Nuclear Christmas

 CHAPTER 1 – SAND AND NOW SNOW

Sleigh in the sky with a red flashing light captioned “Somewhere over the desert in hostile territory sometime in the early 21st century(tick-typing across the screen) Santa Claus travelling from the North pole is engaged by hostiles in combat over the desert on his way to delivering presents to children. Just as he is leaving the desert, he approaches a forest.” A missile targeting Rudolph’s nose and is incoming show up on the radar with elf#1 inside the bottom of the sleigh. Santa Claus’ radar tips him off and notifies him of the incoming heat-seeking missile. St. Nick informs the elves to take evasive maneuvers and prepare for battle. A string of Christmas lights are deployed that fall off the back of the sleigh. They change from red, blue, and green to white hot chaffs. Swoosh! Missile narrowly averted. Another incoming missile detected and two jingle bells around one of the reindeers necks deploy left and right and burst into white hot flares. Missile averted. Third missile incoming, too late to be detected, hits Comet in the back legs and he screams “Nooooo!”. Santa states, “Damage report!” Elf#1 in the sleigh responds, “Comet was hit hard and Cupid is holding on.” Santa yells “I need some help here, I got two bogies on my six!” A sliding door under the sleigh opens and elf#2 with a headset deploys himself in a glass turret. He pops out from under the sleigh with a 360 degree rotation. Mounted in a chair in the glass bubble is elf#2 with a machine gun with two missiles left and right. “Sorry Santa, we were leaving the desert, I thought we were clear. I’m on this!” claims elf#2 in a turret. “Steady. Steady.” A fighter jet flies by at supersonic speed and another is coming. Elf#2 in the turret states “Too late for that one, but not for this one.” Ratta tat tatta tat rattarattaratta tat tat. Beep, beep, beep, beeeeeee! “I have you now!” says elf#2 in the turret. Whoosh! “Foxtrot one out!” Thrust blam! Pow! Elf#2 in the turret, “Red leader one, bogey one eliminated and liberated! Got him!” Elf#1 in a space-like oxygen-rich suit working on Comet says “No vitals. We lost Comet and we need to set him free or the sleigh will go down along with all of us. Christmas will be ruined!” Elf#3 inside the body of sleigh is crying and forearm wipes his tears away. Santa sheds a single tear from one eye and it transforms to a snowflake as he states, “Sorry old friend, it’s been an honor.” Santa looks at his heads up displeigh and pushes a button to release a deer labeled “Engine 5, Comet”. Bogey#2 performs a fly up and stall out, flips down, and rotates with afterburners towards the sleigh from above. Santa “Where is he? Where is he?” Elf#3 “Bogey 2 is not on the radar!” Santa with wisdom in a deep voice whispers, “Just like over Kallistan, just like over Kallistan.” Loudly Santa blurts “He’s above or below us! I need a visual! Look up or down. What do you see!” Elf#3 “Still nothing on radar, Magrelf what do you see down there?” Elf#1 “Red leader one, I’ve repaired the linkage from Vixen to Blitzen. We’ve go full rotation back and we are running!” Elf#3 “That puts us at 88.9% full power. Santa have you got a visual?” Elf#3 “Red leader one! Incoming! Incoming!” Booooom! The sleigh tears apart. Deer parts blasting in every direction in slow motion. Santa “Eject! Eject! Abandon ship!” Elf#1 jet pack thrusts and unknowingly thrusts upwards towards the missile and says “Oh… Merrrrrry Chrisssstmassssss…” in a lowering trailing sarcastic voice as the iris of his eye begins to swell with the telltale reflection of a missile’s thruster gets larger and larger in slow motion. Santa reaches down between his legs and grabs a candy cane labeled pull only in case of a Christmas emergency. Fire erupts from the bench seat of the sleigh and Santa bursts upwards and back and then forward through the smoke cloud of the explosion. Bursting through the smoke is a charred beard of Santa riddled with blood and guts of elf#1. Elf #3 “The button for Eject is damaged and sparking. I can’t eject, I can’t eject!” The manual override is between his legs and is a candy cane. Elf#3 “It’s stuck! It’s stuck!” I can’t get out!” The sleigh is in a flat spin falling. Beep beep beep beep beep. The sleigh automation states “pull up, pull up” chirp chirp “pull up, pull up” chirp chirp. Elf#2 “I didn’t grab my chute Santa. I’m sorry. I let you down. I’m going down. Worst Christmas EVER!” Santa, knocked unconscious, plummets down in a parachute bench as the sun sets. Elf#2 “Migelf! Get to the front of the sleigh!” Elf#3 “Okay. Now what!” Elf#2 “Cover your ears and close your eyes!” A tiny present is placed on the bottom of the sleigh and the bow is twisted and a light begins to flash. Elf#3 “No! Magrelf! No!” Elf#2 “I have no choice Migelf. It’s was gonna be me or both of us.” Elf#3 “Noooooooo! Migeelllf! Noooo!” Jingle, Jingle, Jingle, Jingle! And suddenly Jingle bells plays rapidly. Beep, beep, beep. Beep, beep, beep. Beep, beep, beep, beep-beep. Pow! A blood splattered turret bubble pops down and liquid blood blows into the wind along with green arm-filled sleeves and an elf hat falls to earth slowly. Elf#3 scrambles to fight the wind and grabs some goggles and puts them on. The parachute is on him and he pulls himself to the gapping blasted hole where once a full glass turret was. He sees freezes as he looks into half-blasted glass turret. We only see his face. He slowdown pauses during a slow motion second on his watch. Flashback. Magrelf is making toys along side of Migelf and laughing. Skip around to another scene and they are toasting a drink. Skip again to the beach and they are holding hands with other female elves and both start running forward and down the beach with each other racing to see who is faster. Migelf is in front and as he looks behind him he sees the face of Magrelf smiling and slowing his running pace to a slow jog stop as it zooms in on Magrelfs face. Flashnow. A quivering lip on Migelf firms to a stiff lip as we pane to see the head of Magrelf his long time friend staring back at him. Migelf exits the hole and fade to white.

 CHAPTER 2 - THE NOT SO ENCHANTED FOREST

White fades to the sun beating down on the face of Santa squinting with flies on his face. He realizes he is injured an hanging from a tree. He assesses his situation and groans “uhhhoohh”. He sees a snake approaching as he reaches into between his legs to twist the candy cane and out pops a bowie knife as he hacks the snake as it lunges. He puts the headless snake in his pocket. He looks up and frees himself. Standing up in the captain’s chair, he holds the parachute strings and cuts the chair loose to fall to the ground. It lands on some trees and tumbles down branches to the forest bottom. Santa groans again “I wish I had my bag of presents. This would be much easier.” He begins to swing from side to side and grabs a nearby tree. Skip to the bottom and two boots come crashing down firmly as drums begin to beat loudly. Santa claims “I still got time. Let’s do this!” He rips his Santa jacket open to reveal an injury. A protruding rib sticks out. That and a ripped six pack of muscular chiseled and rippling” He states as if to count to three as he bends it back and forth, “Ho, Ho, Hooooooooooowwwwwwwww!” SNAP! Continuing to howl during the snap “oooooowwwwwww” A flock of birds bursts and begin flapping out of the trees above. Getting his bearings he determines the sun is rising in the east and heads west. Walking through the forest, he hears a sound. Jingle, jingle. He stops in his tracks and flashes back to the sleigh under attack. Echos of “We lost Comet, we lost Comet, we lost Comet” Fading. Flashnow. Jingle. Kapow! Gun-shot. Maximum alert now, he looks left and right to find the source. He gasps a few times. He readies his knife from his boot slowly. He lunges around the tree to find three of his deer attached to a fourth deer with a bullet in him. To the left he sees a hunter in an orange cap reloading. He throws the knife, just before the next shot. He hits the hunter right in the neck and frozen. As the hunter falls, he states “You ARE real!” Clump he falls over. Santa steps on the chest of the hunter with his boot and pulls the knife out of the hunter’s neck. Santa grumpily says “Naughty!” He wipes the blood off his knife on the already red Santa pants and places it back in his boot. He approaches the three remaining deers and comforts them. “We’ll, it’s not alright, but it is what it is.”

 CHAPTER 3 - DINNER

 Seeing the faces of the three deer with very wide eyes and very slacked jaws, we pan over to Santa sitting in front of a fire gnawing on what looks like a turkey leg. The deers begin to speak. Dancer says “Really Santa. Would you eat me?” Santa replies “Dancer, you have always joked with me when I give you a good zinger with ‘Eat me!’ What’s the difference?” Dancer looking at the other deers, “Remind me never to use that line again.” Dancer hesitates and quietly states, “Well?” The other deer groans and clabbering so fast you don’t know who was saying what “Ohhhh! Ewww! Dancer! What?!?” “We were kind of wondering.” “Aww man! Really?!? Really?” Santa claims, “Could use some salt” All claim and begin again “How could you?!?” “Yeah man. He was my best friend!” “Yeah we used to laugh and play reindeer games together!!!” “Yeah” Santa starts again “Would you rather we eat him or let the wolves get him and we starve?” Prancer starts in “Uhhhhh, what does Cupid taste like?” The other deer start again “Awww!” “Ohhhhh!” “Hey!!!” “Heyyy!” Santa pauses and then makes eye contact with all of them one-by-one and says, “Not chicken!”, and proceeds to take another bite. Donner starts in and says “Well guys, mmmmm, I don’t think I want the wolves to get him now would we?” Dancer warms up and semi-agrees “Well, uh yeah, that would be horrible and we wouldn’t want that now would we?” Prancer snaps back “Eat me! NOOOO! I mean. Eat him! I mean, let’s just get this over with. Hand me a thigh.” Santa, “There’s plenty to go around”. The next scene, Santa and all of the deer have mouth mess. Donner looks at Santa and states “You have a little Cupid on your…” Santa wipes his face and Donner continues “…yeah you got it.” Dancer states, “That’s an image I am never going to be able to get out of my head. Ugh. Gross. Now that I’m full, I’m remorseful again.”