

The Champion

Adam Sandler

Welcome back on this glorious Sunday afternoon for the final round of the Enbuary classic. The legendary Champion is now approaching the 18'th tee off with an insomauntible 8th stroke lead.

Well let's wrap this thing up

The gallery lets the champion know what a fine three days of golf he has had. The always charming Champion is now taking time to high five a young spectator and the boy, the boy is awestruck. Haha, the gallery erupts into delight

Go get them champ!

Yes Yes. I think it would be hard to find in any sport a champion who is as beloved as this one. And the encouraging gallery goes silent. Eight strokes ahead of the pack, the Champion slowly starts his back swing.

Four! (Hit the golf ball.)

Oh no no! Apparently the honking horn had some sort of concentration effect on the champion's usual monstrous drive.

Is that Greag normen's kid or something?

The Champion shakes it off and makes some sort of humorous remark about the horn to the gallery and they eat it up.

Let's get the ball back on the field.

Yes Yes, well now the Champion, his Caddy, and the elendent gallery make their way to the Champion's ball, which is unfortunately larged next to a very thick tree route. The champion and his caddy talk it over. He;s going to play it safe and punch out with a 7 iron with a 8 stroke lead this is simply smart play by the legendary Champion. He approaches the ball.. let's watch.

Take a swing at the ball hitting the tree route in the process

Oh,well I.. I don't think that's what the Champion had in mind when he took that swing. The ball is now 10 yards.. um into the woods after ricolshaying off the tree route, and ther's a look of pain on the Champion's face. He is shaking his hands as if to say I did not have a strong enough grip on the club when I hit the tree route, and my hands are stinging quite badly.

The Champion is starting to mutter some obscenities about the car horn, which if you just joined us blew earlier during the champion's back swing at the 18'th tee off. Well now his caddy and friend of 25 years, Mr. Skipijankings, is doing every thing he can to get the champion's mind back on track.

Forget about the car horn, let's just win this thing!

Hahah, you're right.

What wonderful veteran words of wisdom. The Champion nods in agreement, and heads into the woods to set up for his third shot which he will have to play out of a dreadfully muddy lie. He's sticking with his 7 iron closes the club face a little. He starts his swing.

(Swing at ball)

And the ball did not move, um if anything it's a little deeper in the mud.

What is this fucking quick sand?!

The Champion is now conferring with course marshal, David Canner.

What do I do next?

Gonna have to drop one.

And yes i.. it has been ruled that his ball is unplayable, he will take a drop and a one stroke penalty.

and the Champion is now laughing very hard, uh one might say a little too hard, but none of the less, he drops his new Areo Fly Ball and resumes play.

Back with his trusty 3 wood, the Champion lines up his shot. He starts his back swing.

He flautuates. Stops his swing, and steps away from his ball, and whispers something to his caddy, Mr. Skipijankings.

Wha? What do you mean you got to take a Shit?

I've got to shit.

Finish the fucking hole, we've got to win this mother fucker!

Jesus Christ man!

Well now the Champion is staring angrily at his caddy. He continues to stare for quite some time, and then abruptly walks back to his ball; not taking much time set up at all he swings,

Connects, a Smash of a hit!

(applaud)

Starting to slice, oh no it goes directly into the center of a man-made water hazard!

You've got to be fucking kidding me!

The Champion slowly walks over to his golf bag, unzips it, and pulls out, hmmm what I believe is a 16 oz silver beverage container and starts drinking in large gulps. Why don't we take this time for a word from our sponsors, and then we will return to our final round coverage of the Enbuary Classic. (Whispers: Well I have no idea what he was thinking)

What do 17 major championships, over 6 million dollars in prize money, and the complete domination of the sport of golf have in common? Two things: The Champion, and Areo Fly Balls. Areo Fly Balls, they just seem to go further. If it's good enough for the Champion, don't you think it's good enough for you.

Well welcome back to our final round coverage of the Enbuary Classic.

PUT YOUR SHIRT BACK ON!

I'll tell you one thing. no one's fucking up me in my hole.

As we join the action,

Because they are fucking ugly

We can see his caddy and long time friend, Mr. Skipijankings, trying to cox the Champion out of the sand trap where he is presently on his back making a snow angle.

Get up! GET THE FUCK UP. WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?!

All right (get out of hole)

Well the Champion is now ceasing his softmories behavior and is climbing out of the trap onto the green.

Yee-Haw! (Charge at Skipijankings and Tackle him)

The Champion has just tackled long time friend, Mr. Skipijankings, I've never scene any thing like this.

That's it! I'm getting the Fuck out of here! You're fucked up dude, you need some help!

Ya I need help fucking your wife!

Fuck you! (Kick the Champion very hard!) Don't you EVER TALK about my wife! I'll FUKING KILL YOU MAN!

Hear Hear! Generally Tempered, long time friend Mr. Skipijankings now storming off the forced hole, not with out hearing some expletive words hurled at him by the classless lord of the lace. Tears streaming down his face, the Champion is now alone on the green left with mainly a 12 foot put. (Police sirens are going off) Who would of thought that a horn honk could bring about such disaster and disarray in one man's life. The Champion, now lining up his put, using the flag stick as his putter for some odd reason. He takes a few steps towards the hole, unbuckles his belt, The CHAMPION is defecating in the cup, and the gallery has scene enough! Not a moment too soon the police have arrived, and are advancing towards the champion slowly. In a last desperate act, the Champion holds the flag stick as if it were a large lance from medieval times, and runs full kilt in rage in his eyes towards the Officers.

They Open fire. The champion has been shot. He is down on the green, he's not moving, walking inching their way towards the champion, the officer checks the champion's pulse, and signals to the other police that the Champion is sure enough dead. If you are just joining us Sunday May 7'th at 2:42 P.M. perhaps the greatest golfer of our time is diseased at age 39. My God have mercy on his sole. This has been Donald Hefington saying good day, and good golf.