

Jonas Anger's Cold Open

[Most wrestling shows begin with explosions. Not this show. Not tonight.]

ANGER:

Good evening and welcome to ESEN's and DEFIANCE's presentation of Evolution TV. My name is Jonas Anger.

[Jonas Anger is the only thing on the screen. Other than Jonas, the screen is black.]

ANGER:

I'm the man who brought the monster known as Niklas Kiri to the Evolution League.

[We see flashes of Niklas Kiri in action, busting up Jack Bryant and casually tossing around the various security personnel sent in to subdue him at the end of the previous episode of the Evolution League.]

ANGER:

You're welcome.

[And now, once again, the only thing we see is Jonas Anger. He's smiling proudly.]

ANGER:

Tonight, once again, my monster is in the main event. My prediction for that match is simple. Expect unrestrained ultra-violence and brutal displays of misanthropy.

[Another smile from Jonas.]

ANGER:

And, if you're watching this show, you're the target demographic for unrestrained ultra-violence and brutal displays of misanthropy. And, in presenting my monster to you, I'm selling you exactly what you want to buy.

[Jonas stretches his arms out, as if offering his invisible gift to those watching.]

ANGER:

I am the dream merchant...and my business is good.

[Smug enough to make you want to punch him.]

ANGER:

I use the tools available to me to sell my product to you. Now, you'd think it would be simple to sell a product like Niklas Kiri. After all, he's big, he's strong and he's proven himself capable of delivering unimaginable levels of violence upon other human beings. Just ask Jack Bryant.

[We see an image of a bloodied and broken Jack Bryant.]

ANGER:

If you can find him...of course...or recognize whatever's left of him.

[We cut back to show Jonas Anger again. This time, the camera has pulled out a bit, to follow Jonas as he naturally paces back and forth a bit.]

ANGER:

But, an ad wizard also wants you to have an emotional reaction above and beyond your most obvious and simple desires. Yes...that beer will quench your thirst--according to the ads, it will also make you popular. That car will get you from point A to point B--according to the ads, it will also hide the fact that your junk is undersized. And that body spray, despite reeking of desperation and douchebaggery, will, according to the ads, make you irresistible to women.

[Jonas stops pacing and looks into the camera.]

ANGER:

And Niklas Kiri is such a bad ass that he's kept in a zoo, he's powerful enough that he can escape from his cage and he's capable of stealing the meat away from a hungry tiger.

[There is a sparkle in his eye...and laughter in his voice.]

ANGER:

Yep, I'm the ad wizard who came up with that one.

[Another smile.]

ANGER:

And, in advertising, it's less important that something IS absolutely true...but that it FEELS true. So, I suppose this is the time that I should be thanking Suite Pete Whealdon for helping me sell my product. He's helping to sell my monster, to you. You see, Suite Pete has gone on record as believing that he saw Niklas Kiri do ALL those things. Suite Pete claims he saw Niklas Kiri bend the bars of his cage. Suite Pete claims that he watched Niklas Kiri wrestle a steak away from a tiger.

[Jonas Anger takes his gnarled tree branch cane and taps it on the ground. Suddenly, Jonas is no longer surrounded by blackness. Instead, we see the golden skies of Egypt and two pyramids in the background. And, although his hair beneath his hat seems to be blowing in the wind, Jonas seems unperturbed by this sudden teleportation.]

ANGER:

And now, I'm sure, Suite Pete is convinced that we're now precariously perched on the top of the Great Pyramid of Giza in Egypt...and somewhere down below, Niklas Kiri is bursting his way out of a golden sarcophagus and smashing his way out of this stone tomb.

[Jonas taps his tree branch cane on the ground again. The Egyptian desert disappears and suddenly Jonas is surrounded by an endless star field.]

ANGER:

...and now, we're all in outer space...hope everyone remembered to hold their breath!

[Jonas puts his hand over his eyebrows and looks off camera.]

ANGER:

And look at that! Oh My God! Niklas Kiri is going to PUNCH THE MOON!

[We hear a mighty crack of what must be the moon breaking into pieces. Jonas mocks shock and horror.]

[Just as quickly, Jonas' face returns to normal. He then taps his tree branch cane again—ignoring the fact that there's nothing in space for him to tap on. But that space scene quickly disappears and we're now surrounded by snow and ice.]

ANGER:

...and now, we're all at The Wall that protects the Seven Kingdoms of Westeros from the Wights and White Walkers that come with the winter...and, *THIS ISN'T EVEN A REAL PLACE!*

[The camera shifts perspective to show how impossibly high The Wall behind Jonas is...despite the fact that it is rather obvious that The Wall itself is a computer generated effect.]

ANGER:

But, somewhere, Suite Pete is watching this...and he must be absolutely convinced that I'm right here, at Castle

Black...and that I must be ready to take the Black, say the words and join the Night's Watch. I'm sure he's sure of that. Because for all of his bluster, Suite Pete's as dumb as a pile of rocks.

[Jonas looks down. There is a pile of rocks at his feet.]

ANGER:

This pile, perhaps.

[Jonas leans down to speak to the pile of rocks.]

ANGER:

Hey there, Pete. Enjoying the show so far?

[A close-up of the rocks as it doesn't respond to Jonas' question. We cut back to see Jonas' reaction to the pile of rocks lack of reaction.]

ANGER:

Hmmmm... Maybe he's just distracted by things like his crazy friends...or his pursuit of the UltraTitle. Or maybe he's done so many drugs over the years that he can't stop hallucinating—and he sees things and he believes the things he sees...

[Again, Jonas looks down at the pile of rocks.]

ANGER:

Is that it? Oh, that would be tragic...and you should get some help.

[The pile of rocks still does not respond.]

ANGER:

I will say this, Suite Pete. You did have one good idea in that dumptruck full of drivel that you shoveled upon all the Defiance internet fans. You pointed out that there could be a licensing opportunity for Niklas Kiri with the Kool-Aid company. His propensity for bursting through walls would, in fact, make him an excellent new Kool-Aid Man.

[The flattery does not change the lack of reaction from the pile of rocks.]

ANGER:

Only one problem with that plan, Pete. See, Kool-Aid Man, when HE bursts through a wall, offers delicious and surprisingly low-calorie sugared and sugar free beverages to quench the thirst of children...but when Niklas Kiri bursts through a wall, brings pain, suffering and misery to his chosen opponent.

[Jonas looks down at the pile of rocks at his feet. He shrugs.]

ANGER:

It was a good idea, Suite Pete...but Niklas Kiri is not really what they're looking for at the Kool-Aid company...but he's bringing exactly what Defiance fans want.

[Jonas uses his boot to nudge the pile of rocks, representing Pete Whealdon, just to see if there's any sign of life there.]

ANGER:

Tonight, Suite Pete, you're the man in the Kiri crosshairs. Yes, yes...in theory this is a tag match. But if I know Niklas Kiri, and I do, I know that winning this particular match means nothing to him. His desire is to cut down the entire Evolution League roster, one by one, until he is the last man standing.

[Jonas looks directly into the camera, as Pete Whealdon is not actually that pile of rocks...but he's probably sitting

somewhere, watching this broadcast.]

ANGER:

One by one...and, to borrow a song title from Cheap Trick, Suite Pete, tonight it's you.

[We hear a great horn blow once...twice...three times. Jonas looks around, projecting mock fear upon his face.]

ANGER:

Three blasts of the horn. Oh, dear. I'd better stand back... Three blasts means the appearance of--

[With a mighty punch and the crack of splintering plywood, Niklas Kiri emerges from a hole in the green screen set that was projecting the image of The Wall and the wintry Westeros North on the background of this soundstage—making it look like Niklas Kiri has just punched his way through The Wall to join Jonas Anger.]

ANGER:

Predictable, I know...but just as Winter is Coming...then, certainly, so is Niklas Kiri.

[Niklas Kiri steps forward through the rubble of broken boards and torn green screen fabric—not to mention scattering the pile of rocks that had been at Jonas Anger's feet--and directly addresses the came.]

KIRI:

Pete Whealdon...you've lost touch with what is real. I'm here to remind you. And what's real is the pain that I'm going to inflict upon you in our match tonight.

[Jonas puts his arm on the shoulder of his monster.]

ANGER:

Something you don't know about Niklas Kiri. He's an artist...who only paints with red.

[Actually, to continue with the Game of Thrones theme, that was Jamie Lannister's description of Ser Barriston Selmy...but Jonas holds to the adage that all great writers steal.]

KIRI:

And tonight, I'm going to be Picasso... I'm going to rearrange your face, Whealdon. You'll still have two eyes, a nose and a mouth...but they might not be where you're used to them being. And your next cigarette, you'll be sucking on it through a tube in your neck.

[As Kiri stares into the camera, Jonas Anger pokes his head into the frame. He speaks with great personal satisfaction and a sense of detached amusement.]

ANGER:

Honestly, he really sells himself doesn't he?

[Kiri ignores his manager's intrusion. He holds that cold blooded stare directly with the camera and everyone watching at home. He sticks up a single finger on his padded, fingerless gloved hand.]

KIRI:

One by one...I'm taking them all down.

[And that single finger turns from pointing up to pointing down. And, with a smile, Jonas Anger wraps this whole introduction up.]

ANGER:

And for those of you at home, I dare you to turn that dial...because Defiance Evolution League action starts...NOW!

[Cut to Show Introduction Package.]

Evolution Commentary

[FLASHCUT: The DEFIANCE Commentation Station.]

[Angus Skaaland is not impressed.]

Angus:

Jesus Christ, this dude talks forever. We had to trash the entire show-opening montage and fireworks and other various hullabaloo just so that mook could stand in front of a green screen and poke fun at Pete Whealdon!

Jeff:

My question is, have they forgotten about Mike Sloan and Rich Mahogany? This is a tag-team affair fer Chrissake's!

Angus:

Either which way, Sloan and the beast Kiri will take on the Worlds Longest Tag Team later on tonight in the main event, but we've got a bunch of other stuff to get to first! Jeffman, you wanna hit the bullet points?

[Thumbs up, cheap pop!]

Jeff:

We've got former zillion-time Southern Heritage Champion JIMMY KORT making his EVOOLUTION League debut and his DEFIANCE re-debut against what I can only believe is a spent Kevin Cage.

Angus:

I'll go for that, Cage hasn't been looking good in recent weeks, old age catchin' up to him I guess...

Jeff:

Wait, I thought his new DEF bio said he wasn't old anymore?

[Both men peer curiously at the 4th Wall.]

Angus:

Moving right along, WARGAMES is just around the corner, and Elijah Goldman has begun the process of putting together his army this week by putting Yoshikazu YAZ against DAN RYAN and Alceo Dentari against Jonny Booya, the winners will move on to represent EVO on the next big ESEN PRIMETIME SPECIAL in the MATCH BEYOND!

Jeff:

I'll say this for Goldman, he may be trying to steer this league in his own personal direction, but he's not making it easy for his boys! Dan Ryan is a certified MEGASTAR *coughthatlosttothefailsnakecoug* and Jonny Booya has been just one step away from the top of the table for the entirety of this tournament!

Angus:

Good for Goldman, he's not being a *complete* useless prick for once.

Jeff:

You can say that again!

Angus:

And last but not least, in a match where Sam Turner, Jr. was added at the last second, we'll see the Bloody Harlan native reddebut for DEFIANCE against the newly black-hatted Dragon Jones, the returning Johnny Hotrod, and some guy named Lone Wolf!

Jeff:

But first, we'll hear from the Evolution League GM, Elijah Goldman.

[Cut.]

Profiteering and New Sponsors

[To say Elijah Goldman has had a few rough weeks since Eric Dane named Kevin "Satan(now with more EVIL!" Alloy him his assistant would be an understatement of the grossest kind.]

[His actual assistant Constance somehow was still cheery when Mr. Goldman arrived to his office.]

Constance:

Good afternoon Mr. Goldman.

Elijah Goldman:

Afternoon, what's on my agenda this evening?

[Constance frowns.]

Constance:

Mister Captain Satan has cleared your agenda...

[Goldman is exhausted.]

Elijah Goldman:

He's already in my office, isn't he?

Constance:

Yes.

[Goldman moves past her, annoyed that his door once again has been ruthless broken in to.]

[The entire section of the door, where the knob and deadbolts had been, has been completely skill sawed out, as well as a portion of the wall.]

[Pushing the now useless door open, reveals Kevin "Satan(Now with more EVIL!)" Alloy in a business jacket, over his devils sweat suit. Of note, Satan is wearing two hat brims, one on top of the other around his neck in faux goretex Edwardian grandeur.]

Satan:

Mmmmhehehahahahaha... Satan has been revolutionizing outside of the box, shifting the paradigms!

Elijah Goldman:

What in gods is around your neck?

Satan:

Satan is glad you asked, Satan has been scouring the internet for the next hellfire hot item mmmmhehehehehe... Satan has discovered the evil glories of...

DA BRIM!

Elijah Goldman:

...

Satan:

Satan took the liberty of signing them on as Evolutions mains sponsor mmmmhehehehahahahaha... We control the demographics!

Elijah Goldman:

Wait. How DID you sign them on as a sponsor?

Satan:

Mmmmmhehehehehahaha.. Satan was unsure how to do so, so he had the King of Sleaze remove the locks to our office and I found the documents!

Elijah Goldman:

I. uh.

Satan:

Utilizing the ESEN Credit Card Satan has taken the liberty of purchasing over nine thousand Da Brims for DEFIANCE!

[Goldman goes white.]

Elijah Goldman:

What ESEN Credit card?

Satan:

The one Satan found when he pried open your desk. Satan also took the liberty of giving DA BRIM logo space on the ring and in the title credits. Satan also made sure to put your name on all the documents so we can both reap the endless rewards of DA BRIM!

[It was just at that moment, that a well timed UPS employee showed up.]

Well-Timed UPS employee:

Mr. Goldman, your secretary said you were here, I need you to sign for these ten pallets.

[Goldman, looking he was going to pass out, signed, as Satan tried to light Goldman's desk on fire.]

Dragon Jones vs Johnny Hotrod vs Lone Wolf vs Sam Turner Jr.

What do you get when you put four men in the ring at the same time?

Carnage.

And that's exactly what we got from the opening bell as Dragon Jones paired off with Lone Wolf and Sam Turner Jr. slugged it out with Johnny Hotrod. Jones wasted no time in fighting Lone Wolf into the corner and chopping away at his chest, meanwhile, farmboy Sam Turner Jr. easily overpowered Johnny Hotrod and knocked him back against the ropes before clotheslining him over the top and to the outside.

Turner turned his attention to Jones and Lone Wolf and charged in on them in the corner. Jones sidestepped, but Sam still managed to crush Lone Wolf with a running splash that shuddered the ring. Turner took a step back and recieved a forearm shot to the small of the back from Jones as Lone Wolf collapsed to his knees and fell to his front.

On the outside of the ring Johnny Hotrod had got back to his feet and rolled into the ring. He joined Jones and seemed to suggest they suplex Turner together. Jones landed a right hand deep into Turner's kidney and spun him around. Both Jones and Hotrod threw kicks into Sam's breadbasket, hooked his arms and hoisted him up and over for a double suplex!

Johnny Hotrod scrambled over him for the cover, but no sooner had referee Benny Doyle dropped to his than was Dragon Jones grabbing Hotrod by the leg and yanking him off of the big country lad. Hotrod got to his feet and right up in Jones' face, an act the Dragon Jones of old may have let slide, but for the FIRST Dragon Jones, well he wasn't going to stand for it.

Jones leveled Hotrod with a lariat that almost took his head off before peeling him off the mat and a lifting him for a suplex. Rather than fall back, Dragon simply dropped, nailing Hotrod with a brainbuster. He covered, but only got two as Sam Turnet Jr. threw his frame into the picture and broke the pinfall attempt. Dragon rolled away from the pile of humanity and got to his feet where he was met with a stiff forearm strike from Turner. Another forearm and Turner lifted Jones and ran him back into the corner, driving him spine first into the turnbuckles.

Sam turned to see Lone Wolf charging in, but reversed the charge into a flapjack. Lone Wolf collided with the mat and almost bounced right back up to his feet where he could be lifted into a fireman's carry position on Turner's shoulders. Sam spun around with an airplane spin and kept on rotating.

Round and round he went, looking increasingly unstable with every spin, but he stayed on his feet. Johnny Hotrod got to his but was knocked right back down as Lone Wolf's legs collided with his head. One more turn and Sam Turner Jr. fell flat on his back as Dragon Jones charged in and drove his boot into his face.

That wasn't exactly good news for Lone Wolf though, he landed in a samoan drop of sorts with almost all of Turner's weight on top of him. Jones grabbed Sam by the leg and heaved him away from Lone Wolf where he scored a two count after Turner got his shoulder off the mat. Jones knelt besides Turner and grabbed him by the hair before raining down right hands to his forehead.

Johnny Hotrod grabbed Dragon by the hair and pulled him up to his feet but Dragon threw an elbow and connected with his midsection. Another elbow broke Hotrod's grip on him and allowed Jones to push Johnny back against the

ropes and send him across the ring. Hotrod bounced off the ropes and came back into a leg lariat from Jones.

Lone Wolf managed to get to his feet and hammered a double axehandle down across Dragon's shoulder blades as he returned to a vertical base. Lone Wolf clamped on a front facelock on Jones and twisted it, Jones wriggled free though, spun and lifted Lone Wolf in a fireman's carry.

Johnny Hotrod got back to his feet and headed towards Jones but was cut off by Sam Turner Jr., who grabbed him by the arm, spun him around and kicked him hard in the gut. Turner lifted Hotrod and drove him down with a powerbomb just as Jones dropped Lone Wolf with Boneitis.

Turner covered Hotrod!

Jones stuck the landing for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Unsurety abound as Turner and Jones both celebrated scoring the pinfall, Benny BDoyle not reaching to raise either man's hand only added to the confusion. Finally a decision was made as Doyle grabbed both Turner and Jones and raised their hands simultaneously.

Winners: Sam Turner Jr. (Powerbomb) & Dragon Jones (Boneitis)

Sam Turner: +5 Victory

Dragon Jones: +5 Victory, +1 Win streak bonus

Appeal to Booya

[Open to: Elijah Goldman's office.]

[The door has been fixed.]

[Elijah Goldman is seated at his desk, his hands folded in front of him. A very punchable smug smile hovers on his face.]

[Someone knocks at his door.]

Goldman:

Come in.

[Enter: Jonny Booya.]

Goldman:

Jon, welcome. Kai isn't here?

Booya:

No.

Goldman:

That's a shame, but not unexpected.

[Jonny sighs.]

Goldman:

I suppose you're aware, but I spoke to Kai himself a few weeks ago. To put it plainly, I'd like to have the Truly Untouchables on my side. However, if Kai wants so badly to remain neutral, that's fine with me. You, however.

Booya:

Are you gonna threaten me or something?

Goldman:

No, actually. It's just that, well, I've noticed a decrease in your success here in Defiance that just so coincided with Kai deciding to devote all his time to Clairia over in Heritage League. He can remain neutral if he so chooses, but there's no reason you should have to. As I see it, both of us could use a little bit of help.

[Even behind his shades, Booya raises both eyebrows.]

Booya:

You already got Alseeoh Dentary an' Yosheekazzu Yaz for that, don't you? An' me an' Dentary don't get along.

Goldman:

I don't see anything between the two of you that can't be worked out. Heidi is gone, you don't have to hold a grudge for her sake. For that matter, I'm not even sure you even have to work with him in order to have a working relationship with me.

Booya:

Not interested.

Goldman:

...what?

[Jonny stands up and leaves without saying another word, and for just a few seconds Goldman's composure cracks.]

Goldman:

YOU'LL BE BACK HERE BEGGING ME FOR YOUR CAREER WITH THAT ATTITUDE!

[Some off-camera laughter, and then a very abrupt cut.]

Evolution Commentary

[Back to the Commentation Station.]

Jeff:

Well then.

Angus:

What?

Jeff:

I just know Kai. He's not going to like Goldman trying to work his guy behind his back.

Angus:

Maybe he should show up for his guy then.

Jeff:

Well, yeah... maybe.

[Cut.]

Kevin Cage vs Jimmy Kort

The match is already underway with Jimmy Kort taking advantage of a fallen Kevin Cage. After a few well-placed boots to the gut the referee begs Kort to back off. Cage quickly plows through the official and tackles Kort to the ground, they jock back and forth for position with Kort fighting Cage from his back. Cage rears back and starts to swing wildly at the Sheriff, Kort eats a few lefts and rights until he captures Cage's arm and rolls him into an arm bar. Cage, always the veteran, reaches up with instinct and grabs hold of the refs leg brings him crashing down on top of the wrestlers breaking the hold.

Kort pops up and leans against the ropes and smiles. Kevin slaps the mat angrily and rises to his feet. Thus far in this match Kevin has been on the offensive, but Kort has been countering every move making Kort seem the fresher of the two.

They lock up testing the others strength and Cage comes out on the winning end dropping Kort down to his knee. Cage plays for the crowd, but this one moment of lost concentration allows Kort to use Cage's body against him and is able to counter his strength with a monkey flip into the corner. Dazed, Cage walks right into a kick to the mid-section and Kort lands his version of the Ace Crusher, The Hillbilly Delux.

He grabs Cage's outside leg and counts with the ref and the crowd.

One...

Two...

Three...

And Cage kicks out two millionths of a second too late.

Jimmy Kort (+5) def. Kevin Cage via pinfall.

Evolution Commentary

Jeff:

Yeah, Cage is done.

Angus:

What, you mean that wasn't just an impressive outing for Jimmy Kort?

[/sarcasm]

Jeff:

Pfft. I mean, don't get me wrong, Kort took him to school, but Cage stunk the place up. I hope he enjoys the American Legion he does his next show at, because right now he's just not at the DEF level.

Angus:

Wingo, mang. Wingo.

[Cut.]

Kiri & Sloan--Uneasy Tag Partners

[Backstage, in the hallways of the venue, Jonas Anger walks with his client, Niklas Kiri.]

ANGER:

OK, Niklas...we've got some time before the main event. I recommend that we go right to our dressing room so as to avoid...

[Turning the corner of the backstage hallway, they run right into the man Jonas was hoping to avoid.]

ANGER:

Mike Sloan.

[Mike Sloan was the man who, by running into the ring from behind and clipping Niklas Kiri's leg out from under him, stopped the post-match rampage where Niklas Kiri was laying waste to security personnel and other wrestlers who wanted to stop Kiri from delivering further damage to Jack Bryant. Mike Sloan who, perversely, was booked to be Niklas Kiri's partner in tonight's main event.]

[Niklas moves to be chest to chest with his erstwhile tag team partner. Both men make eye contact that neither man intends to break. Niklas Kiri decides to state the obvious.]

KIRI:

I don't like you.

SLOAN:

Hey, I'll be honest . I don't like you either...

[Jonas Anger, seeing no reason to waste his client's energy in a backstage encounter, tries to lighten the mood a bit.]

ANGER:

You boys have so much in common.

[Both wrestlers no-sell Jonas attempt at levity.]

SLOAN:

So, we don't like each other...but if we're going to be a team tonight--

[Kiri interrupts Mike Sloan to correct him.]

KIRI:

We're no team. There's you. There's me.

[Mike Sloan tries again.]

SLOAN:

But we should talk about...

KIRI:

I've got nothing to say to you, Sloan.

[Jonas puts his hand on his monster's chest.]

ANGER:

Now, now...let's hear him out.

[Mike Sloan, not backing down an inch from this beast, calmly explains his take on their awkward situation coming up later on this show.]

SLOAN:

If we're going to beat the World's Longest Tag Team, we need to work together.

[A sneer curls across Niklas Kiri's lips.]

KIRI:

I don't need you, Sloan.

[Mike Sloan chuckles, derisively, right in the big man's face.]

SLOAN:

Yeah. You're real big and tough...you fight tigers with your bare hands. Yeah, Kiri, I get it.

[Jonas looks, with concern, at his client. It would be foolish for these two men to fight here and now...but he knows that his client isn't the best at impulse control. And Sloan is pushing the monster's buttons.]

SLOAN:

Big and tough, yes...but you're only one man...with eyes on only one side of your head.

[Kiri takes a breath. He seems to have decided to listen rather than rage...for the moment. Mike Sloan senses that the big man is giving him an opportunity to speak his mind.]

SLOAN:

Whealdon and Mahogany...they're not to be taken lightly. They know all the tricks. They're devious.

[Jonas, seeing an opportunity to serve his client, leans in.]

ANGER:

So, what are you saying, Mike? You're saying that you'll watch his back?

[Mike Sloan doesn't break eye contact with the big man. He's making an offer...an offer that comes with a simple price.]

SLOAN:

...if he watches mine.

[Kiri maintains eye contact with Sloan, but you can almost see the wheels turning in his head.]

SLOAN:

Just for this match.

[Jonas leans up to whisper something in Kiri's ear. Kiri takes a breath.]

KIRI:

All right. You watch my back. I'll watch yours.

[Jonas tries to get Mike Sloan's attention, to seal the deal with a handshake. Jonas extends his hand.]

ANGER:

All right?

[Mike Sloan, however, doesn't break eye contact with Niklas Kiri...and he doesn't shake Jonas Anger's hand. He

does, however, nod slightly.]

SLOAN:

All right.

[And Jonas Anger will have to settle for a verbal commitment from Mike Sloan.]

[Jonas gives Niklas Kiri a friendly nudge forward. They brush past Mike Sloan on their way to their dressing room. Kiri and Sloan maintain eye contact the entire time, until Anger & Kiri turn the corner and are out of sight.]

SLOAN:

(mimicking Kiri): You watch my back. I'll watch yours.

[Mike Sloan shakes his head.]

SLOAN:

I doubt it...

[Mike Sloan looks seriously in the direction that Anger & Kiri just walked away. He knows his predicament. He knows he has to trust someone he knows not to trust.]

Dan Ryan vs Yoshikazu YAZ

YAZ and Ryan were both in the ring when the bell sounded. Ryan lunged in for a collar and elbow tie up but YAZ dropped to one knee and went behind. He straightened up and threw a stiff kick to outside of Ryan's thigh. Ryan spun around quickly and YAZ took a step back to avoid the wild left hand that he swung out. Another kick from YAZ found it's mark in Ryan's ribcage and a third connected with the other thigh. YAZ threw another kick, but Dan caught it and tripped him with a leg sweep. Ryan dropped an elbow to the inside of YAZ's thigh and locked his ankle between his legs to apply pressure to the knee. YAZ used his free leg to kick at Dan's head and force him to break the hold. Both men got to their feet, however Ryan's progress was halted momentarily by a backhand chop that lit his chest up like a christmas tree. YAZ chopped Ryan back into the corner of the ring, each slap of skin on skin echoed around the arena louder than the one before it. Once he had him in the corner, YAZ unleashed a flurry of stiff kicks to the legs and body of Dan Ryan before using the middle rope to propel himself into the air and land a hard kick to the temple. Ryan stumbled out of the corner and YAZ hit the ropes to come back with a spinning heel kick. He covered, but only managed a two count. Ryan still managed to kick out with some authority, and had the wherewithal to roll to the outside after the pin attempt, however YAZ was hot on his heels and caught him just as he got to the apron. YAZ reached through the ropes and pulled Ryan to his feet, but Ryan reached up, grabbed his neck and dropped him throat first across the ropes. YAZ bounced back into the ring clutching at his neck as Ryan stepped back in through the ropes. As YAZ recovered from the hotshot, Ryan stalked him like a lion hunting a gazelle. He waited for YAZ to turn and nailed him with a harsh clothesline that almost took YAZ out of his boots. YAZ hit the mat and Ryan covered but only got a two count before YAZ pushes his shoulder up. Ryan peeled YAZ off of the canvas and lifted him for a spinebuster. He drove YAZ down hard and covered again. Still only two though. Once more Ryan lifted YAZ, this time around the waist, took him up and over and threw him over with a release German suplex. Ryan signaled for the end and grabbed YAZ by the mask. He pulled him and placed his head between his legs for the Humility Bomb. He lifted YAZ up but YAZ rolled through and rolled Ryan up with a sunset flip type pin. YAZ only got two as Ryan got his shoulder up. Both men got back to their feet and proceeded to throw bombs. Ryan connected with a right, YAZ with a kick to the leg, Ryan with another right, YAZ with a chop. Ryan swung with a haymaker that missed it's mark as YAZ ducked to avoid it and YAZ countered with a Knuckle Whip that stunned Ryan. With Ryan in the stunned state, YAZ lashed out with a palm strike that connected on the bottom of Ryan's jaw, the lights in Ryan's eyes dimmed as he collapsed to the mat and the fall was academic. **Winner:** Yoshikazu YAZ (Shotei) +5 victory +2 win streak bonus As the lights went all dark and flickery, YAZ climbed up onto the turnbuckle to spew some mist into the air. The fan reaction was mixed - neither YAZ nor Ryan were well liked, and although YAZ had been an underdog he was also a stooge for Goldman. But YAZ hit another turnbuckle to pose as Dan Ryan shook the cobwebs out of his head, rushed up behind him, and clobbered him in the back! Plucking the junior heavyweight off the turnbuckle, Ryan easily hoisted him overhead and drove him into the mat with a Humility Bomb! The lights went back up. Lisa Loeh screamed at security to do something. Carla Ferreri tried to put herself between the two, but Ryan pushed her aside and pulled YAZ up for another Humility Bomb. Carla again tried to break it up, but Ryan threw her aside, then picked YAZ up in a press slam and threw him over the top rope! YAZ landed in a lifeless heap at ringside, and Ryan stalked after him. Lisa continued to scream, but she backed away as Ryan approached. Ryan clobbered a security guard and then picked YAZ up off the ringside mats - turned - and drove him *straight through the ramp* with one last Humility Bomb!

Security was now out in force, well too late, but Ryan calmly allowed them to zip-tie his hands and lead him up the ramp. Medics clustered around the hole in the ramp, apparently unsure about how to get YAZ out of the hole without risking further injury.

Evolution Commentary

Angus:

Holy shit.

[Pause.]

Angus:

I told you Dan Ryan had that in him, but you didn't believe me, noooooo...

[Moar pause.]

Angus:

Jeffman, you're letting the air go dead. Say something.

Jeff:

Shit. I'm tryin to think what the hell to do about this. We're going to have to have the ramp dismantled to even get a gurney down in there. And if Dan Ryan's going to lose matches to a guy like Yoshikazu YAZ and then flip out and try to injure him, he's gonna have to be *dealt* with, and Eric Dane's not gonna like that because having Ryan on the roster gives this place chops with the ESEN crowd.

Angus:

Man. Suddenly I do not envy you your job.

Jeff:

And now, since Eric's still busy fucking around with NFW or whatever, I'm gonna have to go deal with the medics and security and shit. Damn.

[Jeff gets up and leaves.]

Italian Fury

[Elijah Goldman is in his office scribbling furiously on something on the desk. He shakes the pen in his hand and scribbles again before launching the writing implement across the room. He pulls another pen from the holder in front of him, tests it on the edge of the paper and starts to write quickly with it. His arm jolts as his office door flies open.]

CRASH

[Alceo Dentari storms in and the door bounces back to a closed state as he starts ranting.]

Alceo Dentari:

Did you see that out there? 'Cause I did! That hulk a' crap Dan Ryan just damn near killed YAZ out there!

Elijah Goldman:

Mr. Dentari, you can see I'm a busy, busy man tonight. Right now, Dan Ryan is the least of my concerns.

Dentari:

Yoshikazu YAZ just got stretchered outta the arena, an' yous is "too busy" to do anythin' about it?

[Dentari slaps the pen holder off of the desk, sending it flying across the room. He places both palms on the desk and would lean down until their eyes were on the same level, except with his height they already are.]

Dentari:

Yous is gonna go out there an' hand Dan Ryan his pink slip.

E-Gold:

Or what?

[Refusing to back down, Goldman got out of his seat, placed his palms on the desk and leant into Dentari.]

E-Gold:

Bearing in mind our previous conversation regarding you bursting into my office and threatening me.

[Dentari stewed for a second, but he wasn't going to call Goldman's bluff. He straightened up, uncreased his waistcoat and held his chin up high.]

E-Gold:

Just as I thought. Now, I'm busy and you have a match up next. I suggest you go get ready for that and leave the running of this league and management of it's participants, to me.

...

Capiche?

[With that, Goldman sits back down in his chair and buries his head back in his paperwork, completely ignoring Alceo storming out of the room.]

Alceo Dentari vs Jonny Booya

"THE FOLLOWING MATCH IS SCHEDULED FOR ONE FALL, WITH A THIRTY MINUTE TIME LIMIT..."

All the lights in the arena went dead at once. A single, mournful white spotlight lit up the entry ramp, as a single, lonely horn began to play. Goldman had shelled out the cash for the cause. Nino Rota's "Godfather Waltz" played.

"COMING FIRST TO THE RING..." A black 1940 Buick Touring Sedan rolled out from the back, engine rumbling powerfully in the semi-silence. Two men stood on the sideboards, glaring out at the crowd menacingly. With no Yoshikazu YAZ around, the boss took no chances. "STANDING FIVE FOOT... uh..." Awkward silence. "TEN..." Good answer. The sedan rolled down the ramp slowly, keeping centered enough to make sure no greasy kids' fingers could reach out and touch something more valuable than they ever would be.

"ALCEOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO...DENTAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARIIIIIIIIII!" As the sedan stopped at ringside, the capo climbed out, dressed in an impeccable gray suit and fedora. He looked so good, he was classin' up the joint just by standing still. Imagine what would happen when he wrestled. As the slow-but-neurotic theme song to the Godfather continued to wail, Dentari sauntered casually over to the steel ring steps with that spotlight following him the whole way. Up onto the apron, and a slow wiping-off of the shoes. The guy had manners, after all. The Buick began to pull away, headlights flipping on as it moved away from the ring. It was dark in here. Into the ring Dentari hopped, arms extending to take in whatever the fans had to offer, yay or boo. This was a smarky fed from time to time, after all. # OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT!! # As the house lights began to have a seizure, Prodigy's "Funky Shit" blared. Yellow lights, red light, blue lights, green and pink and orange. Even indigo and violet. Make sure that Roy G. Biv is in the house. "COMING NEXT TO THE RING, JONNY

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOYAAAAAAAAAA!" Booya came flying out of the backstage, shades still on and everything. Booya leapt, slid ass-first across the hood of that slowly-rolling Buick and landed with a fist already smacking a [i]Cosa Nostra/[i] bodyguard right in the snoot! A backelbow to the second, and the third was intercepted in mid-switchblade swipe, grabbed by the back of the head, and smacked face first into the steel hood of the car! "BOO-YA! BOO-YA!" Booya grabbed the two still-up bodyguards by the back of the heads, and knocked their noggins together, like it were 1986 again! Storming right past the fallen bodies of Dentari's minions, the One-Man Wrecking Crew charged the ring! Booya slid into the ring, rolled right under Dentari's clotheslining arm, handsprang to his feet, hit the ropes, came back, caught Dentari's other clotheslining arm, leapt, and fell onto his back, snapping that arm across his chest with a gorgeous single-arm DDT! Alceo didn't know whether to hold his face or his shoulder, and so just kinda rolled away from Booya, trying to go all fetal and protect both. Booya popped back up, posing over the fallen Alceo for the briefest of moments... Before kicking Alceo square in the ass! Dentari wriggled like a burned snake on over to the ring ropes, catching onto them with both arms, shooting hatedaggers at the blonde-haired IDIOT! Who, of course, was posing and smiling. He finally took those sunglasses off, tossing them out of the ring and into the crowd. The "Truly Untouchable" tee-shirt came off, tossed over to ringside. It fit nice, that one Booya didn't want to give up yet. Dentari clambered back to his feet using the ring ropes. As Booya beckoned him on, Dentari gritted his teeth, and charged Booya. But instead of hitting him with yet another clothesline, Dentari leapt past Booya, hooking an arm around his legs as he swept behind the ...blonder wrestler. A grunt, and Dentari hauled Booya right off his feet! Instead of going for a pinning attempt, though... Dentari hooked his arms around Booya's ankle, his legs around Booya's thigh, and twisted at that leg like it were a chicken's drumstick! Booya had gone from full throttle to vapor lockin just a few moments! Booya tried to reach down and grab at Dentari in any way, but the greasy little I-tai was cranking away on his ankle and knee, forcing that mess straight! For once, Booya's height was working against him! Or... Booya could just crunch, reach down, grab both of Dentari's nipples, and twist the shit out of them. Dentari scrambled away from Jonny Booya like the kid had crabs. Booya came up, favoring that one leg a little more. Y'know, just a lit- IncomesDentari from behind with a dropkick to that injured ankle~! Booya hits the mat. Dentari pounces on that leg, grabbing the foot in both hands and kicking away at Booya's knee like it were the balls of someone the connectee to most people's "I need connections" really didn't like. For example, Jonny Booya. T'hell with it. Dentari just stomped Booya's "lower stomach". Or that's how Gorilla always defended it... As the ref cautioned Dentari, Dentari blew the ref off and walked on over to his ring corner. One of the beaten-up bodyguards handed a bottle of sparkling water up to the capo, shaky from the beating and nervous from the boss's obvious irritation. Dentari swigged, swished, and spat. Some kids recoiled from the splatter of fizzy water in front of 'em. Alceo tossed the bottle down, then turned and charged across the ring, snapping a brutal soccer kick into Booya's ribs! The Truly Untouchable (seewhatididthere) Booya tumbled ass-over-teakettle into the ropes! Alceo wouldn't give Booya his space immediately. No, a booted foot laid across Booya's throat, pressing down into Jonny's windpipe! The ref came in, already counting. "One! Two! Three! Four! C'mon, Alceo! Break the hold! Break the hold, Alceo!" And then, Dentari broke the hold. Booya was allowed to get back to his hands and knees before Dentari rushed in, slamming

his foot into Booya's ribs once more... This time, Booya caught Alceo's leg halfway into his range of motion! The lessened impact was shrugged off, and Booya came up, grinning as he held Alceo's childlike leg in his vicelike grip. Booya pulled Alceo in, arms changing position slightly... And he had Alceo in place for a Fallaway Slam! Booya walked on forward to the center of the ring, and went to toss Alceo up and overhead... Dentari caught onto Booya's head during the trip! Booya didn't even see it coming, and ended up planted with a sloppy-as-shit reverse DDT. With Booya down, Dentari had to quickly rally. He forced himself up, rising in the ring corner with just a LITTLE bit of help... Fists clenched, teeth gritted, Dentari had to do this here and now, or else he'd be a laughing stock! Laughing stock, I tells ya! Dentari whirled around. He was gonna rip this blonde idiot limb from li-BOOYACLOTHESLINE! Dentari hit the mat so hard, he rebounded and was back on his feet before he even knew what was going on. And then, Booya clotheslined Dentari again. Dentari hit, hard. He couldn't take too many of these. The quick-eyed viewer would notice Dentari's hand slip into his waistband. Gasp, Dentari had a secret ninja pocket! The yakuza and the mafia are connected! As Booya beckoned Dentari back up, Dentari pushed himself up... Booya rushed in for the clothesline, and Dentari cracked Booya on the forehead with a... oafish palm-smash! And Booya went down like he had been shot! The referee was studiously checking to see if Booya was out, not checking to see what Dentari was holding. So, it was child's play to put the ...whatever it was... away. Dentari grinned, and reached down, grabbing Booya by the hair. Booya got sat up. The eyes were open, but nobody was home. Like a forgetful husband running to the parts store, leaving the garage door open. Dentari hit the ropes, came back. WHACKED! Booya: down. Alceo: covers. "One! Two! Three!" **Winner: Alceo Dentari.**

...sooner or later.

[Footsteps.]

[An unrecognizable voice from the darkness.]

"But concerning that day and hour no one knows, not even the angels of heaven, nor the Son, but the Father only. For as were the days of Noah, so will be the coming of the Son of Man. For as in those days before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day when Noah entered the ark, and they were unaware until the flood came and swept them all away, so will be the coming of the Son of Man. Then two men will be in the field; one will be taken and one left. Two women will be grinding at the mill; one will be taken and one left. Therefore, stay awake, for you do not know on what day your Lord is coming. But know this, that if the master of the house had known in what part of the night the thief was coming, he would have stayed awake and would not have let his house be broken into. Therefore you also must be ready, for the Son of Man is coming at an hour you do not expect.

Matthew twenty four, thirty six through forty four... "

[The footsteps slowly fade away.]

" ... Sooner or later God'll cut you down... "

[End.]

Evolution Commentary

Angus: [shuddering]

Tell me that footage didn't turn tepia.

Jeff:

It stayed black the entire time.

Angus:

I don't even want to think on what this could mean.

Jeff:

Don't look at me, nobody answers my questions in the office half the time anyhow.

Angus:

Let's just get to the Main Event and be done with it...

Niklas Kiri/Mike Sloan vs Pete Whealdon/Rich Mahogany

The World's Longest Tag Team comes out first in their matching pink and gold attire. Crowd reaction for Rich Mahogany and "Suite" Pete Whealdon seems mixed. There are certainly many in the audience amused with their excessive gyrations...though, this being Salt Lake City, there are those who are disgusted and think ANY gyrations are excessive. Particularly keen observers note that Rich Mahogany looks a little pale and that his gyrations are less enthusiastic than they normally are. Luckily, Whealdon's gyrations make up for Mahogany's lack of enthusiasm.

Their opponents come out individually. Mike Sloan looks determined and, upon entering the ring, tries to ignore the taunting from the World's Longest Tag Team. With a more involved entrance package--including coordinated lights and smoke, Niklas Kiri and Jonas Anger are the last to appear. Kiri is in no particular hurry to get to the ring, preferring to try to rile up the crowd on his path to the arena floor. Kiri steps into the ring and makes a big show out of taking off his scary hockey goalie mask. After he hands that goalie mask and his hockey jersey down to Jonas Anger on the arena floor, Kiri and Sloan have a moment where they regard each other uneasily.

Meanwhile, Mahogany and Whealdon mock them...with Whealdon clearly mouthing the words "I got your pile of rocks right here" while grabbing his own package. Despite the mockery, any observer would note that both Kiri & Sloan are obviously much larger than their opponents.

Bit of a muddled start to the match, with everyone in the ring and the referee, despite his best efforts, being somewhat ineffective in getting either team to pick their first man. As Mike Sloan defers to the seemingly immovable Niklas Kiri, Whealdon & Mahogany turn their back and walk towards their corner--possibly discussing strategy or their batting order for the ring rats that may be waiting for them after the match. The moment Pete Whealdon puts a foot through the ropes, the bell rings and the match is underway.

DING! DING! DING!

Rich Mahogany is still facing his own turnbuckle when Niklas Kiri makes his charge. A running reverse bell clap from Kiri stuns Mahogany, who falls to one knee. Whealdon, just getting his footing on the ring apron, looks to the referee and intends to complain that his partner wasn't ready--only to get a solid punch right to the face from Kiri. Comically, Whealdon's eyes cross and he falls like a tree being felled by a logger down to the arena floor. Whealdon raises a hand to his face and is angry to find that Kiri has bloodied his nose with that punch.

Rich Mahogany gets up on his feet only to eat a massive Kiri-Hammer to his midsection. Mahogany doubles over and takes a step to the side of the ring. Whether because he is suffering from flu symptoms or because of the strength of that stomach punch, Mahogany vomits a chunky burst from the ring onto the ring apron.

Niklas Kiri snorts and walks back to tag Sloan in.

Mike Sloan comes in and wants to go right at Rich Mahogany, but Mahogany sticks a leg out of the ropes--forcing the referee to come between the two men. Whealdon, recovered from the shock punch from Kiri, claps enthusiastically for Mahogany's tactics from his perch on the ring apron. Sloan manages to get in a punch or two, then Mahogany stalls. Sloan tries getting the crowd to start clapping, to put the pressure on Mahogany to start fighting back. After numerous failed efforts and much finger wagging from the ref, Mahogany leaves the comfort of the corner--only to eat a running knee lift from Sloan. Mahogany falls backwards towards his own corner--that allows Pete Whealdon to tag himself in.

Immediately, Niklas Kiri...who had seemed rather disinterested in Sloan's dance with Mahogany...grabs the tag rope and reaches towards Sloan. Kiri is stomping on the ring apron, demanding to be tagged in so he can face-off against Whealdon--his preferred opponent. Warily, Sloan obliges him.

Kiri enters the ring and walks over to Whealdon, who bravely continues to jaw at the big man. Kiri laughs and sticks out his chin and gives Whealdon a free shot. Whealdon takes it--but though Kiri's face turns to one side from the force of Whealdon's best punch, the big man doesn't move. Instead, he smiles and yells "My Turn!"

Kiri begins launching wild Kiri-Hammers in the direction of Pete Whealdon's head. Whealdon blocks a few of these thick armed blows with his own arms, but he quickly decides to retreat. Whealdon back pedals and tries to get his leg out of the ropes as quickly as possible--but Kiri grabs him by the neck, pulling him away from the ropes and, showing immense power, tosses Whealdon towards the middle of the ring. Whealdon gets up quickly only to eat a massive clothesline from Kiri. Kiri follows up with a jumping knee stomp to Whealdon's ribs, which causes Whealdon to roll over onto his back near one of the neutral corners.

Presumptuously, and seeing Whealdon in the proper position and gasping for breath, Kiri goes to the second rope and tries to land the Kiri-Crush on Whealdon to end this early. The crowd roars in expectation of the devastation they expect they're about to witness as Kiri bounces on that second rope.

Mahogany considers running in to make the save, but Whealdon, who was playing a bit of possum by remaining on the mat, manages to roll out of the way on his own as Kiri comes crashing down on nothing.

Landing on his belly instead of on his opponent leaves the big man stunned and Whealdon wastes no time rolling up to his feet and begins doing some real damage to Kiri--concentrating some surprisingly strong and accurate kicks to Kiri's legs and midsection. He's managed to take control of this match in a startling reversal of momentum.

It actually looks like Whealdon is trying here--surprising many, who are used to nothing but antics and shenanigans from him. He's causing damage to the big man. Whealdon is the one in control...and he's reveling in putting the monster in peril with strikes, stomps and kicks.

Still, Pete Whealdon makes a mistake when trying to put a chinlock on the big man while he's still on the ground. Hedgeclippers probably couldn't do much damage to that impossibly thick and muscled neck of Niklas Kiri. Kiri manages to stand-up, even with Whealdon pulling on that chin lock. Once Kiri gets to his feet, he allows himself to fall backward--slamming Whealdon onto his back...forcing Whealdon to break the hold. Whealdon, who ends up close to his own corner, rolls over to tag in Rich Mahogany. Kiri manages to get to his own corner and tags in Mike Sloan.

Sloan meets Mahogany in the middle of the ring. Mahogany can't seem to dodge Sloan's punches. Those punches set Mahogany up for a DDT. The crowd responds favorably--but their enthusiasm and Sloan's offensive momentum is short lived--as before Sloan can try for a quick cover, Mahogany rakes Sloan's eyes. Sloan, temporarily blinded and befuddled, accidentally staggers in the wrong direction--towards his opponent's corner, where Pete Whealdon is waiting to put the World's Longest Tag Team's plan into action.

And that's not too good for Sloan, then.

Whealdon and Mahogany begin a systematic destruction of Mike Sloan--delivering sharp damage, working often as a team to keep him in their corner and each man getting in some cheap shots whenever possible. Whealdon, particularly, looks strong...with crisp kicks that wouldn't look out of place in a shoot-style Japanese promotion--delivering some sick thuds against Sloan's bones and brains. Mahogany is clearly the weaker link here--but with quick tags, they're proving to be a very effective team.

By keeping him in their corner and using their combined efforts against Sloan, the World's Longest Tag Team have pretty much eliminated Sloan's size and strength advantages--and they've neutralized the effectiveness of having a monster like Niklas Kiri as a partner by keeping him out of the action for a significant length of time.

Each time Sloan tries to make an escape to get to tag in Kiri, who has recovered from whatever damage he took earlier in the match and is fresh and ready to go, either Whealdon or Mahogany are right there to twist an arm bar and force him back into their corner.

And, in that corner...all manner of shenanigans are taking place--most of it blocked from the referees sight. On those

occasions where there is blatant choking or gouging going on--Niklas Kiri, true to his word, has attempted to show that he's got Mike Sloan's back...and he's tried to cross the ring to rescue his tag team partner--only to be stopped by the referee and driven back to his corner and back out of the ring. The irony being that each one of these attempted rescues only gave Mahogany and Whealdon more opportunity to inflict extra damage to Mike Sloan.

After wearing Mike Sloan down with punches, kicks, chokes, rakes and stomps (even an abominal stretch from Whealdon with inappropriate stomach tickling), the World's Longest Tag Team began to tire of abusing their toy and, as Sloan was now definitely softened up, turned their attention to trying to win the match.

A Crotch Rocket from Mahogany got a two count.

After a quick tag to Whealdon, a woozy Sloan was picked up for a scoop slam. Despite the amount of punishment he's taken, Sloan managed, just barely, to lift his shoulders up before the referee's third slap of the mat.

Whealdon pulls Sloan up and whips him back into the corner, where Mahogany is waiting to grab Sloan's tights and hold him in place. Whealdon seems to be setting him up for a match ending kick to the head, but can't help himself to do some inappropriate pelvic thrusts in Kiri's direction. Sure enough, this poke of the bear gets Kiri to try to enter the ring--causing the referee to race to prevent Kiri from interfering.

This allows Whealdon to turn his attention back to Sloan. Instead of delivering a decapitating kick, Whealdon poked Sloan right in the eyes--Three Stooges style--without being seen by the referee. Sloan and Mahogany laugh as Sloan collapses to the ground, grabbing at his eyes, yet again.

Whealdon tags Mahogany in. Blinded or not, Sloan makes a desperate lunge to get to tag in Kiri--but Mahogany managed to grab hold of Sloans waistband--comically preventing Sloan from making the hot tag. Sloan, bruised and drenched in sweat, is pushing past known levels of human endurance to shake, twist or kick free and make the miracle tag.

Rich Mahogany responds to these desperate efforts with a kick to Sloan's junk. The referee, this time though, saw it...and moves in to complain to Mahogany. As he does, distracting Mahogany for just a second, Sloan manages to twist and roll in such a way that Rich Mahogany could not keep hold of Mike Sloan. Pete Whealdon screams at Rich Mahogany and leans over the top rope, like he could grab Mike Sloan from across the ring, before Mike managed to dive forward and reached as far as he can reach. Mahogany scrambled to stop Sloan before he could tag in Niklas Kiri but...

HOT TAG!

The crowd roars as Niklas Kiri runs into the ring, flattening Rich Mahogany with a massive clothesline. Kiri doesnt stop. He runs all the way across the ring and catches Pete Whealdon by surprise there on the ring apron.

Kiri grabs Whealdon's head and in the same motion, Kiri drops to the ground--pulling Pete's neck down onto the top rope. *KIRI-TINE!* Whealdon snaps back off the top rope, sending him off the ring apron and down to the arena floor--grabbing at his throat and struggling to catch his breath.

Both Kiri and Mahogany get back to their feet. Mahogany absorbs a few Kiri-Hammers to his shoulders and his head. When Rich unleashes his own desperately wild swing, Kiri ducks it...and responds with a thunderous bell clap to Mahogany's ears. Kiri grabbed Rich Mahogany, picked him up and threw him onto the mat.

Rich Mahogany is lying on his back, trying to regain his composure. Niklas Kiri walks over Mahogany, bends down, picks him up by his waist, swings him up in the air and then roughly deposits Mahogany face first onto the canvas. **FACE ERASER!**

The crowd roars with approval. Rich Mahogany is flattened and possibly unconscious. Pete Whealdon is still on the arena floor--still trying to force breath into a bruised windpipe. Niklas Kiri is getting cheered by these Salt Lake City fans for raining destruction everywhere he's stepped.

Kiri steps back and surveys the scene. It's all right there for Kiri to get the pin on Mahogany. The crowd is cheering him on, willing him to do just that--to pin one of the bad men who had been so mean to Mike Sloan. Niklas Kiri, however, does not pin Rich Mahogany.

Instead, Niklas Kiri smiles. He smiles and walks back to his corner, where a recovering Mike Sloan is hanging over the top rope. Kiri offers Sloan his hand. He's offering Sloan the right to make the pin and earn the honors. Sloan looks at Kiri, trying to read him. He's trying to make sure it's not a trick.

Kiri is offering him a tag. Sloan takes it. Mahogany, shaking the cobwebs loose, is trying to force his body to get up to his feet...but Mahogany doesn't have the same strength of will that Mike Sloan has shown here tonight. And, soon enough, Sloan is there for the coup de grace.

From behind, Sloan grabs Mahogany's head and neck. He pulls Mahogany up to his feet and throws Mahogany's right arm over his shoulders. Sloan locks his head and neck into Mahogany's arm pit. Sloan bends down and reaches between Mahogany's legs and grabs Mahogany's left arm. Sloan pushes his crooked right arm across Mahogany's neck.

If Mahogany knew what was coming next, he might be scared...but from the look on his face, he was already too far gone to care. Sloan lifted Mahogany up and over his shoulder--driving Mahogany down onto the back of his neck.

With Whealdon nowhere in sight, the pinfall count was rather academic.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Niklas Kiri & Mike Sloan defeat the World's Longest Tag Team (Sloan pins Mahogany after Morning Star DVD)

Mike Sloan, beaten, battered and bruised was triumphant. The struggles of the match could not damage his spirit. So, he kept his hands up in victory long after the referee had let go of his hands. He was basking in his moment of glory.

Niklas Kiri was entering the ring slowly, allowing his tag team partner his moment.

Mike Sloan raises his hands to the sky for the benefit of the fans on the left side of the arena--and they cheer. Mike Sloan walks across to the other side of the ring, to raise his hands for the benefit of the fans on that side of the arena. Mike Sloan, hands still raised, walks to the center of the ring--right into the meaty, gloved hand of Niklas Kiri as it wrapped around Mike's neck.

Mike's eyes bulged as Niklas Kiri raised Mike Sloan as high in the air as he could before jumping forward and driving Mike Sloan hard onto the canvas--Niklas Kiri landed fully on Mike Sloan...driving the wind right out of his stunned and betrayed tag team partner.

Niklas Kiri has just debuted a move known as The Finisher, a sky high diving chokeslam, against his own tag team partner after their victory. The crowd turned on Kiri in an instant. Only Jonas Anger seemed pleased by Kiri's actions.

Jonas Anger directed his client out of the ring. The deed has been done. The wreckage strewn all around can be left behind--Sloan, eye's rolling around in his head, isn't going anywhere. Rich Mahogany has only just made it out of the ring, past the puddle of his own vomit on the arena floor, to try to collect Pete Whealdon, breathing a bit more easily but still shaken up.

"I GOT YOUR BACK!" shouts Niklas Kiri, laughing as he's being pushed back up the entrance ramp towards the backstage area by Jonas Anger, amid a shower of debris being tossed his way by the Salt Lake City fans.

Niklas Kiri points at Mike Sloan who is just now struggling to his feet.

"I GOT YOUR BACK!"