“How Master Chief Saved Christmas”

Opening:

Elite 1: Target is in my sights.

Elite2: I thought Santa delivered presents in a sleigh with reindeer? Why is he putting the gifts in a car?

Elite 1: I don’t know. But apparently Santa drives a Chevy. How does a Chevy deliver presents to the world in one night anyway? Why doesn’t he just drive a Ford.

Elite 2: Why do we even want to kill Santa? That would just ruin Christmas.

Elite1: Santa ruined my childhood. I wanted a remote control car so bad. But what did I get? A sweater. I never forgave him.

Elite 2: So you are going to ruin the Christmas’s of everyone else just because you got a sweater.

Elite 1: No, I’m saving the Christmas’s of everyone else. Just think of all the disappointed children who get sweaters instead of remote controlled cars.

Elite 2: Sigh…okay then take the shot.

Elite 1: Okay here I go. (shoots) He’s down.

Elite 2: Do you feel any better?

Elite 1: Why of cours…(shot)

Elite 2: Bernie no! Oh God I gotta get outta here. (Runs out of sniper spot).

Master Chief: Where do you think you’re going?

Elite 2: It can’t be! Your…your Master Chief.

Master Chief: That’s Mister Chief to you. (shoots Elite 2) (runs over to Santa)

Master Chief: Santa, are you okay?

Santa: (coughs), I’m not going to make it. (coughs) You need to save Christmas for everyone.

Master Chief: How am I supposed to deliver presents all over the world in 1 night in a Chevy? I need a Ford!

Santa: I bought it at a good price used. There’s something I want you to have, Chief. Go look in the crate over there.

Chief: (Walks over) What’s this…an BR? BUT I WANTED AR. YOU RUINED MY CHRISTMAS. (Kills Santa)

Chief: Well I guess it’s up to me to save Christmas. Now let’s try and get this Chevy fired up. What’s this? NO GAS!

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