

# party hat template Mouth Off - Edition 11 - [3]

Posted by Goldust743 - 2008/05/13 18:50

===== Scar ===== Scene opens up with an average everyday family. A young man is walking out of a local Burger King with a woman and two children, probably the age of 5 and 7, two young boys. They are laughing, and excited about something. The younger child is wearing a party hat, and the older child is carrying a bag full of toys. The happy scene is then disturbed by a group of men, wearing leather, black jackets, with red bandana's over their heads, holding chains. They start to inch their way over to the people, and then finally reach them, as the man holds his little children back, and stands in front of his wife. The man and one of the group members begin to throw words back and fourth, until one of the other men pull a gun out and pulls the trigger, as the older child falls to the floor. The woman is screaming in agony, as another man pulls out a sharp edge, and swings it, sending the younger child to the floor. The man runs to their aid, but is knocked out consious by a baseball bat hit to the back of his head. The woman starts to scream, and is grabbed by many of the men, and strangled by a chain across her throat. The woman struggles to get out, but suddenly stops moving. The group then brings out a blow torch, and grab the outconsious man's head, as they light the blow torch. Just then, the camera moves back, and you see three figures, sitting and watching this on TV. One man has a notepad and a micraphone, the other man has a very serious look. Then, the final man is wearing bandaids across his face, and one arm, with a glove on the other arm with a big chunk of metal on the first finger, just at the TV goes blank.

Iron Claws Vlctims None... Yet

Soon To Be's Too Sexy Tim Beck

-=/^\*ScaR SpeakS\*/^=-

Reporter: So, from what I understand, that man in the film over there was... you? (The bairdaided man looks next to him, to the other man sitting there, and nods once, and begins to look back at the blank TV screen.) Amir Kstavan: Mr. ScaR says, Yes, sadly enough, it was me, and my family. Loker: Hello, everyone. I am Bill Loker, here with the man making his wrestling debute, ScaR. The tape you just saw was a tragic moment of Mr. ScaR's past. Mr. ScaR, on behalf of The Official Pro Wrestling Magazine, I'd like to show my deepest sorrow towards you and the people in the tape. Who was that on the tape? (ScaR looks to Kstavan once again, and nods.) Amir Kstavan: Mr. ScaR responds, That was my family. My lovable, and adorable family... they done no harm, yet were still hurt in the prossess... Loker: Well, Mr. ScaR, how did you get a tape of this horrific moment? Was there a by stander taking the tape? (ScaR looks over to Kstavan, and gives a long and deep nod.) Amir Kstavan: Mr. ScaR says, Hardly. One of the members of their little gang took the film. They thought it would be fun to go out and kill any one person they could find. They found four, and almost completed the job. They missed one person, now I'm gonna get them. To answer your question, one of the little men took the film, and was caught. They took him to court, and I took the tape. Loker: Well, Mr. ScaR, why do you make your way into professional wrestling? I am looking here in your background, and you've been a dare devil fighter, a Stunt Double for various films, done your own DEATH defying stunts, and have been put to jail for various reasons, why come to wrestling? (ScaR, with a disturbed look in his eyes, looks over to Kstavan, and gives him a quick nod, and looks back once again to the blank TV screen.) Amir Kstavan: Mr. ScaR says, I followed the tracks of all the members. I followed them to the UFC, and I became a stunt man, hoping to find them, but I lost their tracks. Its been 6 years since the insident, and my face is still burning. Now, I've picked their tracks back up to the CNWL, and I am willing to take extreme measures to find them, all I want to do now is to find them, once and for all. Loker: Well, Mr. ScaR, would you you be willing to show us some of your extreme measures? (ScaR looks at Kstavan, and shakes his head, and begins to stroke the metal chunk on his finger.) Amir Kstavan: Mr. ScaR does not wish to participate in your activitys. Loker: Umm... well... ok. Mr. ScaR, can I ask, what is that metal thing on your finger? Amir Kstavan: That thing is... (Suddenly, ScaR throws his hand in Amir's face, and Kstavan hushes up. ScaR takes the micraphone from Loker, and he sits there quietly for a few minutes. Finally, he begins to speak in a very low wisper.) ScaR: .....this thing is the only friend I have. This thing could kill a man in an instant. From now on, you will call this thing Iron Claw. If you don't, he will get very mad, and he'll crush your skull. Iron Claw is the only thing that stood up for me. Dr. SeVRaN helped me heal my face to what it is now, although its not much anything anymore. He has offered to be my business associate, and so now he is, but he is not my friend. Iron Claw is my friend. Iron Claw had already killed sevral men, and he can do more! When I was in the court room with the man that was taping the killings of my two children, and my beautiful wife, I only filled with more anger! I took the man, and I led Iron Claw to do what he wanted to do! Iron Claw crushed the skull on the man's head, and killed him instantly. Now, he is no longer a man. He deserved it, too. My wife, my children, they didn't do nothing... oh... beautiful Joycelene. She did nothing to them, and she payed with her life. Little Billy and Robert. Billy was celebrating his fifth birthday, and his present was a big knife into his gut. Once again, he did nothing, he could bearly speak right, and they killed him. But, they didn't kill me. I sit in my room each night and wonder, why. Why couldn't they have killed me! If they didn't live, I shouldn't have had to live!! For that, they will pay! The man they called Vincent did it. He was the big cheese of the operation, and he will pay for his actions! Once I find him, and be asured that one day, I will, he is going to pay the consiquences of sinning, and he will pay with his life. I talked to Satan yesterday, and he said that if he ever finds him, he will make his afterlife a living hell. I am going to do anything to find this little gang. Once I do, I'll kill them, but in the mean time, I'm going to do ANYTHING I NEED TO! I'll fall through tables, take glass through my head, and I'll even hurt myself when nessacary, because I am no longer fearing of anything but life itself! Now, my first battle here in the CNWL, is against another fellow man, trying to make a simple living for himself. Little does he know that he was put in the ring with The Heartless Scum ScaR, because, the living you want to have wont match up with the living that I'll take from you. This

man is, Too Sexy Tim Beck. Beck, I hate your type. The show boat type. The arrogant type. I recently had a little reandevu with several other types like yourself. They had no idea what hit them thr next day. Beck, when we step into that ring, and collide, horn to horn, nose to nose, and I'm gonna slap Iron Claw on your sexy body, until you become just like me. Shrivled, destroyed, where no body wants to look towards you anymore. So, Beck, I hope you've prepared yourself. Joycelene... sweet, sweet Joycelene... how much I loved you. For you, I will get revenge... the revenge you deserve! Billy, Robert, don't worry. Daddy's gonna be home soon, and we're gonna play catch in the back yard with the dog... so don't cry. Daddy's almost home. But, Mr. Loker, to answer your question, this thing ... ::ScaR starts screaming every word he says:: this thing is more than anyone will ever be! This thing is a murder weapon, and this thing hasn't caused pain in a long time! Iron Claw is rusted, and needs something to fix itself with! Go, Iron Claw! Find what you need! Guide me!! (ScaR's hand lifts up, as if its being guided by Iron Claw, and reaches for Bill Loker, and Iron Claw is jamed into his template. Dr. SeVRaN sits in his seat, not budging, and Loker is screaming and squirming. Suddenly, Loker falls outcounsious, and ScaR starts to calm down slowly, and wispers to himself as the scene fades...)

ScaR: Forever Caress, This Tortured Soul... ===== Tyrone Parker  
===== AROGANT COCKY SELLOUT SUPERSTAR

hear those four words. And then you hear, he has come to the CyberNetic Wrestling Leauge to win gold, and make money in the process. He has won gold before, and now with A No Win, No Loss, One Draw record, he will meet a former EULW World Champion, The Extremeist Luke Van Dam. The man is the \_one\_ the \_only\_ SUPERSTAR TYRONE PARKER! The scene opens up outside a bar in Aspen, Colorado. There are people shopping, and others drinking some beer. As the camra winds around it spots Superstar Tyrone Parker. He has on a south park shirt, and baggy green nike shorts, he has a empty Coke bottle in his hand. He is leaning back in his chair. He chuckles and start to speak. Hey IronFist, I give you credit, you battled to a double countout with the true \_Superstar\_. You proved to me that you are good, but what you did \_not\_ prove is if you have what it takes to beat me. In my six year wrestling experience I have won titles, lost titles, won matches, and lost matches. But now in CNWL I am going to dominate everyone I fight, and it all starts off with Luke Van Dam. Luke, Luke, Luke. You and your partner Dangerous Danny Hart whine and moan and whine some more. And, well, to tell you the truth, I am sick of it. Oh wow Van Dam, you were a EULW World Champion, well I could care less. If it dosen't involve me, then why should it be important. I know you have great skills, and well, I have the greatest. Anyways, I know you think your Mr. Extreme and all that other stuff, but in all due respect your not. See this drink, it is a refreshment. And the only refresment you will feel for a while is the one you will be getting through the straw, because I am going to knock everyone of your pathetic teeth out. Wether it be hell, sleet, rain, or snow, I will be at that show, and you will meet the end of your life. I know you think I am just a cocky, rookie. Well I am cocky, but I am \_not\_, I repeat \_not\_ a rookie. So, see you in the ring.

===== Fright Child ===== The scene opens to a very large open field... The CNWL wrestler, Fright Child, stands in the middle of the field... The camera gets a clear shot of Fright Child.. Fright Child, or Christopher Hall, what ever you call him, is wearing a pair of baggy olive colored cargo pants, a black long-sleeved T-shirt, which reads CNWL in orange fire letters, dark colored Dok Martin boots, and Oakly sunglasses... Fright Child's shoulder length hair is parted in the middle, and waves as the wind blows through it... Fright Child's 4 goatee really catches your eye.. Fright Child has a black colored Five\*Star backpack on his back... Behind Fright Child lays a scarecrow on the ground... The scare crow has a pumpkin for a head, and is wearing torn up over-alls.. Also, a large green graffiti filled sign is seen behind him.. Only one word on the sign is visible... The first words is unreadable, the second words says Wisconsin .. That must mean were in Wisconsin.. But where in Wisconsin is not known, not that's it's important... Fright Child starts walking toward the camera.. Once Fright Child gets about 6 feet away from the camera, he stops, then begins to speak... Fright Child: It was just two days ago. Two days ago, when I lost. I have no excuses for my terrible loss. I can't say I had a bum knee, nor can I say my I wasn't in good shape. The truth is, that I wasn't in perfect shape, and I still lost. Why? No, I didn't get screwed. I just lost. I lost to Suicidal Maniac. He's a great wrestler, I can't take that away from him. However, it was only one match. The CNWL can not judge me by one match. I can say how it was my first match in months, and how I had a broken index finger, and that I had a torn hamstring, but I'm not. I'm not going to about my loss. I lost, I've done it before, and I'm sure I'll do it again. But I've also won. Winning and losing is nothing new to me. I just want a simple rematch. Suicidal, if your watching this, I ask you to give me a rematch. One more match, you beat me once, lets see if you can do it again. Fright Child pulls out a large picture from his backpack, which looks to be taken out of a magazine, of CNWL wrestlers... Big Fig, Guru, Commander Cody, and many other pictures of CNWL stars are seen on the poster... Fright Child: I went into the match thinking I was going to face him. Points to the picture of Area 51, on the poster... Fright Child: I went into the ring, with my mind set on facing Area 51, but I went in and faced Suicidal Maniac. I underestimated the guy. Underestimating... that's some thing I will do NEVER again, that's the truth. I trained for that match with the 'easy win' mind set. I walked to the ring with an 'easy win' mind set. I was wrong, not an 'easy win'. Hell, not even a win! That's soon to change. The seventh of August could be my 'big break'. I'm facing a great competitive wrestler, Franchise Ironfist. I'm putting up a fight this time. I know this isn't going to be a sweet walk in the park. But also, i want Ironfist to know, I'm NO easy task. I'm not underestimating Ironfist, and I really hope he isn't underestimating me. Ironfist, I've done my homework. I know what I'm in for here. I'm no psychic, but the future shows you... being SLAUGHTERED.... After saying this, Fright Child tears the poster with the pictures of all the CNWL wrestlers on it, to pieces... Fright Child shoves the camera out of his face... Scene fades out...

===== Tyrone Parker ===== AROGANT

COCKY SELLOUT SUPERSTAR You hear those four words. And then you hear, he has can

CyberNetic Wrestling Leauge to win gold, and make money in the process. He has won gold before, and now with A No Win, No Loss, One Draw record, he will meet a former EULW World Champion, The Extremeist Luke Van Dam.

The man is the one the only SUPERSTAR TYRONE PARKER! The scene opens up outside a martini lounge. There are only a few people there. The man behind the counter looks tired. As the camera pans around the lounge it spots Superstar Tyrone Parker. He has on no shirt, but a gold chain with a dollar sign hangs around his neck. He has on baggy red Nike shorts. He is eating a sub from Subway. He takes a bite, and then starts to speak. Superstar Tyrone Parker: Well Luke Van Dam, I guess you still think you will beat me? But I am telling you my man, it is not going to happen. I have beaten some of the best, lost to some of the best, and I have tied one of the best. So all in all, I am good. Y'see Luke Van Dam, you have Danny Hart, but I have a friend by the name of The Great One Anthony Gold. He is the best wrestler in CNWL. He knows it, I know it, and well frankly, we all know it. Now back to you Lucky Van Dam, yeah, that's right, I am calling you lucky. Because you think you are the best, but not. I have already stated I am taking you out, and well, I am a man of promise. This is where I came from, but this is not who I am. In the ring I am a man that always goes for the kill. I always dominate my opposition. And I always have friends in high places. One other thing I have is guts. You won't see me run away from you like one of your hippie friends. Just because Danny Hart's partner turned on him, and he won vs three men doesn't impress me. So from this day forward, if you mess with me, you will go down. ===== Tyrone Parker

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Bill: Well no.. Tyrone Parker: Enough said. Bill: Well he gave you one heck of a fight. Tyrone Parker: Y'know, I am glad you brought that up. You see I have heard all this crap about Ironfist being a main-eventer, always whipping on people. Well he almost beat me. But he didn't. I delivered some great moves, and well, sooner or later you will meet me again, and maybe we will settle this thing. Next question. Victoria: Hello. Tyrone Parker: Hey beautiful.

Victoria: Your not to bad yourself. Tyrone Parker: I know. Victoria: Well coming up you fight The Extremeist Luke Van Dam, what are your thoughts? Tyrone Parker: Well this is a question many people have asked me, how do I feel about Luke Van Dam? Well Lucky, that's all you are, your lucky, your lucky in the ring, and lucky in bed, because you only get it once a year. And how do I know? Well, I have been with that girl. So Victoria how's about you come with me. ===== Madman ===== (Camera

fades in on Madman in the locker room after his win over Chris Hennig. He is still in his wrestling trunks, and he is reclining on the couch he has in there while eating a rice cake. He notices the camera, and he looks into it with a conceited smile) Madman: Well, there was match number on in the books! Everybody saw me tearing it up in the ring right? Well, naturally you did. When I walk that aisle...everybody focuses their attention onto me. They want to see the action with which I get the job done. One person has got to feel the wrath with which Madman performs. Now, there is already a second one scheduled. Without further ado...lets talk about him. (Madman laughs as he pulls out a rice cake) Madman: Big Fig...the big newton himself. Fig, the time is ticking down until I'm going between the ropes for my second match around here. Hell, if I come out and perform like I did against Hennig. Not only are you going to be in just as much pain as he was, but I am going to be up into the title picture. I guess that is gift I get for bringing in fans and winning. It's all about winning. If you can win...then the shots come. I am a winner, and I am going to continue the runs as I enter here. I won once...about to win twice. I am sure that Fig is going to argue that point. Much he can. But, you are messing with the greatest thing going in wrestling Fig. You can believe what ya like, but everything will become painfully clear once we step between the ropes. I'm the best, and I am going to teach you it the hard way. Just be ready! (Madman packs his stuff as he prepares to leave) Madman: Fig, if you watched tonight then you already have some idea of what I can do. If you were smart then you'd just leave while the getting is good. I'm sure you'll be there though. Oh well...more blood for me! (Madman laughs, and he walks out the door as the camera fades)

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