

EXT. WOODS - DAY

PETER, GLENN, and JOE are sitting around a cooler of Grizzly Adams beer holding rifles and sipping their beers. They have not had much luck so far other than drinking beer.

Suddenly, Glenn's beer is shot and explodes in his face.

GLENN

What the hell?!

A bald and suited DICK CHENEY walks out of the bushes nearby apologizing.

DICK CHENEY

Sorry there
fella...I was
dozing off in my
chair and a gust of
wind knocked over
my rifle. She must
have went off when
she hit the ground.

PETER

Dick Cheney? Why
the hell are you
out here? They let
you hunt again
after you shot that
guy?

DICK CHENEY

Yeah, the
government and
police had a vote
and I got two votes
out of 150 to let
me hunt again,
isn't that great?

PETER

Right...

DICK CHENEY

Well that's the
beauty of
democracy, right?

JOE

(Sarcastic)
Well that makes a
whole lot of sense.
That makes about
as much sense as an
alcohol swab at a
death penalty.

INT. DEATH PENALTY EXECUTION CHAMBER
(FLASHBACK)

A rough looking PRISONER is strapped down in
the execution stretcher with fear and tears
in his eyes as an EXECUTIONER walks towards
him with an alcohol sanitary wipe in one
hand, and a euthanizing needle in the other.

PRISONER

No! No! Please
don't kill me! I
know I'm guilty but
I still deserve a
life in prison at
least!

EXECUTIONER

Hold your horses.
I'm just giving
you a cleansing
swab, standard
procedure, we
wouldn't wanna get

you infected big
guy.

The executioner wipes the prisoner's arm with
a swab, hands the prisoner a lollipop and
injects the man with the lethal chemical.

PRISONER

Oh wow. You guys
would do that for
me? Huh...this
ain't so bad eh?
You know I don't
care what they say
about you people,
you're alr-

The prisoner's head falls back in the
stretcher and he dies. The lollipop hits the
ground.

EXT. WOODS - PRESENT DAY

DICK CHENEY

Well I better get
out of here. It's
almost five
o'clock. It's
strip poker night
over at George's.
Have a good one
guys.

PETER

See you later.

GLENN

Say hello to the
wife for me!

JOE

Take it easy.

The three get settled back in their chairs and crack open fresh beers.

PETER

My god guys, we've been out here for like two hours we haven't even seen a squirrel. The only thing shot at was Glenn's beer. We haven't had this much bad luck since that time we went to Hooters.

INT. HOOTERS RESTAURANT (FLASHBACK)

Peter, Glenn, and Joe are brought to a table by a young, attractive BLONDE HOSTESS.

BLONDE HOSTESS

Okay guys, I'll have someone with you in a moment, enjoy your meal.

Blonde Hostess walks away while the three watch her leave. A male waiter named BRAD walks up and greets the guys.

BRAD

Hey guys, my name is Brad and I will be taking care of you tonight, can I start you off with any drinks?

PETER

(Under his
breath
sighing)
No, Brad...you just
can't...you're not
supposed
to...(sigh) Fine.
I'll have an
O'Douls...make it
strong.

EXT. WOODS - PRESENT DAY

The guys continue to drink Grizzly Adams beer
and they finally are beginning to get a
little drunk. Suddenly, Glenn spots a deer
about a hundred yards away.

GLENN

Oh look look!
Hello Mr.
Rogers...I'm gonna
take the shot!

JOE

Careful Glenn,
you've had a few
cold ones. Take
your time and hit
him where it counts

GLENN

In the nuts Joe?!

JOE

No! Hit him in the
heart. We're
looking for a kill-
shot here.
Shoot'em dead big

guy.

POV - GUNSIGHT CROSSHAIRS - PRESENT DAY

The cross hair is shaking uncontrollably trying to focus on a large Reindeer chewing on grass. After many drunken movements, the crosshair stays on a rear leg and a shot is fired.

MWS - The guys all look towards the intended target.

GLENN

Hit! Got that son
of a bitch!

PETER

Wow, nice going
Glenn. Lets go
check out the
damage. That was
friggin sweet!

The three walk over to the wounded reindeer to find it still alive moaning in pain.

PETER

Oh my god, its
still alive, now
what do we do?

REINDEER

Well of course I'm
still alive. Your
dumb-ass friend
shot me in the leg,
amateurs. I knew
it was a bad idea
to go hiking.

JOE

Holy cow, you can
talk!?

REINDEER

Of course I can...
can't all animated
animals on Family
Guy talk? Anyways,
a band-aid and
neosporin would be
great right about
now. Or you can
just put a bullet
in my head...either
one would be fine.

PETER

Holy crap! This is
sweet. Hey, you
got a hell of a red
nose there. What's
that all about?

REINDEER

Well, that's just a
pigment side effect
of my alcohol and
cocaine abuse. But
most people think
it's magical for
some reason.

Anyways I want to
thank you for
shooting me on my
vacation week, I
gotta head back up
North for this
seasons work-

PETER

Wait, are you
telling me that
you're RUDOLPH the
red-nosed freakin'
Reindeer?!

RUDOLPH

Yeah that's me. I
don't know why
someone considered
me magical at one
point. I'm a
cocaine addict and
the only reason
Santa Claus wanted
me to guide his
sleigh was cause
I'd be high and
full of energy.

GLENN

So if you're not
magical like
tradition says,
what are you?

RUDOLPH

I'm really just
like you guys,
except I'm a
reindeer. I enjoy
the wild,
motorcycles, strip
clubs and any other
man stuff I can get
my hooves on.

PETER

Wow, that's

awesome. Listen,
I'm really sorry we
shot you. You're
just an ordinary
guy, I feel
terrible. How'd
you get that job up
there in the North
Pole?

RUDOLPH

Well you see, the
North Pole is
really a rehab
center for abusers
of all kinds.

There's hundreds
of reindeer,
"Santas" and elves
or whatever you
people call them.

The whole
environment is a
big therapy
session. It gives
us work, group
discussion, blah
blah blah. Except
I don't really make
much improvement,
as you can see by
the condition of my
nose.

PETER

Who would of
thought. That is
wild. Say,
Rudolph, would you
want to hangout
with us? We're
just a couple of
guys like you.

RUDOLPH

Yeah that'd be
great. I
appreciate you guys
not killing me.

You can make up
for the leg wound
by buying me a
Grizzly Adams up at
the bar.

INT. THE CLAM (BAR)

The guys and Rudolph are sitting at their usual booth with a round of Grizzly Adams beer. They discuss Rudolph's rough-around-the-edges lifestyle. Rudolph then tells them about his Harley motorcycle and the tattoos he got from back in his boyhood.

RUDOLPH

You guys should
check out my hog
out front. Got her
back in '89. She
rides as smooth as
a doe's butt.

PETER

ah sweet. I've
always wanted a
bike. I feel like
you need a tattoo
along with your
bike. I'd get
Rocky and
Bullwinkle on my
rib cage, except
the wrinkle on my
side would probably
make it look like

Bullwinkle was as
short as Rocky...

RUDOLPH

What do you say we
go down to the
motorcycle shop and
pick one out? You
only live once,
right? Couple good
friends, cold beers
and a motorcycle is
all you need in
this world. Well,
cocaine makes it a
whole lot better
too but I'm working
on that.

INT. MOTORCYCLE STORE - PRESENT DAY

After walking up and down the rows of new
motorcycles, Peter and the guys have their
new bikes picked out and want to go for a
test ride.

Peter walks up to the counter to discuss a
test ride with the store CLERK.

PETER

How are ya pal?
Listen, I'm
interested in
buying that bad
mama-jama over
there, and I want
to take her for a
spin before I hand
over the dough. I
want to make sure
that baby sounds
like Zeus's farts,
you know what I

mean pal?

CLERK

Right on, dude.
Here are the keys.

Peter takes the keys and revs the engine to his new motorcycle.

PETER

(Shouting over
motor)
Zeus's farts!
Zeus's farts baby!

EXT. VARIOUS ROADS IN A DESERT SETTING
(MONTAGE)

Peter is on a long joyride on his new bike.
Wind is blowing his hair back and the open road reflects in his aviator sunglasses.

SOT(NAT SOUND) Roaring engine is heard with "Highway to the Danger Zone" by Kenny Loggins is heard underneath.

INT. MOTORCYCLE STORE - PRESENT DAY

Peter walks up t the clerk smiling.

PETER

I'll take it!

INT. GRIFFIN HOUSE LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Peter walks in to his house with a motorcycle helmet, aviator sunglasses, and a leather vest on. He carelessly spits chewing tobacco on the carpet. He then plops on the couch almost sitting on his dog BRIAN, and wife LOIS.

BRIAN

Jesus, Peter. What has gotten into you?

PETER

Soul. Grizzly Adams beer. Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer. A little bit of cocaine, perhaps. (Spits tobacco and hits Brian's leg)

BRIAN

Peter, what the hell? That's disgusting, and since when do you chew tobacco?

PETER

Relax Brian, it's just a little man splash. Wipe it off if it bothers you that much, if anything it'll put a little hair on your chest.

BRIAN

Peter I'm a dog. I have hair all over my body.

PETER

Well maybe it'll make those balls

grow back we had to
cut off, eh Brian?

Peter laughs at himself while Brian and Lois stare at
him with confused concern.

LOIS

Peter I don't what
has gotten into you
but I don't like
it. You better get
your act together
by dinner tonight
or you can sleep on
the couch.

PETER

(sarcastic)
Oh no, the couch.
I'll have to get
it on with a
pillow. Doesn't
sound much
different than any
other night in bed.
Oh and don't worry
about me eating,
I'm all filled up
on beer and beef
jerky.