

## An Uninvited Guest

[Previously recorded.]

[About an hour prior to showtime.] [Elijah Goldman is "hard at work" in his office. It doesn't matter so much what he's doing. The fact that he's in his office instead of overseeing the frantic prepwork that goes on before airtime is evidence enough that whatever he's doing is probably important to absolutely no one not already named Elijah Goldman.] [Someone bangs on his door. Hard.] [Goldman jumps, and drops his pen on the floor.] **Goldman:** Dammit, WHAT?! [He's answered by Lisa Loeh's voice.] **Lisa:** Mr. Goldman it's something that needs your attention. **Goldman:** If it isn't Eric Dane or Jeff Andrews, it isn't. And since Dane's too busy with NFW to attend to Defiance and Andrews stepped down, it isn't. [Lisa's eyes roll so hard that you can practically hear them.] **Lisa:** It's Cito Conarri. [Goldman's eyes widen.] **Goldman:** What the HELL is he doing here?! [No one answers.] **Goldman:** This is EVOLUTION LEAGUE! MY SHOW! Cito Co... Soh... Whatever has no business being here! WHERE IS HE?! [Storming up from his desk, Goldman almost runs out the door and off down the hallway with Lisa trailing behind him.] [Sure enough, the commissioner of the Heritage League is standing there just like he owns the place, talking with a couple cameramen.] **Goldman:** GET OUT!!! [Conarri quietly says something to the cameramen, who go on about their business, then turns to look at Goldman.] **Conarri:** Absolutely not. **Goldman:** You seem to be confused. This is my show. I am in charge here. You have no right to be here. **Conarri:** I'm part of the Defiance administration, I have every right to be here. **Goldman:** You're lucky I don't go to Eric Dane and have you thrown out! [Conarri doesn't respond to the barb. He doesn't need to. The 54 year old ex-luchador is one of the most well-liked figures in wrestling, and it's entirely due to the concern and attention he shows towards the aspects of the business that men like Goldman wouldn't understand. Dane would laugh in Goldman's face were Goldman to make such a demand of him.] **Goldman:** Well, Dane's not here, and since Andrews can't control his temper, I'm the boss. Now read my lips - GET. OUT! **Conarri:** Lisa, I don't have time to explain this to your boss, so try and make sure he gets an understanding. He does not understand wrestling. His run without oversight in Defiance 1.0 started with the show in Baltimore where the fans booed everything he tried to do and cheered everything he didn't like, and ended with a full scale riot that ended with tens of thousands of dollars worth of damage to the arena. I cannot overrule him about EVO and I don't intend to try, but I am entirely within my rights to come here and attempt to prevent catastrophe. [Goldman splutters in fury.] **Goldman:** Yeah?! Well... if you try to upstage me on my own show I'll make sure you regret it severely! [Again, Conarri doesn't see fit to respond, leaving Goldman no recourse but to stalk back to his office.] **Goldman:** Lisa, get me two Advil and pour me a glass of whiskey. [End.]

## DEFIANCE Wrestling continues in...

[OPENTO: The Defiance Commentation Station.]

[Y'all should know what Angus Skaaland and Jeff Andrews look like by now. And yes, despite stepping down as the Vice Baws of Defiance, Andrews is on point to provide his expert analytical skills and forced jokes about magnets for the adoring Evolution TV fans.]

**Angus Skaaland:**

Jeffman, have you ever noticed how every time the Baws starts not paying attention to Defiance, everything goes to hell?

**Jeff Andrews:**

D'you hear what I had to say about it? Cos when I was tearing into Cancer Jiles during the promotional footage time, I mentioned that.

**Angus:**

Sounded like treason to me.

**Jeff:**

You're a fucktard.

[Silence.]

**Jeff:**

So, hell of a card tonight. We got the World's Longest Tag Team taking on Alceo Dentari and the somehow not injured Yoshikazu YAZ in the main event. We've also got Christian Light hanging out in the stands. Say hi to the cameras, Christian!

[The camera pans through the crowd on the right side of the aisle. There, in the front row corner seat, sitting with an iPad in his hand, is Heritage Superstar "The Last Nighthawk" Christian Light. Dressed in a Pirates AJ Burnett jersey and blue jeans, he takes a cursory glance around while smiling and speaking to a rather large man sitting to his right.]

**Jeff:**

Lets see what else we've got. Debut of Beef Jackson taking on Lone Wolf. Sam Turner Junior vs Dragon Jones. Jonny Booya vs Jimmy Kort. And Mike Sloan vs Niklas Kiri. Notable by his absence is Dan Ryan, and he either got fired for powerbombing YAZ 27 times or he quit because he was busy or he threw his back out powerbombing YAZ 27 times and he's somehow on the injured list. Honestly, I don't know. Angus, you got anything?

**Angus:**

Absolutely not.

## **Lone Wolf vs Beef Jackson**

Both men come to the ring, they fight for awhile, they go out of the ring onto the arena floor, neither man makes it back in before being counted out.

## Evolution Commentary

**Angus:**

Well, that was terrible.

**Jeff:**

Those two need to get their shit together before we start putting together their Future Endeavors packages.

**Angus:**

You can say that again... Let's move on to something that matters now, shall we?

## After the Fire, the Fire Still Burns

[Surprisingly, we cut from the mayhem of this Evolution League show directly into what seems like a Public Service Announcement. This particular Public Service Announcement starts mournful music and the dramatic time lapse video that went viral recently.]

[This: <http://youtu.be/ZBA7eHY022k> ]

[And there's a very solemn, Public Service Announcement appropriate voice over, courtesy of Jonas Anger--the manager of Defiance wrestler Niklas Kiri.]

**Anger:**

The Waldo Canyon Fire.

[The time lapse video shows us the immense billowing of smoke during the day and the menacing roaring orange flames against the night sky.]

**Anger:**

Over 36,000 residents of Colorado Springs, Manitou Springs and Woodland Park have been evacuated. A major highway has been closed. Part of the United States Air Force Academy has had to close and its personnel moved out of harms way.

[In the video, it shows the flames coming over the top of the mountains to more directly threaten the city.]

**Anger:**

More than 346 homes have been destroyed by the fire.

[We see a dissolve from the video to some still images of the aftermath, courtesy of the Denver Post--entire neighborhoods, formerly filled with upscale family homes, have been turned into dust and rubble.]

**Anger:**

The Waldo Canyon Fire. The most destructive fire in Colorado. EVER.

[We cut from those still images to more current news images of the fire and the efforts to fight it.]

**Anger:**

And it is still burning. Still out of control.

[The screen goes black.]

**Anger:**

Colorado Springs. Our hearts are with you.

[There is a pause.]

**Anger:**

Actually, not just our hearts...

[We fade back in from black to see Jonas Anger, wearing his dusty cloak and floppy hat, leaning on his gnarled tree-branch walking stick, standing in the middle of the burnt out wreckage of one of those family homes we saw in still images earlier.]

**Anger:**

We've been here with you, too.

[The camera begins a slow circle around Jonas Anger, giving us a panoramic view of what the Waldo Canyon Fire has done. Jonas turns to continue to follow and face the camera as it slowly turns.]

**Anger:**

My name is Jonas Anger. I'm standing here in the devastated Mountain Shadows neighborhood. And it's been here, where lives have been uprooted.

[The camera's slow turn begins to show a significant amount of smoke pouring from an area just about to come into view.]

**Anger:**

So many have suffered.

[More and more smoke pours in from the side of the camera in the direction the camera is turning.]

**Anger:**

Just look around at all of this damage and destruction...

[And stepping through that smoke, the monstrous figure of Niklas Kiri--fully decked out in his Minnesota Wild gear--emerges. As he steps through the smoke, he stands directly and defiantly in front of the flames of a bonfire that's been built right in the middle of the wreckage of a burnt out home.]

**Anger:**

And speaking of damage and destruction...

[Niklas Kiri holds up a red gas can.]

**Anger:**

Ladies and gentlemen, here is Niklas Kiri.

[Niklas pops the spout stopper open on that gas can and splashes more gasoline on the fire.]

[The flames leap up.]

**Anger:**

Now, rest assured that we are gathered here for a very solemn occasion.

[Niklas Kiri puts the gas can down and steps out of sight from the camera's perspective.]

**Anger:**

We're here to pay our respects to a particular life that has been lost...

[Kiri returns to the frame and, single handedly, he's pulling a coffin towards the fire.]

**Anger:**

We're here to honor the memory of someone taken from us...tragically...too soon.

[Niklas Kiri pushes the coffin up to an upright position. We see that there is a name plate on the coffin.]

[The coffin has Mike Sloan's name on it.]

**Anger:**

We're here to...toast--

[Jonas stops whatever he was about to say before he breaks, Jimmy Fallon-style.]

[Kiri opens the coffin. Inside is not the corpse of Mike Sloan. Instead, the coffin is filled with the broken pieces of a stool.]

**Kiri:**

Mike Sloan...all you are is a stool.

[Mike Sloan, in the podcasts leading up to tonight's show, had tried to highlight the simple stool that he shot his promotional footage with...comparing it to the higher production values of the promotional footage crafted for Niklas Kiri under Jonas Anger's direction. In response, Kiri and Anger, in their own podcast, mocked up a version of that same stool...and Kiri tore it apart, easily.]

[This would be that same stool.]

**Kiri:**

An old...

[Kiri dumps the pieces out of the coffin.]

**Kiri:**

...easily broken...

[The monster looks down at the pieces on the ashen ground.]

**Kiri:**

...useless...

[Kiri kicks at the broken wood at his feet...pushing those pieces a little closer to the fire.]

**Kiri:**

...stool.

[Kiri picks up that red metal gas can again.]

**Kiri:**

And you deserve to burn.

[Kiri pours gasoline all over the broken pieces of stool. Then he splashes a stream of gasoline from the pieces of the stool over to the nearby raging bonfire.]

[The fire leaps hungrily from the larger bonfire to begin to consume the pieces of the broken stool.]

[Niklas Kiri walks away just as Jonas Anger walks over to look at the stool burn. With a twinkle in his eye and a sly smile on his face, Jonas looks through the flames directly into the camera.]

**Anger:**

Mike Sloan. You may be the first person ever to be cremated first...and THEN buried.

[Jonas looks over to see that Niklas Kiri has returned with something white on a stick.]

**Anger:**

Because tonight, on Evolution-7, Mike Sloan, you are...

[Jonas is distracted by the whatever Niklas is doing with that stick.]

**Anger:**

What are you--?

[Niklas Kiri sticks the white thing on the end of that stick into the flames.]

**Kiri:**

S'mores.

[We hear Jonas Anger chuckle, but the camera shows us the smile that curls around the edges of Niklas Kiri's lips, seen on his face in the flickers and shadow of firelight, as he holds a marshmallow to burn over the pyre that represents his opponent on tonight's show. It is positively evil.]

**Anger:**

You can take the monster out of Fergus Falls, but you can't take the Fergus Falls out of the monster...

[Niklas pulls the marshmallow out of the fire and huffs a mighty puff that puts out the flames on that marshmallow. It looks like he's got a nice char on that marshmallow...and all it takes now is to put it on top of a chocolate bar and press it between two pieces of graham cracker, which Niklas has ready, nearby.]

[Just then, a US Interior Department SUV drives up. The man driving this official looking vehicle, who obviously thinks of himself as being in charge, rolls down the window and yells over at the man who sort of looks like a wizard and the immense man wearing a hockey jersey who is making himself a s'more, both of whom are standing in front of a bonfire.]

**Forest Ranger Guy:**

HEY! This is a no-burning area!

[Niklas Kiri ignores him and takes a big bite of his smore. Jonas Anger looks around this ruined subdivision.]

**Anger:**

Since when?

[This quippy and incredulous comment from Jonas Anger certainly did not please the man in the SUV. He looks like angry enough to get out of his vehicle and confront Anger and Kiri directly.]

**Forest Ranger Guy:**

You're not supposed to be here...and you're not supposed to be doing that.

**Anger:**

Look. All this has already burned. Aren't there some places that haven't burned yet that you could help keep from burning?

[That didn't seem to stop the man intent on giving Anger and Kiri a hard time. The door to the SUV opens and the man is about to step out.]

[And that's when Niklas Kiri roars at him.]

[Like a bear.]

[A huge, angry, grizzly bear...with some marshmallow and chocolate on his face.]

[And that roar actually stopped the man dead in his tracks...preventing him from actually getting out of his SUV.]

**Forest Ranger Guy:**



Well...just...just...get out of here...

[And, with his job responsibilities taken care of, the man in the SUV closed his door, started the engine and drove off.]

[Jonas looks over at Niklas Kiri as Niklas takes another bite--an angry bite--in the general direction of the SUV as it drives off, of his s'more.]

**Anger:**

Never get between a monster and his s'mores...

[Niklas wipes his mouth off with the back of his fingerless padded glove as he maintains serious eye contact with the SUV until it is out of site. Jonas smiles.]

**Anger:**

Waldo Canyon Fire...still 45% contained.

Niklas Kiri...always 100% uncontained.

[Jonas looks around at this burned out subdivision. He shakes his head.]

**Anger:**

Seriously, Colorado. Man up a little and recognize the REAL danger in your neighborhood.

[Yes. He just said that.]

**Anger:**

A fire will take your property...but a monster will destroy your life.

[Jonas maintains his gaze into the camera, taking a moment for that line to sink in. He then looks back at Niklas Kiri.]

[Kiri seems to be gathering strength from the flames. He's breathing deeply--his massive chest expanding with every hot breath.]

**Kiri:** (mostly to himself)

Still burning. Still out of control.

[While his client goes through this odd Hulking-up ritual, Jonas Anger seeks to sum everything up...and put the focus back on the match that Niklas Kiri has tonight against Mike Sloan on this very program.]

**Anger:**

Tonight...the uncontainable wildfire known as NIKLAS KIRI heads to Loveland, Colorado... A rampage of destruction is guaranteed.

[Jonas walks away and out of the shot. Niklas Kiri remains standing behind the bonfire, looking larger than life and is now once again holding that gas can in front of him...]

**Kiri:**

No time left to for you to evacuate, Mike Sloan.

[Niklas splashes more gasoline on the fire. The flames leap up in response.]

**Kiri:**

No more time left to run for your life.

[Niklas Kiri pours even more gasoline on the fire.]

**Kiri:**

No time left...for you.

[The flames have risen higher and higher. You can barely see Niklas Kiri through the flames.]

**Kiri:**

Here comes the fire, scarecrow.

[Kiri laughs as flames fill the screen.]

## Jimmy Kort vs Jonny Booya

"Hillbilly Deluxe" by Brooks and Dunn starts up and out comes Jimmy Kort and Katie Lynn Johnson. The crowd pops to their feet for their favorite redneck couple. Jimmy runs to the ring and slides in, while Katie Lynn takes her time to get to the ring. Jimmy holds the ropes as Katie Lynn climbs through. The two play to the crowd as they get ready for Jimmy's match.

*#OH MY GOD THAT'S THE FUNKY SHIT* Prodigy's chaotic British soundblast hammered from the speakers as multicolored spotlights swirled around the arena. Jonny Booya raced out from the back, sliding on his knees into a brilliant spotlight of bright red. Hands held wide, Booya grinned and snapped his shades right off his nose. As he popped back to his feet and went racing down the ramp, Booya tossed the shades into the crowd, frisbee-style. Right under the bottom rope slid the Truly Untouchable, and he popped back up, meeting eyes with Jimmy Kort. As the lovely Katie Lynn stepped out of the ring, Booya tossed his black tanktop under the ropes, and Kort took his hat off, the bell rang. Jonny let Kort pass the hat off before he came shuffling across the canvas. Kort turned right into a tight lockup, Booya quickly using his greater strength and muscle mass to back Kort into the ringcorner. A moment of Booya showing off by bending Kort back, before Booya gave Kort a teasing backhand to the diaphragm. Booya went scampering back across the ring, beckoning the Sheriff on. Kort came racing out of the ring, ducked a lockup, waistlocked Booya as he slipped behind the bigger man, and tripped him! Jimmy floated over, grabbing Booya's arm and twisting it into a simple Kimura! Booya was already in trouble! Jonny thrashed and twisted, inching his way closer and closer to the ring ropes, reaching out with a foot... So, Kort just let go a moment before contact, brought both fists up and locked 'em together, then bashed Booya right in the back of the skull! When Kort came to his feet, Booya was still having trouble getting himself up. So, that left Booya easy picking for Kort to cinch him into the headlock, hook the arm, and lift Booya up and over with a suplex! Booya was quick to roll over to the side of the ring, trying to escape the attacks of Kort. Jimmy followed him out of the ring, though. As Booya landed on his feet, Kort slipped out of the ring around the corner. Jimmy came dashing around the side, leapt, and snapped a dropkick off, right into the back of Booya's knee! Kort rolled Booya back into the ring, quickly following him in, and grabbed the T-UT's head, cinching him up for a hard back chinlock! Booya's arms thrashed uselessly, and Kort grinned, working that headlock like a dog shaking a ferret. Booya managed to reach up, dig his fingernails into Kort's forehead and eye socket, before twisting brutally! Kort fell away, howling in pain, and Booya landed on his knees, coughing and clutching at his neck. The Sheriff quickly recovered and stomped over, teeth gritted and jaw set. Booya was climbing to his feet off the ringropes, a perfect target for Kort. So, the Sheriff hauled off and stomped Booya in the back, then gave a snapping kick to Booya's midsection! But... Booya caught the leg's impact under one arm, trapping that leg at the ankle! Jimmy Kort's eyes widened as he hopped on one foot, trying to balance. Booya came to his feet with a big grin on his lips, before he hauled off and twisted, dragging that cowboy boot-covered foot along for the ride. A dragonscrew legwhip turned into a messy leg grapevine, Booya howling and hooting as he twisted the leg in all the wrong directions! Jimmy Kort managed to arch and hop his way over to the ropes, forcing a rope break, but Booya didn't want to let go. Not as sporting as Jimmy was, Booya cinched up tighter and held on for dear life! Two! Three! Four! C'mon, Jonny, break the hold! Kort was holding onto the ringropes with both hands, shouting for the ref to get Booya off... Eventually, when the threat of DQ became evident, Booya let go of the grapevine and rolled to his feet. But then Booya immediately began to stomp and kick at Kort's prone body! Jimmy covered up, going all fetal-position, but Booya was gonna press that advantage for as long as he could! After a good long series of kicks, Booya grabbed Jimmy by the ears and that short hair around the sides, dragging the Sheriff up. He stuffed Kort's head, and went leaning down to grab at Kort's wrists... Kort knew just what to do, though! By straightening up in just the right way, the hard back of Kort's skull would give Booya a painful sacktap! Booya stumbled back, eyes wide, knees together, and Kort was quick to leap up, clasp those hands around Booya's neck, and drop out! Hillbilly Deluxe! Kort grabbed Booya's ankles and flipped over the fallen T-UT's body, using all of Kort's weight, and a good chunk of Booya's, to get the one... two... THREE! **Winner: Jimmy Kort (via Hillbilly Deluxe)**

## Evolution Commentary

**Angus:**

What's up with Jimmy Kort all of a sudden being a badass?

**Jeff:**

Kort looks like he's focused, he's in great shape, and he's finally living up to the potential that Eric Dane keeps telling me he's got. I'm more worried about Jonny Booya and this losing streak he's been on lately.

**Angus:**

Of course you are. And why, or should I even ask?

**Jeff:**

Let's just say I know Jonny. I know how much he doesn't like to lose. On top of that, I know that something will have to change sooner rather than later, or things are just going to get worse around here.

**Angus:**

Are you alluding?

**Jeff:**

I'm an unbiased journalist, sir, and I'll thank you to not imply otherwise. Dig?

**Angus:**

I hate you.

## A change in the landscape...?

[Black.]

[Them lights were way too bright anyway.] [Let's bring it back up with a smooth sepia tone.] [An old timey sounding record player needles down onto spinning plastic and "The Entertainer" binks and bonks its way through the sound system. The tension in the arena is palpable, nothing good can come from what's happening right now, and everyone in the building knows it.] [A lone spotlight shines through the brown-out. Standing in the center of the ring with his hood drawn over his head is the unmistakable form of the former DEFIANCE World Champion...] [...Scottish Strongman...] [...Bronson Box.] [Just as he begins to peel away the hood, a shrill voice pierces the speakers and The Entertainer grinds to a halt.] "ABSOLUUUUUTELY NOT!" [The good comes down, Bronson Box stands wild-eyed in the center of the ring.] "NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!" [Elijah Goldman, cheap suit and all, leads out a platoon of DEFsec security. For his part, Box cracks a smile in the ring. Goldman keeps on talking as he strides toward the ring.] **Goldman:** You've been used up! You're no good for anything but trouble, and I will NOT have you wreaking chaos on MY show EVER AGAIN! [Boldly, Goldman climbs the stairs and enters the ring. He faces down the much bigger, much more likely to lose his entire shit psychotic Strongman in front of him.] **Goldman:** Now you can get out of here, go see if you can get on at DEATH ROW or HIGH OCTANE or NEW FRONTIER or the EMPIRE or pretty much ANYthefuckWHERE but HERE, and you can do it peaceably, like a gentleman, or I can have the Buffalo and his beef brigade jump on top of you and beat the crap out of you in what has become the calling card to having your name on the roster of this company! [Box takes a step toward Goldman before another, much less annoying voice can be heard.] "Hold on there!" [Cito Connari trots out, navigates his way around the sea of security and into the ring before saying another word.] **Goldman:** YOU! You did this! [Bronson watches on, amused.] **Conarri:** Now, just a minute. **Goldman:** YOU THINK YOU CAN BRING HIM HERE TO TEAR MY SHOW APART! I'LL HAVE YOU- **Conarri:** [interrupting] You'll shut your fat mouth before I walk away and let that guy [jabs a thumb at Box] finish what he's started here tonight. And let's be honest, how many shots you think he'll get in before the brute squad pulls him off of you? [Box smiles even bigger than before. The fans in the arena are absolutely loving this. Connari steps between the two men in the ring, judging the situation and taking control. Finally, he addresses the former World Champion.] **Conarri:** Boxer, before you do anything drastic, listen to what I have to say. [Box leads the crowd in a raucous round of laughter. Finally he motions for Conarri to get on with his plea.] **Conarri:** I am not about to tolerate your random attacks on people. But I'm not about to play games about whether I can 'control' you or not. For starters, most of my associates in Defiance and before have made it clear that trying to 'control' any wrestler is the wrong way to go about things. And I don't see what intruding on matches and getting dogpiled by security on a weekly basis has to do with your quest to become the perfect warrior. Let alone what attacking an innocent, helpless female stage technician has to do with it. You're a Defiance original, you do have an admirable work ethic when you're focusing on the wrestling part of wrestling, you're a former World Heavyweight Champion here, and you don't deserve to have that thrown under the bus. Which is why, since Goldman has indicated he will under no circumstances agree to hire you, I'm willing to offer you a contract for Heritage League. BUT. Unlike Eric, I'm not interested in trying to prove that you have to do what I say, or force you to do what I say. That doesn't mean I'm going to tolerate any of the things you did during your first Def 2.0 run. You know how to properly conduct yourself, and as long as you do that, I'll keep putting you in the ring against the best that I can find, whether from within Defiance, or from without. If you don't? A simple, quiet, off-camera, unconditional firing. [Box stiffens his lip, he's been fired once or twice before from these parts.] **Conarri:** But if you think you can conduct yourself like a civilized, world-caliber athlete, then you'll be a welcome addition to the Heritage League roster. That is, assuming that your last contract holder, Mr. Goldman, has no objections. [E-Gold laughs.] **Goldman:** You want to put that nutjob on your TV Show, you go right ahead- [Elijah is violently interrupted by Bronson Box snatching the microphone out of his hand.] **Box:** Ye got ye'reself a deal, Conarri! [He jabs the microphone back into Goldman's chest and makes his way out of the ring and back toward the back as The Entertainer plays once again. Inside the ring Goldman just glares at Conarri. Outside of the ring Box dares any five of the DEFsec henchmen to lay hands on him now that he's fully contracted again.] [Cut.]

## Mike Sloan vs Niklas Kiri

The lights in the arena dimmed as smoke poured out from the entrance area. Red lights illuminated the stage and Quiet Riot blasted over the PA.

*#Come on feel the noi-#*

A needle scratching over a record cut the glam metal short and it was replaced by something more fitting the man that was about to enter.

*# There'sso many of us there's so many of us #*  
*# There'sso many #*

Niklas Kiri stepped through the curtain to a blast of fire and stomped his way down to the ring. He waved his arms and generally taunted the audience, particularly those voicing their disdain for the mammoth headed down to the ring.

Trailing behind Kiri his manager, Jonas Anger, was hindered from keeping the same gait as his employee and came down at his own pace with his walking stick for support. He slowly catches up with his employ however as he stops to argue with a fan.

Anger nudges Kiri along towards the steps and up into the ring. Kiri removes his mask and jersey, and hands them to Anger at ringside before stretching out his arms and awaiting his opponent.

'Symphony Of Destruction' floods the arena and Mike Sloan makes his way down to the ring. Sloan slides in under the bottom rope and squares up to Niklas. He turns his back on his opponent to climb the ropes and pose on the second turnbuckle.

Big mistake.

Kiri charged in behind Sloan and nailed him with a forearm to the spine, sending Mike tumbling over the top rope. Sloan grabbed the ropes and held on, keeping himself on the apron, but that only allowed Kiri to hook under the arms and lift Sloan back into the ring. Another stiff forearm knocked Sloan into the turnbuckle. Kiri turned him around and laid fist after bear like fist into Sloan's midsection and chin.

Kiri pulls Sloan from the corner and take him up and over with a release belly to belly suplex. Sloan almost rolled back to his feet and into the corner. He used the ropes to pull himself up, but soon regretted that action as Kiri charged in once again and squashed his in the corner. Kiri hit the ropes and came back at Mike, who staggered out of the corner and turned into a lariat.

Kiri followed him down to the canvas and covered.

ONE!

TWO!

Sloan slid a shoulder out from beneath the monster. Niklas grabbed Sloan by the ears and hammered the back of his head into the mat a couple of times before driving down a series of right hands to the forehead of his opponent. Mike tried to cover up, but Kiri found a way through every time.

Mike flailed his legs around, and fortunately, connected with a knee to the ribs of Kiri, momentarily stunning the big man. Mike fought from the bottom and trust a fist upwards which connected with Kiri's jaw. Niklas released his grip on Mike's head and Sloan rolled to the outside to gather his bearings.

Kiri didn't give him long to rest though and went out after Sloan. Mike rounded the ringpost in an attempt to put some distance between himself and the man from Minnesota, but Kiri was hot of his tail. Sloan slid into the ring, Niklas

followed, as Kiri rose to his feet Sloan ran in and started stomping away at the shoulders of the big man.

Kiri continued to rise though, and wouldn't be stopped, even by an axe handle dropped down across his shoulderblades. Sloan teed off with a haymaker and connected with Kiri's jaw. Niklas appeared stunned, but when Sloan attempted another, Kiri stuck out a huge right hand and wrapped it around his neck.

Niklas walked Mike back a couple of steps, saying something to him as they went. He lifted Sloan for a chokeslam, but Mike twisted out of his grip and dropped down behind. He stamped down hard on the back of Kiri's leg and knocked him down to one knee before hitting the ropes and coming back with a running lariat of his own.

The ring shuddered as Kiri hit the canvas and Sloan went for the cover!

ONE!

Kiri powered out at one. Despite Sloan weighing 245lbs Niklas was still able to push him off as though he were a cruiserweight. Mike didn't waste any time in getting back on the attack though. Niklas had rolled onto his front and pushed himself up to one knee again. Mike came right back in and lifted a knee into his chin before dropping him with a DDT.

Instead of going for another cover, Sloan pulled Kiri's head up, wrapped his arm around his neck as best he could and locked in a dragon sleeper, although it was in more of a camel clutch position. Sloan pulled back on the neck of Kiri and yelled out as the fans rose to their feet. Niklas clawed and flailed at the canvas. In doing so he inched his way closer and closer to the ropes. Kiri reached out, unable to see the ropes due to his vision being obscured by Sloan's armpit, but Anger called out in an attempt to help his man. One more wrench on the hold and Kiri started to fade.

The ref checked on Niklas by raising his arm.

It fell once.

It fell twice.

It fell thr- NO IT DIDN'T!

Kiri's hand remained in the air defiantly on the third try and he reached out one more time for the rope. This time it was within reaching distance. Probably because Jonas Anger had pushed it further into the ring using his walking stick. Sloan was forced to break the hold, but he did let the referee count four before the release.

Mike didn't give Kiri any time to rest and pulled him to his feet in a front facelock. He pushed Niklas back into the corner of the ring before whipping him across to the opposite corner and followed him in with a back elbow. Kiri stumbled out of the corner and swung wildly with a right hand, but Sloan dodged it and took Kiri down with a Russian leg sweep.

Mike moved faster than he ever had before and lifted himself onto the middle rope in the corner of the ring. He leapt from the ropes and drove a knee down into the heart of Kiri. Mike burst back to his feet and signaled for the end to a huge eruption from the crowd!

Sloan pulled Kiri to his feet and hooked him up for the Morning Star DVD. He popped the hips and Kiri went absolutely nowhere. Another attempt and Sloan only served to throw his own back out. Niklas slowly came to and threw an elbow back to connect with the Jaw of Mike Sloan. Another elbow broke the grip Mike had on him and Kiri spun quickly, connected with a spinning back fist.

The taste from Sloan's mouth flew across the ring as Kiri landed a stiff right followed by a stiff left to Sloan's ribs. He followed up with a bell clap and a forearm uppercut that knocked Sloan down to the mat. Kiri dropped an elbow down across the chest of Sloan, driving the air out of him and stuck the landing for a cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Sloan got a shoulder up, probably because hardly any of Kiri's weight was holding him down. Niklas didn't seem too bothered by failing to score the win there and peeled Sloan off of the mat before lifting a knee deep into his breadbasket.

Kiri doubled Sloan over and placed his head between his legs. He jerked him upwards and drove him down hard into the canvas with a powerbomb!

And that could only mean one thing.

Kiri dragged Sloan's body to the corner of the ring and started climbing his way up to the second rope. He bounced a few times before throwing his legs out and coming down hard with the Kiri-Crush!

But he connected with nothing but canvas as Sloan rolled out of the way and tucked himself up in the corner!

Niklas gripped at his chest and tried to get his wind back. But Sloan was right there ready to lock in another Dragon Sleeper!

If Kiri were struggling to catch his breath before he certainly was now as Sloan tightened his grip and yelled out.

Then, probably the only thing Niklas could have hoped for at that moment happened as Pete Whealdon and Rich Mahogany burst through the curtain and ran down to ringside.

Sloan released the hold and threw a right hand at Whealdon as he hopped up on the apron, then swatted Mahogany away in much the same manner. Whealdon jumped right back up though and ducked a right hand from Sloan, but before he could pull the trigger with a shot of his own, he was pulled from the apron by the tights.

Curtis Penn!

Penn laid Whealdon out with a right hand. He bounced right back up and found himself launched into the steel steps.

Rich Mahogany however had managed to round the ring post and slid into the ring. He came up behind Sloan, grabbed him by the arm, spun him round and swung. Mike ducked it though! Mahogany's momentum spun him around and placed him in the perfect position for what would come next.

MORNING STAR DVD!

Where was the referee during all this? Leant through the ropes trying to talk Penn out of killeing Whealdon with the steps, and trying to keep Jonas Anger from leveling anyone with his stick.

Mahogany bounced from the ring and fell to the outside as Sloan turned his attention back to Kiri and ate another 'stiff as week old bread' lariat. Kiri went for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Or at least it would have been had the referee been paying attention. Kiri looked around for the referee before spotting him over his shoulder. He got to his feet, stomped over to him and grabbed him by the shirt to tug him back into the ring. Niklas pointed at Sloan and slapped his hand several times telling the ref he wanted him to count.



Kiri bent down to grab Sloan's head, but Mike sprang to life, wrapped his arm around Kiri's head, his legs around Kiri's tree trunk and pulled him down in a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Sloan released the small package and rolled quickly to the outside. He grabbed Penn by the arm and pulled him towards the ramp. Curtis dropped the stairs and followed suit as Kiri screamed out in frustration in the ring. Anger hammered his stick down onto the apron like a gavel, and Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon licked their wounds and sulked off to the back, trying to stay out of Kiri's line of sight.

## Evolution Commentary

**Jeff:**

Kiri's probably going to kill somebody.

**Angus:**

Let's hope he sticks with Sloan for giving him his first loss, and doesn't focus his anger on the World's Longest Tag Team for being the actual cause of it!

**Jeff:**

If I know Niklas Kiri, which I do not, and I know Jonas Anger, which I also do not, then I'm sure Anger will have Kiri going after the whole lot of them!

**Angus:**

And what the hell was Curtis Penn doing? Does he even work here?

**Jeff:**

Don't look at me, I barely knew who was hired and fired when I was *in* the Front Office, I certainly could care less now!

**Angus:**

Fien. Don't tell me. Fag.

## Seen The Light

#How lucky can one guy be?#

#I kissed her and she kissed me#

[Alceo Dentari emerges from the back as Dean Martin croons over the PA. The Evolution league leader walks slowly down to the ring, ignoring the boos and jeers from the capacity crowd, and climbs the stairs to the ring apron. He wipes his feet before stepping between the ropes. Of course, he's come prepared, and lifts the microphone he's just carried out with him to his lips as his music fades.]

**Alceo Dentari:**

Loveland, Colorado...

[A few fans cheer at the mention of their hometown, the majority, however, continue with their boos.]

**Dentari:**

I can't wait ta get outa this hick town.

[What few cheers there were vanish to be replaced by total and absolute hatred.]

**Dentari:**

Not exactly livin' up ta your town's name are you?

[Alceo grins, flashing those pearly whites of his.]

**Dentari:**

I'll be honest, I ain't out here ta bad mouth this here town... No, yous people have been doin' that since the day it was founded.

[Guess what that garners.]

**Dentari:**

I come out here 'cause tonight Alceo Dentari an' Yoshikau YAZ take on two guys who dubbed themselves 'The World's Longest Tag Team'. Top a' the table versus the bottom feeders. An' when we win tonight, the gulf we're openin' up... it's only gonna get wider.

[Dentari looks around the crowd before fixing on one person in particular.]

**Dentari:**

Mainly though... I came out here 'cause I got something ta say ta that goody two shoes piece a' crap sitting front an' center flashin' his iPad ta the world.

[Dentari heads to the ropes, leans against them and points an index finger right between the eyes of Christian Light. For his part, Christian ceases the conversation he was having with the man next to him and is now paying full attention to Alceo Dentari.]

**Dentari:**

Last time we was in the same buildin' as each other, yous pushed me off a ladder to the outside a' the ring an' through two tables.

[Dentari purses his lips and shakes his head. Christian Light on the other hand nods with a smile and a slight laugh.]

**Dentari:**

But yous here on Evolution now, Light. Ain't none a' your Leagueue-Weagueys here to protect yous.

[Dentari steps through the ropes and stands on the apron, not taking his eyes off of Christian Light, who has placed his iPad in the hands of the man next to him and leaned towards the barricade.]

**Dentari:**

You ain't got Cancer Jiles out here ta run interference this time. No, you're all alone in my house. An' I don't take kindly ta trespassers, capiche?

[Christian doesn't take his eyes off of Alceo.]

**Dentari:**

Got your attention then, do I?

[Light nods. Those that can read lips can see Light saying "Oh yeah, you got it."]

**Dentari:**

Good. Cause you gotta listen real good ta what I gotta say. As league leader a' Evolution, I'm takin' it upon myself ta bear the captancy a' our WarGames team. Now, I'd like ta speak captain ta captain, right? But, I ain't seein' Clair St. Sure around here nowhere.

[Dentari smiles smugly.]

**Dentari:**

So I guess on this occasion I'll have ta settle for the messenger. So why don't yous take a note a' this, Mr. Secretary?

[Alceo drops to the floor and takes a couple of steps towards the barricade. But before any violent engagement can take place, security pushes their way along the front row to flank Light while two burly guards join Alceo's sides.]

**Dentari:**

Christian, you an' me, we're gonna meet again at WarGames, an' I promise you, I ain't gonna let yous and your crew a' merry men go two up on Evolution. But even more important, I ain't gonna let yous go two up on me.

[Light rises to his feet and towers over Dentari. Alceo reluctantly looks up towards the face of the man he'll stand across the ring from in a few weeks time.]

**Dentari:**

I'm better than you, Light. An' if the pussy patrol weren't here right now, I'd quite happily prove it.

[The guards close in tighter, pushing themselves between Light and Dentari's noses.]

**Dentari:**

But, seein' as they is... I guess this have ta wait for another day.

[With that, Dentari drops the mic and stomps back up the ramp as 'Ain't That A Kick In The Head' fills the arena once again. Light joins in with the crowd in Loveland in booing the diminutive Italian and giving the "thumbs down".]

## Dragon Jones vs Sam Turner, Jr.

The match started off with Sam Turner Jr, oddly, electing to pick up the pace. He charged Dragon Jones, who nimbly stepped out of the way and taunted the bigger man. Sam led in with a punch once again, and Dragon dodged, but this time he kicked Turner square in the ass. Turner recoiled as Jones laughed at him. Turner charged again, madder than hell, and Jones bailed. Turner followed him around the ring and the two ran a lap before Jones slid in the ring. Turner slid in too, starting to wheeze for breath, but he would get a rest as Jones hit him with a baseball slide dropkick to the face.

From there DeeJTheFirst tried to work magic with some European Uppercuts, forearms, and chops but the big country boy COULD survive! Turner pushed his way to his feet, and finally got a hold of Jones in the corner. Turner kicked him in the corner until he fell on his ass (once), then he started scraping the boot across the face of the man who dun insulted his family. Stopping the scraping for a moment, Turner bounced off the far ropes and came back with a HUGE and ridiculously stiff kick to the face.

Now gassed, Turner leaned on Jones, throwing some stiff forearms into Jones mush in a nearby corner. Turner whipped Jones across the ring HARD, and Jones flipped up and over the corner to the apron. Turner walked in and tried to grab his neck and toss him in the ring, but Jones grabbed Turner by the back of the head and pulled down with all his might, clotheslineing him across the top rope. Turner stumbled backwards and Jones took advantage. He stepped up to the apron, springboarded in, and with a mighty yell, slapped the taste out of Turner's mouth. Turner stumbled back, and when he didn't go down DeeJ The First ran in and hit a jumping facebuster to the big country boy, taking him down. DeeJ covered, but after a count of one Turner pressed DeeJ off of him hard, causing DeeJ to faceplant on the canvas.

The First continued to keep attacking Turner with high impact strikes, many of which happened to be European uppercuts. His mafia kick got a two. He sat Turner up and started slapping the back of his neck and calling him a dumb hick. Turner summoned the energy to slam his fist upward into DeeJ's mouth and stumble him, but The First quickly countered with a spinal tap kick and the Fantastic Damage. After the FD, Jones made a big spectacle of covering Turner with one foot, which Turner was easily able to shove aside at two. DeeJ, of course, argued that it wasn't close and should have been 3 but the ref wasn't having it.

The tide turned when DeeJ The First went to the top for his Deejsault, and the crowd actually started chanting "You're gonna miss!" at him. This was to the point that The First actually got down and started yelling at the fans to shut up. That's when a recovered Turner struck.

Double leg takedown followed by lots of punching. At the referee's insistence, Turner got up and pulled Jones up with him. A scoop slam followed, and then Turner ran off the ropes and hit a HUGE leg drop for a two count. Turner picked up DeeJ into a firemans carry and started with an airplane spin. Round and round they went until Turner got too dizzy to spin and put DeeJ down on his feet. Both men started doing the dizzy man's dance. Turner recovered first and went for Jones...but Jones was playing possum somewhat and kicked Turner in the gut on the approach. Using Turner to steady himself, Jones went for To Hell, but Turner stood up and back dropped Jones over.

Jones got back to his knees and started begging off. Turner came in for the kill and Jones jabbed him in the eyes. Turner covered his eyes with both hands before DeeJ grabbed the big man by the overalls and pulled him facefirst into

the top turnbuckle. Deej crawled out of the corner Turner was now flopped in and started celebrating his victory. The referee was lecturing him on the illegal tactics but Jones complained that the big man was pulling his hair and drooling all over him like a mad cow. Turner turned around in the corner and The First ran at him with his mafia kick, but Turner caught it! Turner reached out and grabbed Jones neck and flung him straight up in the air before grabbing him and planting him with a brutal (albeit sloppy) powerbomb. Three seconds later and the win was all Turner's.

Winner: Sam Turner Jr (powerbomb, +5 points +2 points for the streakbreaker)

On the outside, as A Country Boy Can Survive kicked up over the speakers, Christian Light took pause from his note-taking to stand and applaud with the rest of the Evolution fans before furiously typing notes into the device.

## Evolution Commentary

**Angus:**

So Sam Turner, Jr. wins a hard fought match against Dragon Jones and earns himself a streakbreaker for doing it.

**Jeff:**

He sure did.

[Silence.]

**Angus:**

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON IN MY PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING PROMOTION?! HOW IS THIS EVEN POSSIBLARG?

**Jeff:**

Crazier things have happened. Remember when the baws thought that Alias and Dan Ryan were going to run roughshod over the entire promotion? How'd that work out?

**Angus:**

I hate you.

**Jeff:**

Anyway, we got one more thing to see and then it's main event time! That's the World's Longest Tag Team taking on Alceo Dentari and Yoshikazu YAZ!

**Dat Ass.**

[Another stressful evening.]

[Elijah Goldman, had suffered through too many of them, he thought dimly rubbing his temples as he passed by Constance.]

[Opening the door, immediatly looking to his right, was the ever growing stack of boxes labled Da Brim. But all things considered, that was the least of his problems.]

Mmmmhhehehehahahahaha.....

[Intense throbbing pain.]

**Elijah Goldman:**

What. Do. You. Want.

**Kevin/Satan (now with more EVIL!):**

The time for marketing is at hand!

[Goldman is facepalming.]

[It was then he realized there was another man sitting in his Office. That would be the Marketing Officer for Da Brim. Satan taking his seat behind Goldman's desk offers him a potted plant to sit in.]

[Goldman is not amused.]

**Mr. Brim:**

Partner, when you're boss here called me up and said you wanted DA BRIM. I was more than a little shocked.

**Elijah Goldman:**

You and me both.

**Mr. Brim:**

Now, I know you wanted to have something set up for this show, going forward, but It's taking us a little longer than we had anticipated.

**Kevin/Satan:**

MMMMMMMMhehehehahahahaha. Satan is unconcerned with your delays! He demands DA BRIM!

**Mr. Brim:**

And DA BRIM you shall have.

[Elijah Goldman is not amused.]

**Elijah Goldman:**

Is there any way to opt out of covering the Evolution Logo with one of these..

**Mr. Brim:**

DA BRIM!

**Elijah Goldman:**

Uh. Yes.

**Mr. Brim:**

Nope, you signed it yourself.



[Goldman shoots a murderous glare at Satan.]

**Mr. Brim:**

So next week. DA BRIM will be bringing you Evolution TV!

[Satan laughing maniacally as Goldman leans against a stack of Boxes while Mr. Brim shakes his hand is how we finish.]

## Dentari/YAZ vs Worlds Longest Tag Team

Rich Mahogany and Pete Whealdon made their way out to the ring first. Whealdon kept an eye over his shoulder for fear of a repeat of the attack from Curtis Penn. Rich Mahogany on the other hand clutched at the back of his head, clearly he was still suffering the after effects of the Morning Star DVD from Mike Sloan.

They both climbed in the ring and looked around ringside for any sign of Sloan, Penn or even Kiri, who was bound to be pissed off after the way his match ended. Almost at the same time, they both clocked Christian Light and seemed to discuss amongst themselves just what Light was doing there.

As Whealdon's music, Goldie by A\$AP Rocky, faded it was replaced by something completely and utterly polar in Dean Martin's 'Ain't That A Kick In The Head'.

Alceo Dentari and Yoshikazu YAZ, accompanied by Lisa Loeh headed down to the ring, focused on nothing but their opponents, afterall, what did they have to worry about? YAZ slid in under the bottom rope as Dentari climbed the stairs and stepped in through the ropes. Dentari clocked Christian Light as well and shouted to him. Light simply smiled and nodded, confident that Dentari was all talk, no action.

That theory was put to the test though as Whealdon came from behind on Dentari and grabbed him around the waist. Mahogany stepped out of the ring and YAZ was ushered out by the ref. Dentari tried to break the waistlock but the height and strength advantage of Whealdon allowed him to lift Dentari and drop him face first with an amateur wrestling style slam. Not even the Suite one knew where he'd learned that from.

Whealdon floated over into a mounted position and hip thrust before paintbrushing Dentari's finely parted hair and allowed him back to his feet. An irate Dentari got right to his feet and started stomping around the ring as he flattened his hair down. Alceo looked for a collar and elbow tie up with Whealdon but found himself getting pushed to the ground. The Corporate Dolphin did a couple of star jumps as Rich Mahogany laughed from the apron and asked for the tag.

Whealdon obliged and tagged in his partner, who stepped through the ropes, straightened his bow tie and went for a collar and elbow tie up with Dentari as well. Dentari ducked down to one side and spun around the back of Mahogany where he landed less of a paintbrush and more of a harsh slap to the back of Rich's head. The same back of Rich's head as he'd been dropped on earlier by Mike Sloan.

Dentari grabbed Rich by the hair and spun him round before throwing him shoulder first through the ropes into the ring post. While Rich lay across the middle rope Dentari laid in a few kidney shots for good measure. The ref put himself between Alceo and Rich and pushes Dentari back to allow Mahogany time to recuperate.

Alceo stomped around the ring, ignoring a gesture from YAZ for the tag. He waited for Rich to straighten up before charging in and driving him back into the corner with a shoulder to the gut. A few shoulder thrusts later and Dentari pulled Mahogany out of the corner and dropped him with a backbreaker to complete shot combo.

He covered Rich!

ONE!

TWO!

'Suite' Pete broke the fall with a well placed boot.

Yoshikazu YAZ, not wanting to stand on the apron anymore, entered the ring and made a beeline for Whealdon, who hightailed it to the outside. YAZ turned back and headed for his corner, soon followed by Alceo who now gave his partner the tag he'd wanted.

YAZ stepped back into the ring, legally this time, and peeled Mahogany off of the mat. Dentari joined him and hooked the arms of Mahogany to allow YAZ an open target. Yoshikazu elected to land a straight open palm into the chest of Mahogany. With that, Dentari dropped Rich's arms and headed for the apron himself.

YAZ grabbed Mahogany and dropped him with a DDT before hitting the ropes and tumbling to the outside as he fell victim to Whealdon's low bridge. Alceo Dentari however was too busy arguing with Christian Light over something or other to notice.

Whealdon spotted an opportunity and charged over to Dentari, who was still jawing with Christian Light and elbowed him off the apron. Alceo went sailing towards the barricade, landed chest first on top, and rolled over to finally come to rest at the feet of the first row. More notably, at the feet of Christian Light.

Back in the ring Rich Mahogany rolled YAZ back in and the World's Longest Tag Team stomped away at him, utilizing the referee's five count to the fullest potential.

Alceo looked up to see Christian Light laughing heartily over him, and he wasn't about to stand for that. Dentari rose up, grabbed the iPad out of Light's hands and launched it over the barricade. The smile faded from Light's lips as he stood up, but got slapped right back down by Dentari.

Light held the side of his face for a moment. After the shock wore off he reacted by grabbing Alceo by both legs, lifting him and driving him towards the barricade. Both men tumbled over to the ringside area and threw rights and left wherever they could. The whole thing looked like a catfight between two grown men.

Meanwhile, the referee had lost most if not all control of the match. His attention was divided between the brawl between Light and Dentari and Whealdon and Mahogany, who held YAZ in the corner and executed most of tag team shortcuts 101 over him.

Security rushed in and pulled the men apart, but Dentari wasn't done and managed to wriggle free from his restraints. He ran at Light, who was still being held, jumped and landed a forearm shot to his head. Alceo's guards grabbed whichever limbs of his they could and pulled him back from Light, who was ushered around the ring post and towards the ramp.

"Hey, Light!" Shouted Alceo although he really didn't need to get Christian's attention. He picked up Christian's iPad and swung it as hard as he could, Retina screen first, into the ring post. Another swing, and another, and another, and another meant the tablet was shattered in his hands. Dentari threw the remnants to the ground and smiled before climbing back onto the apron and waved goodbye to Light.

Dentari turned back to the action just in time to see YAZ dropped by a standing dropkick from Mahogany and covered!

ONE!

TWO!

Dentari scrambled into the ring and broke up the pin with a hard stomp to the back of Mahogany's head.

Suite Pete joined the fray and all four men were now in the ring. Dentari was waiting for him though and ducked a right hand. Both men spun around and Alceo hit Whealdon in the chin with a back elbow. Alceo hit the ropes and came back with a knee to the gut of Whealdon which turned him over.

Pete rolled to the outside to regroup as Dentari climbed back to the apron and leaned in as far as he could, begging for YAZ to make the tag.

Yoshikazu YAZ began to come to and crawled his way to his corner. As did Mahogany. Whealdon however was nowhere to be found in the World's Longest Tag Team corner, so Rich had no choice but to try and stop YAZ making the tag. He grabbed YAZ by the and tried to pull him back. YAZ rose to one foot and hopped. He stretched out one arm to try and make the tag but he couldn't quite reach.

ENZIGURI!

YAZ spun around quickly and landed a hard kick to the side of MAhogany's head. Rich dropped face first to the mat and YAZ launched himself to make the tag.

Dentari stepped between the ropes and dropped a knee into the back of Rich's head. Whether he needed to or not was debatable. What he certainly did need to do however was run and Whealdon, who had just hopped up on the apron and drop him with a hotshot across the top rope. Dentari hit the ropes on the other side of the ring and came back with a kick to Whealdon's side that knocked him down to the floor.

By this time Mahogany had managed to push himself to all fours.

Not for long though, as Dentari hit the ropes again and came back with a running boot to the side of Mahogany's head. Rich's limp body rolled over onto it's back and Dentari dropped into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

### **Winners: Alceo Dentari & Yoshikazu YAZ**

'Ain't That A Kick In The Head' aptly picked up again as Dentari and YAZ celebrated their victory, only for it to be replaced by the same ominous music heard early when Niklas Kiri entered the arena for his match with Mike Sloan.

Sure enough, Niklas Kiri emerged from the back and ran down the ramp. He slid into the ring and Dentari and YAZ bailed quicker than... a farmer?

Kiri wasn't after them though, and let them go. Instead he was focused entirely on the prone body of Rich Mahogany. Kiri grabbed Mahogany by the arm and leg and dragged him to the corner. He mounted the ropes and bounced a couple of times, but before he could launch himself Suite Pete returned with a forearm smash across the spine of the

Minnesotan Mastodon.

Kiri seemed to feel nothing more than one might feel were a fruit fly to land on their arm, and dismounted before turning to deliver a bell clap to Whealdon. A few seconds later and he was driving Whealdon down hard with the Kiri-ton Bomb.

Niklas grabbed Whealdon and rolled him on top of Mahogany, top to tail of course, those guys wouldn't want it any other way. He climbed the ropes again, bounced and came down with the Kiri Crush on both members of The World's Longest Tag Team!

Kiri's music played once more as he placed his hands on Whealdon's back and snarled as we fade to black.

## Commentary Wrap-up

**Angus:**

I knew it!

**Jeff:**

Kiri just pretty much destroyed your boys.

**Angus:**

Pssh, all he's done is piss 'em off!

**Jeff:**

Just like Alceo Dentari pissed off Christian Light?

**Angus:**

You know that one's gonna come to a head sooner than later, right?

**Jeff:**

My guess would be at WarGames!

**Angus:**

That's gonna be a bloody mess.

**Jeff:**

We can only hope! But that's it for Evolution TV this week, we'll see you cats and kittens tomorrow right here LIVE on ESEN for Heritage TV, and I can tell you PERSONALLY that you're not gonna wanna miss that show!

[End.]