

WWE No Way Out 2004

Location: Cow Palace - Daly City, California

Date: February 15, 2004

Darkness fades in, flickering like a dying flame. A single steel chain swings into frame, the creaking echo setting an ominous tone. Then—*BOOM*. A beat of war drums begins. The narration kicks in over slow-motion flashes of shattered bodies, bloodied faces, and the chaos of war.

"For six men... the path to WrestleMania runs through hell."

The screen cuts to black and white footage of the Elimination Chamber, its jagged steel hanging above the ring like a medieval guillotine. We see Goldberg snarling, fists clenched, smoke pouring around him. Then Edge, standing defiant, wide-eyed with destiny. A blink—and Eddie Guerrero flashes into view, shaking with Latino Heat. Cena snarls, chain in hand. Rhyno pounds his chest like a war drum. And the monstrous Big Show looms in the shadows, waiting to devour.

The video then explodes with cuts of each man hitting their signature moves, synced to a heartbeat-like rhythm. Flash. Spear. Flash. Frog Splash. Flash. F-U. The voice returns.

"Only one walks out... with a ticket to immortality."

The screen smashes like glass into the next chapter: the collision of egos and eras — Kurt Angle vs. Shawn Michaels.

"Two icons. Two legacies. One dream... WrestleMania."

We see HBK staring into the mirror backstage, sweat on his brow. A replay of his WrestleMania XII Iron Man win burns into the screen — then dissolves into Kurt Angle standing on the Olympic podium, gold medal around his neck.

"For Shawn Michaels, it's the road to redemption. For Kurt Angle, it's the roadblock he intends to erase."

Clips fire off like bullets — Sweet Chin Music cracking jawbones, Angle Slam demolishing bodies, both men trading icy glares in dim-lit corridors.

"Tonight, HBK fights for his future... or fades into the past."

Then, silence.

A dark red hue washes over the screen as slow, methodical footsteps echo into frame. A throne. A championship. And two kings.

Brock Lesnar. Triple H.

“Two champions. Two worlds. One collision.”

A series of ferocious replays rolls by — Lesnar *F5’ing* monsters, Triple H bashing skulls with sledgehammers. Titles hoisted. Blood dripping. These aren’t men. They are rulers at war.

“Tonight... the lines are erased. The titles are forgotten. Only one will stand as the Alpha.”

The music swells — strings, choir, drums pounding like thunder. Every face flashes one final time in rhythm — HBK. Angle. Cena. Eddie. Goldberg. HHH. Lesnar. Big Show. Edge. Rhyno.

“There’s No Way Out...”

Cut to black.

"And now, WWE and Snickers Cruncher present..."

NO WAY OUT.

🔥💣 **PYRO EXPLODES** 💣🔥

The screen dissolves from the final thunderous shot of the cold open into a blinding white flash—then BOOM! A *massive eruption of pyrotechnics* explodes from the stage, sending a shockwave through the **Cow Palace** in Daly City, California. The camera swoops across a sea of rabid fans, signs waving high—“*EDGE = WRESTLEMANIA,*” “*GOLDBERG EATS STEEL,*” “*TRIPLE H FEARS BROCK,*” “*HBK 4 LIFE.*” The lights swirl wildly as the No Way Out theme song thunders through the arena, a gritty guitar riff layered over stomping drums. Tonight’s stage is a tribute to confinement and destruction. Enormous steel trusses form the shape of a collapsing wall—sharp, angled beams of metal reaching down like prison bars. Chains hang ominously from the lighting rig. The *No Way Out* logo is emblazoned in rusted, industrial steel across a shattered video screen at the top of the entrance ramp. Smoke hisses out from either side like steam escaping an underground factory. Everything feels claustrophobic, dangerous... like no one will leave the same.

Cut to ringside, where **Michael Cole** and **Tazz** stand ready at the announce desk, the steel Elimination Chamber looming above the ring like a god of destruction.

Michael Cole: *“Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to WWE No Way Out! We are live, sold out, in Daly City, California—where 20,000-plus are about to witness brutality, carnage, and chaos like never before!”*

Tazz: *“Yo Cole, that structure above the ring? That’s not a match. That’s a career-altering hell on earth! Six of SmackDown’s elite—Edge, Eddie Guerrero, Big Show, Rhyno, John Cena... and the man who beat the clock to enter last—GOLDBERG—it all comes down to tonight!”*

Michael Cole: *“And the winner? A ticket straight to WrestleMania to face the WWE Champion! No second chances. No escapes. There’s No Way Out.”*

Cut to the **RAW side**, where **Jim Ross** and **Jerry “The King” Lawler** are standing by, buzzing with energy.

Jim Ross: *“Folks, tonight it’s Champion versus Champion in the main event—Brock Lesnar, the reigning WWE Champion, battles Triple H, the World Heavyweight Champion, in a clash that’s been a year in the making!”*

Lawler: *“But JR, don’t forget about Kurt Angle versus Shawn Michaels! HBK has to win, or he’s OUT of the WrestleMania main event! The stakes have never been higher!”*

Jim Ross: *“It’s career-defining. It’s legacy-crushing. It’s all here tonight at No Way Out!”*

As the commentary teams hype the chaos to come, the lights dim once again, a single spotlight hitting the ring. A loud hiss of hydraulics pierces the air...

 **THE CHAMBER IS LOWERING.**

Steel groans. Chains clatter. Sparks flicker as the 10-ton Elimination Chamber begins its descent from the heavens. The audience roars in anticipation, and a cold chill runs through the arena.

“This is not a match... this is a sentence.”

The Chamber lands around the ring with a deafening **CLANG**—the battlefield is set.

 **DING DING DING!** 

“Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is the Elimination Chamber Match!”

The crowd rises to its feet—ready for war.

The lights in the **Cow Palace** drop suddenly—plunging the arena into pitch-black silence. Then...

💣 **BOOM!** 💣

A white-hot pyro blast ignites at the top of the ramp with a thunderous roar that echoes like an explosion in a steel mill. A geyser of sparks bursts from either side of the entrance tunnel, bathing the entire stage in molten fire. Smoke floods the aisle. The crowd erupts in unison.

😬 **A chill slices through the atmosphere.**

And then... that unmistakable *war drum rhythm* starts pounding.

“DUN... DUN... DUN-DUN... DUN... DUN...”

The fog parts, and through the haze, we see him—shoulders broad, fists clenched, eyes locked in a trance-like focus.

🔥 **GOLDBERG.** 🔥

His silhouette emerges like a tank through battlefield smoke. Security flanks him on either side, but they might as well be ghosts—his presence commands the moment. The crowd is nuclear, some fans screaming with primal adrenaline, others stunned silent at the raw presence of this force of nature.

He slowly marches forward—step by step, head low, breathing heavy. Steam rises from his mouth like a snorting bull. Sparks rain down around him as he strides through the pyro like it isn't even there.

Tazz: *“This guy... this guy is a freakin’ animal, Cole. Look at that intensity. Goldberg’s not just walking into this Chamber. He’s walking into war.”*

As Goldberg reaches ringside, the steel structure of the Elimination Chamber towers above him like an ancient god of wrath. He stops. Looks up. Breaths in deep. The red and silver lights reflect off the metal, dancing across his glistening body.

He climbs the steel steps—*CLANG... CLANG... CLANG...*—each echo another thunderclap.

And then—he steps through the Chamber door. The moment he crosses that threshold, the noise from the crowd somehow gets *louder*. The chains rattle as he brushes past them. The camera zooms in—Goldberg *smiles*, just slightly. Not out of joy. Out of hunger.

He steps into his pod—surrounded on all sides by reinforced Lexan glass and unforgiving steel.

He turns toward the hard camera, his eyes wild, his fists raised. The pod *hisses* shut behind him. Locked in.

🔥 *He earned the right to enter last, but he made sure he entered FIRST.* 🔥
To look every other man in the eye. To stare down the Chamber itself.
To remind the world that when the door opens... someone's getting *speared straight to hell.*

Goldberg stands silent inside his pod—breathing heavy, pacing slightly, eyes locked on the aisle.

Suddenly, the lights around the stage glow a deep, ominous blue as the thundering boom of *The Big Show's* entrance theme shakes the foundation of the Cow Palace. The massive steel door to the stage slides open, and the towering figure of The Big Show steps into the spotlight—his silhouette casting an enormous shadow across the ramp like a monster summoned from the depths.

Michael Cole: *“Here comes the largest athlete in the world. And inside the Elimination Chamber, that size? That power? It's not just an advantage—it's a damn weapon.”*

Big Show stands at the top of the ramp, cracking his knuckles slowly, his eyes narrowed, unblinking, as they lock on the steel structure ahead. His 500-pound frame looks even more menacing when set against the blackened air and chain-link nightmare that awaits. He starts his slow walk down the aisle—*each step shaking the floor*, boots pounding against the ramp with deliberate, measured impact. The fans in the front rows look up at him in awe, some booing, others simply stunned into silence. He raises one massive arm and clenches a giant fist into the air, letting out a guttural roar that echoes like thunder throughout the arena. The camera cuts to Goldberg in his pod—watching—unflinching. Show reaches the steps and slowly ascends them, the steel groaning beneath his weight. He ducks his massive head under the Chamber door frame and steps into the belly of the beast. The very chains seem to react to him, swaying slightly as he passes.

Tazz: *“You wanna talk about danger? When a 7-foot, 500-pound man is locked in this structure, you're not just fighting a match. You're trying to survive.”*

The Big Show walks across the steel grating floor and into his pod, pausing for just a moment to stare at Goldberg. There's no fear—just contempt. He steps in and turns to face the ring, arms folded, ready. The door seals behind him with a deep metallic *thunk*.

Now two of the most dangerous forces in WWE stand caged like wild animals, waiting for their moment to be unleashed. The crowd is buzzing. The tension builds.

The arena lighting shifts to a gritty red hue, casting an almost apocalyptic glow across the stage as **Rhyno's** entrance theme erupts like a war drum—fast, aggressive, and unrelenting. Smoke billows from the entrance curtain, and out bursts the **Man Beast**, stomping onto the stage with his shoulders squared, head low, and eyes filled with pure intensity. He marches forward with the snarl of a man who's not here to play the game—he's here to destroy.

Michael Cole: *“He's been called uncontrollable. Unpredictable. But tonight, inside that Chamber, he just might be unstoppable.”*

Rhyno charges halfway down the ramp before pausing, slamming his fists against his chest and letting out a primal roar that sends a jolt of energy through the crowd. He doesn't take his eyes off the chain-link steel that looms ahead—there's something almost magnetic about it. The Chamber speaks to his chaos. His violence. He belongs in it. Rhyno storms up the steel steps and stands outside the Chamber door for a heartbeat, then paces in place like a caged animal. He throws his head back and howls, veins bulging from his neck, before entering the structure. The moment he steps inside, he doesn't stop moving—circling the ring, pounding on the chain walls, screaming into the cold air like he's daring someone to come at him.

Tazz: *“This dude ain't human sometimes. And I tell ya, the Chamber? It might actually be the only thing crazy enough to contain him.”*

Rhyno slams a fist against his pod door as he enters, rattling the steel with such force it echoes like a shotgun blast. He glares across the Chamber at **Goldberg** and **Big Show**, nodding slowly, breathing heavily, like he's already tasting blood. With three pods now filled, the carnage is one step closer. The ring is surrounded by pure rage.

The arena lights flash and flicker wildly, then go completely dark. A sudden pulse of static crackles across the sound system—then, a blast of white-hot pyrotechnics explodes from the stage, blinding the crowd for a second before the familiar, driving chords of **Edge's** entrance theme tear through the Cow Palace. The fans rise to their feet, a thunderous mix of cheers and anticipation building to a fever pitch. Out steps **Edge**, silhouetted in the thick haze of smoke and sparks, his long leather trench coat flowing behind him, hair wild, and eyes burning with focus.

Michael Cole: *“This is Edge's moment. He's been clawing his way back from injury, proving week after week that he belongs in the main event—and tonight, inside the Elimination Chamber, he might just punch his ticket to WrestleMania.”*

Edge steps forward, soaking in the atmosphere, a rush of energy surging through him as he throws up the devil horns and lets out a guttural scream. Red and white strobes flicker in sync with his music as he makes his way down the ramp, teeth clenched, eyes darting between the chamber and the fans, locked in a moment of destiny.

He circles the steel structure, hands running over the cold chains, jaw tightening as he takes it all in—the unforgiving steel, the bulletproof pods, the carnage to come. He nods to himself, then makes eye contact with Goldberg, who’s pacing inside his pod like a caged animal. Edge smirks, a mix of fearlessness and defiance.

Tazz: *“Edge has never been in an environment like this, but don’t count him out. He’s hungry, man. He wants that WrestleMania main event, and if he’s gotta go through hell to get it? So be it.”*

Climbing the steel steps, Edge enters the chamber with a deep breath, his boots echoing on the metal floor. He turns once, taking in the walls of destruction around him, before stepping into his pod. As the door closes and locks with a heavy thud, Edge leans against the glass, eyes closed for a second, centering himself. Then they snap open, sharp and ready. He pounds his fists against the glass twice, stares out at the ring, and waits for the chaos to begin.

The arena lights dim once again as a familiar sound echoes through the Cow Palace—*“Viva La Raza!”* explodes through the speakers, triggering a massive ovation. The fans leap to their feet as **Eddie Guerrero** steps through the curtain, bouncing with swagger and charisma, low-riding down the ramp in his signature strut. Dressed in his trademark black tights adorned with flames and “Latino Heat” emblazoned on the sides, Eddie exudes confidence and defiance with every step.

Michael Cole: *“Listen to this ovation! Eddie Guerrero may just be the most beloved superstar in the WWE today. He lies, he cheats, he steals—but he fights with more heart than anyone in this business.”*

Eddie pauses halfway down the ramp, looking up at the towering Elimination Chamber structure like it’s an old rival. He cracks a grin, shakes his head in mock disbelief, then kisses his fingers and points to the heavens. His eyes scan the chamber, but then he spots **Goldberg** locked inside his pod, pacing like a tiger ready to maul anything in his path. Eddie smirks—cool, cocky, and totally unshaken. He points at Goldberg, mouths something in Spanish with a wink, and then pats his chest, as if to say, *“I ain’t scared, homes.”*

Tazz: *“That’s classic Eddie right there. He’s got guts, no doubt. And tonight, he starts this war against John Cena—what a way to kick things off!”*

Eddie climbs the steel steps and carefully enters the chamber, a tinge of tension in his body now that he's standing inside the monstrous structure. He looks around at the steel floor, the chains above him, the pods glimmering in the lights—and then fixes his eyes on **John Cena**, who is already making his way toward the ring. Eddie nods, loosens up his shoulders, and backs into the corner, a sly smile creeping across his face as he gets ready to throw down first in one of the most grueling matches of his life.

The arena plunges into a low blue hue as the unmistakable beat of “*Word Life*” slams through the speakers, triggering a frenzy from the crowd inside the Cow Palace. There's an eruption of cheers and boos mixed into a volatile energy—because they know who's coming. A record scratch hits. “*Word Life! This is basic Thuganomics!*” booms over the PA, and just like that, **John Cena** steps through the curtain with swagger in every stride.

Wearing a black “No Way Out” baseball jersey with “CENA” stitched across the back, a padlock and chain slung around his neck, and a white fitted cap cocked slightly sideways, Cena with no mic shockingly with a usual rap for the audience, he instead storms down the ramp, energy bursting from every movement. His eyes are locked on Eddie Guerrero, who waits in the ring smirking with confidence, unfazed by the verbal barrage. Cena reaches the steel steps, then takes a moment before entering the Elimination Chamber structure. He glances at each pod—Big Show, Edge, Rhyno, and the locked-in Goldberg—each man standing still but pulsing with tension.

Cena enters the ring through the chamber door and immediately rips off his jersey, tossing it toward the steel floor. He bounces on his feet, fists clenched, barking a few words at Eddie who doesn't back down—he smirks and steps closer. The referee closes the chamber door behind them with a loud *clang* that echoes throughout the Cow Palace. The crowd roars in anticipation.

Michael Cole: “*Listen to this place! John Cena and Eddie Guerrero are about to kick off the Elimination Chamber—and you can feel the pressure from here!*”

Tazz: “*Yeah, Cole, it's about to get real ugly, real fast. This ain't just a match—this is about going to WrestleMania!*”

The final seconds tick away as both men circle each other, a rare blend of mutual respect and burning desire for glory flashing in their eyes. WrestleMania hangs in the balance—and it all starts *now*.

ELIMINATION CHAMBER MATCH

****WINNER FACES BROCK LESNAR AT WRESTLEMANIA XX**

**EDGE vs. EDDIE GUERRERO vs. RHYNO vs. THE BIG SHOW vs. GOLDBERG vs.
JOHN CENA**

The bell rings, echoing ominously through the chamber like a war drum. The crowd roars to life as John Cena and Eddie Guerrero circle each other in the center of the steel battlefield. Outside the ring, four dangerous men stand confined inside their pods—Edge, Big Show, Rhyno, and Goldberg—each watching intently through the thick, reinforced glass. The stakes? A ticket to the main event of WrestleMania XX. The violence? About to erupt. Cena lunges first, going for a double-leg takedown, but Eddie sidesteps with his signature flair and smirks, wagging a finger at the young rising star. Cena pops up and fires a stiff right hand—but Eddie ducks and responds with a sharp open-palm slap across Cena’s face, the sound reverberating off the steel. The crowd gasps and pops simultaneously, and Cena’s eyes widen as the smirk fades into pure aggression. He rushes Guerrero into the corner, driving stiff shoulder thrusts into his midsection, rattling the chain links behind the turnbuckles. Eddie grunts with each blow but grabs Cena’s head and rolls over him, flipping the rookie into a sudden sunset flip pin attempt—1...2...kick out! Cena rolls through and swings wildly, but Eddie counters into a headscissors takedown, sending Cena spinning across the mat. Guerrero hits the ropes, but Cena rebounds quicker, catching Eddie midair with a brutal tilt-a-whirl backbreaker that folds him up. Cena covers—1...2—Guerrero kicks out with force. Cena peels Eddie up and delivers a few clubbing forearms to the back, dragging him toward the chamber wall. He tries to ram Eddie’s head into the chain-link, but Eddie elbows his way free and counters with a drop toe hold, sending Cena face-first into the steel! The sound is sickening. Cena collapses, holding his mouth. Eddie takes a moment to catch his breath, already bleeding slightly from a busted lip. He sees an opportunity and springboards off the ropes, hitting a senton backsplash onto Cena’s spine across the unforgiving steel flooring outside the ring. Eddie pulls Cena up, this time suplexing him onto the steel with a loud crash, the sound echoing under the dome. The pain is instant, and Cena writhes, holding his lower back. Eddie yells out, "¡Viva La Raza!" as the crowd explodes. He lifts Cena again and drags him back into the ring for another pin—1...2...Cena barely lifts a shoulder.

Michael Cole: "We’re barely five minutes in and this match is already brutal, Tazz!"

Tazz: "That’s what the chamber does, Cole—it shortens careers, it crushes dreams—and we’ve only just begun."

Eddie continues the assault with pinpoint accuracy—dropkicks to the ribs, mounted punches, and a quick snapmare followed by a stiff kick to the spine. Cena tries to rally, shoving Eddie off and throwing desperation punches from his knees. Guerrero answers with a swift basement dropkick to Cena’s face, sending him down again. But Cena isn’t going away. With a primal growl, he surges up, lifts Eddie high, and drops him with a

massive spinebuster, shaking the ring. Both men lie flat, breathing heavily. The timer begins its countdown—10...9...8...—the crowd joins in,

7...6...5...4...

3...2...1...BUZZZZZ! thunderous and rabid as the carnage builds and the next participant is about to enter the fray...

BUZZZZZ! The chamber lights swirl across the steel dome before flashing red, then focusing on a single pod—**The Big Show's**. The 500-pound monster snarls as the door unlocks with a mechanical hiss. With a lumbering step, Show emerges into the chaos, and the entire energy inside the Cow Palace shifts. Eddie and Cena both glance toward the giant, their exhausted expressions tightening with dread.

Show steps onto the steel grating, eyes locked on both men in the ring. He raises a single, massive hand as if already calling for a chokeslam. Cena charges first, trying to cut the giant off with a clothesline, but Show doesn't even flinch. Cena bounces off him like a rubber ball. Eddie tries his luck next, leaping off the second rope with a missile dropkick—but Show swats him out of midair like a fly.

Big Show grabs Cena by the throat and **launches him into the chamber wall**, steel links shaking violently. Cena crumples to the floor, groaning in agony. Show turns to Eddie, stalking him like prey. Guerrero scrambles back, trying to mount a counter, but Show grabs him by the hair and drags him to his feet before **headbutting him square in the forehead**, dropping him to his knees. The crowd winces with every thud.

Michael Cole: “This isn't just power—it's devastation incarnate, Tazz!”

Tazz: “Cena and Eddie were having a war out there, but now it's a massacre with Big Show unleashed.”

Show hauls Guerrero up for a **delayed vertical suplex**, showing off terrifying strength before slamming him down with a ring-rattling **powerslam**. He goes for the pin—1...2...Eddie kicks out! Show doesn't show frustration; instead, he smiles coldly, relishing the torture. He drags Eddie to the edge of the ring and **drops a leg across his chest**, bridging across the ropes, nearly cutting Guerrero in half.

Meanwhile, Cena starts stirring, crawling toward the ring apron. Show turns his attention back to him, stepping out onto the grating and lifting Cena off the ground with both hands. He hurls Cena into one of the pods—**glass shatters**, the crowd roars, and Cena lies amidst shards, dazed and bloodied.

With Eddie and Cena both down, Show stands tall in the center of the ring, beating his chest and roaring. “I OWN THIS CHAMBER!” he shouts, saliva flying, veins bulging from his neck. He grabs Eddie once more and **whips him hard into the corner**, then charges in with a thunderous **body avalanche**, sandwiching Guerrero. Eddie collapses face-first, barely moving. But the Big Show isn’t finished. He drags both men to the center of the ring and sets them up—**double chokeslam attempt**—but Eddie and Cena, using the last of their energy, **both kick low**, staggering the big man. Cena hits the ropes, Eddie follows from the opposite side—**double flying shoulder blocks**, Show stumbles—Cena bounces again—**flying forearm!** Show finally goes down! The chamber shakes as the crowd erupts. Both Cena and Eddie lie flat again, exhausted. The camera pans across the shattered pod, the crumpled bodies, the massive fallen giant—and then upward to the countdown clock.

10...9...8...

Tazz: “If this is what we’re getting before the third man even enters, I don’t even wanna imagine what this match looks like by the end!”

7...6...5...4...

Cole: “The chamber is unforgiving—and the worst may be yet to come!”

3...2...1...BUZZZZZ!

The lights swirl and finally settle on Rhyno’s pod. With a thunderous reaction from the crowd, the door hisses open, and the Man Beast bursts from his chamber like a caged animal finally unleashed. His eyes burn with intensity, and his body is coiled with aggression. He doesn’t walk—he storms out, pacing the steel grating like a warhound, surveying the destruction in front of him. Cena and Eddie are slowly recovering in the ring, while Big Show is still down, holding his midsection from the earlier double-team. Rhyno slides into the ring, and his target is immediately clear: John Cena. Rhyno charges like a freight train and cuts Cena in half with a devastating clothesline before Cena can even get to his feet. The sheer impact echoes through the Cow Palace as Cena flips inside out and crashes to the mat.

Tazz: “That’s the Rhyno I remember—straight up nasty, Cole!”

Michael Cole: “He’s bringing chaos into this match with zero hesitation.”

Eddie tries to catch Rhyno off guard with a roll-up—1...2...kickout! Rhyno shoots back up with a snarl and delivers a vicious spinebuster, nearly planting Guerrero through the canvas. He mounts Eddie and begins raining down right hands, wild and primal, with the crowd caught between awe and horror.

Rhyno stands and turns to the recovering Big Show. There's no fear in his eyes, only bloodlust. Rhyno throws himself into the ropes and lunges at Show with a leaping shoulder tackle, but Show swats him away with a brutal palm strike to the chest. Rhyno crashes to the mat, clutching his ribs. Big Show pulls himself upright, glaring at Rhyno—but before he can act, Cena springboards off the second rope with a diving leg drop to the back of Show's head! The crowd roars as the giant staggers. Eddie climbs the turnbuckle and launches with a missile dropkick, and this time, the combined strikes drop Show to his knees.

Rhyno recovers quickly and bounces off the ropes—GORE TO BIG SHOW!!

The chamber rattles from the impact, and the audience explodes. Big Show is laid out in the center of the ring, motionless. Rhyno roars, his face twisted in intensity, veins bulging in his neck as he turns to Cena—GORE TO CENA! The Doctor of Thuganomics folds in half and rolls to the outside grating, groaning in pain. Eddie stumbles to his feet and throws a desperate forearm at Rhyno, but Rhyno blocks it and responds with a hard knee to the gut. He whips Eddie into the ropes, but Eddie counters with a tilt-a-whirl into a DDT! The crowd pops big as Rhyno's skull bounces off the mat. All four men are down now—Big Show barely stirring, Cena draped over the ropes on the outside steel, Eddie on one knee breathing heavily, and Rhyno clutching his head. The match has devolved into utter chaos, and the structure around them feels like it's closing in with every second.

Michael Cole: “This is turning into a demolition derby inside the Elimination Chamber!”

Tazz: “And we've still got Goldberg and Edge to enter this thing!”

The camera pans around the Chamber—shattered glass still glitters from Cena's earlier impact, blood smears dot the canvas and chain walls, and the crowd is on fire. Tension is rising.

10...9...8...

Eddie wipes the blood from his forehead and looks around at the carnage.

7...6...5...

Cena crawls back in, breathing hard. Show's eyes flutter open.

4...3...2...1...

BUZZZZZ!

The spotlight begins swirling again as it's time for the penultimate entrant...

Tazz: “Here comes Edge, Cole—and business is about to pick up again!”

BUZZZZZ!

The spotlight settles on **Edge's pod** and the crowd leaps to their feet with a thunderous reaction. Edge bursts from his pod like a man possessed, sprinting down the steel grating with intensity in his eyes and a chip on his shoulder. Edge slides into the ring just as Eddie tries to clothesline Rhyno over the top rope. But Edge hits the gas—**SPEAR TO RHYNO!** Edge explodes through Rhyno's midsection with spine-jarring velocity, turning him inside out and nearly snapping him in half. The Man Beast crashes hard, rolling to his back, completely dazed. Edge scrambles to his feet, adrenaline pumping. He clocks Cena with a stiff right hand, then another, and finally dropkicks him through the ropes and out onto the steel floor. Big Show lumbers forward and grabs Edge by the throat—**CHOKESLAM ATTEMPT!** But Edge kicks Show low—between the legs—and then **bounces off the ropes with a spinning heel kick to the jaw!** Show stumbles backward, allowing Eddie to leap from the top turnbuckle—**missile dropkick again!** This time Show falls into the corner, winded and sluggish. Cena staggers back into the ring and clubs Edge from behind, trying to ground the newer entrant, but Edge fights back with a series of forearms and then drops Cena with a **sit-out Edge-O-Matic!** Meanwhile, Rhyno, somehow back on his feet after the spear, lines up Eddie for the **Gore**. He scrapes his boot, snorts like a bull, and charges—but **Eddie sidesteps and sends Rhyno headfirst into the exposed steel ring post between turnbuckle and cage!** Rhyno's skull ricochets off the post with a sickening clang, and he slumps down in the middle of the ring, dazed.

Eddie quickly climbs the turnbuckle nearest the dazed Rhyno and points to the heavens. The crowd builds in anticipation.

Tazz: “No way—he's going for it this early?!”

FROG SPLASH TO RHYNO! The impact lands perfectly, Eddie clutching his ribs from the descent, but he rolls over—

1!

2!!

3!!!

Tony Chimel (ring announcer): “Rhyno has been eliminated!”

The crowd pops as the chamber's first elimination is recorded.

Michael Cole: “And just like that, we’re down to five! Eddie Guerrero just took Rhyno out of the equation!”

Rhyno rolls out under the ropes as the chamber door briefly opens and officials rush in to help him out. Edge stands tall in the middle of the ring, watching the elimination unfold. Eddie slowly pulls himself up, breathing heavily.

But there’s no time to rest—**Cena attacks Eddie from behind** with a back suplex, rolling through into a pin—1...2...kickout! Edge clubs Cena and throws him into the steel mesh wall on the outside, then turns and hits a **baseball slide** into Big Show’s knee, buckling the giant’s leg.

With Rhyno out, the match becomes more frantic, with four men remaining inside the ring—Cena, Edge, Eddie, and Show—all battered and bloodied, each crawling closer to survival, and only one pod remains closed. And inside that final pod, **Goldberg watches.**

Silent.

Ready.

His breath steaming the inside of the glass.

Meanwhile, **John Cena** and **Edge** are slugging it out in the center of the ring, trading fierce right hands, each man trying to gain momentum. Cena ducks a wild swing, kicks Edge in the gut, and hoists him up for an **F-U** attempt—but Edge wriggles out mid-air and lands on his feet, then charges—**Edgecution DDT!** Cena’s head spikes into the canvas, and Edge hooks the leg!

1!

2!

Kickout!

Edge slaps the mat in frustration, grabbing at his hair. He turns and eats a running **lariat from Big Show**, who barrels through Edge like a freight train. Show grabs the Rated-R Superstar by the wrist and **flings him across the ring** into the steel chain wall. Edge hits with a sickening thud, his back whiplashing off the unforgiving steel, and he collapses in a heap.

Michael Cole: “That’s nearly 500 pounds launching you into steel! This structure is a nightmare!”

Meanwhile, **Eddie Guerrero**, still aching from the Frog Splash he delivered to Rhyno earlier, crawls his way toward the far side of the ring, where Show looms like a mountain. Eddie rises slowly, smirking through bloodied lips. He slaps Show across the face—a **pure act of defiance**—and then ducks as Show swings wildly in rage. Eddie

kicks Show's leg out from under him and begins peppering him with fast-paced lefts and rights—firing up the crowd. Show shoves Eddie down, but Eddie pops back up—**low dropkick to the knee!** Show stumbles forward. Eddie grabs the middle rope, swings behind Show, and goes for a **roll-up**—but Show's too big. Show blocks it, grabs Eddie by the hair, and yanks him up—**GORILLA PRESS SLAM INTO THE CAGE WALL!** Eddie's body splats against the chains and crumples to the floor. On the outside, Cena and Edge have brawled their way onto the steel grating. Cena throws Edge face-first into the plexiglass pod that once housed Rhino—**it cracks but doesn't shatter.** Cena then bounces Edge's face off it again—**this time the glass SMASHES** and Edge falls partially inside the broken chamber. Cena looks to capitalize, pulling Edge up—but **Edge grabs a chunk of the broken plexiglass** and smashes it into Cena's stomach! Cena stumbles, and Edge grabs him by the neck and delivers a **modified Impaler DDT on the steel floor!** Cena writhes, clutching his neck. Back in the ring, Big Show lifts Eddie by the throat—**CHOKESLAM** coming—but Eddie thumbs the eye! Eddie drops down and **chop blocks Show's knee**, then again, then a **third time**, finally dropping the giant to one knee. Eddie scrambles to the top rope...

But Show suddenly stands and **catches Eddie mid-flight**, swinging him around in a bearhug!

Then—

BUZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!

The lights strobe red.

The final pod opens.

Goldberg steps forward.

And the entire arena becomes unglued.

The chamber door slams shut behind Goldberg as the former World Heavyweight Champion storms into the match like a hurricane. Steam practically rolls off his shoulders, his chest heaving, eyes wild with destruction. The five remaining men—**Big Show, Edge, Eddie Guerrero, and John Cena**—all suddenly pause in the chaos, their gazes snapping to the Beast in black trunks now charging across the steel.

Big Show, being the largest and closest, steps up first—and Goldberg doesn't flinch. He **lowers his shoulder and SPEARS** Show clean off his feet with a devastating impact that echoes through the Cow Palace. Show crashes to the mat, gasping, already taken off his base.

Tazz: “That’s 500 pounds he just ran through like nothin’, Cole! Goldberg’s not human!”

Edge charges next, but Goldberg scoops him up like a sack of bricks—**GORILLA PRESS SLAM onto the steel grating!** Edge yells in agony as his spine smacks the chain-covered floor. Goldberg turns and meets **Cena**, who tries to throw hands—but Goldberg catches his punch, shoves him back, and then boots him square in the chest. Cena stumbles—**Goldberg grabs him, suplex into the cage wall!**

Tazz: “This is just slaughter. Goldberg is carving through bodies like a man possessed.”

In the ring, **Eddie Guerrero** stays low, waiting, stalking, watching the chaos unfold. As Goldberg turns back toward the ring, Eddie springboards off the top rope—**attempting a Hurricanrana**—but Goldberg **catches him mid-air**, spins, and **powerbombs him brutally onto Edge’s body** lying on the outside grating.

Cole: “GOOD GOD, DID YOU SEE THAT? Edge and Eddie might be shattered!”

Goldberg is on a mission. He yanks Edge to his feet, throws him back inside the ring, and lines up for another Spear. Edge stumbles to his knees. Goldberg waits—**but suddenly Big Show wraps a massive hand around Goldberg’s neck from behind!** He lifts—**CHOKESLAM!**

But **Goldberg flips in mid-air and lands on his feet!** He explodes forward—**SPEAR TO BIG SHOW!**

The crowd explodes.

Cover!

1!

2!

3!

Big Show is eliminated.

Cole: “Unbelievable! The biggest man in the match just got steamrolled out of it!”

Show rolls out of the chamber door slowly as referees pull him away. Goldberg stands tall in the ring, veins bulging, chest rising like a predator with fresh blood in the water.

Eddie crawls back into the ring holding his ribs. Cena pulls himself up using the chain wall, groaning. Edge is barely moving on the steel. The chamber looks like a war zone. Bodies are everywhere, and only four remain.

Goldberg, Eddie Guerrero, John Cena, and Edge.
The road to WrestleMania narrows.

And the hunt isn't over.

The chamber pulses with energy as the final four warriors find themselves rising from the debris of carnage. Goldberg paces like a panther in the center of the ring, his chest still heaving from the destruction he's wrought. His eyes lock with **John Cena**, who pulls himself into the ring, defiant despite the bruises blooming on his body. The crowd buzzes as the two alpha athletes circle each other—until Cena fires first. **Cena throws a right hand**, which Goldberg eats with a grunt—he returns one of his own that rattles Cena's jaw. **Back and forth they go**, heavy haymakers exchanged in the middle of the squared circle like gladiators. Cena ducks a wild lariat, **shoulder tackles Goldberg**, sending the big man stumbling back into the ropes. **Cena hits the ropes—flying shoulder block!** Goldberg drops to a knee! The crowd erupts. **Cena grabs Goldberg for a DDT—but Goldberg shoves him off** and drives forward. Cena leapfrogs—**Goldberg rebounds off the ropes—Edge cuts him off with a huge flying forearm!** Goldberg stumbles, only to get clipped from behind by a **springboard dropkick from Eddie Guerrero!** Now the match turns into a frenetic, desperate game of teamwork. **Edge and Eddie**, longtime rivals, nod at each other briefly—then double Irish whip Goldberg into the ropes—**Goldberg reverses and runs through both men with a DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!** Goldberg lifts Eddie into a **military press slam**, but Edge from behind—**spear to the back of Goldberg's knee!** Goldberg drops Eddie, clutching his leg in frustration. Cena storms in and **grabs Edge—Protobomb!**

The ring now becomes a whirlpool of high-octane counters. **Eddie kicks Cena in the gut—snap suplex!** He rolls the hips—**another!** The crowd knows what's coming. Eddie rolls through—**third suplex in the Three Amigos!**

The crowd pops, and Eddie climbs the turnbuckle, breathing heavily. He points to the heavens and **goes for the Frog Splash—BUT CENA ROLLS AWAY!** Eddie crashes and burns, holding his midsection.

Cena limps up and finds Edge—**FU attempt!** Edge slides off, shoves Cena chest-first into the turnbuckle—**Edge-O-Matic!** Edge scrambles for the cover—

1!

2!

Kickout!

Cole: “So close! Cena just barely survived!”

On the outside steel grating, Goldberg has recovered. He eyes Eddie crawling out of the ring. With a primal snarl, Goldberg grabs him—**whips him into the steel wall**, then **military presses Eddie INTO the plexiglass pod!** It cracks but doesn't shatter. The crowd gasps.

Tazz: “Eddie’s ribs have gotta be crushed! That’s reinforced glass, man!”

Back in the ring, **Edge runs at Cena again—Cena ducks—back body drop onto the steel!** Edge lands hard on his hip and back, writhing in pain. Cena turns around—

AND EATS A SPEAR FROM GOLDBERG!!

But Goldberg doesn't cover. He’s too fired up—pounding his chest, letting out a guttural roar.

Goldberg’s domination is threatening to reset the chamber—but **all three of his opponents are still breathing**, barely.

The war inside the Elimination Chamber rages into another brutal five-minute stretch, where momentum shifts like a pendulum between exhaustion and adrenaline. Goldberg stands tall in the ring, breathing heavily, sweat pouring from his brow. Around him lie the fallen—**Edge is down on the steel grating clutching his ribs, Cena is pulling himself up using the chains, and Eddie Guerrero lies motionless in the corner, one hand barely twitching** after being driven spine-first through the pod wall earlier.

Goldberg turns his attention to Cena, storming forward like a lion smelling blood. He grabs Cena by the head and flings him into the ring, then follows with a thunderous stomp to the midsection. He lifts Cena with ease—**military press—then drops him across the top rope throat-first.** Cena crumbles into the mat, gasping for air.

But then—**Eddie begins to stir.**

The crowd starts buzzing. Tazz notes, “He’s not out yet, Cole. Latino Heat's still burning.”

Goldberg doesn't notice. He’s focused now on Edge, who’s crawling back in from the steel platform. Goldberg yanks him up and levels him with a belly-to-belly suplex that shakes the canvas. **With all three opponents incapacitated, Goldberg raises his arms, snarling like a beast.** Then—he turns to Eddie. Still down. Still motionless. Face-down, hand clutching his ribs. A hint of crimson now trickles from his mouth. Goldberg walks over and stomps Eddie in the back. No response. Another stomp. Nothing. He yanks Eddie up slowly—dead weight.

Goldberg hoists Eddie up for a Jackhammer—

—but Eddie springs to life.

He slides down Goldberg's back, SCHOOLBOY ROLL-UP- grabbing the ropes for the leverage

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

GOLDBERG IS ELIMINATED!

The Cow Palace **EXPLODES.**

M. Cole screams, "HE GOT HIM!! HE GOT HIM!! EDDIE GUERRERO JUST PINNED GOLDBERG!!"

Tazz shouts, "HE STOLE IT! HE DAMN WELL STOLE IT—AND THE CROWD LOVES IT!!"

Goldberg kicks out a heartbeat too late, sitting up wide-eyed and furious. He immediately lunges at Eddie, but the referee and a wall of officials rush in through the chamber door to block his path. Eddie backs into the corner, laughing through the pain, holding his ribs with one arm and pointing to his temple with the other.

"I lie, I cheat, I steal!" the crowd chants with him, roaring in approval.

Goldberg fights off one official, then two, trying to claw back toward Eddie, but the swarm finally forces him out of the chamber. He curses, punches the wall, then storms up the ramp, jaw clenched in fury.

Eddie, bruised and battered, smiles through the ache—his trick worked.

He had played possum, lured the beast in—and rolled him out.

Now only **Eddie, Cena, and Edge remain.**

And the chamber is once again a battlefield.

Despite being eliminated, **Goldberg refuses to leave ringside.** He stalks the perimeter of the chamber like a rabid animal, breathing heavily, face drenched in sweat and venom. Inside the ring, **Eddie Guerrero tries to pull himself to his feet**, still holding his ribs after the roll-up miracle. The crowd is electric, rallying behind Latino

Heat. Suddenly—**with a snarl**—**Goldberg charges back through the chamber door** that officials hadn't secured yet. He **slams it open with a burst of power**, sending referees flying like bowling pins.

Edge and Cena both look up, alarmed, barely conscious themselves, but unable to stop it.

Goldberg sets his sights on Eddie—and **SPEARS HIM OUT OF HIS BOOTS.**

The impact echoes through the Cow Palace like a cannon blast. Eddie crumples to the mat, his body nearly folded in half, a red smear now forming beneath his head. Goldberg kneels beside him and **starts pounding him with fists**, primal and unchecked. A wave of boos rain down, some fans in stunned silence.

Security storms the ring, finally pulling Goldberg off of Eddie—but the damage is done.

Goldberg glares down at his victim, breathing hard, **muttering curses** before reluctantly being escorted out, this time with five officials dragging him from the chamber and chaining the door shut behind them.

In the ring, **Edge crawls toward Eddie**, barely able to stand, the chamber's toll visible on every part of his body. He looks conflicted for a moment... and then hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Eddie Guerrero is eliminated.

The crowd is irate—not at Edge, but at what just transpired. They boo Goldberg with fury as he disappears behind the curtain, while Edge collapses next to Eddie, shaking his head in disbelief.

Cole: “Goldberg just screwed Eddie Guerrero! That was personal! That was damn personal!”

Tazz: “Eddie had this thing in his hands, JR. He played it smart, he survived—he had it—until Goldberg lost his damn mind!”

EMTs rush in to check on Eddie as the chamber door is cracked open momentarily for his removal. **Latino Heat**, despite the elimination, is helped up by two officials.

Battered, bleeding, yet defiant, he raises a single fist before disappearing through the archway—showered in a standing ovation.

Now, only **Edge and John Cena remain.**

The crowd buzzes. The war isn't over... but the heart of Eddie Guerrero just left a permanent mark.

The chamber door slams shut again with a metallic finality as the EMTs finish helping a battered Eddie Guerrero to the back. The crowd is still buzzing, murmuring in a cocktail of fury and heartbreak over Goldberg's post-elimination rampage. But inside the unforgiving steel structure, the chaos hasn't subsided—it's only intensified. **Edge and John Cena are the last two standing**, the only warriors left in the brutal Elimination Chamber. Both are down on one knee, sweat pouring from their faces, chests heaving, bodies covered in welts, cuts, and bruises. The lights above shimmer down through the cage links, casting ominous shadows across the blood-stained canvas. **Cena is the first to push himself to his feet**, rallying to the energy of the crowd, who rise in anticipation. He stalks Edge slowly, his eyes locked with intensity. He reaches down, pulling Edge up by the hair—but Edge, ever the opportunist, surprises him with a jawbreaker, sending Cena stumbling back! Edge lunges in desperation and connects with a **spinning heel kick**, clipping Cena flush on the jaw and dropping him. Edge stumbles to the corner and uses the chain link as leverage to pull himself up. His fingers claw through the steel mesh, the camera capturing a wild-eyed, almost crazed look in his eyes.

Tazz: “You can see it, Cole—Edge is running on fumes, but man, this dude refuses to die.”

Edge ascends the turnbuckles slowly, wobbling with each step, until he's perched high above the ring. He pauses, measuring Cena, then launches into a **devastating missile dropkick**—but Cena moves at the last second! Edge crashes hard, his body contorting as he hits the mat.

The crowd groans in unison from the sickening impact.

Michael Cole: “What a crash and burn by Edge! He went for broke, and Cena just barely avoided disaster!”

Cena pulls himself to his feet, rubbing his jaw. He walks a slow circle around Edge's fallen body, pointing to the crowd and raising one hand. The fans erupt as Cena throws his hand in front of his face—**“You can't see me!”**—then bounces off the ropes and **drives the Five Knuckle Shuffle** into Edge's skull with authority!

He goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Edge kicks out.

Cena slaps the mat in frustration, then gets back to work. He hauls Edge up again, hooking his arm and lifting him onto his shoulders for the **F-U**—but Edge squirms out mid-move and lands behind him. Cena turns—and Edge hits a **sudden Edge-O-Matic**, spiking Cena to the canvas!

Now it's Edge's turn to crawl for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Cena kicks out.

Both men now lie motionless for several moments, the damage clearly taking its toll. Sweat glistens off their bodies as the chamber lights pulsate, flickering like a heartbeat of anticipation. Edge uses the ropes to pull himself up. Blood trickles from his nose, busted earlier in the match, and he wipes it with the back of his forearm before screaming to the crowd. He backs into a corner, pounding the mat with his fists, eyes locked on Cena.

He's calling for the **Spear**.

Cena stirs... slowly turns... Edge charges like a missile—

Cena leapfrogs!

Edge crashes shoulder-first into the steel ring post! He bounces back and stumbles into Cena's arms, who scoops him up **again for the F-U**—and this time, **he nails it!** The ring shakes from the impact.

Cena covers...

ONE!

TWO!

Edge gets his foot on the bottom rope! The crowd gasps in shock.

Cena rolls off, gasping for breath, grabbing his ribs in agony. Both men are completely spent, bodies broken, minds refusing to give up. **Cena pulls himself up** using the chains of the chamber wall, sweat dripping from his body, blood trickling from his eyebrow. On the opposite side of the ring, Edge leans against the ropes, his eyes locked on Cena with feral determination, his chest heaving like a rabid animal. The crowd is at a fever pitch, split in chants and anticipation, knowing the end is near. **Edge storms forward**, but Cena counters with a quick **drop toehold into the steel turnbuckle**, sending Edge face-first into the exposed bolt. Edge stumbles back and Cena wraps him up, **lifts him high—F-U CONNECTS!**

Cole: “F-U! F-U! Cena hit it!”

Tazz: “COVER HIM, KID! GO FOR THE COVER!”

Cena hooks the leg—

ONE!

TWO!!

THR—NO!!!

Edge kicks out at the last second and the arena erupts in disbelief. Cena slaps the mat in frustration, blood smearing beneath his palm. He stands, signaling for another F-U, pulling Edge up by his arm, but **Edge counters....EDGE CUTION DDT!** Edge covers, screaming with intensity—

ONE!

TWO!!

CENA KICKS OUT!

Michael Cole: “What a war! Neither man wants to quit!”

Both men struggle to rise. Cena throws a haymaker—Edge returns fire. The crowd roars with every blow.

Right by Cena! Right by Edge!

Right by Cena! Right by Edge!

Cena ducks—shoulder block!

Another shoulder block!

Protobomb!

The crowd rallies with Cena as he signals the **Five Knuckle Shuffle**, bounces off the ropes—

Edge leaps up—SPEAR!!

Edge clutches his ribs as he crawls, throwing an arm over Cena's chest—

ONE!

TWO!!

TH—CENA KICKS OUT AGAIN!

The Cow Palace is shaking now. Edge can't believe it—his face twisted with exhaustion and rage. He rises, fists clenched, teeth bared, screaming at Cena to get up. Cena does—barely. Wobbling.

Edge charges—SECOND SPEAR!

Cena crumples like a heap in the center of the ring.

Michael Cole: “He got ALL of that one!”

Edge hooks both legs this time, leaning back with all his weight—

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING.

Winner: Edge (32:47)

Tony Chimel: “Here is your winner... and the number one contender for the WWE Championship at WrestleMania XX... EDDDDGE!!”

The chamber shakes with fireworks and cheers as **Edge lies on his back**, both hands covering his face, overwhelmed with emotion. The camera zooms in on the broken gladiator as blood pours down his face and sweat drips from his soaked hair. Replays are shown of the highlights of this amazing Chamber match. As **Edge** stands atop the turnbuckle, sweat pouring down his face, he stares out at the roaring crowd, eyes locked on the **WrestleMania XX sign** hanging high above the arena. His chest heaves, every breath filled with the weight of what he's just achieved. **The camera zooms in on his face, showing a mixture of exhaustion, disbelief, and raw emotion.** Suddenly, the arena **erupts in fireworks** as **pyro shoots off** from all corners of the stage, painting the night sky in red, white, and blue. **Edge raises his arm**, pointing directly at the iconic sign with a defiant smile creeping across his face. The crowd roars, knowing that this moment marks the beginning of something huge.

M. COLE: “LOOK AT THAT, TAZ! EDGE IS GOING TO WRESTLEMANIA! THE DREAM MATCH IS SET! EDGE WILL FACE BROCK LESNAR FOR THE WWE CHAMPIONSHIP AT WRESTLEMANIA XX!”

Tazz: “Unbelievable! Edge has fought through six men in that brutal chamber match, and now he’s headed to the grandest stage of them all! This is his moment!”

As **Edge stands tall**, the camera zooms out to show the full scope of the arena, **pyrotechnics still exploding** above the ring, painting the scene with explosive brilliance. The crowd is deafening, and **Edge’s music continues to play**, becoming the soundtrack of his journey to WrestleMania. His gaze doesn’t leave the **WrestleMania sign**—he’s locked in on his goal.

Michael Cole: “This is the moment, Tazz. This is what Edge has been fighting for his entire career. At WrestleMania, Brock Lesnar and Edge will collide in what is sure to be an epic championship battle!”

Tazz: “This is what we’ve been waiting for—what a night! Edge and Lesnar. That match will go down in history.”

The **WrestleMania XX graphic** fills the screen, showcasing the two superstars—**Brock Lesnar** and **Edge**—face-to-face, with the former holding the WWE Championship over his shoulder. The **graphic flashes** as the camera pans out, showing the massive arena, the crowd chanting “**Edge! Edge!**” as the anticipation builds for **WrestleMania XX**. The camera **zooms in on Edge one last time**, his face full of pride and determination. His hand slowly drops from the sky, and he clenches his fist, signaling that he’s ready for whatever awaits him at WrestleMania. **Edge’s moment** has come. And now, his fate lies in the hands of the most dangerous beast in the WWE: **Brock Lesnar**. **The screen fades to black** with the final roar of the crowd still echoing in the background, leaving fans with a sense of anticipation and excitement for what will be an unforgettable clash at **WrestleMania XX**.

3 MIN - AD BREAK

The camera fades back in from commercial, cutting to the backstage interview area where **Todd Grisham** stands, mic in hand, looking energized beneath the flickering “No Way Out” logo hanging in the background. The crowd’s distant hum bleeds through the curtain as **Christian**, in his signature black mesh shirt, cocky smirk, and hair slicked back, struts into frame with smug confidence.

Todd Grisham: “Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome... Christian. Christian, tonight, you step into the ring with Trish Stratus—”

Christian immediately yanks the mic from Josh's hand, interrupting.

Christian: "Whoa, whoa, whoa! Let me stop you right there, Josh. You don't 'step' into the ring with Trish Stratus. You *stoop* into it. You lower yourself into that ring because you're about to wrestle a woman who should've stayed on the cover of fitness magazines instead of trying to hang with real athletes like me."

He scoffs, brushing off his shoulder.

Christian: "You people don't get it. I'm doing this company a favor. I'm doing *Trish* a favor. Because after tonight, maybe—just maybe—she'll finally realize that this is a man's game... and I'm not just *any* man. I'm the best thing going. I'm Captain Charisma."

The crowd in the arena can be heard booing through the monitors as Christian's arrogance radiates.

Christian: "After tonight, Trish will have all the time in the world to cry into her little makeup bag, wondering why she ever thought she could hang with someone like me. And when she tells her sob story on Raw tomorrow? You know what she'll say?"

He smirks wickedly into the camera.

Christian: "She'll say, 'He was prettier than me... and *way* more talented.'"

He tosses the mic back at Todd with a sneer, brushing past him and disappearing down the hallway toward the arena.

Todd Grisham, stunned and uncomfortable, adjusts his tie and watches Christian walk off.

Todd: "Back to you guys at ringside..."

The camera fades out, setting the stage for the tension-filled grudge match to come.

As the cameras cut back to ringside, a wide sweeping pan of the red-hot **Cow Palace crowd** captures fans on their feet, signs waving, the residual glow of the Elimination Chamber's destruction still fresh in the air. The **stage is bathed in purple and red**, spotlights swirling as the unmistakable voice of **Jim Ross** kicks in.

Jim Ross: "Ladies and gentlemen, what an explosive start to No Way Out! And up next, a match with huge WrestleMania implications as two of the toughest, most decorated women in WWE square off for a shot at championship gold!"

Jerry ‘The King’ Lawler: “JR, it’s not just any gold—it’s the *Women’s Championship* at *WrestleMania XX*! Can you imagine the pressure? Lita and Victoria have clawed their way back to the top, and only one is going to Madison Square Garden for the title shot!”

Suddenly, a haunting, gritty riff fills the arena. A spotlight crashes down onto the entranceway as **Victoria’s theme song**, “**All the Things She Said**” by T.A.T.U. kicks in, and out storms **Victoria**, laser-focused, eyes intense beneath the flashing strobe. Dressed in black and red gear with a tattered trench coat, she walks to the ring like a woman possessed. Her dark eyeliner, her snarl, and her heavy breathing tell the story of a competitor who’s not here to entertain—she’s here to *win*.

JR: “Victoria is one of the most unorthodox and dangerous women to ever lace up boots. She’s unpredictable, King. And that makes her deadly.”

Victoria climbs onto the apron, slowly turns her head toward the camera, and lets out a primal scream before flipping over the top rope and landing on her feet inside the ring. She paces like a caged animal, glancing toward the *WrestleMania XX* sign hanging high above the stage.

Then, the crowd *erupts*.

“It’s time to rock ‘n roll...”

The arena pulses with energy as **Lita’s theme** blasts through the speakers, and the crowd gives her a massive ovation. She bursts through the curtain, wearing a red mesh top over black cargo pants and her signature grin. Her wild red hair flows behind her as she throws up the devil horns, pointing to the fans before locking eyes with Victoria in the ring. There’s a confidence and fire in her eyes that only comes when the stakes are at their highest.

King: “Listen to this ovation for Lita! These fans love her—and for good reason! She’s a daredevil, a fighter, and JR... she never backs down from a challenge!”

Lita slaps hands with the front row, then dashes up the steel steps, vaults onto the top rope, and throws up her fists again as the crowd pops. She stares at Victoria as she drops down into the ring, circling her like prey. Victoria doesn’t flinch—just smirks.

JR: “We’re moments away from one woman’s ticket to *WrestleMania*. The road to MSG runs straight through this match... and neither of these ladies plan on taking a detour.”

With both competitors now in the ring, the referee steps between them and holds them back. The official raises one finger in the air, gesturing the winner of this bout becomes the **No. 1 Contender for the Women’s Championship at *WrestleMania XX***.

VICTORIA VS. LITA

***No. 1 Contender's Match for the Women's Championship at WrestleMania XX*

The bell rings and the energy inside the **Cow Palace** is *electric*. A low buzz runs through the crowd as **Victoria and Lita circle**, eyes locked in a dead stare. These two warriors have history—fought, bled, and clawed their way to this moment. Both know what's on the line: a ticket to the **grandest stage of them all**. They tie up in a collar-and-elbow, Victoria digging in low with a sudden shove, muscling Lita back into the corner. The referee starts the count—1... 2... 3... Victoria *lets go* but not before driving a knee sharply into Lita's midsection, drawing a gasp. Lita doubles over, and Victoria swings with a forearm across the back of the neck, sending Lita crashing to the mat early.

JR: "Victoria's got a mean streak a mile long, and she's showing it early!"

Victoria grabs a handful of Lita's red hair, drags her up, and **whips her hard** across the ring—Lita hits the corner *back first* with a thud. Victoria charges, going for a running back elbow—*Lita ducks!*—Victoria crashes into the turnbuckle and staggers out—**Lita leaps up with a headscissors takedown!** She flips Victoria over, sending her tumbling to the mat and the crowd comes alive. Victoria scrambles to her feet—Lita bounces off the ropes and charges—**tilt-a-whirl headscissors again!** Victoria is dazed and rolls to the outside, frustrated, slapping the barricade.

King: "Lita's quickness is on display tonight! Victoria needs to slow her down!"

Lita doesn't wait. She hits the opposite ropes and *suicide dives* through the middle rope with a **baseball slide**, hitting Victoria in the ribs and knocking her backward into the barricade. The fans in the front row leap to their feet. Lita jumps onto the apron, points to the crowd—and **launches herself off with a diving crossbody**, *wiping out Victoria* on the floor!

JR: "High risk, high reward! Lita with no regard for her own body!"

Lita pops to her feet with a fiery yell, and the crowd is roaring. She grabs Victoria, throws her into the ring, and climbs to the top rope, waiting for Victoria to rise—**missile dropkick!** Victoria takes it right in the chest and flattens. Lita covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Victoria kicks out!

Lita stays on her, pulling Victoria up by the arm and twisting it into a hammerlock. She transitions quickly into a **snapmare** and hits a stiff **low dropkick** to Victoria's spine,

drawing a grunt of pain. Lita backs up and hits the ropes for momentum—but Victoria surprises her with a **quick snap powerslam!** Boom—impact. The match shifts instantly.

King: “What a counter! That’ll crack your ribs in two!”

Victoria covers, hooking the leg—**ONE, TWO—Lita kicks out!**

Now it’s Victoria’s turn to unleash fury. She mounts Lita and throws **piston-like punches**, hammering her with rights. The ref pulls her off after a 4-count warning, but Victoria is seething. She grabs Lita by the arm, yanks her up—**short-arm clothesline!** Victoria keeps the hold, pulls Lita up again—**another clothesline!** Victoria goes for a third, but Lita ducks—

Lita springboards off the middle rope—MOONSAULT—NO! Victoria sidesteps and Lita crashes belly-first on the mat!

JR: “Lita went for it all and paid the price! This is what No Way Out is all about!”

Victoria wastes no time—she drags Lita to her feet and sets her up for the **Widow’s Peak...** but Lita drops down and rolls her into a **sunset flip!**

ONE!

TWO!

Victoria kicks out again!

Both women scramble up—**double clothesline!** They collide in the center of the ring and both collapse as the crowd gives a huge round of applause.

King: “What a match already! They’re giving it everything they’ve got!”

The crowd is split, chanting both names. The referee checks on both as they begin to stir, the match hanging in the balance... and it’s far from over. The crowd in the Cow Palace is electric as both women begin to stir, sweat glistening on their brows, chest heaving with deep breaths. Both women slowly crawl to opposite corners and use the ropes to pull themselves up. Their eyes meet again—tired but burning with determination. They nod, knowing this fight is far from finished. They charge at each other and collide in the center with a flurry of stiff forearms. *Smack!* Lita connects. *Smack!* Victoria answers. *Smack—smack—smack!* The crowd roars with every blow until Victoria surprises Lita with a brutal **European uppercut**, rocking her back. She grabs Lita’s arm and **whips her hard into the ropes**, and on the rebound, **Victoria goes for a sidewalk slam**—but Lita **counters mid-air into a DDT!** Victoria’s head *spikes* the mat with a brutal thud, and both women are down again.

JR: “Good God, what impact! That could’ve broken Victoria’s neck!”

Lita crawls over and drapes an arm over her opponent—

ONE...

TWO...

T–Victoria kicks out! The crowd gasps, believing it was over.

Lita pulls herself up, holding her ribs. She looks to the turnbuckle and the fans buzz. She ascends to the top rope, carefully, balancing. She looks back—**moonsault attempt—but Victoria rolls out of the way!** Lita crashes hard, clutching her abdomen. Victoria smells blood. She stalks Lita, grabs her by the hair and pulls her up—**hair whip toss** across the ring. Lita bounces off the mat like a rag doll. Victoria grabs her again—**slams her face-first into the turnbuckle**—and backs up. She charges—**handspring back elbow!** It connects flush!

King: “Victoria’s in the zone, JR! You can see it in her eyes—this woman is dangerous!”

Victoria hoists Lita up onto the top turnbuckle, climbing up after her. She hooks her for a **superplex**, the crowd gasping—but Lita fights back with punches to the gut. Victoria teeters. Lita **shoves her off the top**, and Victoria crashes to the canvas! **Lita stands tall on the top rope... leaps... and connects with a crossbody!** She hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

Victoria kicks out again!

Lita pulls at her hair in frustration—she thought that was the end. She picks Victoria up and goes for a **Twist of Fate**, but Victoria spins out of it and shoves Lita chest-first into the ropes. On the rebound, Victoria lifts her into the air—**backbreaker!** Lita cries out, arching her back in pain. Victoria isn't done. She locks in a **seated surfboard stretch**, wrenching Lita’s shoulders back viciously. The referee drops down to check if Lita wants to give up, but she screams "No!" The crowd claps in unison, willing her back into the fight. Lita slowly starts to turn into the hold, inch by inch—**reverses the pressure and rolls Victoria into a pin!**

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Both women scramble up again—Lita charges for a clothesline, but Victoria ducks—**nails a snap spinebuster!** She hooks the leg—

ONE!

TWO!

TH—NO! Lita gets the shoulder up!

The fans are on their feet as the clock nears the 10-minute mark. The match is reaching a fever pitch. Both women are exhausted, bruised, but not broken. As they rise again, the crowd roars with anticipation, knowing the finish could come at *any moment*.

JR: “This is what it’s all about—WrestleMania implications on the line and two of the very best fighting with everything they’ve got!”

The crowd in Daly City is *roaring*, clapping rhythmically as both women slowly stir. Victoria wipes blood from her lip, a result of the earlier DDT, and snarls as she eyes Lita struggling to her feet. Victoria rushes for a clothesline—**but Lita ducks under** and springs off the ropes with desperate speed, leaping for a **flying headscissors!** Victoria is sent tumbling across the ring. Lita feeds off the crowd’s energy, slapping the mat and shouting in exhaustion and defiance. Victoria rises, dazed—**Lita kicks her in the gut—Twist of Fate!** It lands flush! The crowd erupts as Lita signals to the top rope.

JR: “She’s going for it, King! This could be the moment—this could be the match!”

Lita climbs slowly, wobbly-legged, every muscle screaming. She steadies herself at the top rope. She throws her arms out wide—and **dives off with a picture-perfect Moonsault!**

SPLASH! Right across Victoria’s chest.

She hooks the leg deep—

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

DING DING DING!

Winner: Lita (10:47)

Lita is going to WrestleMania XX to face Molly Holly for the Women’s Championship!

JR: “She’s done it! Lita’s going to WrestleMania!”

King: “What a match, JR! These women just tore the house down!”

Lita collapses onto her knees, arms raised in exhausted triumph, tears welling in her eyes. The crowd stands and applauds the war they’ve just witnessed. Victoria rolls out of

the ring, holding her ribs, visibly frustrated but acknowledging Lita's effort with a nod. As Lita continues celebrating, **her music blaring**, she turns around to see **Victoria standing on the outside looking on... but then Victoria gives her a subtle, respectful nod before exiting up the ramp.**

The moment hangs for a beat... and then—
“Obsession” hits.

Molly Holly walks onto the stage in her white-and-purple gear, Women's Championship slung over her shoulder, smug expression painted across her face.

She points to Lita in the ring and mockingly *slow claps*. Then she raises the title high. Lita doesn't back down. She motions around her waist and mouths: *“That's mine.”* The WrestleMania sign glows above them both as the crowd buzzes again.

We fade backstage to a bustling scene behind the curtain. Edge, soaked in sweat and breathing heavy, his chest still heaving from the brutal Elimination Chamber match, is standing in front of a large “No Way Out” backdrop. His blonde hair is matted to his forehead, and a mix of adrenaline, exhaustion, and triumph is written across his face. Standing beside him is SmackDown's Josh Mathews, microphone in hand, looking stunned yet eager to speak.

Josh Mathews:

“Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the man who just survived the Elimination Chamber... the man who will face Brock Lesnar at WrestleMania XX for the WWE Championship... *Edge!*”

The crowd in the arena roars in the background as the camera focuses in on Edge's intense expression. His eyes are still wide from the war he just went through.

Edge: *(pausing, breathing heavy)*

“You know something, Josh? A lot of people—a lot of people—never thought I'd make it back here. Two years ago, I was told I might never wrestle again. I was on the shelf, watching the world pass me by. Watching guys like Brock Lesnar rise to the top... while I sat at home with metal in my neck and fire in my heart.”

He pauses again, composing himself as the crowd chants “EDGE! EDGE!” in the distance.

Edge:

“But tonight? I went through hell. I went through five of the toughest bastards in this company... inside the most unforgiving structure this industry has ever seen. And I

survived. I didn't just survive—I *won*. And now, for the first time in my career... I'm going to the main event of WrestleMania."

The crowd roars again.

Edge:

"Brock Lesnar... you've torn through this roster. You've conquered legends. But you haven't faced me. And at WrestleMania XX, in Madison Square Garden... I become the WWE Champion."

Edge walks away from Josh, slapping the mic gently down in his palm as the camera follows him down the hallway.

He turns the corner, walking with purpose—until suddenly, he *stops cold*.

The camera pans to reveal **Brock Lesnar** standing just a few feet away.

The WWE Champion, belt slung over his shoulder, is dressed in a black "Here Comes The Pain" tee and warm-up pants. His eyes are locked on Edge. The beast doesn't flinch. He doesn't speak. He just smirks.

Edge steps forward, unfazed, and the two stand *nose to nose*.

Neither man moves. Neither blinks.

The tension is so thick it nearly crackles through the screen. The crowd in the arena audibly reacts to the face-off as it's shown on the big screen.

Lesnar slowly lifts the title from his shoulder and *raises it*, staring directly into Edge's soul. Edge doesn't break eye contact. He just smiles and *taps the title* once with his finger.

Edge (low, almost a whisper):

"See you at the Garden."

With that, he turns and walks off, leaving Lesnar staring after him, jaw clenched and eyes filled with intensity.

Fade to black.

Cut to ringside.

As the camera fades back in from the intense backstage stare down, the thunderous energy of the Cow Palace crowd continues to pulse through the building. Michael Cole and Tazz welcome us back to ringside, still buzzing from the Elimination Chamber

aftermath and the WrestleMania confrontation between Edge and Lesnar. But there's no time to dwell—gold is still on the line tonight.

Michael Cole:

“Ladies and gentlemen, we are rolling here at No Way Out, and after what we've just seen, the road to WrestleMania is starting to heat up! But up next—it's SmackDown's premier tag team division taking center stage.”

Tazz:

“That's right, Cole. The WWE Tag Team Titles are on the line, and The Basham Brothers are gonna have to be at the top of their game if they wanna leave here with that gold still around their waists.”

The arena lights dim slightly as the slick, confident beat of “**Pay the Price**” hits the sound system. A mix of purple and gold lights swirl across the entranceway as **The World's Greatest Tag Team—Shelton Benjamin and Charlie Haas**—stride out onto the stage. Dressed in matching singlets with gold trim and laser-focused expressions, Haas and Benjamin pause at the top of the ramp. Haas throws a quick shadowbox routine while Shelton slaps his chest and points down toward the ring. There's a palpable sense of pride and hunger in their presence—they look every bit like athletes ready to reclaim their position atop the division. They walk down the ramp in perfect sync, glancing at the crowd but never losing their composure. Once in the ring, Shelton springs to the second rope with ease, scanning the crowd while Haas paces like a caged animal, loosening his shoulders. The crowd gives them a solid reaction—part admiration, part anticipation.

Tazz:

“Yo, say what you want about these guys—maybe they're cocky, maybe they're a little smug—but they are two of the most technically gifted athletes we've got, and they've tasted tag team gold before. They're not intimidated by the Bashams. Not one bit.”

Michael Cole:

“No doubt about it, Tazz. If anyone can break the Basham Brothers' grip on the tag team division, it might just be these two.”

Suddenly, the mood shifts as the lights flicker red and strobe wildly. The hard-pounding entrance theme of the **Basham Brothers** hits, and out walk the reigning champions—**Doug and Danny Basham**, flanked by their enigmatic and calculating manager, **Shaniqua**. Shaniqua stands tall behind her team, towering in a leather dominatrix-inspired ensemble, arms crossed, eyes cold. The Bashams themselves are dressed in their dark leather vests and black tights, holding the WWE Tag Team Championships high in the air. They walk slowly and deliberately down the ramp, their

demeanor a stark contrast to the crisp athleticism of their challengers. Shaniqua barks something inaudible behind them as Doug and Danny slide into the ring, raising their titles again, completely unfazed by the tension coming from the opposite corner. The champions unstrap their belts and hand them off to the referee, but not without a long, icy stare in the direction of Haas and Benjamin. The two teams meet in the center for a brief moment—four men, hungry for dominance, all with something to prove. The referee separates them, raising the titles high as the bell is moments from ringing.

Michael Cole:

“This is what the tag division is all about—prestige, intensity, and the thrill of competition. The titles are on the line—who walks out of No Way Out with the gold?”

Tazz:

“Let’s get it on, baby.”

The bell rings—and the fight begins.

WWE Tag Team Championship Match
The Basham Brothers (c) vs. The World’s Greatest Tag Team

The bell rings, and the atmosphere inside the Cow Palace is electric, the crowd murmuring with anticipation as Shelton Benjamin and Doug Basham step forward as the starting legal men. Both teams stand at the apron corners, eyes locked across the ring. The referee checks in with each competitor and signals for action—and instantly, the two athletes explode into motion.

Doug circles to his right as Shelton crouches low, arms raised in amateur style, a glint of confidence in his eyes. They lock up in a collar-and-elbow tie-up—Doug attempts to overpower him, but Shelton immediately transitions into a deep go-behind waist lock, showing off his world-class amateur wrestling background. Doug tries to peel Shelton’s hands apart, but Benjamin wrenches him up and slams him down to the mat with a swift takedown, maintaining the grip and floating over into a front facelock. Doug scrambles to the ropes to force a break. Shelton lets go cleanly, backing up with a little smirk and bouncing on his feet. The crowd gives a polite pop of appreciation for the chain wrestling as Doug shakes his head, realizing this match won’t be an easy night at the office. They reset—and this time Doug charges forward with more aggression, throwing a quick right hand, but Shelton ducks it, hits the ropes, and comes back with a lightning-fast **spinning heel kick** that lands flush across Doug’s face! Doug crumbles to the mat as Shelton immediately scrambles into a cover—**1...2...** Doug kicks out. Shelton tags in Charlie Haas, who enters with precision and purpose. Together, the World’s Greatest Tag Team hits a smooth double-team move: Shelton whips Doug into the ropes and drops down for a trip, as Haas connects with a **running knee lift** that

rocks Doug back down to the canvas. Haas covers—**1...2...** again a kickout, but The Bashams are on the defensive. Haas grabs Doug in a rear waist lock and maneuvers him toward his corner, isolating him from Danny and setting the pace. He lifts Doug up for a **gutwrench suplex** and plants him near mid-ring. Another cover—**1...2...** Doug kicks out with more urgency, reaching toward Danny, but Haas grabs the arm and locks in a grounded **armbar**, keeping the champ on the mat and slowing things down. Danny paces on the apron, shouting encouragement, while Shaniqua smacks the mat outside, barking orders like a drill sergeant. The crowd begins clapping along with Haas, but Doug uses the energy to twist free, scrambling toward the corner—**TAG!** Danny Basham enters with fire. Danny immediately goes after Haas with a **clothesline**, then follows with a **back elbow** off the ropes that drops Charlie. He yanks Haas up by the hair and slams him with a **snap suplex**, floats into a cover—**1...2...** kickout by Haas. Danny keeps the pressure on with **clubbing forearms** to the back, then forces Haas into his team's corner. With Doug recovered, they make a quick tag. The Bashams work as a unit now—Doug enters and hits a **shoulder thrust** to Haas' gut while Danny holds him in place. Doug then executes a **scoop slam**, tags Danny back in, and Danny comes off the second rope with a **diving knee drop** right to the ribs. The momentum has shifted. The champs are now firmly in control. Doug holds Haas in a seated position as Danny applies a **rear chinlock**, grinding it in with a knee in the spine. Haas begins to stir, the crowd behind him. Cole and Tazz put over the psychological edge of cutting the ring in half. Haas fights up, elbows to the ribs, breaks free, hits the ropes—but Danny catches him with a **snap powerslam!** Beautifully executed! Cover—**1...2...** Haas kicks out again, but the cumulative damage is building.

As we reach the 6-minute mark, the Basham Brothers have regained control and are now systematically working over Charlie Haas. Shelton Benjamin paces the apron, hand extended, urging a tag while the crowd begins to clap, trying to rally the technician out of enemy territory. Charlie Haas continues to reach out for Shelton Benjamin, who's bouncing on the ring apron with an outstretched hand, as the crowd builds in a rhythmic clap behind him. Haas digs deep, crawling and pushing through the pain of the double-team assault he's endured, while Danny Basham stalks behind him. Just as Charlie lunges to tag—Danny grabs the ankle and drags him back toward enemy territory! But Haas rolls through, counters with a **drop toe hold**, sending Danny into the middle turnbuckle face-first! Haas scrambles, leaping like his life depends on it—**TAG MADE!** The Cow Palace erupts as Shelton Benjamin springs into action. Shelton vaults over the ropes like a missile and blasts Danny with a **flying clothesline**, knocking him flat. Doug charges in—**superkick** from Benjamin! He then pops back to his feet and **dropkicks** Danny out of the corner. With unmatched agility, Shelton hits the ropes and nails a **running bulldog** on Danny. Cover—**1...2...** Doug dives in just in time to break it up! Charlie Haas charges in to meet Doug and tackles him, both men rolling under the ropes to the outside. Shelton eyes the chaos, then turns his focus back

to Danny. He lifts him—**exploder suplex!** The crowd pops as Danny is sent halfway across the ring. Shelton stalks his prey, calling for the finish. He hoists Danny into a **double underhook position**—looking for the **Paydirt**—but Shaniqua hops on the apron, screaming at the referee. Shelton pauses. Haas climbs back to the apron to yell at the official too, trying to point out the interference. In the chaos, Doug Basham sneaks around the ring post and slides into the ring with the **WWE Tag Team Championship belt**. As Shelton turns to execute his finisher—**WHAM!** Doug nails him square in the back of the head with the gold! Shelton drops like a sack of bricks as the crowd erupts in boos. Doug dives back out and hides the evidence, while Danny slowly rolls over, draping an arm over Benjamin. Shaniqua hops down.

Referee:

1...2...3!

Winners and STILL WWE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS: The Basham Brothers (12:24)

The bell rings to an eruption of jeers. Haas slides in a moment too late, just as the Basham Brothers roll out of the ring with smug grins, arms raised, clutching their titles like stolen loot. Shaniqua hugs both of them at ringside as the ref tries to explain the finish to a confused Haas.

Tony Chimel (ring announcer):

“Here are your winners and still WWE Tag Team Champions... the BASHAM BROTHERS!”

Tazz:

“Oh, come on! That was a highway robbery, Cole!”

Michael Cole:

“They stole the damn match! Shelton Benjamin had this match won, but those no-good Basham Brothers used the belt like a damn weapon! This is disgusting!”

The camera zooms in on Shelton, still groggy and barely sitting up, shaking his head in frustration. Haas leans over to check on him while pointing out toward the retreating champions. The Bashams celebrate up the ramp with Shaniqua, the titles held high as the crowd rains down hatred. Their reign continues—but not without controversy. As the shot fades to black, you can see the fire in Shelton’s eyes. This isn’t over. Not by a long shot.

(AD BREAK)

(VIDEO PACKAGE KANE/TAKER)

Searing flames erupt across the stage. The pyro EXPLODES with a vengeance as Kane's ominous theme hits. The arena is bathed in red light. The monster emerges, eyes wild walking slowly but with undeniable fury. His presence is chilling. Kane storms to the ring, jaw clenched. As he steps inside, he snatches a mic from the timekeeper and paces like a caged beast. The flames die, but the tension remains.

Kane:

"I buried him. I BURIED HIM WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS!"

(He snarls, the veins in his neck bulging.)

"At Survivor Series, I ended my brother. The world watched as I dropped the dirt over his cold, lifeless body. And I felt... peace."

(The crowd boos as he glares into the camera.)

"But it didn't last. Because now... I hear the gongs. I feel the chill. And I see the shadows."

(Kane's breathing slows. His tone drops to something colder.)

Kane:

"Deadman... If you're out there, then I want you to listen to me very carefully..."

(He glares toward the stage.)

"I am not afraid of ghosts. I'm not afraid of memories. And I DAMN SURE am not afraid of YOU."

Crowd: *"UNDERTAKER! UNDERTAKER!"*

Kane steps toward the ropes, shouting with rage.

Kane:

"ENOUGH GAMES! If you want me, THEN COME AND GET ME!"

BOOM — GONG.

The arena blacks out. The crowd ROARS. A slow blue spotlight fades in. Fog spills across the stage. A dark silence follows... then the unmistakable roll of wheels on steel...

*A **casket**, wrapped in rotting black fabric and old chains, is being pushed toward the ring by four silent druids. The crowd rises in awe and fear. Kane watches cautiously as the druids stop the casket at ringside, then vanish into the fog. Kane tilts his head, unsure — almost curious. He steps outside the ring, stalking toward the casket like an animal sensing a trap.*

He circles it once. Then again. Then, finally, he grabs the lid and begins to pull it open
—

WHOOSH!

FLAMES EXPLODE FROM THE CASKET LID.

*Kane stumbles back, shocked but still standing. And then... the lid CREAKS OPEN. Smoke billows out — and from it, a dark figure **sits up**.*

The Undertaker rises from the flames, cloaked in his old-school black hat and trench coat. The crowd loses its mind. His eyes are rolled back. His face is death. He steps from the casket like a man reborn.

Kane's chest heaves as he looks on. For a moment — just a flicker — there's hesitation. But Kane charges. He meets The Undertaker at ringside, fists flying. The brawl begins.

Taker ducks one, throws a right hand. Kane fires back with a big boot. Taker stumbles — but rebounds with a flying lariat. The Deadman pulls Kane to the steel steps — BANG — face first. Kane roars and grabs Taker by the throat — but Taker breaks the grip and SLAMS Kane's head into the barricade.

*Inside the ring they go. Taker runs — **flying clothesline!** The crowd is thunderous. He lifts Kane — **CHOKESLAM!** The arena shakes.*

Taker takes a mic as Kane writhes, struggling to rise.

The Undertaker (calm, chilling):

"At WrestleMania... your soul burns with mine, Kane."

(He stares into the camera.)

"This isn't just a match. This... is your damnation. You and me... INFERNO. CASKET. MATCH."

The crowd gasps. The words feel otherworldly.

Kane, crawling to the ropes, hears it. He grabs the mic, pulling himself up, blood from a busted lip.

Kane (growling):

"You want fire?"

(He wipes the blood from his mouth.)

"Then you better bring everything you've got, Brother... Because at WrestleMania — I'm not running from Hell... I'm DRAGGING YOU BACK WITH ME!"

*The crowd explodes. Taker nods slowly, then **draws his thumb across his throat.**
The lights flicker...*

GONG.

The arena plunges into darkness. When the lights return, The Undertaker is gone. All that remains is the scorched casket, and Kane standing defiantly, eyes burning.

(VIDEO PACKAGE TRISH/CHRISTIAN)

The arena buzzed with a curious energy as the timekeeper's hammer tapped the bell three times, signaling the next contest. The lights dimmed just slightly, and an icy blue spotlight swept the stage. **Christian's theme** — that smug, cocky guitar riff — blared through the speakers, drawing a wave of jeers from the crowd. Out sauntered Christian, his black sleeveless hoodie half-zipped and golden hair slicked back perfectly, a sarcastic smirk painted across his face. He swaggered with every step, arms stretched outward like he was welcoming the booing as a personal accolade. Christian paused at the top of the ramp, tapping his chest once before throwing a mocking thumbs-down to the fans. He took his time walking to the ring, jawing with a few fans at ringside, soaking in every ounce of animosity like it fueled him. Sliding under the bottom rope, Christian popped up quickly and ascended the turnbuckle, raising his arms wide, relishing the negative reception as if he were king of his own miserable castle.

The lights changed to a sharp pink hue, and **Trish Stratus' music** hit — that unmistakable "Time to Rock and Roll" beat thumping as the crowd roared with a surprising mixture of support and worry. Out stepped Trish, a determined scowl replacing her usual radiant smile. Her signature cowboy hat was gone tonight — this was business. Wearing a sleek black and red outfit that screamed confidence and danger, Trish looked both stunning and deadly serious. She paused atop the ramp, the glow of the lights capturing the intensity in her eyes, before starting her confident walk toward the ring. No flirtatious hair flips. No pandering. Just laser focus on the man waiting for her. Christian leaned casually against the ropes, mocking her with a slow golf clap as she climbed the steps. Trish shot him a glare that could've set fire to steel. She entered between the ropes cautiously, keeping her eyes on Christian the entire time, ready for a fight the likes of which she'd never had before.

CHRISTIAN vs. TRISH STRATUS

The bell hasn't even rung yet when the tension inside the Cow Palace explodes. Trish stands defiantly across from Christian, fists clenched, her chest rising and falling with fiery intensity. Christian smirks, slowly walking toward her like a predator circling its prey. He raises a hand as if to talk—but instead leans in with a smug, condescending laugh. Trish doesn't hesitate—**SMACK!** She unleashes a stinging slap right across

Christian's face that echoes through the arena. The crowd erupts. Christian stumbles a half-step back, eyes wide, disbelief melting into rage. Trish rears back for a second slap—but this time Christian **catches her wrist mid-air**, his grip tightening cruelly. A wicked grin creeps onto his face as he **yanks her arm downward**, spinning her violently around. Without hesitation, Christian **drives his forearm into Trish's chest with a brutal clothesline**, dropping her to the mat like dead weight. The crowd BOOS thunderously as JR yells, "Oh come on! Damn it! That was uncalled for!" Christian kneels over Trish, screaming down at her, "You don't slap *me*, Trish! You're NOTHING without me!" He drags her up by the hair, setting up for the **Unprettier**—his body twisting in position, face twisted with venom—

♪ "Break the Walls Down!" ♪

The arena **explodes** as **Chris Jericho charges down the ramp** like a bat out of hell. No pyro. No pose. Just a furious lion hunting the traitor who stabbed him in the back and just struck the woman he's come to care deeply for. Christian turns just in time to see Jericho dive into the ring—and **gets tackled mid-ring with a brutal double-leg takedown!** Jericho doesn't wait. He's **hammering fists into Christian's face**, his body shaking with fury, screaming, "YOU SON OF A BITCH!" Christian covers up, squirming, but Y2J grabs him by the hair and **flings him over the top rope like a sack of garbage**. Jericho follows, ripping off his jacket and **smashing Christian's head into the steel steps—once, twice, three times**, drawing blood from Christian's forehead.

Security's nowhere in sight. This is chaos. This is personal.

Christian tries to crawl away, but Jericho follows, ripping off the top of the announce desk and **slamming Christian's head into the cold steel monitor**. King yells, "Somebody stop this man!" but JR fires back, "After what Christian did, I say let Jericho tear him apart!" Jericho doesn't stop—he grabs a **steel chair and swings**, but Christian ducks, and **the chair hits the ring post with a CRACK**. Christian delivers a desperate kick to the gut and **whips Jericho into the barricade**, but Jericho **ricochets off and LEVELS him with a clothesline!**The brawl spills over the barricade and **into the crowd**. Fans scatter as fists fly, popcorn launches, and beverages are flung into the air. **Christian claws at Jericho's face**, gouging him, then grabs a cup of soda and **throws it right in his eyes**, blinding him for a second. Christian grabs a **folding chair from the timekeeper**, folds it, and **slams it across Jericho's spine with a sickening crack**. Y2J yells in pain but doesn't fall. He turns slowly—**eyes wide and wild**, blood trickling from his lip. Christian swings again—**Jericho ducks, grabs Christian by the waist, and belly-to-back suplexes him onto the concrete floor!** The crowd gasps as the thud echoes throughout the arena. Still not done, Jericho grabs a crutch from a fan, **smashing it**

across Christian's ribs. Christian writhes, coughing, trying to crawl. Jericho grabs him by the ankle and **drags him through the crowd**—rows of chairs tumbling over, security nowhere to be found. It's a riot. They brawl up the stairs, through the concourse area—**Jericho hurls Christian into a merchandise table**, sending shirts, DVDs, and action figures flying. Christian staggers up and tries to run—but Jericho throws a trash can at his back, toppling him to the concrete again. They keep going deeper—**into the production tunnel**, surrounded by crates, wires, and cameras. Christian finds a fire extinguisher and **blasts Jericho in the face with it**, buying himself time. Jericho blindly swings, but Christian **smashes a road case into his ribs**, finally slowing him down.

Now the officials finally arrive—referees, agents, security—but it's too late.

Christian tries to bolt again—but Jericho rips free of the security wall, dives forward, and **tackles Christian through a curtain**, and they **spill onto the backstage interview set**, crashing into the lighting rig. Sparks fly, monitors fall, and the entire backdrop collapses with a thud.

Cameramen scramble back. It's total anarchy.

Christian rakes Jericho's eyes and tries to run again, but Jericho catches him from behind—**grabs him by the hair and throws him into a water cooler**, sending it crashing over, water flooding the area. Jericho slams Christian's head into a table and screams, **"YOU DON'T TOUCH HER! I'M GONNA KILL YOU!"** Christian fights out with a knee to the gut and **tries to lift Jericho for the Unprettier**—but Jericho reverses and **shoves him headfirst into a production truck.**

Finally, security swarms, dragging them apart.

(AD BREAK)

Video Package: HBK/Angle – “Only One Path to WrestleMania for Mr. Wrestlemania”

The arena lights went completely black, drawing an anticipatory hush from the crowd — a rare moment of silence. Then, a crack of golden light split the stage as **Kurt Angle's entrance** theme — that iconic patriotic blast — ripped through the darkness. Red, white, and blue strobes flooded the entrance ramp. Out marched Kurt Angle with a furious, almost militant intensity. His mouthguard already in, his face unreadable, he wore his classic red, white, and blue singlet, the gold medals clinking lightly against his chest with each purposeful stride. The fans, predictably, greeted him with a cascade of "You Suck!" chants timed to the beat of his music — a tradition Angle seemed to have long since internalized. He didn't flinch. He didn't acknowledge them. He only marched

to the ring like a soldier heading into battle. Sliding into the ring with explosive agility, Angle popped to his feet, tugging the straps of his singlet and shouting out into the void, psyching himself up, the veins in his neck bulging, the Olympic Machine fully unleashed.

The lights shimmered and shifted again, this time bathing the entrance in an ethereal white glow. Suddenly, **Shawn Michaels' music** hit — the familiar crashing guitar of “Sexy Boy” — and the Cow Palace came alive in a chaotic symphony of cheers and scattered boos. Out stepped Shawn Michaels, but this wasn't the playful, grinning Heartbreak Kid of old. Clad in new, darker entrance gear — black leather chaps adorned with subtle red crosses — Michaels moved slower, more deliberate. He took a long look at the crowd, tilting his head with a slight sneer, before dropping to his knees on the stage. As pyrotechnics burst behind him, Shawn extended his arms outward in his classic pose, but his eyes remained closed, his expression almost grim, like a man waging a war within himself. Rising to his feet, he began a measured walk to the ring, eyes locked entirely on Angle. He didn't slap hands. He didn't dance. His music kept playing, but this Shawn Michaels — colder, more calculating — didn't seem to hear it. Climbing onto the apron, he leaned against the ropes for a second, studying Angle like a predator sizing up another apex hunter. Then he slipped through the ropes, bouncing lightly on his toes, loosening his shoulders, as the two legends locked eyes from across the ring. The buzz was deafening. The tension was unbearable. A dream match was about to become reality.

***IF HBK WINS HE WILL BE ENTERED INTO THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH AT WRESTLEMANIA XX***

KURT ANGLE vs. SHAWN MICHAELS

The referee calls for the bell and the crowd buzzes with anticipation—two of the greatest performers in wrestling history stand motionless, eyes locked, absorbing the gravity of what lies ahead. The *WrestleMania XX* sign looms high above them, casting a long shadow on this pivotal encounter. Angle and Michaels slowly circle each other, the silence in the ring a stark contrast to the raucous crowd. They lunge forward into a classic **collar-and-elbow tie-up**, struggling for leverage. Angle gets the early upper hand, slipping behind into a **waist lock takedown**, planting Michaels on his stomach with amateur wrestling precision. Angle rides him, grapevining the legs, showing off his Olympic background, and subtly talking trash while grinding his forearm across Michaels' back. Michaels fights to his knees, but Angle transitions into a tight **front headlock**, pressing down with every ounce of weight. Shawn shimmies to the ropes, forcing a break. Angle releases at four, slapping the back of HBK's head as he backs off, eliciting a sharp “OHHH!” from the crowd.

JR: “This ain't just wrestling—this is a mind game.”

Back on their feet, they circle again, and this time Shawn ducks under the lock-up and snatches a **hammerlock**, twisting Angle's arm behind his back with surgical precision. Angle winces, tries to roll through, but Michaels keeps control, shifting into a **wristlock** and wrenching down. Angle rolls forward, kips up, and reverses with a slick **fireman's carry takedown** into a grounded **armbar**, pressing his knee into Michaels' ribs. HBK grimaces, but counters by kipping up in classic form, twisting the arm, flipping over Angle, and sweeping the legs for a **quick lateral press** — *ONE!* Angle kicks out easily, but Michaels smirks. The crowd gives a respectful cheer. They reset and go back to a standing position. Angle shoots for the legs this time and takes Michaels down with a **double-leg**, transitions to side control and quickly floats over to the front, trying to trap the head again. Michaels, though, twists out and grabs a **leg scissors**, clamping it around Angle's neck. Angle bridges and pops out, standing back and looking slightly annoyed—but impressed.

Shawn waves him in with a smirk and mouths, "Come on, Kurt."

Angle's intensity rises. They tie up again, and this time Angle spins behind and executes a **German lift**, but Shawn shifts his weight mid-air and **lands on his feet**, surprising Angle with a swift **drop toe hold** that sends the Olympian face-first into the canvas. HBK quickly floats over into a **grounded side headlock**, cranking down hard. The crowd starts clapping along in rhythm. Angle powers up and backs Michaels into the ropes, shooting him off. HBK rebounds with momentum, and ducks a clothesline attempt. On the return, he hits a **shoulder block** that knocks Angle down! Michaels hits the ropes again—leapfrog from Angle—Michaels off the ropes again—**hip toss attempt from Angle—but Michaels counters with a deep armdrag!** Angle slaps the mat in frustration as he hits the canvas, sliding backward toward the corner. He looks at Michaels, who's crouched, ready, eyes burning with confidence. The crowd roars in appreciation of the wrestling clinic they're witnessing.

The respectful wrestling tone begins to shift. Both competitors rise, and this time, the lock-up turns gritty. Michaels pushes Angle into the corner. The ref gets in to call a clean break, and Michaels obliges—*until he doesn't*. He fires off a quick **knife-edge chop** that echoes through the Cow Palace — "*WOOOO!*" reverberates from the crowd. Angle clutches his chest, eyes wide, then storms out of the corner with a sudden **double leg takedown**, slamming Michaels to the mat. He throws **short forearms to the jaw**, showing flashes of his growing frustration. The referee warns him. Angle backs off with his hands up, jawing at the official, "You want pure wrestling? That was pure domination!" HBK rolls to his knees and retaliates with a **stinging right hand**, then another. He fights to his feet and **sends Angle into the ropes**—Angle ducks a clothesline, rebounds and both men **collide mid-ring with dual crossbodies**, crashing to the mat! The ref begins his count, but both warriors are stirring by three.

Angle gets up first and **lifts Michaels with a belly-to-belly suplex**, launching him across the ring with thunderous impact!

Angle follows with a **quick cover— ONE! TWO!** Kick out by Michaels!

Angle doesn't let up. He pulls HBK into a **snap suplex**, floats over— **ONE! TWO!** Again Michaels survives, but Angle is now laser-focused. He grabs the legs and tries to step through—

Michaels twists wildly, using his free leg to **kick Angle off into the turnbuckles**, but Angle rebounds and charges. HBK drops down—**drop toe hold into the middle turnbuckle!** The crowd pops as Angle's head snaps off the padding. Shawn crawls up, wipes the sweat from his face, and feeds off the energy of the crowd. He measures Angle—**flying forearm smash!** He kips up, the crowd erupts! Michaels charges for a **reverse atomic drop**, hits it clean, then follows up with a **scoop slam** in the center of the ring. He glances toward the turnbuckle... the crowd knows what's coming. HBK climbs slowly—Angle is down—he **flies off with a top-rope elbow drop...** but *Angle moves!* HBK crashes hard to the mat, clutching his elbow in pain! Angle, with the precision of a viper, **snatches the ankle** before Shawn can crawl away—**ANKLE LOCK APPLIED!** The Cow Palace erupts in a mixture of cheers and gasps. HBK flails wildly, teeth gritted, fingers digging into the canvas. He **rolls through**, sending Angle flying into the ropes! On the rebound—**sweet chin music attempt!** Angle ducks! He **snatches the waist—German Suplex!** He holds on—**second German!** The crowd rises—

Third German Suplex! Angle bridges—

ONE! TWO! THR—NO!

Michaels kicks out at the last split-second!

Both men are down again, breathing hard. The match has shifted from respectful competition to outright war. Angle clutches his ribs. Michaels wipes blood from his lip. As both men begin to stir, the crowd claps in rhythm, urging them to rise. Michaels clutches his lower back and rolls to the corner, pulling himself up with the ropes. Angle is slightly quicker to his feet, his face flushed, his jaw tight with frustration. He charges, but HBK sidesteps and **dumps Angle over the top rope** with a back body drop — the Olympic Hero crashes to the outside, hitting the floor with a sickening thud. The crowd lets out a sympathetic "*oooohh!*" as HBK catches his breath. He looks to the outside, the wheels in his head turning. Then, with that familiar glint in his eye, Michaels **runs the ropes, rebounds, and launches over the top with a no-hands plancha**, crashing down onto Angle on the outside! Both men spill into the barricade, bodies sprawled out.

JR: “Sweet mother of mercy! Shawn Michaels with no regard for his own well-being!”

King: “That’s why they call him the Showstopper!”

After several seconds, Michaels is up first, holding his ribs, dragging Angle by the head. He **slams Kurt’s skull into the steel steps**, once, twice — Angle collapses into the ring apron. HBK rolls him back into the ring and follows, taking a moment on the apron to steady himself before ascending the turnbuckles once more. This time, Michaels doesn't hesitate—he **soars with the flying elbow drop** and **connects** flush with Angle’s heart. The crowd erupts! HBK clutches his ribs, crawls to the corner, and begins to tune up the band.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The stomps grow louder with each beat.

FOUR!

FIVE!

HBK lunges—**Sweet Chin Mus—NO!** Angle **catches the leg again**, twisting mid-air into the **ANKLE LOCK!** The crowd explodes!

Shawn’s eyes go wide in agony as Angle wrenches and twists mercilessly, roaring like a man possessed. Michaels claws at the mat, desperate to escape. The crowd is split between chants of “*Let’s go Angle!*” and “*HBK! HBK!*”

Angle drops down into a **grapevine Ankle Lock**, wrapping his legs around Michaels’ and turning the pain up tenfold. HBK screams out, his face contorted, his hand hovering over the mat—

But somehow—**somehow**—he **rolls!** In a flash of desperation, Michaels **flips Angle onto his back**—

ONE! TWO!—

Angle kicks out!

Both men spring to their feet—Angle charges—HBK **sidesteps and launches Angle shoulder-first into the ring post** between the turnbuckles! Angle screams in pain, his shoulder possibly damaged.

Michaels seizes the moment—he grabs Angle from behind and hits a **swinging neckbreaker**, then collapses beside him, both men completely drained. The crowd stands, thunderous, sensing the stakes, sensing the epic nature of what they’re witnessing. The air inside the Cow Palace is electric. Fans are on their feet, roaring

encouragement as both HBK and Kurt Angle slowly stir. Sweat drips from their faces, and their bodies are marked with bruises from the physical chess match they've been playing. The WrestleMania XX sign above the entrance stage flickers under the spotlight—looming like a ghost over their war. Michaels gets up first, wincing with every step, limping slightly from the time spent in the ankle lock. He pulls Angle up and fires a hard right hand. Angle answers with a forearm to the jaw. They trade shots in the center of the ring—HBK, Angle, HBK, Angle—until Angle suddenly **shoots the hips and lifts Michaels for a German suplex!** He connects! Angle **rolls the hips, hits a second German!**

JR: “Vintage Kurt Angle! Michaels is in a bad way!”

Angle tries for a third, but Michaels throws a back elbow, **spins out**, and **hits an inverted atomic drop**, followed by a quick **flying forearm!** Angle goes down—and so does HBK, collapsing right next to him from sheer exhaustion.

King: “He nailed it, JR! But at what cost?!”

After a moment of stillness, HBK kips up—barely. The crowd roars. Michaels stumbles to the ropes and throws a chop across Angle's chest as Kurt gets to his knees—**WHOO!** Another chop—**WHOO!** Angle fights back with a double leg, tries for an **Angle Slam**, but HBK **counters mid-air** with a **headscissors takeover** that sends Angle tumbling to the corner! Angle pulls himself up in a daze, and HBK charges—but Angle **sidesteps**, and Michaels goes shoulder-first into the steel ring post! The momentum shifts again. Angle drags Shawn to the top rope—he climbs up behind him—he's going for a **belly-to-back superplex**. The crowd rises. Angle hooks the waist—but Michaels elbows him off! Kurt crashes to the mat!

HBK steadies himself—**top rope MOONSAULT!**—**he nails it** right across Angle's chest!

ONE! TWO!—NO!

Angle kicks out, gasping for air.

Michaels pounds the mat, frustrated but fired up. He pulls Angle to his feet and tries a scoop slam—but Angle **slides behind**, lifts HBK—and hits the **Angle Slam** out of nowhere!

JR: “He got all of it!! Angle Slam!”

But Kurt can't immediately capitalize. He clutches his shoulder, still tender from being thrown into the post earlier. He finally crawls across the canvas—**one arm over HBK!**

ONE! TWO!—NO!!

Michaels kicks out again. The crowd is losing it.

King: “What the hell is it gonna take to keep either of these guys down?!”

Angle slaps the mat in frustration. He yells to the heavens and peels down the straps—**the straps are down!** The crowd pops in anticipation. He stalks Michaels, waiting for him to rise. He grabs the ankle—**Angle Lock!**

But Michaels spins again—**rolls Angle into a small package!**

ONE! TWO! THR—NO! So close!

Both men pop up—Angle tries a lariat, HBK ducks, **Sweet Chin Mus—NO!** Angle ducks it, lifts Michaels—**another Angle Slam—NO!** HBK spins out, backslide—Angle drops low—**back body drop!**

The crowd at the Cow Palace is a frenzy of noise. Stomping, clapping, hanging on every move—fully invested in what’s turning into an all-time classic. Michaels and Angle are both slow to rise again. They lock eyes, their chests heaving. The pain, the pride, the history—it all crashes together in this moment. Angle charges—but Michaels counters with a sudden burst of speed and **hits a swinging neckbreaker!** He doesn’t go for the pin. Instead, he stumbles to the corner, using the ropes to hold himself upright. He begins to **tune up the band.**

JR: “He’s calling for it, King! Sweet Chin Music could punch his ticket to WrestleMania!”

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

The crowd claps along as Michaels stomps in rhythm.

Angle rises, dazed—HBK charges—**Sweet Chin Music!**

NO! Angle **catches the foot—spins Michaels down—ANGLE LOCK!**

King: “No! No! Angle caught him!”

The crowd explodes. Angle **cranks on the ankle**, dragging Michaels back to the center of the ring, screaming for him to tap. Michaels claws at the mat, writhing in agony, his face twisted in anguish.

But in a shocking twist—**Michaels rolls forward, counters, traps Angle’s leg—AND LOCKS IN THE ANKLE LOCK HIMSELF!**

JR: “WHAT?! Michaels with the Ankle Lock! He’s using Kurt’s own move!”

Angle's eyes go wide in disbelief. The maniacal look on Michaels' face is pure defiance. The crowd eats it up as HBK drops to the mat and wraps the leg tighter, grapevining it just like Kurt does.

Angle flails—**his hand hovers—then he claws to the bottom rope. He makes it.**

Michaels releases the hold reluctantly but looks at his hands like he can't believe he just pulled that off.

Angle clutches his ankle now, hobbling slightly. Michaels pulls him in—**scoop slam!** HBK crawls to the corner again. This time he goes up top—**elbow drop!**

He connects!

He's writhing from the landing, but adrenaline takes over. He pops to his feet, still limping—and again goes to the corner.

He tunes up the band once more.

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

Angle is barely moving... He rises—

SWEET CHIN MUSIC—HE CONNECTS!

HBK collapses on top!

ONE! TWO! THR—ANGLE KICKS OUT!!

King: “No way! No way!”

JR: “I swear to God, King—this is insanity! Michaels hit it flush and it still wasn't enough!”

Michaels rolls off, breathing like he's just sprinted a marathon. Sweat soaks his hair. He looks at the referee in disbelief. The crowd is thundering “This is awesome!”

He stumbles toward Angle, pulling him up again—Angle, on instinct, fires back with a headbutt! Then another!

Out of nowhere—**Angle Slam!**

Both men are down again. Neither moves. The arena is on its feet, the tension unbearable.

Both men lie motionless for several seconds, sweat pooling around their bodies on the canvas. The referee checks on both, the crowd rocking with chants of “**THIS IS AWESOME!**” as the two warriors stir ever so slightly.

JR: “These men have given you every ounce of their soul tonight. This isn’t just a match—this is about legacy, about WrestleMania... this is about who is the better man.”

Angle begins to crawl toward the ropes, grabbing the middle strand with a pained gasp. Michaels rolls the other way and slaps the mat with frustration, using the turnbuckle to pull himself up again.

Michaels staggers across the ring, grabs Angle—and tries for **another Sweet Chin Music!** He steps in for the final blow—
—but **Angle ducks it!**
Michaels spins—**Angle SLAM!**

ONE!

TWO!

THR—MICHAELS KICKS OUT!

Angle grabs his head in disbelief. His face is flushed red with frustration. He pounds the mat, screaming—before lowering the straps, signaling it’s time for the finish.

He stalks HBK from behind, the crowd roaring with anticipation. Michaels crawls forward, one hand on his back, the other dragging his limp leg behind. Angle pounces—**going for the Ankle Lock one last time!**

He locks it in. Michaels immediately screams in agony, rolling and flailing—**but Angle grapevines the leg!**

King: “He’s got it! There’s nowhere to go!”

Michaels raises his hand—but refuses to tap. He claws, bites his knuckles, screams. **He’s shaking his head violently.**

But in desperation—**HBK rolls through again!**

This time, he shoves Angle forward—**Angle crashes chest-first into the turnbuckle!**

Michaels stumbles to his feet—**SWEET CHIN MUSIC!**

He nails it again!

Angle **slumps down to one knee**—but **Michaels can’t capitalize!** He falls backward into the ropes, too exhausted to crawl over.

JR: “He hit it! He hit it again! But he’s too spent to make the cover!”

Michaels crawls inch by inch—his hand finally drapes across Angle’s chest—

ONE!

TWO!

THRE—ANGLE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

Michaels's face crumbles. He can't believe it. He buries his face in the mat. The crowd can't decide whether to cheer or cry. He's trying to summon something—anything.

He drags himself up to the turnbuckle. One last time. One final shot.

JR: “He's going for broke! Michaels wants to finish it! This is all or nothing!”

He ascends to the top, slowly. Every motion is a battle. His chest rising and falling, mouth open, the heartbreak of the moment lingering. He looks down at Angle, who hasn't moved. The crowd roars.

Michaels stands—**but Angle suddenly springs to life—runs up the ropes—BELLY TO BELLY SUPERPLEX OFF THE TOP!!**

The crowd gasps! Both men crash down in a heap!

But **Angle isn't done.**

Barely conscious, he grabs Michaels's leg. **Ankle Lock! Grapevine!**

Michaels fights for a moment—screaming, scratching—but the damage is too much. He can't move. He **taps.**

HE TAPS OUT.

DING DING DING!

Winner: Kurt Angle (27:08)

Lilian Garcia: “Here is your winner... *KURT ANGLE!*”

The Cow Palace is a mix of thunderous cheers and stunned silence. HBK lies in agony, clutching his leg. Angle is still on the mat, barely able to rise, but triumphant. The referee raises his arm as the WrestleMania XX graphic flashes across the screen.

WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP

KURT ANGLE vs. TRIPLE H

As the arena continued to buzz from the instant classic they had just witnessed, Kurt Angle limped toward the center of the ring, still clutching his ribs and ankle, clearly exhausted—but victorious. Shawn Michaels remained seated in the corner, head down, drenched in sweat, chest heaving. The crowd stood in respect, clapping and chanting **"This is awesome!"** as both men slowly rose to their feet. Angle, ever the competitor, extended a hand to Michaels—a silent gesture of acknowledgment between two warriors who had left it all in the ring. The crowd grew louder, sensing the moment. Michaels stared at the hand for a long beat... then finally reached out and **shook it**. The Cow Palace erupted in cheers. They stood face to face, locked in a mutual gaze of exhaustion and respect. Angle pulled Michaels into a tight embrace—both men battered, both men emotionally spent. Michaels patted Angle's back, a sign of thanks... and maybe a hint of regret.

Then, it happened.

LOW BLOW.

The cheers turned instantly to gasps and boos.

Michaels smirked—his body still trembling from the war he'd just endured—and looked Angle dead in the eyes as Kurt collapsed to his knees in shock and pain.

JR: "Oh my God! What the hell is Michaels doing?!"

King: "What?! What is this?! They had a moment!"

Michaels backed up, the crowd now booing loudly, confused, betrayed.

Then—**BANG! SWEET CHIN MUSIC.**

Angle's head snapped back as the boot connected flush. He crumpled to the mat, out cold.

The crowd was apoplectic now, raining down boos and stunned silence as Michaels stood over Angle's fallen body, eyes blazing—not with joy, but with bitterness and rage. He paced the ring, snarling to himself. This wasn't about losing the match anymore—this was about being denied destiny. About knowing that no matter how great he was, **he wouldn't be headlining WrestleMania XX.**

Michaels dropped to a knee beside Angle's lifeless body and whispered something into his ear—something private, venomous, a promise for later. Then he stood and turned his head toward the WrestleMania sign above the ring. The camera lingered on the image—**Shawn Michaels standing tall**, alone in the center of the ring, **a storm of boos pouring down**, as officials rushed to check on Angle. HBK rolled out of the ring,

not looking back once, limping up the ramp, his face emotionless... but his eyes filled with fire.

Backstage, Josh Mathews stands in the interview zone as Rey Mysterio, dressed in his iconic blue-and-white mask and gear, adjusts his gloves and hops in place, focused.

Josh Mathews:

“Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the Cruiserweight Champion—Rey Mysterio. Rey, later tonight, you defend your title against Chavo Guerrero in a deeply personal match. How are you feeling heading into it?”

Rey Mysterio (intense but calm):

“Josh, tonight isn’t just about the Cruiserweight Title. This goes deeper than gold. This is about respect. Chavo Guerrero tried to disrespect me, my legacy, my style—and worst of all—he tried to use his family name as a weapon. But I’ve been proving people wrong my whole life. Tonight, I show Chavo... and the world... that Rey Mysterio doesn’t back down. I fight for my family, for my fans, and for what’s right. *Órale, vato. Let’s go.*”

Rey nods, daps Josh’s shoulder, and walks off to prepare as the crowd cheers faintly in the background.

The arena lights dim, and then a burst of green and white lights explodes across the stage as “**One of a Kind**” by Breaking Point blasts through the speakers. The crowd immediately erupts into a loud, appreciative roar as **Rob Van Dam** steps through the curtain, cool as ever. His long, wet hair drips across his shoulders, and he’s rocking his signature yin-yang inspired singlet tonight—deep blue with electric green flames curling up the sides. He pauses at the top of the ramp, flexes his shoulders, then points to himself with that trademark *R-V-D* pose. Fans in the front rows scream it back at him, chanting the letters in rhythm. He takes his time strolling down the ramp, slapping hands along the aisle with his loose, confident stride. When he reaches the ring, he leaps onto the apron with one hop, then slingshots himself inside with that effortless agility. Once in, he heads to the nearest turnbuckle and throws up the *RVD* hands again, nodding to the crowd, soaking in the ovation. You can feel the anticipation building.

Then the beat drops—“**Can You Dig It, Sucka?!**” hits—and the crowd rises again as **Booker T** storms through the curtain like a man on a mission. He’s wearing his black and gold tights tonight, with matching armbands and boots. His braids are tightly pulled back and the fire in his eyes is undeniable. Behind him, pyros blast with synchronized flame columns as he throws his hands in the air, triggering the signature pyro explosion. Booker paces down the ramp with swagger and seriousness, giving his head a rhythmic shake with every few steps. At ringside, he slaps hands with a couple of fans before rolling into the ring. He immediately hits the ropes and then drops to one knee in the

center of the ring, raising his right hand high—fingers spread wide—the *five-time WCW Champion stance*. As he gets up, he and RVD meet in the middle of the ring and bump fists, then Booker paces to the turnbuckle and yells, “Can you dig it!?” to the roaring Cow Palace crowd. Their energy is contagious. The two men exude mutual respect and shared ambition, ready to dethrone Evolution on the grand stage.

The lights drop to a deep gold hue as a single spotlight shines on the stage. Suddenly, the slow, ominous guitar riff of “**Line in the Sand**” by Motörhead begins to play, and the entire atmosphere changes. The crowd erupts into thunderous boos as **Ric Flair** and **Batista** emerge from the curtain, gold glinting from their waists—**World Tag Team Champions**, the pride of *Evolution*. Flair is all style and arrogance tonight, draped in a shimmering royal blue robe with silver trim. He struts out in perfect rhythm, holding his arms out to show off the intricate beading and feathers. His grin is confident, cocky, vintage Flair. Walking beside him is the animalistic force that is **Batista**, in full war mode. His black tights stretch tightly over his tree-trunk legs, black gloves clenched into fists, head slightly bowed as he stalks forward like a bulldozer waiting to explode. There’s no pageantry in Batista’s eyes—just rage and intimidation. As they walk to the ring, Flair plays maestro to the crowd’s hatred, wooing at fans, yelling “That’s right, baby!” while pointing to the gold around his waist. Batista, ever the enforcer, keeps his eyes locked on the ring, not even acknowledging the crowd as he flexes his traps and shoulders with every deliberate step. Once they reach the ring, Flair walks up the steel steps and dramatically opens the ropes for Batista to enter. The powerhouse charges in and storms to the far turnbuckle, climbing it with calculated fury and raising both arms high. Flair follows suit on the opposite turnbuckle, letting out a loud “WOOOO!” before disrobing with pride. He hands off his robe to the referee, then slaps Batista on the chest to fire him up. Evolution stands in the center of the ring, title belts now raised above their heads. They look across at RVD and Booker T—four men with championship pedigree, but only one team will walk out with the gold tonight.

World Tag Team Championship **Evolution (c) vs. RVD & Booker T**

As the bell rings, the tension in the air is palpable. Booker T steps forward for his team while Ric Flair struts out confidently to start for Evolution. The crowd buzzes with anticipation, and both men circle each other with the poise of seasoned warriors. Flair, ever the ring general, extends his hand teasingly for a lock-up, only to slap Booker across the face with a classic dirty trick. Booker’s head snaps back, and he pauses for a second—his eyes slowly narrowing. He then fires off with a stiff right hand that rocks Flair back into the ropes, followed by another and another! Flair does his signature flop, crashing face-first into the mat as the Cow Palace erupts. Booker drags Flair up and whips him into the ropes. On the return, he hits a high back body drop that sends the Nature Boy sailing through the air. Flair begs off in the corner, waving his hands,

shouting “Whoa whoa whoa!” but Booker doesn’t flinch. He plants a boot into Flair’s midsection and delivers a crisp vertical suplex to the roar of the crowd. Flair clutches his back and rolls into Evolution’s corner, yelling for Batista—who obliges by tagging himself in with authority. Now the tide shifts. Batista storms into the ring and immediately muscles Booker into the corner, unloading with savage shoulder thrusts into the ribs—each one more vicious than the last. He then whips Booker hard into the opposite turnbuckle with a thunderous crash that causes Booker to crumble. Batista follows up with a huge clothesline that levels him. Cover—1... 2... kickout! The Animal drags Booker into Evolution’s corner and tags Flair back in. Together, they double-team with precision: Batista holds Booker in a full nelson as Flair hits a knife-edge chop to the chest—*WOOO!*—echoing across the arena. Another tag, Batista in, and he hoists Booker up into a scoop slam, then tags again—Flair with the measured knee drop to the forehead. Evolution is clicking, the crowd booing as they cut the ring in half. But Booker fights back—he blocks a punch from Flair and fires off with a series of right hands! The crowd is rallying now. Flair goes for a cheap eye poke, but Booker ducks and hits a spinning heel kick! Both men are down!

Hot tag—**RVD explodes into the ring!**

Van Dam springs off the top rope with a flying side kick that knocks Batista off the apron! He turns and delivers a step-over wheel kick to Flair, followed by a lightning-quick standing moonsault! He covers—1... 2... Flair kicks out! Van Dam gets up with momentum and hits a jumping spin kick, sending Flair tumbling backward into the ropes. The crowd is on fire. RVD hits the ropes and comes back with the rolling thunder! Boom! Cover again—1... 2... Batista breaks it up just in time!

The first five minutes close with all four men brawling in the ring—Booker and Batista trading heavy shots while RVD and Flair tussle toward the corner. As the referee regains some semblance of order, he ushers Booker and Batista back to their corners, allowing Van Dam and Flair to continue as the legal men. Flair, ever the veteran, feigns a collar-and-elbow tie-up, then swiftly rakes RVD’s eyes and follows it with a low drop toe hold that sends Van Dam face-first into the mat. The Nature Boy lets out a triumphant “*Woooo!*” before stomping down on the back of Van Dam’s knee, targeting his legs methodically to ground the high-flyer. Flair locks in a tight figure-four attempt early, but Van Dam wriggles free before he can cinch it, twisting and kicking Flair off. Both scramble to their feet, and Van Dam answers with a stiff jumping side kick to Flair’s chest, staggering him backward. Van Dam uses the opening to rush to his corner and tag in Booker T—fresh and ready. Booker comes in hot—clothesline to Flair, knocking him down. Flair pops up and gets dropped again. The crowd is fired up. Booker whips Flair into the ropes and nails a **Harlem Sidekick**, cracking against Flair’s jaw! Cover—1... 2... Flair gets his foot on the rope! Booker slaps the mat, frustrated, but stays on the attack. Booker pulls Flair to his feet and hooks him for a

suplex, but Flair counters mid-air and lands behind him—*chop block!* Flair goes low, taking out Booker's knee, and quickly crawls to his corner for the tag. **Batista enters, a predator in his prime.** He stalks Booker, lifts him off the mat, and plants him with a **sidewalk slam**, the ring shuddering on impact. Cover—1... 2... Booker kicks out! Batista stands tall, pounding his chest before hoisting Booker into a **Canadian backbreaker rack**, grinding down on the spine as Booker groans in pain. The crowd begins chanting “*Let's go Booker!*” to rally him. Booker, showing grit, elbows his way out of the hold and lands on his feet behind Batista. He throws wild shots—one, two—but Batista knees him in the gut and slams him down with a **spinebuster**. Another cover—1... 2... RVD breaks it up with a diving elbow! Now Flair charges back in to even the odds, but RVD greets him with a **monkey flip** that sends the Nature Boy flying into the corner. Van Dam vaults up the opposite turnbuckle—*split-legged moonsault* on Batista! The ref is losing control again as bodies fly!

Booker T staggers up, and he and RVD hit a **double suplex** on Batista that shakes the ring! RVD rolls out to his corner just in time for the legal tag. He sprints in, hits the ropes, and **springboards off with a side leg lariat** to Batista's head! He pops up again—**spinning leg drop** right across the chest! Cover—1... 2... NO! Batista powers out! As the clock ticks toward the ten-minute mark, Van Dam tags Booker back in, and the challengers prepare for a **double team finisher**, but Flair trips RVD from the apron, pulling him into the barricade! With Van Dam down, Batista rakes Booker's eyes, pulls him in, and **slams him with a one-armed spinebuster!** Still—no pin attempt. Instead, Batista points toward Flair and yells for the tag. The champions regroup, taking deep breaths and sharing a confident nod. The crowd is electric, sensing a momentum shift as Rob Van Dam begins to stir on the outside, slowly rising after the earlier assault from Flair. Inside the ring, Batista tags Flair back in, and the Dirtiest Player in the Game struts over to a battered Booker T, now clutching his ribs and shoulder from the spinebuster. Flair lets out a confident “WOO!” before delivering a hard knife-edge chop across Booker's chest—**SMACK**—the sound echoing through the Cow Palace. He delivers another, then another, each one knocking Booker back into the ropes. Flair tries to whip Booker into the corner, but the veteran counters—**reversal!** Flair hits the turnbuckle hard and does his signature upside-down flip, landing awkwardly on the apron. As he tries to collect himself, Booker charges with a **forearm smash** that knocks Flair to the floor! The crowd roars as both men are down. Van Dam finally gets back to the apron, slapping the turnbuckle, reaching with urgency. Booker crawls... slowly... the fans are stomping and clapping, urging him on... **tag!**

RVD enters like a missile, launching off the ropes with a **springboard crossbody** that wipes out Flair as he rolls back into the ring! Batista rushes in, but Van Dam ducks a clothesline and lands a **spinning wheel kick** to the jaw! The big man stumbles to a knee—Van Dam hits the ropes and connects with the **Rolling Thunder!** The referee

regains control as Batista rolls out of the ring, groggy and dazed. Van Dam turns his attention back to Flair, who is stumbling to his feet. **Van Dam leaps to the top rope—Five Star Frog Splash in his sights!** But Flair shoves the referee into the ropes, causing Van Dam to lose his balance and land hard on his crotch. The crowd groans, booing heavily. Flair climbs up, looking for a **superplex**—but here comes Booker T! He slides in behind Flair and pulls him off the turnbuckle into a **tower of doom-style powerbomb** as Van Dam regains his footing—**sunset flip powerbomb/superplex combo!**

All three men are down. The crowd is thundering.

Batista crawls into the ring again, barely legal, and tries to hit a **Batista Bomb** on Booker—but Van Dam intercepts with a **Van Daminator**—steel chair to the face! The ref missed it completely, distracted by Flair’s crash landing. Booker gets to his feet, signals for it—**Scissors Kick** on Batista! Van Dam sprints up top as Booker T tags him in—**Five Star Frog Splash!!!** He lands it perfectly on Flair!

Cover!

1... 2... 3!!!

Winners: Rob Van Dam & Booker T — NEW World Tag Team Champions!

The bell rings and the crowd explodes in celebration. Confetti falls from the rafters as RVD and Booker T, battered but victorious, are handed the World Tag Team Championships. They each climb separate corners, raising the titles high in the air as flashes from cameras ignite across the arena.

JR: *“They did it! RVD and Booker T have shocked Evolution tonight at No Way Out! A monumental victory!”*

King: *“What a match! What teamwork! I can’t believe they pulled it off!”*

Flair lies motionless on the mat. Batista is slumped in the corner, eyes glassy. Meanwhile, Van Dam and Booker embrace in the center of the ring, overwhelmed by the win, nodding to the crowd in gratitude as the music blasts and WrestleMania implications swirl in the air.

(AD BREAK)

The arena dims under a wash of deep gold and sharp red lighting. A slow, tense strum of **“Chavito Ardiente”** begins to echo through the speakers, that unmistakable flamenco-inspired guitar riff laced with pride and aggression. The Cow Palace audience erupts in **boos** as **Chavo Guerrero**, flanked by **Chavo Classic**, steps out onto the

stage—his face curled in smug contempt, eyes laser-focused on the ring. He pauses at the top of the ramp, fists clenched at his sides, soaking in the hatred with arrogant satisfaction.

Michael Cole (disgusted): “Chavo Guerrero has taken this personally. He claims Rey Mysterio’s success is riding the coattails of the Guerrero name—and tonight, he wants to take everything Rey has built.”

Tazz: “Say what you want, Cole. Chavo’s got a chip on his shoulder the size of Texas, and maybe for good reason. The guy’s tough as nails, and he’s out to prove he’s the real heart of the Cruiserweight Division.”

Chavo is dressed in **deep maroon trunks with gold Guerrero script**, echoing the rich legacy of his family. He raises both arms arrogantly, pointing to the name “Guerrero” across his waistband, while Chavo Classic trails behind, clapping and hyping his son to the jeering crowd. As they slowly walk down the ramp, Chavo yells out at the fans, *“You cheer that masked fraud? I’m the true legacy!”*

The camera pans wide—Chavo gets into the ring and slowly pacing in his corner, Rey now making his entrance, gold around his waist. The stakes? **Legacy. Respect. Championship gold.** The bell is near, and the crowd senses it—something personal is about to explode.

A thunderous *pop* erupts the moment Rey Mysterio’s entrance theme kicks in, and seconds later, an explosive burst of gold and blue pyro rockets into the air from both sides of the stage. The SmackDown announce team, Michael Cole and Tazz, can barely contain their excitement as **Rey Mysterio**, the defending **Cruiserweight Champion**, bursts from behind the curtain and launches up from underneath the stage platform in signature Rey fashion. Tonight, Mysterio wears a custom mask and tights decked out in tribute to **The Flash**, bright crimson and yellow accents streaking across his frame, with the **Cruiserweight Championship fastened proudly around his waist**. His gloved hands raise in the air, fingers pointing to the sky in silent tribute before he slaps his chest twice and sprints down the ramp.

The Cow Palace comes alive—this is their guy, the resilient underdog who’s carried the Cruiserweight Division on his back with honor and intensity. Mysterio pauses halfway down the ramp to kneel next to a young fan in a Rey mask, giving him a fist bump and a hug before rolling into the ring. With boundless energy, he dashes to the ropes and leaps up onto the second turnbuckle, removing his title from around his waist and hoisting it high above his head as gold lighting glistens across the faceplate.

Cole (voice trembling with hype): *“That’s what a fighting champion looks like, folks. Rey Mysterio has taken on every challenger, earned every ounce of that gold around his waist, and tonight he looks to silence Chavo Guerrero once and for all!”*

Tazz (with admiration): *“Rey’s heart is as big as his arsenal. He may be small in stature, but man, he’s a giant when it comes to guts and fire.”*

Rey hops down from the ropes and stares across the ring toward Chavo and his father at ringside. Chavo Classic shouts insults, trying to shake Rey’s focus, but Mysterio doesn’t flinch. He hands the Cruiserweight Championship to the official, his gaze locked on his challenger. The referee holds the title high for all to see—**a symbol of excellence, legacy, and pride** in a division known for speed, technique, and spectacle. The camera cuts between Chavo and Rey, tension thick in the air, the crowd buzzing in anticipation. Rey adjusts his wrist tape, bouncing on the balls of his feet, ready for war. This isn’t just about defending a title—**it’s about defending his legacy, his style, his culture.**

The bell is about to ring—and the Cruiserweight Division is about to remind the world what it means to fly.

Cruiserweight Championship **REY MYSTERIO vs. CHAVO GUERRERO**

The bell rings, and the crowd roars with anticipation. Rey and Chavo stand toe-to-toe in the center of the ring, eyes locked with years of shared history swirling between them—former friends, once family by bond, now bitter rivals. Chavo smirks arrogantly, muttering something under his breath as Rey clenches his fists and responds with a sharp shove. The crowd pops. Chavo stumbles back, then fires forward with a hard slap across Rey’s face. Rey’s head jerks sideways from the impact, but he doesn’t respond with words—**he explodes with a flurry of offense**, ducking a right hand from Chavo and springing into the ropes with a lightning-fast rebound, catching Guerrero with a **flying headscissors takedown**. Chavo rolls through, shocked at the early burst of speed, but Rey is already flying again, leaping off the second rope and nailing a **springboard crossbody**, crashing onto Chavo with a near fall just one minute into the match.

Tazz: “Rey ain’t messin’ around tonight. That title’s more than gold—this is personal!”

Chavo scrambles to the outside, shaking off the shock and regrouping with Chavo Classic. The crowd jeers as Rey builds momentum, running the ropes and launching himself with a **tope con hilo** over the top, flattening both Guerreros on the floor! The crowd is red hot as Rey gets to his feet, feeding off the energy, arms extended in signature fashion.

Back in the ring at the count of five, Rey stays in control. He hits a quick **tilt-a-whirl armdrag** followed by a **basement dropkick** right to the side of Chavo's head, keeping him grounded. Rey tries to pick up the pace, but Chavo uses his veteran instincts, baiting Rey into a **hip toss into the turnbuckle**, where Rey crashes hard spine-first into the steel post pad.

Chavo now takes control, slowing the tempo with cold calculation. He grabs Rey's mask and yanks hard, nearly tearing it sideways before the referee warns him. He ignores the warning and plants Rey with a **snap suplex**, floats over into a **second**, and then stands, arms spread wide with Guerrero pride before delivering a **third vertical suplex—a tribute to Eddie**. The crowd, torn between their love for Eddie and hatred for Chavo, gives a conflicted reaction.

Michael Cole: "Those Three Amigos may belong to the Guerrero legacy, but Chavo's twisting that legacy into something ugly."

He covers—**1... 2... kickout by Rey**.

Chavo mounts Rey and rains down stiff forearms to the mask, screaming, "*You stole from me, Rey! This is MY division!*" He drags Rey up and shoots him into the ropes, but Rey baseball slides under Chavo's legs and hits a quick **wheelbarrow bulldog**, stunning Guerrero. Rey pops up, bounces off the second rope, and lands a **moonsault press**—hooking the leg! **1... 2... kickout!** The crowd is rocking as the clock hits five minutes. These two are just getting started, but the **frustration** on Chavo's face is already building. Rey wipes sweat from his brow, fired up. Chavo snarls, crawling to a corner, his pride wounded as Rey Mysterio motions for more. The crowd in San Francisco is firmly behind Rey now, clapping in rhythm as he feeds off their energy and pulls himself to the second rope. Chavo is dazed after Rey's last burst of offense, stumbling to his feet — and Rey launches, connecting with a **flying seated senton** from the top rope. He pops up instantly and hits the ropes, charging full speed and catching Chavo with a **springboard moonsault DDT** that drops Guerrero on the crown of his head!

Tazz: "What a freakin' move by Rey! This could be it!"

Cover — 1... 2... NO! Chavo gets the shoulder up, but barely. Rey slaps the mat in frustration, feeling the tide turning in his favor. He signals for the **619**, and the crowd rises to their feet. Chavo slowly stumbles to the ropes... and Rey dials it up, sprinting forward — but **Chavo ducks out of the way**, and Rey whiffs, landing awkwardly and getting hung up on the middle rope. Seizing the opportunity, Chavo grabs Rey's legs and pulls him into a **catapult**, launching him into the corner — but Rey catches himself on

the second turnbuckle, leaps backward, and lands on Chavo's shoulders for a **poison rana** — but **Chavo blocks it**, counters, and spikes Rey with a **sit-out powerbomb!**

Cover — 1... 2... NO! Rey kicks out to a massive pop!

Chavo is livid. He pounds the mat and yells at the referee, then looks to his father on the outside. **Chavo Classic pounds the mat** and calls for him to end it. Chavo grabs Rey and sets him up for the **Gory Bomb**, but Rey spins through it, countering into a stunning **Code Red** out of nowhere! The crowd explodes! **1... 2... NO!** Chavo kicks out at the last millisecond! Both men are exhausted. Sweat glistens off their bodies under the bright arena lights as they slowly pull themselves to their feet, exchanging knife-edge chops in the center of the ring. **WHOOO!** echoes with every blow. Chavo rakes Rey's eyes, breaking the rhythm, and whips him into the ropes. Rey springboards — but **Chavo shoves the ref into the ropes**, causing Rey to lose balance and crotch himself on the top turnbuckle!

Michael Cole: “Oh come on! That was blatant!”

The referee admonishes Chavo, but the damage is done. Chavo Classic slithers around the ring, grabbing Rey's leg and pulling on it just long enough for Chavo to climb up and **hit a top rope superplex!** Rey crashes down hard in the center of the ring. Chavo covers — **1... 2... NO!** Rey still has life! Chavo Guerrero screams in rage, grabbing the referee's shirt and demanding a three. The official shoves Chavo's hands off of him and warns him. While Chavo argues, **Chavo Classic discreetly pulls a steel chain out of his pocket** and tosses it toward his son.

But Rey catches it mid-air!

The crowd erupts as Rey holds it up like a trophy — but **the referee sees Rey holding the chain**, and instantly moves to confiscate it. While the ref tosses the chain away, **Chavo Classic sneaks onto the apron and CLOCKS Rey across the back of the head with his shoe!** Rey stumbles into a schoolboy roll-up from Chavo —

1... 2... CHAVO GRABS THE TIGHTS... 3!!!

DING DING DING!

Winner and NEW Cruiserweight Champion: Chavo Guerrero!

The boos pour in like a tidal wave. Chavo Classic slides into the ring, embracing his son with smug satisfaction. The referee raises Chavo's hand as he hoists the Cruiserweight Championship in the air, a sneer of vindication plastered across his face. Rey is still down, holding the back of his head, stunned by the theft of his title.

Michael Cole: “They STOLE that title! Chavo and his father oughta be ashamed of themselves!”

Tazz: “Hey, it’s the Guerrero motto, Cole — lie, cheat, and steal. Guess tonight it worked.”

Chavo Classic lifts his son’s arm again while pointing at himself, as if *he* won the title. The father-son duo exit the ring together, arms raised high on the ramp, bathed in the glow of jeers from the furious crowd. Inside the ring, Rey sits up slowly, holding his mask with frustration — the title is gone, but the fire in his eyes says this story isn’t over.

(TRIPLE H/LESNAR VIDEO PACKAGE)

The screen fades to black for a brief second as the **San Francisco crowd buzzes with anticipation**. Then suddenly—

“THE FOLLOWING CONTEST IS THE MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING!”

– ring announcer Tony Chimel’s voice echoes through the arena, immediately commanding the attention of the crowd.

There’s a long pause.

The camera slowly pans the sold-out Cow Palace. The lights dim. Then—

“TIME TO PLAY THE GAME...”

The opening guitar riff of **Motorhead’s “The Game”** explodes through the speakers. A wave of red and white strobes flood the entrance as the crowd lets out a heavy mixed reaction—boos thick with venom, laced with begrudging awe. The curtain parts, and out steps **Triple H**, a snarling portrait of intensity and ego. Drenched in arrogance and soaked in the spotlight, **The Cerebral Assassin** stands tall on the stage—**no Evolution**, no theatrics, no support system—**just him**. He’s draped in **the rich gold of the World Heavyweight Championship**, the title slung over his shoulder as he takes a long sip of water and begins his slow, deliberate walk to the ring. His physique is carved, his eyes laser-focused—he doesn’t acknowledge the fans; he **commands the ring like a king walking toward his throne**.

Jim Ross (JR): “Say what you want about this man, but Triple H is one of the most calculating, dangerous champions in WWE history. He’s held that World Heavyweight Title for the better part of a year... but tonight, he’s not walking into just another match. He’s walking into a collision course with a beast.”

As Triple H steps on the apron, he takes one final swig of water, throws his head back, and showers the air with mist, his spotlight casting a larger-than-life shadow across the ring. He climbs inside and circles like a shark, handing off the title to the referee with a confidence that borders on smugness.

Then—darkness. Silence.

BOOM.

A **single pyro blast** erupts, and the **ominous drumbeat** of **Brock Lesnar's theme** shakes the Cow Palace to its foundation. The curtain flies open, and out storms **The Next Big Thing**. The **WWE Champion** is all business, wearing his undisputed title proudly around his waist, jaw clenched, eyes narrowed in on his prey. He's not smiling. He's not showboating. He's **stalking**.

Michael Cole: "That's a 6'3", 290-pound alpha predator right there, and he is walking into this match with *bad intentions*. Lesnar doesn't care about legacy. He doesn't care about tradition. He wants to crush The Game and leave as the true top champion in this business."

Lesnar marches down the ramp like a wrecking ball made of muscle and fury. Every step he takes feels like it's cracking the concrete. He climbs to the apron, staring into the ring with dead-eyed focus, and then steps through the ropes. His music continues to rumble as he rips off his title belt and hoists it into the air, standing nose-to-nose with Triple H—who raises *his* title in return.

Tazz: "Two champions. One ring. One alpha walks out."

The tension is volcanic. The two most dominant forces of the modern era, chest to chest, each holding championship gold, each staring into the eyes of their equal—and their enemy.

The bell has not even rung, and already the crowd is roaring with anticipation.

JR: "This isn't just Champion vs. Champion. This is a power struggle for the soul of this company."

CHAMPION vs. CHAMPION BROCK LESNAR vs. TRIPLE H

The Cow Palace is electric as the bell finally rings. Both men stand motionless in their respective corners, soaking in the hostile atmosphere. The crowd rumbles with anticipation as **Brock Lesnar** and **Triple H** slowly approach the center of the ring, eyes locked in an intense staredown. You could cut the tension with a knife. They circle.

Lesnar's breathing is sharp and calculated, while Triple H carries that veteran swagger, but even he knows—he's in the ring with the next BIG THING. They lunge into a tight collar-and-elbow tie-up. The force is seismic. Triple H pushes forward, planting his feet like a tank, but Brock *explodes* through him with brute strength, shoving The Game flat on his back. The crowd gasps. Triple H rolls out, adjusting his wrist tape and recalibrating. Lesnar stands tall, chest heaving, pacing like a caged animal. Back in, they tie up again—this time Triple H counters with a headlock, wrenching it in tight, but Lesnar lifts him off the ground like dead weight and *slams* him down with a thunderous side suplex. The mat shakes. Triple H slides into the corner, more stunned than hurt, blinking rapidly. Lesnar stalks forward—but The Game wisely retreats through the ropes to break momentum, barking at the ref for space.

Lesnar doesn't give it to him.

He charges.

Triple H baits him in and *pulls the top rope*, sending Lesnar tumbling to the outside! A classic cerebral move. Triple H follows him and begins to methodically break the beast down, driving clubbing forearms into Lesnar's spine before whipping him HARD into the steel steps. Lesnar crashes, shoulder-first. Triple H slams his hands on the announce table and screams, "WHO'S THE MAN NOW!?" He grabs Lesnar and *rams* his head off the steel steps again, then shoves him spine-first into the barricade, knowing that softening the back and ribs is key to keeping Lesnar grounded. He rolls him back in and hooks the leg—only a **one-count**. Lesnar powers out with authority. Triple H stays on him. Snapmare. Then a sharp elbow drop to the neck. Then another. He applies a deep chin lock, wrenching Lesnar down to a knee. The Game drives his knee into Lesnar's spine, trying to wear the big man down with calculated pressure. The referee checks for a submission, but Lesnar snarls and *fighters up to his feet*. Elbow to the gut! Another! He breaks free—then hits the ropes—but *Triple H counters with a high knee to the jaw!* Down goes Lesnar. Cover. One... two... *kickout with force*. Triple H now smells blood. He goes for a vertical suplex—but **Lesnar blocks it**. He tries again—Lesnar counters, lifts him up—and **plants him with a huge vertical suplex** of his own! Triple H bounces. Lesnar rolls to his knees, adrenaline kicking in. They both rise—and now it's Lesnar who starts unloading with stiff shoulder thrusts in the corner. One. Two. Three. Each one drives into Triple H's midsection like a battering ram. Then he grabs him by the arm and *LAUNCHES* him into the opposite corner, chest-first, Bret Hart-style. The impact is brutal. Triple H crumbles to the mat, clutching his ribs. Lesnar stalks him—dead eyes, breathing hard. He scoops The Game up onto his shoulders—*F5 ALREADY—NO!* Triple H wriggles free, lands behind, pushes Brock into the ropes—*SPINEBUSTER!* Vintage Triple H! He drives Lesnar into the canvas with sheer rage and desperation. He hooks the leg again—

One... two... kickout!

Triple H wastes no time—he grabs Brock’s leg, hooks it around, and starts stomping away at the knee. He’s going for the base. Chopping the beast down piece by piece. He wraps Lesnar’s leg over the bottom rope and jumps onto it, twisting the knee and causing visible pain. Lesnar roars in agony.

JR: “Triple H is dissecting Brock Lesnar like a surgeon! You take the legs away, the power goes with it!”

Triple H pulls Lesnar to his feet and hooks him in for a **DDT**, planting him with precision. Another pin attempt—two-count only. Frustrated, The Game mounts Lesnar and throws closed-fist punches to the forehead, each one echoing like thunderclaps across the Cow Palace. He drags Brock to his feet and Irish whips him—*Lesnar reverses!*

Triple H hits the ropes—**and Lesnar SNATCHES HIM into a massive belly-to-belly overhead suplex!** The crowd erupts!

Both men are down now. Breathing heavy. The toll of battle is already visible. The referee begins to count... one... two... both men begin to stir. Triple H is first to his knees—Lesnar lunges—**German suplex!** And another! **A third!** The crowd counts along as Lesnar rolls through. He’s back in control. Brock roars with adrenaline, stalking Triple H. He hoists him up—*but The Game gouges the eyes!* A cheap move, but effective. Lesnar stumbles. Triple H hits the ropes—**and Lesnar cuts him in half with a vicious clothesline!** Triple H does a full flip. Lesnar drops into a crouch, eyes wild, the beast awakened.

The match has hit another gear. The crowd knows it. They’re standing now.

Tazz: “It’s getting real in there now, Cole. We’re watching two champions try to rip each other apart.”

The match resumes after a brief reset—both men stagger to their feet, battered and bruised, their chests heaving. Sweat pours from their bodies as they exchange piercing glares across the ring. They slowly circle again, the intensity between them boiling over. Triple H is the first to strike—he dives low and lands a chop block right to Brock’s injured leg, taking the big man down once again. Lesnar crashes to the mat clutching his knee, and The Game sees the opening. Like a cerebral predator, he goes to work with pinpoint knee strikes to the joint, hammering down with deliberate intent. One. Two. Three. Four. He then grabs the leg and drops a standing elbow directly onto the knee, twisting it with torque on the landing. Triple H stands, smirking through the pain on his own body, then raises his arms arrogantly, soaking in the boos from the Cow Palace.

He grabs Brock's legs and twists him into position... *Figure Four Leglock!*

Lesnar howls in pain, caught dead center in the ring, desperately reaching for the ropes. Triple H leans back and screams, adding more pressure. The ref asks Brock if he wants to quit. The Beast shakes his head violently, snarling through gritted teeth. The fans clap in unison, urging Brock to fight. Inch by inch, he claws toward the bottom rope, every movement excruciating. Finally—*he reaches out and grabs the rope!* The ref forces Triple H to break. He does—but not before getting in one last wrench for good measure. Triple H pulls Lesnar back up, measuring him carefully—and plants him with a crisp **neckbreaker**. Cover—1... 2... NO! Brock powers out. Triple H stays on the attack, throwing Brock into the corner and charging—*but Lesnar bursts out and scoops him up into a spine-shaking powerslam!* The ring nearly implodes. Both men are down again, drained. Brock crawls to the ropes, using them to pull himself up. The crowd is now thunderous. You can feel the *battle energy* surge as Lesnar feeds off it. He roars like an animal and stalks Triple H, who is trying to retreat on his hands and knees. Lesnar grabs him from behind—*German Suplex!* He rolls through—**another German!** Triple H tries to crawl away again—Lesnar scoops him up for a **Fallaway Slam!** The Game hits hard and rolls to the apron, looking dazed.

Lesnar follows, stepping onto the apron. He grabs Triple H and tries to suplex him from the apron back into the ring—but Triple H blocks! He hooks Lesnar—**vertical suplex from the apron to the floor!**

JR: “Good God! Lesnar just bounced off the floor like a rag doll!”

Triple H slumps to the mat, unable to capitalize. The referee begins a double count. At six, Triple H crawls out to the floor, limping slightly. He grabs Brock by the head and throws him spine-first into the barricade again. Then—*whip into the steel ring post!* Lesnar's shoulder smashes into it, and he crumples. Triple H rolls Brock in and slides in behind him. He goes for the **Pedigree**—hooks the arms—but Brock powers out! **Back body drop!** Triple H crashes to the mat. Lesnar now fires up again, dragging The Game into position and hitting a **gutwrench suplex** that shakes the building.

But Lesnar doesn't cover.

He waits.

Triple H slowly rises—**Lesnar lifts him for the F-5!**

The crowd erupts!

But Triple H slips behind and chop blocks the knee again, sending Lesnar crumpling. He hits the ropes—**running high knee to the side of the head!** That knocks Lesnar loopy.

Triple H takes a breath, pulls Lesnar into position... **PEDIGREE!**

He hits it! Flat in the middle of the ring!

One... two... NO! LESNAR KICKS OUT!

Triple H can't believe it. He sits back, wide-eyed, sweat flying off his soaked hair, trying to calculate his next move. He pulls Lesnar up again and *goes for another Pedigree*—but this time, Lesnar lifts him up like a child and **drives him into the turnbuckles** like a freight train!

With The Game stunned, Lesnar backs up... *screams*, then charges forward—**corner shoulder tackle!**

He hits the ropes—*Triple H staggers out—Lesnar FLATTENS HIM with a lariat!* The impact is sickening. Both champions lie on the mat, staring at the lights. Their bodies tell the story of war. 20 minutes in, and the match still has no clear victor. The audience is eating up every second.

Tazz: “We’re looking’ at two gladiators, Cole. And I’m not sure either one’s walkin’ outta here the same.”

Both Brock Lesnar and Triple H struggle to stay upright. Their bodies are bruised and battered, soaked in sweat and exhaustion. The fans are thunderous, sensing the end is near, willing both men to their feet. Triple H rises first and strikes with a thumb to the eye—desperate and dirty. The referee warns him, but The Game shoves past and plants Lesnar with a **spike DDT** in the center of the ring. He hooks the leg—**one... two... no!**

Frustrated beyond words, Triple H pounds the mat. Then... the crowd starts to boo viciously. The camera cuts to the ramp—

Ric Flair is sprinting to ringside, suit jacket flapping, red-faced and screaming. Behind him—**Batista and Randy Orton** storm down the aisle with furious intent, Evolution now fully assembled at ringside.

JR: “Oh, c’mon now! This is what Triple H had planned all along!”

The referee pleads with them to stay out of it. Flair distracts the official as Batista slides in and begins clubbing Lesnar with heavy fists. Brock tries to fight back, but the

numbers overwhelm him. Orton joins in—stomping The Beast into the mat as Triple H barks orders.

Then, as Batista holds Lesnar up, Triple H sets for the **Pedigree** once more.

But wait—**Lesnar counters and dumps Triple H over his back!** Triple H rolls to the outside, dazed.

Batista rushes in like a locomotive—**SPEAR!!!**

But—**Lesnar moves!**

Batista spears ORTON!

The crowd *erupts* as Randy Orton crumples to the mat, his body bent in half from the blow. Batista freezes, staring wide-eyed at what he's done.

Triple H yells furiously from the outside, slamming the mat: “What the hell are you doing!?”

Batista backs up, unsure, fists clenched, seething.

Lesnar rises behind him and starts clearing house—**clothesline to Batista!** *Tosses Flair out of the ring!* The referee finally starts regaining control.

Triple H sees his army crumbling and tries to slide in from behind—he kicks Lesnar in the gut and hooks the arms—**PEDIGREE ATTEMPT—**

NO!

Lesnar powers out, lifts Triple H in one smooth motion—**F-5!! BOOM!**

The ring shakes as Triple H crashes to the mat. Lesnar falls into the cover, hooking both legs deep—

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!

DING DING DING!

The crowd goes wild as **Brock Lesnar defeats Triple H**, surviving the war and the onslaught of Evolution.

“Here is your winner... BROCK... LESNARRRR!”

Lesnar stumbles to his feet, clutching the WWE Championship like a warrior’s prize. His chest rises and falls with primal intensity. He leans over the ropes, his face burning with emotion. The referee raises his arm high as replays show the chaotic spear misfire and the decisive F-5. Lesnar leaves the ring as Triple H remains on the mat looking at Batista and the rest of Evolution as No Way Out goes off the air.