

FADE IN:

RUDOLPH sits in front of the camera.

RUDOLPH

Yeah, hi. It's me again, Rudolph. You know, you're favorite reindeer that you never write to, or call, or care about. This will be my last video, not that it matters. I started making this video diary because I have no one else to talk to. I guess I just hoped someone out there in internet land would happen across me, connect to me in some way, maybe see me as their soul mate. (scoffs) I should know better. Connection to others just doesn't seem to be in the cards for me. At this point I'd be happy with the mail man waving back, but all he does is give me the finger. Not even my mom will answer or return my calls. In the rare occasions when we do speak, she can't even bring herself to say my name. When I tell her I love her, she say's "Well, God works in mysterious ways." Whatever that means. It's been so long since I've felt good about myself. I have these dreams where I'm lost in the woods. I walk out into this clearing and am surrounded by centaurs. One by one, they come and kiss me on the nose while whispering "You're special Rudolph. You're important Rudolph. We love you Rudolph." For a moment I feel something close to bliss. Then they shoot me with their arrows and shit on my corpse. I'm not sure what the dream means but that's when I'm happiest. When I wake up from these dreams my nose is always glowing. Pffff. My nose. I can trace all my problems back to the morning I discovered this nose. I remember it like it was yesterday. It's hard to forget the worst day of your life. It was my 4th day of Reindeer camp, and after a game of basketball I hit the showers with the rest of my bunk mates.

(MORE)

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to look at them, I was just curious. But before I knew it, my nose was a glow... And my dick was hard. I tried to play it off but the other Reindeer were relentless. They all started calling me names like Pinocchio, Electric Butt Smeller, Boner Boy, Penis hood kid...I'm not circumcised. Thanks Mom. But worst of all, the others wouldn't let me play any more of their reindeer games. You know, like Monopoly. All because of my stupid nose! Every time I was around another boy Reindeer it would glow. Like I had a choice over the matter. I thought it would be better when I got older and started working. The Holiday spirit will prevail right? Yeah right. It's worse here in the North Pole. The other Reindeer like to sneak the elves in my stable while I'm sleeping, and those creepy little bastards play ookie cookie on my nose. So, what other option do I have? I drink. I do drugs when I can get them, and I can get them a lot. There's Snow, Candy Cane dust, Methamphetanog, Oxycontin. The dealers are as close to friends as I have, and they don't speak any English so...I still knew when they make fun of me, you know, all of the time, but I don't know exactly what they're saying so it almost doesn't hurt as much. Just when it got to a point when things couldn't get any worse, one foggy Christmas eve, Santa came to say: "Rudolph with your nose so bright, won't you guide my sleigh tonight?" I had just popped 6 Oxy's and was all 'Don't you mock me fat boy. I will fucking kill a guy!' But as it turns out, Santa really did need my help, and I was too fucked up to realize it. I agreed to lead the sled that night, but only to spite the other reindeer. It was so foggy. Even if I was sober I don't think I would have seen the plane but...246 dead. No survivors.

(MORE)

RUDOLPH (CONT'D)

Santa, he made me look and all the bodies. Each and every one of them. At every body we'd come across he'd whisper "it should have been you." And you know what? He was right. Well tonight Santa, tonight we make things right. Tonight we even the score. This world has no more need of me. I'm not sure it ever did. If you are watching this, and my situation may be similar to yours, I do have one bit of advice as someone who's gone through it. You may think that you are totally alone...And you are.

RUDOLPH puts a noose around his neck and stands on his computer chair. He gives a sad little wave and lets himself fall. He swings.

SLOW FADE OUT