Gutless. Heartless. Pathetic. Go ahead and pick your negative adjective to describe the Cavaliers after Tuesday night's 120-88 Game Five loss at Quicken Loans Arena. And here's another adjective to describe them: finished, or just about finished. Down 3-2 in this nightmare of a series, the Cavaliers need to win Game Six at Boston to stay alive. They're capable of it- really, they were capable of sweeping Boston in this series- but it really doesn't matter anyway. This team isn't winning a Championship. Orlando would plant them like a potato.

You know, we've seen teams lose games big and small- kind of goes with the territory here in Cleveland. But I don't think we've ever seen a team embarrassed, disgraced, like the Cavaliers were on Tuesday night, at home, in a game they had to win. Maybe not since the third and fourth games of the 1954 World Series has there been a Cleveland team so flat and lifeless in a do-or-die postseason situation. And that torpor begins, and ends, with #23.

New York Can Have Him: Check out this kick-ass Game Five line from Mr. Two-Time MVP, the self-proclaimed "closer" who bragged about how he was going to be a "different monster" in the Playoffs: 15 points on 3-of-14 from the field, 0-of-4 from three-point range and 9-of-12 from the foul line with 7 assists, 6 rebounds and a steal in 42 minutes. That's how you put a team on your back, folks. I mean, on *its* back.

I have to laugh when I hear national writers proclaim that Game Five “might be the last home game for LeBron in Cleveland.” Is that supposed to frighten us? I WANT LeBron to leave. I’m so sick and tired of his act- his attention-whoring, his constant flirtation with New York, his all-talk, no-action, no-heart EVERYTHING- that I can’t even describe it adequately. A lot of guys we've rooted for in futility... they didn’t get it done, didn’t get the ring, but they gave everything they had to that end, played hurt, didn’t shirk. LeBron is just standing there watching his team get humiliated and he doesn’t… even… care.

So go, LeBron. In message-board parlance, GTFO. Take your hype, Yankees caps and the rest of what makes you what you are and clear out of our city. The sooner you doff that Cleveland uniform and replace it with that of another city, we’ll all be better off. I’m going to have a good laugh when you’re getting ripped in every New York tabloid because you keep choking the Knicks out of the Playoffs.

(And to think I’m slated to recap Game Seven, if by some act of Providence this game comes about. What can I say if LeBron goes off for huge numbers and wills the Cavaliers to a win in this series? I’m sorry? I don’t think I should be. You all saw it. Was he not a disgrace out there Tuesday night? This team has lost back-to-back home games in this series by 18 and 32 points. LeBron is the leader of this team. How can it be described any other way?)

The Run (and Officials) That Got it Undone: Cleveland was in nominal control early in the second period, up 29-21, when the call came in from New York- this cannot be allowed to happen. In the next six minutes Boston outscored the Cavaliers 16-0, as the officials practically wore out their whistles calling fouls on Cleveland, while the Celtics were allowed to do the exact same thing they were allowed to do in the fourth quarter of Game Four- karate-chop on defense while hooking, pushing and jumping over the back on every loose ball and unclaimed rebound. Just like that, the game was virtually over. Cleveland cut the deficit to two late in the period but a quick Boston burst extended it back to six at halftime- and after that came the third-quarter collapse.

Look, the bottom line here is simple: no one in the NBA power structure- be it Commissioner Stern, his officials, or the league’s media partners- wants any part of the Cavaliers winning a Championship. To them, it’s the worst-case scenario. They are going to do everything in their power to steal that opportunity from Cleveland, blatantly if need be. We need to accept that. And the Cavaliers need to be good enough to overcome that. On Tuesday night, they weren’t even close.

The Supporting Cast: This isn't about the supporting cast. This night was a referendum on the career of LeBron James in Cleveland. This failure can't be put on anyone else. LeBron owns this lock, stock and barrel.

Having Said That: Let's touch on Mo Williams for a second. 3-of-8 from the field, 9 points, 5 assists and this time Moseph was torched by not one but two Boston guards. Rajon Rondo and Ray Allen combined for 41 points on 15-of-25 from the field (a tidy 60 percent.) A lot of us made the mistake of thinking guys like Zydrunas Ilgauskas and Delonte West were the heart of this team. Mo Williams is the heart of this team, a team that dances around like jackasses during 30-point January beat-downs of the Clippers and then embarrasses themselves in a game like Tuesday night's. He exemplifies the entire shoddy, front-running concern.

Death of a Salesman: Did you see the expression on Dan Gilbert's face as he watched what unfolded? This man is doing everything in his power, spending a boatload to bring a Championship to this city- and this is what he gets. I'll tell you, if Dan wants to put on a Night of the Long Knives this summer, with this organization, I'll be in Public Square with a stiff-armed salute. (Actually, I wouldn't be. But I would approve.)

Five Years and a Wake-Up: Mike Brown, it's been nice knowing you. There apparently was always a ceiling on being LeBron's caddy, and your chrome dome is pressed tight against it. You will coach again in this league, I am sure. You seem like a decent man, but, well… you're expendable here. Very much so. I have a feeling you're about to be expended- and for good reason. You can't finish with the best record in the NBA and not even reach the Finals two years in a row and keep your job. It can't work like that. And you being a defensive-minded coach and all, it's pretty pointless to have you around when your defense is giving up 55 percent shooting and 120 points in a home Playoff game. So, barring something unforeseen, this is kind of it.

Credit Where It's Due: I can bitch about LeBron, and the officiating, and LeBron, and Mo, and LeBron, and Mike Brown, and LeBron, but it'd be unfair to mention it:

There is one team in this series playing Playoff basketball, one team playing as a cohesive, inspired unit and not a flat bunch of guys. The Boston Celtics are winning this series because they're the better, crisper, more focused basketball TEAM in this series. At this point, with the way things are going, they deserve to win this series.

And Lastly, Shaq: Who had 21 points on 7-of-11 from the field and 7-of-10 from the line- you spent an entire winter here just to watch your superstar bail on you in the spring. Welcome to Cleveland, big man.

Next: Thursday night, 8:00, at the Garden in Boston.