

Satan demands a candy bowl for his desk!

[DEFIANCE Wrestling will be brought to you by DA BRIM in...]

[5...]

[...4...]

[.....3...]

[.....2.....]

[.....1.....]

[...]

[!FLASH!]

[Kevin "Satan" Alloy is sitting at Elijah Goldman's desk, idling shuffling papers of no consequence as Steven Jackson(aka Mr. BRIM) is sitting on the opposite side.]

[Satan is notably wearing two DA BRIM's inverted on one another around his neck, and Mr. Jackson is rocking one over his baseball cap.] **Kevin/Satan:** Mmmmmhehehahahaha... Satan has strategically planned the takeover of the wrestling world by DA BRIM! Satan has put the cards in a checkmate! [Cut to a rather gigantically oversized DaBrim logo being placed outside of the Alliant Energy Center Coliseum, with huge batman styled Da Brim logo light shooting in to the depths of the night sky.] **Kevin/Satan:** Satan knows when the chips are down, he has to roll a 21! Satan has two of those! Mmmhhehehahahaha Angus Skatland will be wearing a suit dedicated solely to DA Brim! Satan has also made sure that several advertisements have been placed in key logically strategic positions! [Cut to the Evolution ring, the canvas a singular DA Brim logo, the sides of the ring, also DA Bring. The Guardrails, signs with pictures of people doing activities in DA Brim, including, climbing, riding a horse, hauling a boat, and two old people drinking.] **Kevin/Satan:** Mmmhehehahahaha..... [Elijah Goldman nearly kool-aid man'd the door to his own office.] **Elijah Goldman:** What. In. Gods. Name. [Cut to Elijah Goldman's car, having been repainted and body worked in to Da Brim mobile.] [Goldman also seems nonplussed about wearing one of the DA Brim Suits.] **Kevin/Satan:** Satan felt you needed a new wardrobe and had your previous suits removed from you for use by one Keith Dylan James! **Elijah Goldman:** I hate you so much. **Kevin/Satan:** Satan feels you owe him a great deal of thanks, Satan ALSO DEMANDS DAT CANDY BOWL! [Mr. Brim for all of him nods at his suit.] **Mr.Brim:** Nice. [Goldman cut him off.] **Elijah Goldman:** Shut. Up. And YOU! [Pointing back at Satan.] **Elijah Goldman:** Eric Dane is going to KILL YOU. Not me. No No. Just because you stupidly slathered my name all over this, you don't think he's going to see who did this? [Satan isn't paying attention.] **Kevin/Satan:** Mmmmm..hehehahahaha Satan wonders if we can do a DA Brim on a pole match for the DA Brim heavyweight Title of Da Brim next week? **Mr. Brim:** I support this idea. [Elijah Goldman has gone completely purple with rage.] **Elijah Goldman:** NO. NO. FUCK YOU A MILLION FUCKING TIMES NO! I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! I'm not wearing these goddamn ugly suits. and I

don't care what you did to my car UNDO IT NOW! **Kevin/Satan:** Satan is unsure of why his assistant is angry...But Satan DEMANDS DAT CANDY BOWL! Satan is certain this will position The Heritage League above Evolution!

Elijah Goldman: We. Are. Evolution. **Kevin/Satan:** No, Satan believes he would know something like this. When Satan was going through your receipts at your home, he found only mentions of Heritage. Satan would certainly assume that from this correspondence.... **Elijah Goldman:** You were in my house? **Kevin/Satan:** Satan is unsure of your confusion as he has been taking his repast in your bed for several weeks. Also, your maid needs to clean out the crumbs! Satan can not sleep with his feet being tickled so! **Mr. Brim:** If we could move back to Da Brim gentlemen? **Kevin/Satan:** Of course. Satan has assured Mr. Brim here, that we will be upping our order of DaBrim to a daily allotment. [Goldman, seemingly is more purple.] **Elijah Goldman:** We haven't sold one of these things. EVER. **Kevin/Satan:** Mmmhehehehahahaha. Satan has built a mighty fort of Da Brim Boxes! No Girls allowed!

Elijah Goldman: You've already placed the order haven't you? **Kevin/Satan:** Angus has demanded to wear several at once! Satan must comply. [Goldman faceplams while Mr. Brim Derp eyes. Satan tries lighting the burned down ficus tree aflame again.] [Cut to ringside, where Jeff Andrews is dressed as usual and Angus Skaaland has six Da Brim's stacked on top of his head. There are boxes everywhere and the majority of the ringside fans are sporting their own brand new brims.] **Jeff:** I can't believe this. The entire ringside area looks like a little league outfield wall.

Angus: Shut your mouth and don your brim! **Jeff:** I refuse, let's go to the first match before I make you eat one of those things... **Angus:** Fine. [Cut.]

Jonny Booya vs Dragon Jones

The orchestral intro of "Hurricane 3000" began to play, and it played for entirely too long. By the time the sound of hair metal brought Dragon Jones and Splenda out, the fans were bored and pissed off, and any cheers Dragon might have gotten were gone. Dragon of course didn't care, he went down to the ring pointing at his head and acting like he was a real big deal. Splenda was talking to him, probably reminding him that he needed this win to maintain even a chance at the playoffs.

OH MY GOD IT'S THE FUNKY SHIT! # The Prodigy brought Jonny Booya out to the ring. Kinda. Jonny Booya was not smiling, or strutting, or doing any of the things he was known for. His eyes were wide, and he stalked to the ring completely ignoring the booing fans and flung his sunglasses to the ground. As Booya stepped through the ropes, Dragon ran at him and laid a European uppercut in. He turned away, pointing at his head again, proclaiming his HEEL brilliance, not noticing that Booya had totally no-sold it. Booya clobbered Dragon to the ground with one massive clothesline, and then he stomped, and he stomped, and he kept stomping, and he stomped some more, and he tried some stomps, and he walked a mudhole dry, and laid the boots to him, delivered some low angle push kicks, and... yeah. The referee finally made Booya back off, and Dragon rolled out of the ring to land at Splenda's feet. Booya got impatient and went on the chase. He climbed out of the ring, Splenda saw him coming, and Dragon took off running with Booya chasing him. They went around the ring once, Dragon scrambling and Booya stalking methodically, his eyes still wide and messed up. Dragon retreated into the ring, and when Booya followed him, tried some stomps of his own. Booya no-sold them completely. He whipped Dragon into the corner so hard he fell down. He took a running start and charged. Dragon sidestepped and Booya hit the turnbuckle. Dragon uppercut him across the back of the head, then bashed his head into the turnbuckle. Booya stepped out and Dragon laid an impressive Kenka kick right into his head, knocking him to one knee. He went back to the euro uppercuts, landed one, two, and the third put Booya on the mat and Dragon thought himself very ****ing awesome at his point and went for a one hand on the chest cover. Booya knocked him down with a punch even though he was lying on his back. Booya got up and pulled Dragon in for a short-arm axe bomber clothesline, then picked him up and hit a second one. Pulling Dragon back up yet again, he hooked the arms and rolled into the Trapped Under Ice. Booya didn't pay attention to ring positioning though, and Dragon got his foot on the ropes. Booya refused to break. The ref tried to pull him loose, and Booya ignored it. The ref counted til 5, and Booya ignored it, and that was it. **Winner: Dragon Jones**

(Disqualification) Now that the bell was ringing, Booya let go, only to turn on the referee and grab him by the hair, then plant him with a Booya Bomb! He turned back on Dragon Jones and planted him with a Booya Bomb! Security was running into the ring, and Booya caught the first one in and hit the Thunder Down Below! Buffalo Brian Slater climbs into the ring as Booya drops another guard with a lawsuit-worthy Axe Bomber and warns him that it's time for him to leave the ring, immediately. No longer the biggest man in the ring, Booya decides to listen, much to the derision of the fans. He walks slowly and stiffly up the ramp, the same wide-eyed expression on his face that he came out with.

Commentary Interlude

[At ringside, Jeff Andrews is now wearing a Da Brim over his usual John Deere truckers hat.]

Angus:

Lookin' good, slick!

Jeff:

Don't ever call me that again.

Angus:

What made you decide to come around to the team?

Jeff:

Elijah Goldman screaming in my earpiece that since we've got the damn things, we've got to try to sell them. I figured he'd shut up if I put the thing on. Meanwhile I got to watch Jonny Booya beat the dog piss out of the "new and improved" Dragon Jones so it wasn't a total loss.

Angus:

What's up with that, anyhow?

Jeff:

What, Jones or Booya?

Angus:

Either.

Jeff:

Who knows?

Angus:

Right. You want to send it back to Jimmy Kort in the back?

Jeff:

Is it gonna be any good?

Angus:

Who knows?

[Cut.]

White Trash Party

Staffer:

Just sign here, sir.

Kort:

Yeah, no problem there buddy. [Kort takes the Staffer's clipboard and scribbles his John Hancock on the bottom of the piece of paper.] **Staffer:**

Mr. Goldman wants you to sign this, just in case things get too out of hand. It transfers any and all liability over to *you*, Mister Kort, for the people that attend this... - um - **Kort:**

"White Trash Party". Yeah, I getcha. Goldman wants to cover his ass and put mine up t' the heat. Ain't no biggie. Have a good night, pal. **Staffer:**

You too, Mr. Kort. [The staffer leaves and Kort looks into the parking lot. It's packed full of people without a ticket to tonight's EVO show. There is an RV Bar, Jimmy's old pick up that has a pool in the bed, a grill going, and a few kegs thrown amongst the crowd. Don't worry, soccer moms. Everyone is getting ID'ed.] [Most important, there is a big white tarp with the feed from inside the building, being broadcast to Jimmy Kort's buddies out here.] [Publicity.]

Katie Lynn:

I don't think they know how to party like this over on Heritage. **Kort:**

I don't think half their folks would know a good time if it dun come up and bites 'em in the ass. **Katie Lynn:**

True that, suga. [They kiss. BOOM.] **Kort:**

Shame I can't kick back and enjoy all a' this tonight. **Katie Lynn:**

Someone has to pay the bills. **Kort:**

Now that's the truth. [He smiles and then laughs or laughs and then smiles. Whichever works.] **Kort:**

Now, since I know ya better than ya know yourself... [Kort whistles and out of nowhere pops a black man. He's wearing all red.] **Katie Lynn:**

OH NO. **Kort:**

Oh yes. You're gonna stay with Nick. **Nick Regan:** Don't worry your pretty like head girl, we gonna have a good time tonight. [Kort shoots Number One Nick Regan a look.] **Kort:** *Ahem.* **Nick Regan:** I ain't gonna do nothin', don't worry whitey. I'm just gonna make sure she has a good time and not let her in the buildin'. Kort: Good man. **Nick**

Regan: Now you got that money for me? [Kort reaches into his pocket and hands Nick Regan an envelope.] **Kort:**

Two hundred bucks and a few McDonalds coupons. **Nick Regan:** Good shit, homie. Good shit. Alright, Katie Lynn, let's get movin'. Katie Lynn: You're kiddin' right, suga? **Kort:** 'Fraid not, babe. Just makin' sure you stay outta

harms way. **Katie Lynn:** I hate you. [Nick starts dragging Katie Lynn away.] **Kort:** Nah, you don't. **Katie Lynn:**

But I really do. [She blows him a kiss though.] **Katie Lynn:** For good luck. [Now she's gone.] **Kort:** (under his

breath) I'm gonna need it. [Cut to...]

Curtis Penn paces...

[He's pacing.]

[Curtis Penn is walking a ditch around the locker room area.]

[He likes to believe that he is stomping a mud hole in Pete Whealdon's ass.]

[He glances at the door and notices a camera lens poking through.]

Penn:

I'll happily give you a promo if that's what you're looking for.

[The door inches open and Curt takes a seat in the corner of the room.]

Penn:

Honestly, I couldn't tell you how long I've been trying to get him in to the ring.

[The him being referred to would be Pete Whealdon.]

Penn:

I was a little... um... is this a PG show?

[He rolls his shoulders upward signaling that he will change his verbiage.]

Penn:

I was a lil' perturbed. I invited him into the group; I lugged him around from show to show. I was able to place him on cards by having him team up with me. I gave Pete Whealdon a name to start with.

[His legs begin to bounce; he's trying to hold his energy in check until the match.]

Penn:

I guess he decided that he would go further without a tag team partner. Well, he won't be going any further in Evolution. Tonight, I stop him cold.

[He jumps off of the chair like someone just shocked him.]

Penn:

I'm going to leave him sucking wind in the ring and regretting ever turning his back on me.

[He walks to the door and opens it, gesturing for the camera man to leave.]

[Fade to Defiance logo.]

Friendly Conversation

[The office of Elijah Goldman is lit for comfort, not for television. Despite the shadows, we can make out that Elijah is at his desk, pushed back in his chair with his fingers flexing against each other in a tension relieving exercise.]

ELIJAH GOLDMAN:

I'm glad you could make it.

[Across from him, sunk deep into a chair, is someone we can't immediately make out--but the brim (no, not *Da Brim*) of his brown, floppy hat and the large gnarled tree-branch walking stick in his hand should make it clear to anyone paying attention.]

JONAS ANGER:

Happy to have been invited.

GOLDMAN:

I just wanted to have a...friendly conversation...about your client.

ANGER:

Yes. A friendly...*televised*...conversation.

[Jonas Anger points a long, skinny finger towards the camera. E-Gold looks to where Jonas is pointing and shrugs.]

GOLDMAN:

The camera? Oh, that's just for show. They never broadcast anything that happens in here.

ANGER:

My God, it's true what they say...

GOLDMAN:

What?

ANGER:

That you never watch any of your own shows.

[E-Gold clears his throat and forcibly changes he subject back to where he wanted.]

GOLDMAN:

Listen...I don't want to fight. I just wanted a chance to talk to you. Really haven't had the opportunity to do so since your arrival. Lots of other things on my mind...

ANGER:

I can't imagine.

[The tone in Jonas Anger's answers is flat. He doesn't really want to be here and doesn't really want to be having this "friendly conversation."]

GOLDMAN:

Let me cut to the chase here. Your boy's become a pariah. The boys in the back hate...hate...haaaaaaaaaate him... He's become the most hated man in this company since--

ANGER:

You?

[Goldman smiles, uncomfortably.]

GOLDMAN:

Funny.

ANGER:

True, though.

[E-Gold takes a deep breath. He shakes his head. He wants to get his point across to Jonas Anger and Anger keeps blocking him.]

GOLDMAN:

Wrestlers are all fucking sharks...and your boy's taken a big knife to his own neck and opened it up, just to bleed in these shark infested waters.

ANGER:

You show a real love of this business and those who work for you.

[Goldman ignores Anger's sarcasm.]

GOLDMAN:

He's going to be killed tonight, you know that.

ANGER:

He's a big boy. He can take care of himself. He told me so.

GOLDMAN:

He's made himself a target of...well, everyone...

[Goldman reaches forward and jabs his finger into his phone.]

GOLDMAN:

All week, this phone has rung off the hook. I've fielded calls from people not in this match, begging to be put into this match just so they can get their hands on your boy. People I've fired...people who left this company months ago...people who I thought had died...all want to get their hands around the neck of your client.

[Jonas Anger doesn't seem surprised or concerned.]

ANGER:

I say good luck to them...and good on my client for doing exactly what you told him to do.

[E-Gold sputters.]

GOLDMAN:

I what now?

ANGER:

If you're mad that my client flooded the podcast with segment after segment this week, then you only have yourself to blame. You instructed him to do exactly what he did.

GOLDMAN:

I never--

[Jonas Anger pulls out a sheet of paper and unfolds it in order to read it.]

ANGER:

From: The Office of Elijah Goldman. To: All EVO-8 Battle Royal Participants Subject: What I Want To See This Week. Quote: *"Make certain you talk about every competitor in this match in a podcast this week."*

GOLDMAN:

Right...instead of just talking about one or two competitors--talk about everybody in your podcast. That's what I wanted.

ANGER:

But that's not what you said. You said: Talk about every competitor in a podcast. And that's what he did. He did *A* podcast *FOR* each and every competitor in this match.

[South Park blink.]

GOLDMAN:

Jesus. That's either sublimely brilliant or obviously stupid.

ANGER:

We agree on something.

[Both men contemplate this unlikely moment of agreement. Jonas Anger takes a deep breath. He knows that he could sit here and be belligerent. He could stall and avoid accepting the premise of Elijah Goldman's point. Or, he could just get it over with...]

ANGER:

I've had nothing to do with anything that he's done all week. So, if you've brought me in here to chastise me for things going all pear-shaped--that's not my doing. But you should know that I'm not happy about it either.

GOLDMAN:

You've lost control of your monster, Dr. Frankenstein?

[Jonas doesn't take the bait.]

ANGER:

I put a lot of work into building a brand. In one week, he's turned himself into just another guy...

[That's disgust you hear in the voice of Jonas Anger.]

GOLDMAN:

So, what are you going to do about it?

ANGER:

Well, that all depends.

GOLDMAN:

On what?

ANGER:

On how he does tonight.

GOLDMAN:

He's going to die tonight.

ANGER:

Maybe. Maybe not.

GOLDMAN:

He's one man against the whole world, Jonas.

ANGER:

Yeah. Well, I trained him to take on the world. One by one, he was going to eliminate everyone in his way. That was always the plan. Tonight, he's just decided to do it all at once. Are you absolutely sure he can't manage it?

GOLDMAN:

So, ok...let's say he does just that. Let's say he wins. What then?

ANGER:

If Niklas Kiri wins tonight's Battle Royal...then, it won't matter what he's said... Winning solves everything.

GOLDMAN:

You think a win erases that target on his back?

[Jonas laughs.]

ANGER:

No, of course not...but what it means is, he doesn't have to care. I mean, whatever he's said, whatever he's doing...if he wins tonight's Battle Royal, then he's making it work. He's walking the walk.

GOLDMAN:

OK, but--

ANGER:

It doesn't matter how many checks he's writing if he can cash them.

GOLDMAN:

I get it--

ANGER:

Everybody wants to stop Godzilla...but who stops Godzilla? Nobody.

GOLDMAN:

ALL RIGHT!!!

[After stopping the barrage of analogies, E-Gold takes a second to process what Jonas has just told him.]

GOLDMAN:

So...if he wins tonight...you're just going to leave him be...on his own?

ANGER:

Far be it from me to get in his way...and woe be to anyone else who tries.

GOLDMAN:

And if he loses? What will you do then?

ANGER:

If he loses...well, either he's dead and I go hunting for a brand new monster...or he survives. And, if he survives...then he's mine. And I will undo all of the damage that he's done this week to everything that I've done for him leading up to this week. If he loses...I will turn him around. I will re-direct him. I will repackage him. I'll find him a friend. Everything will change.

GOLDMAN:

So...a lot is riding on this match, then?

ANGER:

For him...everything. For me...ehhhhh. Give me some clay and I'll make a new monster overnight. He's not my only client. He's just an investment...and sometimes, investments go sour.

GOLDMAN:

Yeah. Don't I know it.

[Another unlikely moment of connection between these two men.]

GOLDMAN:

So, what's your part to play in all of this?

ANGER:

What do you mean?

GOLDMAN:

Are you going to join in the festivities tonight? Be there at ringside...guide him through the minefield he's walking into? Provide the distraction that he might need to survive?

ANGER:

No.

[E-Gold seems surprised by Anger's blunt reply.]

GOLDMAN:

You're just going to watch from backstage?

ANGER:

Mr. Goldman, as soon as we're done with our friendly little conversation, and I think we are, I will be on my way. I've got a lovely hotel room waiting for me and a morning flight to catch...

[Jonas uses his walking stick to push himself out of the comfy chair.]

GOLDMAN:

You're not even sticking around to see what happens in the Battle Royal?

[Jonas Anger, already on his feet and on his way out the door, stops. He doesn't look back over his shoulder, back towards E-Gold. Instead, he stares directly into the camera. Directly at anyone who might be watching.]

ANGER:

No. Tonight...Niklas Kiri is all on his own.

Alceo Dentari vs Sam Turner, Jr. vs Yoshikazu YAZ

'Triple Threat' action next as A Country Boy Can Survive by Hank Williams Jr. hit the PA and Sam Turner Jr. made his way down to the ring. Sam slapped hands with a few fans before climbing into the ring where he awaited the arrival of his opponents.

He didn't have to wait long though, Ozzy Osbourne's Walk On Water hit the PA and Yoshikazu YAZ made his way out to the top of the stage with Lisa Loeh in tow. YAZ waited at the top of the ramp as his music faded to be replaced by Dean Martin's Ain't That A Kick In The Head, which signified the arrival of one, Alceo Dentari.

Dentari emerged from the curtain and took his place to the side of YAZ. He stared down the ramp at Turner Jr. before turning to his running buddy, but YAZ was nowhere to be found. He'd dropped his entrance robe and started sprinting down to the ring, leaving Dentari and Loeh to share a bewildered look.

YAZ slid into the ring, rose to his feet and charged at Turner. Sam ducked a clothesline attempt and YAZ carried on running into the ropes. He rebounded and came back into a wall of man as Turner stood his ground and clapped his hands around YAZ's head. Yoshikazu dropped to the mat as Alceo slid into the ring, rose to his feet, and hit Sam Turner Jr. from behind with a forearm across the upper back.

Turner spun around on the spot and caught a second shot from Dentari before planting a big headbutt deep into Alceo's neck, knocking the little man down. From there the numbers game really started to get the better of Sam as YAZ got back to his feet and planted a jumping roundhouse kick into the side of his head. Sam stumbled forwards and Alceo grabbed onto his ankles as YAZ hit the ropes one more time and came back with a running knee to Sam's shoulders which took the big man down to the mat.

Dentari managed to avoid being crushed by the 250lb country boy and got back to his feet to join YAZ in landing stomp after stomp into any part of Turner they could reach. Sam tried to pull his frame to the ropes, but Dentari dropped to his knees at Sam's side and rained down right and left fists into his shoulderblades.

YAZ relented in his stomps and yelled a little bit of abuse at Turner Jr. as Dentari's fists connected with the broad shoulders of the country boy. As one may expect, Dentari looked up at his 'opponent' and furrowed his brow in confusion. Turner tried to claw his way to the ropes again but was cut off by another stomp from YAZ who then turned to the crowd and raised his hands triumphantly.

Dentari got back to his feet and kept starting at the back of YAZ's head, puzzled over his actions. Alceo shook his head slightly and returned his attention to Sam Turner Jr. Dentari leaned down and grabbed Turner by the head in an attempt to heave him up to his feet, but Sam fought back and threw a giant ham hock of a right hand deep into Dentari's breadbasket. Alceo doubled over before being knocked down to the mat by an uppercut from Sam.

Sam rose to his feet and turned to YAZ, who had only just finished posing for the crowd, and charged in. A clothesline from Sam took YAZ over the top rope and out to the floor, which allowed Turner to focus solely on the smaller of his two opponents.

Dentari rolled over onto his front, but was pulled up to his feet by Sam with one hand as he grabbed onto the waistline of his pants and yanked him up. Dentari threw a wild elbow that connected with Sam's breast, but the country boy

ignored it and caught Alceo's arm. Sam spun Alceo around and whipped him hard to the corner of the ring. Alceo crashed into the turnbuckles and bounced right back out, he stumbled forwards into a big flapjack.

YAZ meanwhile climbed up onto the apron, and then to the top rope, where he perched awaiting Sam Turner Jr. to face him. Sam did just as YAZ was hoping and spun around to see Yoshikazu sail off the top rope with a crossbody. Sam reached up and caught YAZ before turning and slamming him with a powerslam reversal!

Sam stuck the landing and got the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

YAZ kicked out at the same time as Alceo threw himself in to break up the cover.

Alceo scrambled to his feet quicker than Turner could manage and fired a hard kick, similar to those one may see on the soccer field, at Sam's chest. Dentari grabbed Turner in a front face lock and shouted at YAZ to help him. YAZ rolled out from beneath the hold rolled to the apron to gather his bearings.

Alceo, still waiting for the assistance turned his attention to YAZ momentarily, but that was all Turner Jr. needed to heave himself to his feet and lift Alceo up with him. Sam pushed Alceo away and threw him several feet into the air. Alceo came crashing back down to the mat close by YAZ's position on the apron.

Alceo clutched at his chest before lashing out at YAZ and slapping him on the arm. A furious Dentari shrugged and gestured in STJ's direction, which was only met by YAZ averting his gaze and dropping to the floor. Alceo shouted after his supposed opponent but YAZ waved him off, which drew the ire of Dentari. Alceo was about to drop from the apron and go after YAZ, but Sam Turner Jr. made sure to remind him that he was in the match as well as he grabbed Dentari by the collar and brought a hard forearm down across Dentari's chest.

Sam spun Dentari around, placed his hands under Alceo's armpits and brought him back into the ring with a throw. Alceo tried to retreat on his hands and knees to the other side of the ring, but Sam dropped an elbow down across the small of his back. Alceo reached out for the ropes again and got another elbow dropped down across his spine. Sam rolled Alceo over onto his back and covered him.

ONE!

TWO!

YAZ slid into the ring and dropped an axehandle across Turner's shoulders, breaking up the pin.

YAZ grabbed Turner by the back of his overalls and pulled him up to his feet. Sam turned around into a backhand chop to the chest, followed by another, and then another. Soon enough YAZ had chopped STJ back into the corner of the ring and continued chopping away, lighting up Sam's chest in the process. YAZ threw a straight kick to the midsection of STJ and raised a knee into his chin as he folded over. Sam fell back into the corner of the ring on his ass as YAZ hit the ropes and came back with a face wash boot.

YAZ laughed out loud at some of the fans in the front row, who were booing him loudly, before grabbing Turner by the

foot and dragging him just far enough from the ropes where he could go for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Turner kicked out convincingly.

YAZ wasted no time in getting back on the offensive and grabbed Turner's arm to lock in an armbar. Sam didn't want to stay in the hold for too long though, and tried to roll to his side to alleviate the pressure. Slowly but surely Sam managed to roll over, but YAZ wouldn't release the hold. Sam forced his way up to his knees, and then to his feet, all the while YAZ pulled at the arm.

Finally Sam broke the hold as, with one massive feat of strength, he lifted YAZ and dropped him right back down onto his neck and shoulderblades in a powerbomb. YAZ's grip loosened and Sam got the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Alceo Dentari threw himself into the pin to break it up!

Dentari put all of his weight behind a push that removed Turner from YAZ's chest and tried to bring his running buddy/opponent around by slapping him in the face gently. YAZ wasn't coming to though, and Alceo had no choice but to turn his attention back to STJ.

Turner Jr. had gotten back to his feet and charged at Alceo with a clothesline, Dentari ducked and went behind on Sam, dropped to his knees and lifted a desperate forearm up between his legs. Sam's eyes crossed and he dropped to his knees as Dentari hit the ropes and came back with a bulldog that drove Sam's face into the mat.

Alceo got back to his feet and received a talking to from the referee, which was about all he could do as Dentari's low blow was as legal as a headlock in a triple threat match. Alceo pushed his way past the ref and pulled Sam's face from the canvas. Alceo hooked a couple of fingers into Sam's nostrils and pulled back on his head. Sam Turner Jr. squealed like a stuck pig as he clawed at Alceo's hands and kicked at the mat with his feet until Dentari finally released the 'hold'.

Again Alceo got a talking to from the referee and again Alceo ignored him. Dentari grabbed Sam by the hair and pulled him up to his feet, raked his eyes and pushed him back into the corner of the ring. Dentari threw wild right hands in, connecting with Sam's head and jaw, and continued to throw punches even when Sam slumped in the corner.

Yoshizaku YAZ reappeared at that point and tapped Alceo on the shoulder. He held onto his own shoulder but gestured for Alceo to do something with Sam Turner Jr. Dentari, not used to taking directions from YAZ, shook his head and laid a stomp into Turner's forehead. YAZ grabbed Alceo by the shoulder and spun him round.

YAZ and Dentari stood staring each other in the eyes for a moment without saying a word. YAZ pointed at Dentari and said something that not even the lip readers could pick up, but it led to Dentari grabbing Turner by the underarms and heaving his frame up to a vertical base, albeit reluctantly.

YAZ motioned for Dentari to take him further into the ring, which Alceo obliged. Once he had Turner in position, Alceo hooked his arms behind his back and faced him towards YAZ.

YAZ leapt into the air and threw out a crescent kick!

But Turner moved out of the way, leaving Dentari in the firing line of YAZ's kick!

Dentari collapsed to the floor as YAZ looked on stunned, and Sam saw his opportunity. He grabbed YAZ by the back of the neck and pushed him to the ropes, sending YAZ sailing over the top to the arena floor. Sam turned and threw himself on top of Alceo. He hooked the leg for good measure!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

Winner: Sam Turner, Jr [+10]

Commentary Interlude

Angus:

I'm telling you. There's something weird going on with Yoshikazu YAZ.

Jeff:

I don't know what you're talking about.

Angus:

I think you do.

Jeff:

I don't give a shit what you think.

Angus:

Where was the Shotel?

Jeff:

I plead the 5th.

Angus:

The mist?

Jeff:

One-two-three-four-FIFTH!

Angus:

And what about all that trashtalk? I thought he was some kind of a mute?

Jeff: [singing]

OF AAAAAALL THE AMENMENTS OUT THERE TO CHOOOOSE FROOOOOM-I PLEAD THE FIFTH.

Angus:

Pfft. Whatevz.

Jeff:

You ready to move on to the Battle Royal?

Angus:

Fine.

[Cut.]

One Man Against the World

[Filling up most of the hallway that connects the locker room area to the back of the entrance area is Niklas Kiri, who is walking briskly towards the staging area. Kiri is dressed entirely in black tonight--and the camera pans up to show his black boots, his black shorts and a black t-shirt with purple lettering on it.]

KIRI:

Is that camera on?

[The camera lingers on the words found on that t-shirt. Those letters, spread across the massiveness that is Niklas Kiri's midsection, are easily read: "**Trust Nobody. Kill Everybody. Evolution**"]

KIRI:

In a Battle Royal, everyone fights everyone else...and the winner is the last man standing.

[The camera pans up to see that Niklas Kiri is wild-eyed and totally amped up.]

KIRI:

Tonight will be different. Tonight, in THIS Battle Royal...EVERYONE fights ME. And the winner will be the last MONSTER standing...more accurately, the ONLY monster....

[Kiri's face erupts into a crazed grin.]

KIRI:

Me.

[The big man rubs his padded gloved hands together, eagerly.]

KIRI:

War is hell...and hell is hot...and I am bringing the heat...because I plan on roasting marshmallows on the charred embers of so many proud careers. I plan taking on all comers and taking out all those who take me on. I plan on emerging victorious from the flames of hell that will be this Battle Royal.

[Niklas Kiri puffs out his chest with pride and smiles with self-satisfied delight.]

KIRI:

One man aga--no.

[Kiri catches himself. This would not be the time to make a mistake.]

KIRI:

One MONSTER against the world.. The world will simply have to lose.

[The idea makes the big man laugh...and the big man laughing shakes the entire hallway.]

KIRI:

If war is hell...then let's have a war!

[The camera stays behind as the man, the monster, that is Niklas Kiri enters the darkness of the backstage area.]

Mike Sloan talks Battle Royal

[This segment has been previously taped.]

[Time: Mid-day of the Evolution show.]

[Artist: Mike Sloan]

[Mike steps out of the Navy Blue F-150, only to reach over and pull out a black cowboy hat. He places it on his head steps to the rear of the truck and pulls out his bag of gear.]

[With the bag over his shoulder he begins to walk into the arena only to be molested by a camera.]

Sloan:

So, this is where I'm supposed to tell ya'll that I've decided that I might have a chance in the battle royal tonight. Well...

[He smiles into the camera and tips his cowboy hat up just a bit.]

Sloan:

Did ya'll really think that I'd walk into this match with a plan to lose? Lookie here, I started this career with nothing except the clothes on my back and with only one dream. That dream has been fulfilled with every step I've made. And tonight I have another chance to add to my dream.

[Even his eyes smile while he talks.]

Sloan:

I've done the math... All I have to do is win this match and eliminate one person, and then I will be tied with the point's leader, a man I've already defeated, Alecio Dentari.

[He pulls his hat back down so now the shadow of the brim covers his eyes.]

Sloan:

That old cliché of a line has already been said... It means nothing if it doesn't happen in Defiance. Well, my retort would be it doesn't matter until it happens to me. And by the end of this Defiance Season I will be the Defiance Champion.

[He brushes past the camera and it films until he is checked in by the security guard at the entrance.]

Battle Royal

Jeff:

And now it's time to get to the main reason we're here tonight!

Angus: BATTLE ROYAL TIME SUCKERS! **Jeff:**

There's been a lot of speculation, and even more talk, but now it's time to find out who EVOLUTION is sending as it's last man in the upcoming WARGAMES match! **Angus:**

That, and we're gonna see some body parts flying! **Jeff:** And we ain't gonna bother with showing you ten entrances, either, because that's just a gross waste of television time and production value. [All ten wrestlers are inside of the ring. Tension is high as Niklas Kiri stands in one corner by himself, Heidi Christenson bounces from one foot to the other in her own corner, and everyone else mills around on the opposite side of the ring from them.] [The bell rings.] [Chaos isn't the word for what happens next.] **Angus:** I don't think we have enough monitors to accurately call this action. **Jeff:** Curtis Penn explodes on the World's Longest Tag Team! Mike Sloan is there to lend a hand!

Christopher Barton is all over Lone Wolf! Jimmy Kort and Heidi are having a war of words! [Body parts go in a lot of directions before Niklas Kiri decides to get involved physically and find someone to go to war with. The first person he comes into contact with is Beef Jackson.] **Angus:** Say goodbye to the rookie. [Kort gets pulled into the fight between Sloan and Penn and the WLTT, and while Heidi has yet to become physically involved she has kept a keen eye on everything. In the meanwhile Chris Barton has easily gotten the upper-hand over Lone Wolf and Niklas Kiri has trapped Beef Jackson in the corner and began mashing his face into potatoes with a series of punches and forearm

uppercuts that make even the most seasoned of fighters cringe.] **Jeff:** Jesus Hindu-squatting Christ, he's turning Beef Jackson into meat with those Kiri-Hammers. **Angus:** There's a joke in that that's no longer funny because you missed it. **Jeff:** And on the other side of the ring look at Barton! He's got Lone Wolf on the ropes, LITERALLY! We might get a couple of quick and early eliminations if this keeps up! [Kiri hammers away at Beef Jackson, ending the flurry with a short clothesline that cracks Beef's clavicle as well as sends him spilling over the ropes like a fat sack of

guts to the floor.] **Beef Jackson eliminated by Niklas Kiri [+3]** [Kiri lets loose a guttural growl that brings everyone's attention to him and his lightning-quick elimination. Kiri, in full-on Beast Mode and oblivious to it all, turns himself around right into a quick Ace Crusher from the veteran Mike Sloan, who'd been watching for just such an opening even as he was watching his partner's back against Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon.] **Angus:** Well, Beef Jackson is gone, mercifully, and for his efforts Niklas Kiri just ate the biggest ace crusher I've ever seen! [All at once the pack mentality sets in. With the biggest man down on the mat, the kicks start flying as Sloan, Penn, Kort, Whealdon, Mahogany, and Barton get the idea all at the same time to put as much hurt on Kiri as possible while his vertical base is non-existent.] **Jeff:** Damn. I ain't seen a kicking like this outside of a bar in I don't know how long... **Angus:** Yeah, well, what in the hell is that girlfriend of yours doing? She's barely touched anyone at all since the bell rang! She just stalks around like some kind of ninja tiger... [...before he could say another word, Angus figured out what she was doing.] **Jeff:** ROUNDHOUSE KICK! [Lone Wolf, who'd been recovering from Barton's early attack and watching the festivities from afar found Heidi's foot planted square across his jaw, and his body floundering over the rope that he was just leaning on and landing hard on the floor outside of the ring.] **Lone Wolf eliminated by Heidi Christenson [+3]** [A satisfied grin spreads over Heidi's face as she turns her attention back to the rest of the group.] **Jeff:** Any questions? **Angus:** I take it Jimmy Kort's plan of getting everyone to team up against her never happened? **Jeff:** Obvs. **Angus:** Apparently he decided that Kiri was the bigger threat. [Meanwhile, everyone else has decided that they'd shit-kicked Kiri long enough and gone about the task of lifting his massive frame up and over the top rope. Let's just say it's easier said than done, as just as they're starting to make some progress Kiri comes around and starts flailing for the ropes for dear life and trying to make himself as heavy as possible.] **Jeff:** Yeah, well, maybe he is, I guess we'll just have to wait and see. In the meantime, we've got six guys trying to get Kiri out of this thing and Heidi, who has so far expended little to no energy in this thing, watches and waits. **Angus:** Don't any of those idiots realize that nobody gets any points if they all work together on this elimination? THIS CLOSE TO THE PLAYOFFS and every point counts! **Jeff:** Maybe, but there's always the fact that if they don't team up to get rid of him, they might not get the job done and then all the points will go to Kiri when he manbearpig-eliminates them all one by one! **Angus:** Pfft. Semantics. [Heidi, bored of all of this, steps into the fray. Instead of helping lift Kiri over the ropes, she pulls someone out of the scrum to inflict some pain onto.] **Jeff:** Uh-oh, this is NOT going to end well...

Angus: She's got PETE WHEALDON! [The Suite Dolphin completely forgets everything going on around him and goes directly into gigolo mode. Heidi is having none of it.] **Jeff:** Dropkick to the knee! Pete is down on the mat on his knees and- **Angus:** DROP DOWN DDT! [She floats over easily and grabs Whealdon by the foot and contorts it in the most painful way she can think of. This brings Pete's partner in crime, Rich Mahogany, out of the fray with Kiri and over to his partners aid.] **Jeff:** And now look, the group mentality is breaking down! Fists are flying! Kiri is on the mat

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trying to recover from a gang beating! [Mahogany pulls Heidi off of Whealdon and sends her tumbling across the ring. Just as he gets any traction and tries to help his partner to his feet Jimmy Kort turns and senses opportunity and grabs The Ladies Man and hangs him out to dry on the top rope with a release front suplex landing gut-first on the ring-cable.] **Angus:** HOLY GOD! He ruptured his guts! This is the end for Mahogany! [But Kort hesitates, sees Curtis Penn coming out of the fracas with Kiri, and holds Mahogany propped up for Penn to do with as he pleases.] **Jeff:** What in Christ's name is Kort doing? **Angus:** I really think he's trying to forge alliances here in the Evolution League, and he knows that Penn's got issues with the WLTT, specifically Whealdon, but figured maybe if he can throw Penn a bone with Mahogany it'll earn him a modicum of trust, or something or another. For all I know he's setting Penn up! **Jeff:** Yeah, just ask Justin Brooks! BAZINGA! **Angus:** Not that funny, dude. [Penn, never one to look a gift horse in the mouth, unleashes a spinning backfist right across the side of the face of the teetering Rich Mahogany, sending a mouthful of spit-blood flying one direction, and his body spinning down and bouncing off the edge of the apron and to the floor.] **Rich Mahogany is eliminated by Curtis Penn [+3]** **Jeff:** And the Ladies Man is gone! [Kort calls for a high-five but gets blindsided by Christopher Barton who'd been biding his time since the end of the Alliance to Eliminate Niklas Kiri a moment ago. Rather than return the favor to The Sheriff, Curtis Penn turns his attention on his real target, Pete Whealdon.] **Angus:** It's really broken down here, it's to the point where I can barely follow any of the action because something else happens and then something else and I think my head is going to explode! [Mike Sloan renews the attack on Kiri, knowing that if the bigger man makes it back to his feet that everyone in the ring is in trouble. Kort is taking a walloping from Barton in the corner, almost as if Barton has a point to prove about ring-rust or something because he really lays into The Sheriff. In the opposite corner Penn and Whealdon are trading knife-edge chops that have the crowd cringing along with them.] **Jeff:** Here we go! Barton's trying to get rid of Kort! **Angus:** NO! KORT SPUN IT AROUND! **Jeff:** Wait a second, here comes Heidi to take Kort's head off with a kick! [KER-SPLAT~!] **Angus:** THE SHERIFF DUCKED! BARTON ATE THE ROUNDHOUSE! **Christopher Barton is eliminated by Heidi Christenson [+3 (6)]** [Meanwhile Mike Sloan is in a zone he hasn't been in for ten years, kicking and stomping and dropping knees across the throat of Kiri, even going so far as draping Kiri's head over the bottom rope and using the middle rope and his body weight to add extra force into pressing the giant's throat down over the rope.] **Jeff:** Sloan is showing some of the dominating nature that got him into this business in the first place. A guy like Eric Dane doesn't train you and bring you up if you can't take control and handle some business inside the ri- **Angus:** HA! Kiri with a desperation thumb to the eye of the Dark Horse! [Sloan twists away, clawing at his eyes as Kiri finally gets some traction in his quest to make it back to his feet.] **Jeff:** On the other side of the ring Penn and Whealdon have been going at it, now Penn tries for the Irish Whip but Whealdon holds on to the ropes for dear life! **Angus:** Nevermind all of that, Niklas Kiri is up! And he's BLEEDING! [Kiri shakes the cobwebs away and wipes the blood from the gash in his forehead away as best as he can. When he finally gets his wits about him eye finds himself locking eyes with Heidi Christenson from across the ring.] **Jeff:** You know if these two go at it, Worlds will come to an end. **Angus:** Are you being serious? [It doesn't matter though, as the Corporate Suite Executive Dolphin out of nowhere comes in and tackles Kiri into the turnbuckles. Apparently he's managed a way out of fighting with Penn and decided to take another shot at the big guy. Meanwhile Heidi finally locked eyes with Jimmy Kort and the two of them tied up in the far corner.] **Jeff:** Doesn't matter now, Whealdon and Kiri trade punches in the corner and I think the only thing keeping Whealdon from being horribly out-manned is the fact that he took six people's best shots for five minutes! **Angus:** Doesn't matter, he's still landing the harder shots! [Mike Sloan, vision returned to him somewhat, joins in on the offensive against Kiri in the corner.] **Jeff:** And now Sloan and Whealdon working together? **Angus:** That won't last. [It doesn't. Just as soon as they realize who they're standing next to, both men come to a stop, turn their attentions to each-other, and commence to throwing haymakers back and forth until they've maneuvered themselves into the center of the ring.] **Jeff:** Here we go! **Angus:** Kill him Pete! [Sloan catches Whealdon in the breadbasket then hooks him up for a suplex. He lifts the smaller man up high and holds them, a display of strength that would backfire on him as Whealdon sent a knee down into the crown of Sloan's forehead to counter the hold.] **Jeff:** Whealdon's going to reverse him! [Until Curtis Penn re-enters the fight, blindsiding Whealdon with a double-axe handle smash to the back that breaks him off of Sloan.] **Angus:** NO FAIR! THIS IS TWO-AGAINST-ONE! **Jeff:** Uh, battle royal, bozo, no rules! And now Sloan and Penn light Whealdon's chest up with a couple of double-knife-edge chops to the chest... [THW-WACK! THW-WACK!] **Jeff:** ...before backing him up and sending him careening into the ropes! [Whealdon again catches hold of the top rope, holding on for dear life. Penn rushes in to try and send him over the ropes with a clothesline but Whealdon smartly drops to the mat, using all of his weight to pull the top rope down and let Curtis Penn go sprawling over.] **Angus:** HE'S GONE! PENN'S GONE! **Jeff:** Not so fast! He's got the ropes too! [Penn holds on for dear life, but Whealdon ain't having none of that as he bites the side of Penn's hand as hard as he possibly can, causing Penn to screech out in pain!] **Angus:** LET GO YOU FAGGOT! [Whealdon continues, gnawing at Penn's hand.] **Jeff:** That's disgusting! [Finally Penn can stand it no longer and he lets go of the top rope

and crashes down onto the floor, falling back into the guardrail and grabbing at his injured and now bleeding hand.] **Curtis Penn is eliminated by Pete Whealdon [+3]** **Angus:** Goodbye Curtis Penn! **Jeff:** And now look at Whealdon! He's got Penn's blood all over his face and he's licking his lips and washing it all over his face! This dude is gross! [Whealdon is proud of himself. It doesn't last. Sloan isn't happy about his proteges untimely and unsightly exodus from the match and he wheels Whealdon he begins rocking Whealdon with overhand bionic elbows square between the eyes of the Corporate Dolphin.] **Angus:** This ain't lookin' good for Pete Whealdon... **Jeff:** I'll say this much, Mike Sloan is making a statement tonight! [In a last ditch effort Pete points over Sloan's shoulder at nothing and shouts "WATCH OUT!" Sloan falls for it, more because of the nature of the battle royal than Whealdon's trustworthiness, and just as he looks away Whealdon manages a desperation kick to Sloan's junk.] **Angus:** AHA! [Sloan doesn't sell it, rather he picks up Whealdon bodily and launches him up and over the top rope and to the floor while the adrenaline still pumps.] **Pete Whealdon is eliminated by Mike Sloan [+3]** **Jeff:** And we're down to the FINAL FOUR! We're IN THE POINTS! **Angus:** And Mike Sloan just no-sold a straight kick to the balls! [No, he didn't.] **Jeff:** Nope, looks like Sloan's got some balls after all. [The Dark Horse's knees go weak, and he looks like he's about to crumple when Niklas Kiri comes back into the equation strong, wrapping Sloan up and sending him up and over his head with a serious Tiger Suplex '85 that folds Sloan up like a dirty paper towel.] **Angus:** Good LAWRD! [Kiri pulls Sloan to his feet again, locks him up from behind, and throws him over with gigantic release German suplex, folding Sloan up again.] **Jeff:** AND AGAIN! [Kiri keeps on the attack, pulling Sloan up again and locking him into a Bear Hug in the center of the ring. Kiri, wild-eyed and bleeding, is roaring right in Sloan's face as he attempts to squeeze the life out of the former World Champion.] **Angus:** Look at Jimmy Kort! [Kort, who'd been trying to work over the Submission Queen for several minutes, managed to get the advantage and take her down with the Moonshine Spinning DDT, but the maneuver drove Heidi into Kiri's legs and caused the big man to have to release his grip on Sloan in order to keep his legs pointing the correct direction.] **Jeff:** You know Jimmy Kort has been on the cusp for a long time, maybe we're seeing the beginning of a major run here for The Sheriff! [Kort gets himself off the mat before anyone else and stomps Kiri in the head one time for good measure before coming face to face with the man he'd just inadvertently helped, Mike Sloan.] **Angus:** Yeah, right, look, he's already hiding behind Sloan to keep your girlfriend from killing him! **Jeff:** It's good tactics, she'll break him in half. [Heidi continues to try to get at Kort as Sloan tries to get out of her way, the three of them do an odd dance in the center of the ring until the again recovered Niklas Kiri erupts into the fray and catches Mike Sloan by surprise.] **Angus:** Here we go! **Jeff:** Kiri has Sloan up on the ropes! [Sloan, being the wily veteran that he is, manages to hang onto the ropes much to the dismay of the bullying Niklas Kiri.] **Angus:** Sloan is meat! **Jeff:** Are you sure? [The Dark Horse manages to fight himself down off of the ropes into a standing position on the apron. He's not out of the frying pan just yet, but at least he's out of the fire!] **Angus:** COME ON KEE-REE! CRUSH THIS USED-TO-BE PUNK! [Kiri roars.] **Jeff:** MODIFIED KIRI-TINE! [Sloan's throat violently meets the top-rope. The Dark Horse convulses his way down onto the floor before rolling into the guardrail.] **Mike Sloan [+5 (8)] is eliminated by Niklas Kiri [+3 (6)]** **Angus:** Hey look, Mike Sloan is eliminated! HOODAGUESTIT? [KEEE-RACK!] **Jeff:** WHOA! Heidi just unloaded a Roundhouse Kick to the side of Jimmy Kort's head that snapped him down so hard I think he may need medical attention! [On instinct, Kort rolled underneath the bottom rope and safely out to the floor.] **Angus:** Deezam! You know Heidi's been prancing around like a chickenshit all night long, but I will say that the shots she's picked have no doubt resonated through this Battle Royal! **Jeff:** You can say that again... [Kiri was smiling, elated at his elimination of Mike Sloan, when he turned around and saw that there was no one left to face him except for...] **Angus:** IT'S HEIDI VERSUS KIRI! **Jeff:** He'd better keep it legal is all I've got to say... [Kiri looms over Heidi, fists clenched at his side as he glowered down at her. Heidi brought her hands up, legs loose, ready to fire some fire from her feet.] **Angus:** ...Well? Get in there, Nickle-Tits! [Kiri stands immobile, staring at the woman.] [Heidi grins without humor, one hand waving him on in. Get you some, boy. Let's see whatchu got.] [Kiri... shook his head.] **Jeff:** Oh, good god. Don't do this. **Angus:** What, refuse to hit a chick? **Jeff:** Refuse to hit Heidi. [Heidi's grin melts into an angry grimace, her eyebrows knitting together. She fucking hated it when men did the whole "derp derp chivalry" thing and wouldn't wrestle her out of some outdated ego trip. Motherfuck murder death kill destroy and other words that would be used in Heidi's inner monologue.] [Kiri crosses his arms firmly over his chest, watching the woman's torturous facial struggle, halfway between absolute fury and total embarrassment.] **Jeff:** Angus, you may want to be ready to move. **Angus:** Really? **Jeff:** Bits may come flying this way. **Angus:** Meaty bits? **Jeff:** Oh yes. [Heidi couldn't really reach as high as Kiri's face with a good leveraged punch. She could easily reach his face with a kick. She preferred kicks, anyway.] [Kiri doesn't move, and Heidi snaps a flying roundhouse kick into the side of Kiri's head. Kiri's head snapped to the right, and his eyes squeezed shut... But after a moment, the Minnesota Wild looked back down at Heidi, and shook his head.] [Heidi brings a hand up, adjusts her jaw slightly, and steps back, watching Kiri carefully.] [Kiri stares impassively at Heidi, looking around a little at the rest of the arena, the ringside area. Really? No other men to fight him?] **Jeff:** Hey, yeah,

we're gonna need some EMTs out here in a minute. [Heidi gets the aim, steps up... Kicks Kiri in the face again!]

KRATHROOM [Kiri stumbles back a step or two, legs scrambling under him as he tries like hell not to let the kick overwhuuul... Kiri shakes his head, eyes rolling in his skull. He won't let a girl's kick overwhelm him.] **Angus:** I'd say that's probably a concussion. **Jeff:** Yep. **Angus:** Are we gonna get fined for that? **Jeff:** Maybe. [Kiri straightens, rubbing a hand up and down the side of his head. He looked to Heidi, an eyebrow arched in a bit of curious approval. At least it was a good kick, for a gir-] [Heidi had been having a twitch for a moment, then locked her legs in position, shuffling them once to get the perfect pounce-point. That leg movement had almost come with a shotgun cocking noise. Then, she leapt forward, an Ultra God-Damned Kick From Hell (You can come up with a Japanese name if you want, it was the kind of thing that defied a simple categorization and deserved expletives) that Kiri never saw coming.] [Kiri goes flat out, an explosion of blood spattering from his mouth. It spatters the ring, Kiri's face, his shirt... The Minnesota Wild was DOWN, ladies and gentlemen. He went DOWN to Heidi's Big Kick.] **Jeff:** I'm buyin' first round of Heidi's celebration drinks. **Angus:** Well, that just jinxed i- **Jeff:** Shoosh, puppy. No barking in the house. **Angus:** Fuck you, Andrews. [Niklas Kiri was UP, ladies and gentlemen. He comes back to his feet, giving a few shakes of the head once he realized that he needs to hold his jaw in place. The impact spot under Heidi's foot seems to have become ever-so-slightly unattached.] [Heidi was seething with fury, by this point. Nobody got back up.] [Nobody. Got. Back. Up.] **Angus:** ...Holy shit. Andrews: WHAT THE FUCK HOW DID KIRI GET BACK UP AFTER THAT? **Angus:** Victory dri- Andrews: SHUT THE FUCK UP, ANGUS! YOU'RE A TOAD OF A MAN! **Angus:** (mumbles) [Kiri grabs onto the top rope with an arm wrapped 'round, and deftly flipped over the top rope and out of the ring. He would not fight this battle. Not against a woman.] [Kiri lands with both feet on the ring floor.] **Niklas Kiri eliminates Himself [+7 (13)]** [Kiri slowly begins to walk up the entrance ramp, facing back towards the ring. Both eyes on Heidi. If he had more eyes, they'd be on her too.] **Jeff:** I'ma tell you this, Angus, Heidi has never dealt with it well when someone throws a match against her. In fact, I'm trying to remember the last time someone actually went through with it. But Kiri's- [Out of the way. Heidi screams down at him every expletive that she can come up with, but all it would do is get her in a bad position as Kiri backed up the ramp, apparently happy enough with his performance tonight.] **Angus:** NEVERMIND KIRI! IT'S DOWN TO THE LAST TWO! [Jimmy Kort slides back into the ring and lurches to his feet and dives at Heidi with a running forearm, delivering it straight into her head. But Kort didn't have the angle on it for a good follow through, and he lands face down on the mat. Heidi does, however, reel back and topple over the top rope...] **Jeff:** Oh, SHIT! **Angus:** She's not gone though! Look! [Heidi manages to catch hold of the top rope with one hand, and actually gets her feet tangled up in the banner on the ring apron. Kort tries to get himself back together, but Heidi pulls herself back in under the bottom rope. Kort grabs her leg. Heidi counters by sprawling out, and then driving her knee into the side of Kort's head, a good half dozen times. By the time she's done, Kort's pretty much limp, and Heidi stands up, then kicks him, viciously, in the side of the head.] **Angus:** Alright, here's the question Jeff. I remember Heidi and Kort ended up wrestling each other, way back in Season 2. And that ended with Heidi trying to torture Kort, and Kort coming back and winning. **Jeff:** Not quite. Yes, Kort came back and won, but Heidi was playing around and showing off, and gave him plenty of chances. This time, she's out to hurt him. [Heidi demonstrates how good she is at hurting people by delivering another kick to the side of the head. Then she grabs Kort by the leg, drags him to the center of the ring, and wraps him up in a heel hook. Then she loudly announces to the ref that she could break his leg and it would be completely legal.] **Angus:** Is that true? **Jeff:** Y'know, I don't believe I've ever encountered someone trying to punish someone rather than eliminate them in a battle royal before. I've got confidence Benny Doyle will make the right call and that whoever's staff will back him up. I just don't know if he'll disqualify Heidi or award her the win via ref stoppage. [Jimmy Kort screams. He kicks frantically, and ninety of the spastic blows miss, or hit muscle, accomplishing nothing. History was changed in this world by one action, however. One of his kicks lands squarely on the cap of Heidi's right knee. She yelps and drops the hold. Pain based adrenaline surging through Kort, he hobbles to his feet and hits a quick snap jab that rocks her head back, then lays in with the knife edge chops, backing her thwack by thwack by thwack back into the ropes!] **Jeff:** Being light is a disadvantage in a battle royal. **Angus:** Yeah. Not actually wanting to win is too. I mean, I got no problem with Kort, I assume you agree with Heidi, but either way he could be in a bad spot here. [Heidi slides down to a seated position, then takes hold of Kort's leg, tumbles him back into the center of the ring, and rolls herself into a knee cross on Kort. With no other options, Kort begins scabbling his way to the ropes. Grabbing the bottom rope, and then the middle, he begins pulling himself to his feet. He gets upright enough that he can hang onto the rope and kick Heidi loose at least.] [Heidi lets go and rolls back. She raises her arms to raucous cheers and a few boos. It's like she's a 'tweener' or something. Holy shit.] [Jimmy Kort tests out his leg. He's limping. Heidi laughs and circles him, fake limping a couple times to mock him.] **Jeff:** She said she wanted to hurt people, to mess up EVO. **Angus:** Can you see her throwing the match? Seriously, like, messing up Kort's knee and then eliminating herself so that EVO has to take a cripple into War Games? [Kort can't take the circling. He lunges in to close the space. Heidi dodges and lands a

roundhouse kick to the spine. Holding Kort in place, chest against the turnbuckle, she delivers four close-range kicks right to the small of the back. Then grabs the leg, walks backwards holding onto it, and pulls him down on the mat, then rolls into a modified banana split!] [Kort flails his arms, trying to figure out a way to get hold of Heidi. He's not having much luck. But then he figures - if she can pull this, he can fight fire with fire. He grabs a handful of hair and pulls. With a noise between a scream and a snarl, Heidi lets go of the hold.] [Heidi's turning on him immediately, but Kort lays in a quick gutshot, then an elbow uppercut from one knee that sends her wheeling and stumbling away. Up, limping so that he can barely put any weight at all on his right knee, Kort grabs Heidi by the head and tries to force her over the ring ropes. Heidi retaliates with a few knees to the general kidney area.] [Kort clues in and catches the knee!] [The fans, who'd gotten quiet during Heidi's extended stalk and kick routine, get loud once again.] **Angus:** Can Kort get leverage to throw Heidi out of the ring with that grip? [Heidi wraps Kort into the best guillotine choke she can manage from that angle, which isn't a very good one. Kort pushes her into the corner, gets both hands under her jaw and presses her head back to break her grip. As soon as it breaks, he plants an elbow under her jaw, then hooks her head over his shoulder for an ace crusher.] [She's not weakened enough to be caught with it. Instead she wraps a chokehold, probably not a legal one, around his neck, and jumps on his back.] [Kort turns around and drops to his good knee, bouncing her head off the top rope. As soon as she turns back around, he's ready. Not with an ace crusher or a scissor kick or anything like that.] [With a regular old backhand slap.] [This, then, is when Heidi decides that it is time for Jimmy Kort to die.] [And Jimmy Kort just knew that he could sucker Heidi into losing her temper. He throws himself backwards while hanging onto her, and drags the top rope down as he falls.] [Heidi tumbles out over the top!] **Heidi Christenson [+10 (16)] eliminated by Jimmy Kort [+3 +15 (18)] Jeff:** Goddammit... [The bell tolled.] **Angus:** Lord almighty the good ol' boy dun did it again! [Kort throws his arms up in the air before dropping to his knees, battered, bruised and clearly exhausted. But Heidi was not hurt in body by her tumble over the top rope, and she's immediately back into the ring, grabbing a handful of Kort's hair and driving short, vicious Kawada kicks directly into his face!] [There are quite a few boos now.] [There are also audible chants of "You're gonna get your fuckin' head kicked in".] **Angus:** Good Lord man! Get control of your woman! **Jeff:** Don't look at me, I've been there before with her! Kort's on his own! [WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN! 'A Country Boy Can Survive' hits the PA and Sam Turner Jr. comes running down the ramp and slides into the ring.] **Angus:** NOT FOR LONG! [Sam introduces his big shoulder to Heidi, sending her quite literally airborne and plum across the ring! He holds his arms out to Heidi, asking her if she wants to come get any, and Heidi doesn't back down, but she doesn't go right at him either. She stays on one knee thinking about it... and STJ bull rushes her.] **Jeff:** Easy there big fella! [Heidi throws up her hands and drops off the ring apron, punches it to let off some steam and starts to make her way around the ring towards the ramp as Sam Turner Jr. turns to Kort and applauds him. STJ offers his hand to Kort and pulls him to his feet where he then raises his hand in victory.] **Angus:** Well ain't that cute. [MOAR ENTRANCE MUSIC! 'Ain't That A Kick In The Head' cuts in and Alceo Dentari makes his way out to the top of the ramp. Kort and Turner Jr. cease their celebrations for a moment to watch as Alceo stalks his way slowly down the ramp.] **Jeff:** Looks like this is where "Team Evolution" disrupts before it's even printed on a t-shirt! [Don't forget Heidi though, she's walking slowly up the ramp and locks eyes with Dentari. Alceo fires off a big, white, toothy grin at the former champion and says something to her, Heidi doesn't say a word back though. Instead she simply meets Alceo's stare and stands face to face, kind of, with him halfway up the ramp.] **Angus:** Oh shit! Heidi hasn't forgotten her last run in with Alceo! **Jeff:** Don't I know it! [That is, until Yoshikazu YAZ comes tearing down the ramp and pushes his way through the two of them. YAZ slides into the ring and makes a beeline for Jimmy Kort, pushing him when he gets there. Turner injects himself again between Kort and YAZ in an attempt to diffuse the situation, but YAZ isn't having any of it as he starts mouthing off at Kort.] [Dentari reluctantly tears himself away from his stare down with Heidi and runs to the ring as well, leaving Heidi to make her way out of the arena without further incident. The same couldn't be said for those in the ring though, as Dentari slides in, straightens up, and charges at STJ's back, shoving him hard in the shoulders.] **Angus:** That couldn't have been a good idea... [Sam hardly moves though and turns to face his attacker, he pulls back a fist but it's caught by Kort who talks Sam down from lashing out. Turner Jr. takes a step back and sure enough a four way stare down ensues as all of Evolution's WarGames participants jaw jack with each other while the show goes off the air.] **Jeff:** We're OUT OF TIME! SEE YOU AT HERITAGE OH EIGHT! [Black.] **Elimination Order:** 1. Beef Jackson 2. Lone Wolf 3. Rich Mahogany 4. Christopher Barton 5. Curtis Penn +3 6. Pete Whealdon +3 7. Mike Sloan +8 8. Niklas Kiri +13 9. Heidi Christenson +16 10. Jimmy Kort +18 [Trademark. Copyright. Don't torrent our shit!]