

Good Luck Chuck

MY fans may tune in for a minute, but at the end of the day, no one cares about your feeble show without me. Shame on you. Not even a phone call to the man that put you on the map. The man that put 500 million dollars in your pockets. You were on your way out of Warner Bros. with a buy out and a cup of cold coffee in your shaky and clammy hands. And then I walked into your office. And you created a show BASED ON MY AWESOME LIFE. I busted my ass for 8 years to support your vision. Your dream. In turn, it is my nightmare. You sad silly fool. A-hole pussy loser. Put on the gloves you low rent, nut-less sociopath; I'll beat your chicken shit soul in a court room into a state of gratitude. A state of surrender. Something you left at the door every time you blundered into the pathetic AA loser lounge. Newsflash; they are planning on voting you off the AA island. Even those clowns have no room for you anymore. Wow, I'm sure your children are SO PROUD of you. You can teach'em how to be a stupid bitch.

A narcissist. A coward. A loser. A spineless rat.

I'm out here with my fans every night. The message is crystal clear;

NO CHARLIE SHEEN. NO SHOW.

And that's exactly what it will be for you and your desperate vanity cards, every Monday night, a no-show. The ratings right now are not a fluke. It's a big fat mess. A 2.0 demo? That sucks. Almost as bad as you. You've been warned. Reap the whirl-wind you cockroach, reap it.

– *Charlie Sheen*