to have the first Down Under rematch. You’re going to take on Bobby Banger. No disqualifications!”

Banger clapped his hands once. “Yes! Thank you!”

“Now,” Manchin said, “calm down, get out of the arena. You’ve got the night off. Get out of here.”

Bobby nodded his head. Manchin backed away and exited the locker room.

Caliente y Fria

VS.

Texas Hold ‘Em

Caliente y Fria made their way down to the ring. They made their way to one side of ropes and posed slightly for the crowd. They turned around.

CRACK~!

SMACK~!

They both found themselves victims of chair shots to the faces. Texas Hold 'Em had made their way through the audience and smacked the luchadores upside the head with the steel pieces of furniture.

"Cowboy" John Potter left the ring and immediately looked under the ring. Inside the squared circle, "Outlaw" James Smith continued the assault with the steel chair. He would give Dos Fuegos a whack, then Muy Helado. Over and over.

Potter slid a table into the ring. Then another before he returned. Potter assembled a table near a corner of the ring while Smith continued to attack the luchadores. Potter dragged Helado's limp body towards the table before he placed him on top of it.

Smith put the boots to Dos Fuegos. Potter extended the legs of the other table. Both members of Texas Hold 'Em grabbed an end of the second table and placed it on top of the other.

Potter climbed up to the second rope of the corner closest to the tables and Helado. He sat on the top rope's turnbuckle. Smith dragged Fuegos over to the concoction of human destruction. The Outlaw lifted Fuegos up in a back suplex fashion. Smith put Fuegos' legs on Cowboy's shoulders.

CRASH~!

Potter drove Fuegos' body through the first table and onto his brother's body, crashing the table underneath as well.

The fans booed loudly.

Needless to say this match was a No Contest. The bell had never even heard.

Tag Teamin' Champeens

Both members of Texas Hold 'Em looked at the damage they caused. They both were clearly greatly upset. "Outlaw" James Smith exited the ring and walked over to the ring announcer. He grabbed two microphones. He tossed one into the ring, "Cowboy" John Potter caught it.

"Now I done-diddily-done-do-dah-ain't-done-diddily-gonna-do-dah no more!" Potter said angrily into his microphone while Smith reentered the ring. Potter pushed Dos Fuegos out of the ring with his foot.

"This ain't right!" Smith yelled into his microphone. "We's got two queer boys running around with the ReJect Tag Championships?!" Potter pushed Muy Helado out to the floor now. Smith dropped his arm.

"We's is s'posedta be the tag teamin' champeens!" Potter said into his microphone once again. "N' these here beaners or them queer boys ain't gonna go anywheres until we done-diddily-gets ourselves them title belts!"

"We're going to make sure that NO BODY gets a chance at those belts before we does!" Smith noted.

"WE IS GONNA BE THE TAG TEAMIN' CHAMPEENS!" Potter yelled again.

They both dropped their microphones. They exited the ring. They walked up the aisle. The camera followed them. The audience showered them with a chorus of boos.

...COMMERCIAL:..

Quenching the Thirst

The cameras found themselves in the back where Morgan Jameson was seen talking with Kevin Mewes. It didn't appear as though the local drunkard was taking too kindly to Mewes' stumbling out to the ring earlier.

"What the hell man?" Jameson asked harshly. "You's come out there and just get yourself thrown into a main event? You're not even a real wrestler, just some IT guy who stumbled into it. You don't even like to fight, that's the whole reason you got to be buzzed to do it." Jameson's voice was crackling and growling as the ragged wrestler was trying to process everything.

Meanwhile, Kevin was just throwing his hands up in between the two of them. "Like I know man, it wasn't on purpose I swear. I just needed some booze and I was told you were the man to talk to. I'd of brought my own but it's Sunday man, ABC stores were all closed up." Mewes tried to plead his case as he didn't want to make an enemy already in ReJect.

"What's worse you come out in front of everyone and ask me for booze, like I'm some sort of drunk." Jameson got into Kevin's face.

"But dude, I mean, you are, everyone knows, hell that's how I knew." Morgan Jameson just sort of snarled at Mewes and pulled back to punch him in the face. But then he stopped and shook his head. This allowed Kevin Mewes to slowly unflinch and sigh a bit. Morgan Jameson turned his back to Kevin Mewes and headed down the hallway. Mewes was left to himself and sort of whispered to himself more than anything. "But...Where am I going to get some booze?"

Lunatic

VS.

Omar Shabazz

Lunatic came down to the ring. His face paint was chipping away with most every move he made. He stood in the ring and waited for his opponent to make his entry.

"Ya Man Yara" by Ahmed Bukhatir played. The fans cheered. And cheered. And cheered. The song continued to play. But there was no sign of the friendly extremist.

After several moments, the song stopped playing. Lunatic seemed to shrug his shoulders as the zebra shirt asked him about the strange situation. They both turned to the entry way once more.

Shabazz's music played once again. Still. There was no sign of him.

The music stopped.

The zebra shirt called for the bell and Lunatic defeated Omar Shabazz by forfeit.

ReJect's Resident Savior?

Backstage the workers were going through their normal operations to make sure the show would be running smoothly. As they were doing this, the light fixture that was cut earlier slowly began to unravel.

"Hey man, you have those reports?" One assistant asked another.

"Yeah." He replied.

After a few moments of searching through his papers he handed them to the assistant. After he did so, the cable holding the fixture snapped.

CRACK~!

"Look out!" a voice screamed as others backstage noticed that the fixture was falling and swinging their way.

As the light fixture came closer to the workers, a red and white blur came speeding in and stepped in between the workers and the fixture.

All the rumors can see is that the man does have white hair and his white cape was flowing in the building's air conditioning.

"Look out mister!" Someone yelled.

"I have this citizen!" The white haired man bellowed.

As the fixture came closer, the man dressed in red and white stopped it's path of destruction by simply grabbing it.

The man slowly turned his head to the two workers, "Fear not citizens," he said, "you are safe now. That'll be fifty bucks."

"What?" One of the workers asked confusedly.

The man in red and white tossed the light fixture against the wall and it exploded. As the workers ducked to avoid the sparks and the flying glass, ReJect Wrestling's resident savior disappeared.

..:COMMERCIAL:..

..:MAIN EVENT:..

..:ReJect Championship:..

Robert Fairfield

VS.

"Ziggy" Wagge D.

VS.

Morgan Jameson

VS.

Kevin Mewes

Following the commercial, the ring was shown. The four competitors that were to take part in the evening's main event were standing inside the squared circle.

"It's now time for the main event," Dolan Jones told the home audience. "This is a four-way dance for the ReJect Championship! Man this is so exiting! Before Sunday Night Cock Fight is over, we're going to have a ReJect Champion! And just like he was at Down Under, Budd E. Manchin is sitting by with us at ringside." The camera got a view of ReJect's owner. He had the ReJect Championship around his shoulder and his whip in his hand.

"SI, MANG!" "Dirty" Mark Sanchez told his broadcast partner. "There be way too much excitement in 'da air, mang!"

And just like that, Richard Dawson turned to face the timekeeper and called for the bell. This match. It was officially underway. Just like the commentators had noted. There WILL be a ReJect Champion by the end of this one.

All four men inched closer to each other. They all looked around at one another. No one was sure what the tactical move should be. They took their time to contemplate their surroundings.

"Ziggy" Wagge D. and Morgan Jameson turned their attention to Robert Fairfield. The breathing legend had his eyes on Kevin Mewes. He walked closer towards the hippy. Mewes put his arms up to ready himself to defend. Fairfield took

another step and found himself on the canvas, having been blindsided by Ziggy and Jameson.

The pair of them drove Fairfield down with forearms driven into his back. They began to put the boots to the fallen legend. Morgan turned his head to Mewes and ordered him to help along the pummeling. Mewes stood in his corner and shook his head.

This seemed to have infuriated Jameson. He walked right up to Kevin Mewes and slapped him across the face. The open-handed blow backed the hippy up into the corner's turnbuckles.

Morgan stood in front of Mewes and climbed up to the second rope. Kevin tried to cover up. But the drunken warrior of the road began to drive his fist into the man's forehead. Repeatedly.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

FOUR~!

FIVE~!

SIX~!

SEVEN~!

EIGHT~!

NINE~!

...

TEN~!

The crowd chanted along with Morgan's punches.

Towards the center of the ring, Ziggy dropped a leg on the back of Fairfield's neck. Robert threw his arms up after suffering the blow and wrapped them around his neck and head and he rolled over onto his back.

Ziggy dropped down and hooked a leg.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Morgan shot himself out of the corner and gave Ziggy an elbow in between his shoulder blades. After Ziggy rolled off of Fairfield's body, Morgan dropped another elbow on the breathing legend.

Afterwards, Jameson dropped down himself and hooked on of Fairfield's legs.

ONE~!

TWO~!

Mewes was spaghetti-legged as he walked out of the corner. He collapsed on top of Jameson and broke up the pinfall.

"All four ReJects are down and out of it right now!" Dolan noted with excitement.

Kevin Mewes was the first to begin moving. Ziggy had rolled himself out of the ring and was leaning against the apron trying to recuperate. Mewes started to crawl away from the wreckage of the bodies on the canvas. That's when it caught his eye.

He saw the bottle of beer that Morgan Jameson had brought down to the ring with him. This one happened to be a 40

oz. bottle. He saw it standing under the bottom turnbuckle of the corner that Jameson had started the match in.

He crawled towards the corner and grabbed the bottle of beer. He grabbed it and slit outside of the ring.

Inside, Morgan and Fairfield were starting stir. Both stood up nearly at the same time but their backs to one another. They both turned around. They both had the same idea in mind. They both drove a forearm in each other's faces. They both took a step back from the blow. They both came back again. And they both found themselves back on the canvas.

Ziggy had spring boarded himself off of the top rope and gave them both a dropkick. Jameson ended up rolling to the outside. Fairfield rolled over onto his back. Ziggy sprung to his feet and leaped, extending his limbs. He delivered the splash easily and crash atop of the breathing legend.

Ziggy remained on top of Fairfield and hooked a leg.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THRNNNNOOOOOO~!

Fairfield shot a shoulder up at the last second. Ziggy was a bit frustrated. But he stood up to his feet.

On the outside, Mewes had downed the bottle of beer and placed it back under the turnbuckle. He walked over to the ring announcer. "Where are they, man?!" His voice was harsh and growly. "MAN, WHERE ARE THEY?!" He yelled at the ring announcer as he grabbed him by his shirt and lifted him out of his seat. The ring announcer was only confused. "Man, you keep beers over here to throw to the wrestlers!! Now where are they?!" Still. There was nothing but confusion.

Back in the ring, Ziggy had given Fairfield a Russian leg sweep. The breathing legend was set up in perfect position with a corner of the ring.

Frustrated, Mewes turned around and walked towards the ring.

Ziggy leaped out of the corner and twisted his body.

He fell towards the mat.

THE CHART TOPPER~!

Ziggy remained on top of Fairfield.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREEE~!

NNNOOOOOOOOOO~!

OUTOFNOWHERES~!

Morgan Jameson was able to break up the pin by giving Ziggy a diving forearm shot to the back of his head.

Morgan returned to his feet only to have the hippy in his face. "I NEED MORE, MAN!" Mewes yelled. Morgan shoved him away. Discouraged and slightly angry, angry for him anyways, Mewes began to climb to the top rope.

Morgan grabbed his beer bottle and tried to take a swig. He noticed that there was nothing left. This infuriated him greatly. Ziggy was back on the outside.

OUTOFNOWHERES~!

Both members of Texas Hold 'Em were standing next to Ziggy. "Outlaw" James Smith kicked a field goal between the pop icon's legs. As he was keeling over, Ziggy was lifted up. His legs were draped onto the shoulders of "Cowboy" John Potter. Potter took a few steps closer to the announcer's table.

!~CRASH~!

Ziggy got power bombed through the announcer's table~!

Morgan walked over to Mewes in the corner.

!~CRACK~!

He broke the beer bottle over the hippy's head. Mewes fell out of the corner and towards the canvas. Morgan looked over at the destruction that Texas Hold 'Em had caused. He noticed his opportunity to pick up the pieces of "Ziggy" Wagge D. and dropped from the apron.

Only.

When Kevin Mewes fell out of the corner, he happened to land right on top of Fairfield, who still hadn't recovered after receiving The Chart Topper. Richard Dawson took note of this.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

Morgan Jameson looked over inside the ring as the bell rang. The ring announcer informed the audience that Kevin Mewes had won the match. He was now the ReJect Champion. "Smoke Two Joints" by Sublime was playing in the arena.

Jameson was angered.

He was pissed.

More importantly.

ReJect's Champion.

Was...

Kevin Mewes?

How will this work?

Budd E. Manchin entered the ring. He walked over to the two bodies in the ring. He placed the ReJect Championship on the torso of Kevin Mewes. He raised Mewes' limp arm in victory.

Credits rolled on the bottom of the screen.

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

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite