

COLD OPEN

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

PETER, CHRIS, LOIS (with STEWIE on her lap), MEG and BRIAN sit on and around the sofa watching television.

ON TV SCREEN:

EXT./ESTAB. THE BRADY BUNCH HOUSE - DAY

INT. THE BRADYS' KITCHEN - SAME

CAROL and MIKE stand behind the kitchen counter. JAN and GREG stand in front.

JAN

Mom! Dad! I found cigarettes in
Greg's jacket!

MIKE

Greg, were you smoking cigarettes?

GREG

No, dad!

MIKE

Well, he's lying, there's no doubt
about that. Greg, I'm afraid your
punishment will be four hours in the
snake pit.

Mike pushes a button on the counter and a trap door opens in the center of the kitchen floor.

SFX: HISSING can be heard from below.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Maybe that'll give you some time to
think about what you've done.

GREG

Aw, man!

Greg jumps into the pit.

JAN

That'll teach him.

Mike walks over to a big metal door next to the refrigerator.

MIKE

And Jan, I'm afraid you've earned a
day in the Chamber of Fire for
tattling on your brother.

Mike pushes a button next to the door and it slides open
revealing a roaring wall of flames.

Sfx: heavy metallic grating

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The family is still on the sofa.

LOIS

Ugh. Smoking. How does a boy like
that go so wrong?

PETER

Well, they live in a crummy
neighborhood.

BRIAN

The Bradys?

PETER

Oh, hell, yeah. They got robbers,
thugs, drug dealers, aw, you name it.

An AUNT JEMIMA-ESQUE WOMAN pops up at the window holding a
plate stacked with pancakes.

AUNT JEMIMA-ESQUE WOMAN

You folks want some pancakes?

PETER

No, thank you. See, that's the worst
we got, is Jemima's Witnesses.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - EVENING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois pulls a roast out of the oven. Stewie (in his high chair) is at the table, screwing a bolt into a strange, high-tech-looking gun-like device. Chris and Meg (reading a magazine) sit at the table.

MEG

Mom, my lips are too thin. Can I get collagen injections?

LOIS

Meg, you don't need to change the way you look. You know, most of the world's problems stem from poor self-image.

CUTAWAY:

INT. GYM - DAY

A scrawny ADOLF HITLER is doing curls on a bench. He hears laughing and looks to his left. We see a buff, ripped RABBI laughing at some unknown joke. He's flanked by two hot babes.

RABBI & GIRLS

(LAUGHTER)

Hitler scowls with jealousy.

BACK TO SCENE:

MEG

Mom, I have to do something to make my lips more appealing.

CHRIS

Why don't you try keeping 'em shut?

Stewie puts down his screwdriver.

STEWIE

Excellent! The mind-control device
is nearing completion.

LOIS

Stewie, I said no toys at the table.
Lois takes the "toy" away from Stewie.

STEWIE

Damn you, vile woman! You've impeded
my work since the day I escaped from
your wretched womb!

She pats his head affectionately.

LOIS

Oh, don't pout, honey. You know,
when you were born, the doctor said
you were the happiest-looking baby
he'd ever seen.

STEWIE

But of course! That was my victory-
day! The fruition of my deeply-laid
plans to escape from that cursed
ovarian Bastille!

Stewie whirls to point a finger at Lois.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Return the device, woman!

Lois puts the device on a high kitchen shelf.

LOIS

No toys, Stewie.

STEWIE

Very well, then! Mark my words: when you least expect it... your uppance will come.

CLOSE-UP on Stewie with an ominous MUSICAL STING.

Meg walks over to the thermostat on the wall.

MEG

Mom, can I turn the heat up?

LOIS

Oh, don't touch the thermostat, Meg. Your father gets upset.

MEG

Come on. This thing goes up to 90.

CLOSE UP on the thermostat. Meg turns the dial half an inch.

Immediately, the living room door **slams** open and Peter bursts into the kitchen.

PETER

Who touched the thermostat?

MEG

God, how does he always know?

PETER

Brain implant, Meg. Every father's got one. Tells you when the children are messin' with the dial.

QUICK PAN over to the kitchen door. NEIGHBOR #1 bursts in from outside.

NEIGHBOR #1

Hey, Peter! My thing went off! Your thermostat okay?

PETER

Yeah, 's all right.

Another NEIGHBOR pokes his head in.

NEIGHBOR #2

Hey, is my kid over here?

NEIGHBOR #1

Forget it! False alarm!

A THIRD NEIGHBOR pops up in the background.

ON PETER - Brian enters behind him squeezing past Peter's generous posterior.

BRIAN

Whoa, ass ahoy. Hey Peter, it's seven o'clock and you've still got your pants on. What's the occasion?

LOIS

(DISAPPROVINGLY) He's going to a stag party.

PETER

(FIRMLY) Now, Lois, I work hard all week to provide for this family. I am the man of the house and as the man I order you to give me permission to go to this party.

LOIS

Look, at least promise me you won't drink. Alcohol always leads to trouble.

PETER

Aw, for God's sake, I gave Chris his first taste of beer when he was six. And you turned out okay, didn't ya, pal?

CHRIS

(EXITING) I'm gonna go get wasted.

PETER

Okay, look both ways. (THEN, TO LOIS)
C'mon, you're worryin' about nothin'.

LOIS

Oh? Remember when you got drunk off the communion wine at church?

FLASHBACK:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A REVEREND speaks from the pulpit.

REVEREND

...And so, the Lord God smote poor Job with festering boils all over his body.

ON GOD - who is sitting in the pews with everyone else. He covers his eyes in embarrassment.

GOD

Oh, man, I hate it when he tells this
story.

The Reverend speaks while Peter, among others, leans at the altar, where he's drinking from the communion goblet.

REVEREND

Yet, miraculously, Job was still able
to retain his dignity.

Peter swallows, coughs, and then looks wide-eyed at the goblet.

PETER

Whoa! Is that really the blood of
Christ?

REVEREND

(DISTRACTED) Yes.

PETER

Man! That guy musta been wasted
twenty-four hours a day! Eh?

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - EVENING

LOIS

And then there was that time at the
ice cream store...

FLASHBACK:

INT. ICE CREAM STORE - DAY

The family stands at the counter with their cones. Peter smiles eagerly as he holds his.

PETER

Aw, butter rum's my favorite!

He takes a lick of the ice cream and falls face first into a table, splitting it in half. The family stares motionless. Peter is out cold.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - EVENING

BRIAN

And remember, you had an Irish coffee
the day we went to see "Philadelphia"?

FLASHBACK:

INT. DARKENED MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

The family watches the movie with weepy eyes. Only Peter stares intently at the screen, obviously trying to figure something out. Suddenly, he claps once with recognition.

PETER

I got it! That's the guy from "Big".
Tom Hanks. That's it! Aw, funny
guy, Tom Hanks! Everything he says
is a stitch!

ON THE MOVIE SCREEN we see TOM HANKS.

HANKS

I have AIDS.

PETER

Hahahahahahaha!

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - EVENING

LOIS

Promise me, Peter.

PETER

Lois, honey, I promise: not a drop of alcohol is gonna touch these lips tonight.

INT. A COWORKER'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

This is the location of the stag party. It's in full swing and crowded with BEER-GUZZLING GUYS. QUAGMIRE zips into frame.

QUAGMIRE

Hey, who wants to play "drink the beer?"

Peter zips in from the other side, holding a beer can.

PETER

Right here!

Peter takes a big swig from his beer can.

QUAGMIRE

Heh. You win!

PETER

All right! What do I win?

QUAGMIRE

Another beer!

PETER

Aw, I'm goin' for the high score!

QUAGMIRE

Well, actually, Charlie's got the high score!

Quagmire points to CHARLIE, a fat red-headed guy who's standing in front of an open grandfather clock with his pants down.

CHARLIE

Hey, man, your clock won't flush!

BACK TO Peter who stands with Quagmire and SHEP.

PETER

Heh. Y'know, I feel kinda bad, you guys. I promised my wife I wouldn't drink.

QUAGMIRE

Aw, don't feel bad, Peter.

PETER

Huh, gee, I never thought of it like that.

SHEP

Hey, didja bring the porno?

PETER

Did I bring the porno, eh? You're gonna love it, it's a classic.

Peter grins, holding up a VHS tape titled "ASSABLANCA".

ON TV SCREEN - SHORTLY AFTER

EXT. FOGGY AIRFIELD - NIGHT

"BOGART" stands talking to "INGRID BERGMAN".

BOGART

Listen to me, Ilsa: If I take this thing out and you're not on it, you'll regret it. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon, and for the rest of your life.

ON THE GUYS - We see the party of men watching the TV from on and around the sofa.

PETER

(MOVED) Aw, c'mon, Ilsa, get on!

ON TV SCREEN - The woman starts to take off her clothes. Suddenly, the screen jumps to static for a second, and then we see...

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR - DAY

A shot of the Statue of Liberty.

V.O.

The statue was originally a gift from France...

CHARLIE

What is this?!!

PETER

Aw man, my kid musta taped over this for history class!

GUYS

(DISAPPOINTED GROANS)

SHEP

Aw, what are we gonna do?!

PETER

Boys, boys... we're gonna drink 'till she's hot!

QUAGMIRE

Hey, that's just crazy enough to work!

All the men take long swigs of beer in unison.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Peter is sprawled out on the kitchen table. The family is casually eating breakfast. Plates and beverages are placed on Peter's body as if he's a tablecloth. His eyes are barely open.

LOIS

Meg, finish your pancakes. Chris,
elbows off your father.

Chris moves his elbows.

PETER

Thanks, son.

LOIS

Thirty-seven beers. Well, you're
setting a great example for the kids,
Peter.

CHRIS

Yeah, a new family record. Way to
raise the bar, Dad.

LOIS

Chris you're thirteen. Don't talk
like that.

PETER

Now, kids, Daddy only drank so the
Statue of Liberty would take her
clothes off.

LOIS

Peter, what did you promise me last
night?

PETER

That I wouldn't drink at the stag party.

LOIS

And what did you do?

PETER

Drank at the stag party -- Oh, I almost walked right into that one! Hahaha--ooh! God, it feels like there's stockbrokers crankin' tickertape machines in my head!

FAST ZOOM INTO PETER'S HEAD - inside are two suited WALL STREET GUYS with two desks facing each other.

WALL STREET GUY #1

Dick, do you ever wonder what's outside those walls?

WALL STREET GUY #2

Say, now, that's dangerous thinking, Paul. You'd best stick to your work.

WALL STREET GUY #1

Okay.

ZOOM BACK OUT TO KITCHEN

LOIS

You see, Peter? A hangover is Nature's way of telling you I was right. I mean you -- OH!

A leg of Lois' chair snaps and she falls to the floor.

MEG

Mom! Are you all right?

Lois gets up.

LOIS

My goodness, this chair leg was
loose! Isn't that silly? I could've
broken my neck!

STEWIE

(INWARDLY) Damn.

SFX: Another musical sting.

PETER

Look honey, I took a cab home, I
slept on the table so I wouldn't wake
you up-- nothin' bad happened.

LOIS

Well, I-- I guess you're right.

PETER

Apology accepted. All right, I'm
going to work. Somebody's gotta put
food on this table.

Peter rolls off the table and onto the floor with a **crash**,
taking all the plates, food, and beverages with him.

EXT./ESTAB. THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - DAY

INT. THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - SAME

A WORKER noodles with an army action figure. MR. WEED, the
suave, immaculately dressed Portuguese supervisor, approaches.

MR. WEED

How're you coming, Johnson?

WORKER

Well, Mr. Weed, I've been working on
the new G.I. Jew line, and as you can
see, they look great!

The worker holds up the G.I. JEW. (a Semitic guy in army
fatigues) and pulls a string.

G.I. JEW

You call these bagels?;

WORKER

Whoa!! I'm glad he's on OUR side!

ON PETER - Sitting at a conveyor belt. Cute little toys are
sliding by on the belt: teddy bears, dolls, wind up cars,
jack-in-the-boxes, etc. Peter is fast asleep. Mr. Weed
steps into frame.

MR. WEED

Peter!

Peter jolts awake.

PETER

What the--?

MR. WEED

Are you sleeping on the job?

PETER

Oh, uh, no, there's, uh, a bug in my
eye and I'm tryin' to suffocate him.

MR. WEED

Peter, I like you, but I need you to
be more than just eye-candy around
here.

(MORE)

MR. WEED (CONT'D)

It's your job to watch for any toys
that could be hazardous to children!

Now, look sharp!

PETER

Uh....Yessir!

Mr. Weed exits. Peter immediately falls asleep again. The cute little toys continue to slide by on the conveyor belt for a moment or so, but then some nasty ones start coming through: a steak knife, an electrical power strip, a jug of gasoline, a razor with extra blades, a porcupine, and finally a toaster with a fork sticking out of it, the plug to which is resting in spilled water from a broken glass.

ACT TWO

ON TV:

INT. A NEWSROOM - DAY

A MALE ANCHOR and a FEMALE ANCHOR sit at a newsdesk with a "CHANNEL 5 NEWS" logo behind them.

FEMALE ANCHOR

And now, back to Channel 5 News. Our top story tonight: "When Toys Attack!" Quite a situation we've got here, Tom.

MALE ANCHOR

Quite a situation we've got here Tom indeed, Diane. It seems the Happy-Go-Lucky Toy Company of Quahog, Rhode Island has released several highly unsafe toy products into the retail market.

EXT. A FRONT YARD - DAY

SIDE SHOT of a LITTLE BOY standing poised with a baseball bat, shouting to an off-screen friend.

LITTLE BOY

C'mon, Timmy! Throw the Silly Ball.

An axe flies into frame, embedding itself in the bat with a thwack!

INT. A SECOND LITTLE BOY'S ROOM - DAY

The SECOND LITTLE BOY shakes a box labeled "POUND POOCHIES" to empty the contents onto a table.

SECOND LITTLE BOY

Oh boy! A Pound Poochie!

A container of pills falls out, popping open when it hits the table.

INT. A LITTLE GIRL'S ROOM - DAY

A LITTLE GIRL holds a cute-looking baby-doll by the midsection.

LITTLE GIRL

C'mon, Baby Heimlich! Spit it out!

The little girl squeezes the doll and a flamethrower-esque stream of fire shoots out of its mouth.

WIDEN TO:

INT. MR. WEED'S OFFICE - DAY

We now see that he's watching all of this on a TV in his office. He switches it off with a remote and turns to Peter, who's facing him from across his desk.

MR. WEED

Peter, I am appalled. Your negligence has damaged this company's reputation. You're fired!

PETER

Aw geez. For how long?

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - SAME

Peter, Chris, Meg, Brian, and Stewie sit around the dinner table waiting for dinner.

MEG

Oh my God, you got fired?

CHRIS

Way to go, dad! Fight the machine!

STEWIE

How do you know about the machine?!

PETER

Now, don't worry, kids, your father's still gonna put food on this table, just not as much so it might get a little competitive.

MEG

Who cares about food? Now we'll never be able to afford my lip injections!

BRIAN

(LEANING OVER TO PETER) Hey, uh, Peter, can we put her out in the yard for a while?

LOIS (O.S.)

Okay, who's hungry?

PETER

Aw, geez, how the hell am I gonna break this to Lois? If she finds out I got fired for drinking, she's going to blame me.

A little PETER-DEVIL appears over his left shoulder.

PETER-DEVIL

(TINY VOICE) Lie to her! It's okay to lie to women. They're not people, like us.

PETER

Uh, I dunno...

Peter looks over to his right shoulder. No one's there.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, where's the other guy?

CUTAWAY:

EXT. TRAFFIC JAM

A little PETER-ANGEL sits in his car, honking his horn and shouting at an o.s. motorist.

PETER-ANGEL

(TINY VOICE) Come on, ya bastahd!

He takes a sip from his commuter cup, spilling coffee on his white robe.

PETER-ANGEL (CONT'D)

(TINY VOICE) Oh, this is perfect.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

PETER

Look, I-- I don't want your mom to worry, all right? When she worries, she says things like, "I told you so" and "Stop doin' that, I'm asleep." So I'm just gonna tell a little lie, okay? Now, not a word to your mom about me getting canned.

Lois enters with a salad and a casserole dish. She serves everyone during the following.

LOIS

What's that, Peter?

PETER

Ah, ah, nothing. Ooh, the lost my
job smells great.

LOIS

What?

PETER

Uh, uh, Meg, honey, can you pass the
fired my ass for negligence?

LOIS

Peter, are you feeling okay?

PETER

Oh, I feel great! I haven't got a
job in the world.

Lois sits down.

LOIS

All right then, let's eat. Now I
know you all hate eggplant, but...oh!

A laser bolt shoots past Lois, burning a spot on the wall.
Lois pauses, frozen.

LOIS (CONT'D)

What on Earth was that?

They all turn simultaneously to look at Stewie.

ON STEWIE - He's holding a tuna sandwich. A smoking gun
barrel is sticking out of it, feebly camouflaged. Stewie
blinks and quickly puts the sandwich down.

STEWIE

What the deuce are you staring at?!

It's tuna fish... And nothing else.

As he says the last part of this line he leans in and slowly pulls the gun barrel back inside the sandwich, hiding it.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - DAY

Brian is there. Peter approaches, looking depressed.

BRIAN

Hey, how's your job search going?

PETER

Aw, it sucks, Brian. I already been through two jobs this week. I got fired offa that commercial...

FLASHBACK:

INT. A COMMERCIAL STUDIO - DAY

Peter stands on a set facing a TV camera. He's wearing a bird suit and holding a bowl of cereal.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Try it again!

PETER

I'm ca-ca for Coo-Coo Puffs!

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

No, dammit! Take twenty-six!

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - DAY

PETER

Then I had that job as the sneeze guard for the salad bar at that restaurant...

FLASHBACK:

INT. A "DENNY'S" STYLE RESTAURANT - DAY

Peter is in a security guard's uniform. He's standing behind the salad bar. Next to him is an OLD WOMAN who appears about to sneeze. PETER watches her out of the corner of his eye.

OLD WOMAN

Ah...Ah...Ah...

Peter whips around to face her, drawing his gun as he does so.

PETER

Take it outside, lady.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - DAY

PETER

And then I thought I could win some
money in that talent show...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. THE SALZBURG MUSIC HALL - NIGHT

Straight out of the final scene of "The Sound Of Music."
It's a packed audience and MAX DETWEILER addresses a crowd
from the stage microphone.

MAX DETWEILER

And the grand prize goes to... the
Von Trapp family singers!

ON PETER - Over on the sidelines with the other runners-up.
He's wearing a Bavarian-style outfit, and he's got a
sousaphone around his neck.

PETER

Oh, that is bullshit.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - DAY

BRIAN

Peter, I know it's a dangerous precedent, but, uh, you might want to just tell Lois the truth.

PETER

What, that I can't provide for my family? That she's always right? That I didn't really stand up to that tank in Tienaman Square?

FLASHBACK:

EXT. TIENAMAN SQUARE - DAY

Peter stands next to an incredibly brave CHINESE STUDENT as a Red Chinese tank slowly bears down on them.

PETER

Oh, screw this, I just came over to buy some fireworks.

Peter sprints off screen.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - DAY

BRIAN

Peter, you can't keep lying to her about losing your job. Sooner or later she's gonna find out where you're really going every day.

PETER

Aw, yeah...

CUTAWAY:

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lois sits watching "The Price Is Right." Peter stands in the background, absolutely still, wearing a lampshade. We hold for a few beats.

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - DAY

PETER

(RESIGNED) Yeah, you're right. Okay,
I'll tell her tonight.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

The kitchen is dark, illuminated only by the moonlight from the window. Stewie pokes his head through the kitchen door.

He wears his Dr. Denton's (pajamas with attached booties). He looks around suspiciously, then does a shoulder roll into the kitchen, whipping out a grappling hook gun from over his shoulder. He looks up, eyeing the top shelf where the mind control device rests. He raises his gun and shoots the grappling hook up to the top shelf. He pushes a button and the gun retracts the cord, pulling him up. He grabs the device.

STEWIE

Victory is mine!

The cord snaps and he plummets to the floor with a thud. The lights come on and Peter and Lois enter.

LOIS

Peter, I'll need the checkbook in the morning. I'm going to Stop & Shop for some sweetcorn.

PETER

What? You're spending money on food again? Lois, we just had dinner.

LOIS

Well, you know, I enjoyed it so much
I thought we'd eat again tomorrow.
Since when are you so concerned about
our food budget?

PETER

(DEEP BREATH) Well, I just, uh...
Lois, this is really hard for me to
say, but, uh...

LOIS

What is it, Peter?

PETER

Uh, um... (CHICKENS OUT) You're
getting kinda fat.

LOIS

What?

PETER

Uh, it's just-- It's not healthy.
(LAUGHS WEAKLY)

LOIS

Peter, I do my Jane Fonda workout
tape three times a week. When was
the last time you saw your toes?

PETER

Geez, man. I thought you people were
supposed to be jolly.

LOIS

Peter, what the hell's the matter
with you? Honey, you know if there's
something wrong you can tell me.

We PUSH IN ON PETER...

SFX: TINY CAR SCREECHING TO A HALT

The Peter-Angel appears over his right shoulder.

PETER-ANGEL

(TINY VOICE) Hey, sorry, man, am I
late? What'd I miss?

PETER

Oh, thank god you're here. What do
I do?

An even tinier PETER-ANGEL-DEVIL appears over the Peter-
Angel's left shoulder.

PETER-ANGEL'S DEVIL

(EVEN TINIER VOICE) Tell him to keep
lying! He's in too deep!

PETER-ANGEL

(TINY VOICE, UNSURE) Uh, I dunno...

The Peter-Angel looks over to his other shoulder. There's no
one there.

PETER-ANGEL (CONT'D)

Hey, where's the other guy?

CUTAWAY:

EXT. TRAFFIC JAM - DAY

The PETER-ANGEL-ANGEL sits in his car, honking his horn.

PETER-ANGEL'S ANGEL

(EVEN TINIER VOICE) Aw, this is
unbelievable!

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

PETER

Lois, I promise you, everything's
fine. You got nothing to worry about.

Stewie enters the frame, pointing the mind control device at
Lois.

STEWIE

Well, well, we meet again, mother.

LOIS

Stewie, I thought I tucked you in an
hour ago.

STEWIE

Not tightly enough, it would seem.
And now, you contemptible harpy, I
shall end your oppressive reign of
matriarchal tyranny!

LOIS

Aw, you can play with your toys
tomorrow, honey. Right now it's
bedtime.

She takes the device from him and puts it back on the shelf.
Then she picks him up and starts out.

STEWIE

Noooo! Blast you and your
estrogenical treachery!

PETER

Heh. Sweet dreams, kiddo.

Stewie points at Peter accusingly over Lois's shoulder as she carries him from the room.

STEWIE

(TO PETER) You have the power to end
this!

Lois exits. Brian enters with a newspaper tucked under his arm.

BRIAN

Hey. How'd she take it?

PETER

(GUILTILY) I told her she was fat.

Brian smacks Peter's nose with the paper.

BRIAN

(FIRMLY) No. No.

PETER

Look, I hate lying to Lois, it's
just...its...it's the best way to
keep her from knowing the truth.

BRIAN

Peter, you don't have a choice. Your
unemployment's gonna dry up soon, and
she'll probably sense something's
amiss when they repossess your house.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You really ought to think of your
family's welfare.

PETER

Geez, Brian. What a great idea!

SMASH CUT:

EXT./ESTAB. WELFARE OFFICES - DAY

INT. WELFARE OFFICE - SAME

Peter faces a WELFARE OFFICIAL sitting at a desk.

WELFARE OFFICIAL

Okay, do you have any disabilities?
Past injuries? Physical anomalies?

PETER

Um... oh, oh, I didn't have gas for
the first time until I was thirty.

FLASHBACK:

INT. PETER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A very '70's looking room. Peter sits in an easy chair
reading a newspaper. (He's dressed in dated garb, with long
hair and sideburns.) Suddenly, we hear a fart. Peter looks
up.

PETER

What the hell was that?

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - SAME

Meg, Chris, and Brian are there. Peter enters excitedly
waving a check.

PETER

Guys, our money problems are over!
We're officially on welfare! C'mon,
kids, help me scatter car parts on
the front lawn.

BRIAN

Uh, how much are we getting?

PETER

Uh, let's see... A hundred and fifty
dollars a week.

MEG

Wait, that's a comma, not a decimal.

CLOSE UP ON PETER'S HAND - holding the check. His thumb is
obscuring part of the amount, so that we see \$150.00. He
moves his thumb to reveal the remaining digits: \$150,000.00

Peter, Chris, and Meg look at each other.

PETER

Whoops.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY

Lois sits at the table talking on the phone.

LOIS

(INTO PHONE) No, no, I haven't seen
Peter all afternoon. I was giving a
piano lesson.

Suddenly, three arrows shoot by Lois. Two embed themselves
in her chair and the third misses completely.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Stewie, why don't you play in the
other room?

Stewie appears from behind the table. He's holding a crossbow.

STEWIE

Why don't you burn in hell!

LOIS

Well, no dessert for you, young man.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

Brian (his back to the camera) stands before a fire hydrant. Peter waits nearby, his back politely turned. He stares down at the welfare check.

PETER

Boy, who woulda thought getting drunk at a stag party would get me a hundred and fifty thousand bucks a week from the government?

BRIAN

This is why I don't vote.

PETER

Huh. Hey, maybe somebody down there was drinkin', too, eh?

CUTAWAY:

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - DAY

A REPORTER stands up from the crowd and addresses CLINTON.

REPORTER

Mr. President, why has the government made so few strides with regard to environmental legislation?

Bill Clinton holds a martini glass.

CLINTON

Um, probably 'cause you're so fat.

Hahahaha!

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

BRIAN

Peter, you...you might want to call the welfare commission. That check is obviously an oversight.

PETER

Not necessarily. Maybe I'm, like, their one millionth customer.

Brian "shakes," then turns to face Brian.

BRIAN

What, you're gonna spend a hundred and fifty grand a week?

PETER

Um... yeah?

BRIAN

On what?

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

EXT. GRIFFINS' YARD - DAY

Peter, Lois, Meg, Chris, Stewie and Brian stand on the lawn. Lois stares wide-eyed at something o.s.

LOIS

Oh, my God!

We now see the Statue of David in the front yard.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Peter! What is the Statue of David
doing in our front yard?

PETER

Well, I know how much you like naked
Italian guys, so, uh...

LOIS

(INCREDULOUS) Wait, wait. You bought
this?

PETER

No, no, no, I just rented it.
They're gonna be ticked, though. The
penis broke off while I was loadin'
it into the car.

Peter holds up the stone penis and throws it out of the yard.

INT. MR. WEED'S HOUSE - SAME

Mr. Weed is reading a book. The stone penis crashes through
the window. Mr. Weed looks at it.

MR. WEED

(TO THE PENIS) I shall call you
Eduardo.

EXT. GRIFFINS' YARD - SAME

LOIS

Peter, how can we afford this?

CHRIS

You're not gonna believe it, Mom.
Dad's getting a...

PETER

(CUTTING HIM OFF) Uh, a big raise!

LOIS

Peter, that's wonderful!

CHRIS

But Dad, I thought...

PETER

The kind of a big raise that will
allow me to give my kids a big
allowance just for keeping their big
mouths shut! C'mon, you guys, I'm
gonna buy us the most expensive meal
we've ever had!

EXT. A MCDONALD'S-LIKE DRIVE THRU - DAY

The whole family is packed in the car. They are at the
speaker.

PETER

Yeah, uh, I'd like six thousand
chicken fajitas (FA-JYE-TAS), please.

SPEAKER VOICE

I beg your pardon?

PETER

Uh, six thousand chicken fajitas!
With sauce!

BRIAN

And a so-sauge McBiscuit, please.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter, Lois, Chris, Meg, Stewie and Brian sit on the sofa.

LOIS

Peter, what's the big surprise?

PETER

Lois, I always said you should be treated like a queen, so I got you your own jester.

He claps his hands, and JERRY SEINFELD, wearing a jester's outfit comes out.

JERRY SEINFELD

Hey, guys, good to be in here in New England. And what's with "New" England anyway? It's over two hundred years old. Last time I checked, that's not that new!

MUSIC CUE: SEINFELD STING

EXT. FAUX-EVER BEAUTIFUL INSTITUTE OF COSMETIC SURGERY - DAY

A smaller sign reads, "Because You're No Prize." Peter, Lois, and Brian wait outside.

PETER

Aw, this is great! I can finally afford to give my little girl the lips she's always dreamed of.

Meg, now sporting huge, collagen-filled lips, runs out of the building over to Peter.

MEG

Thank you, Daddy!

She kisses him. When she pulls back, we see Peter has one big lipstick mark from his forehead to his chin.

LOIS

I don't know, Peter, lips are one thing, but did you have to buy breast implants for Chris?

PETER

Aw, it makes him happy.

ON CHRIS - he holds a breast-shaped, silicon-filled bag in each hand, fondling them happily.

CHRIS

Heh, these are cool.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

The same establishing shot we've seen before, but this time there's a huge, water-filled trench around the Griffins' home.

NANCY, the bitter letter carrier, calls to Lois from the sidewalk.

NANCY

When did you guys get a pool?

LOIS

(EMBARRASSED) Oh, it's a moat. I know it's silly, but my husband thinks our family needs extra protection now that we're...well, we're rich.

NANCY

Does it work?

LOIS

Well, it does keep the Black Knight at bay.

At the edge of the moat, we see an evil BLACK KNIGHT on horseback restlessly idling back and forth.

NANCY

Well, congratulations on all your success. Here's your welfare check.

She hands Lois her mail. Lois stares at the welfare envelope.

LOIS

What the...?!

SFX: A BOAT HORN

mercifully covers whatever it might be that Lois was going to say. In the moat, Peter, wearing a captain's hat and Hawaiian shirt, tears by in a speedboat towing Chris and Meg on waterskis.

PETER

Hiya, honey! (OFF HER LOOK) What?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

The entire living room has been refurnished with elegant antiques and fabulous artwork. Brian sits on the couch, watching Peter and Lois in mid-argument.

PETER

Lois, I know what I did was wrong, but I only did it for you and the kids. Except for the jukebox in the bathroom. That was a gift for Peter.

LOIS

Yeah, from the American taxpayers. I am so mad I can't see straight.

PETER

Well, no problem. We got the money to get that fixed.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

With enough left over for us to buy our way out of any trouble our kids might get into. (PROUDLY) Just like the Kennedys.

LOIS

You know, I...I feel like I don't know you anymore, Peter. The man I married would never think he could fix a problem just by spendin' money.

Lois exits, upset. Peter watches after her, concerned.

PETER

Boy, she's pretty pissed, huh?

BRIAN

Yeah, who woulda thought welfare fraud would be one of her buttons?

PETER

Aw, man, I really screwed this one up.

BRIAN

Yes, your judgement lately has been rather -- well, you have crappy judgement anyway.

PETER

What's the point of having a jukebox in the john if your wife's mad at you?

BRIAN

Peter, you may have to return that money to the taxpayers.

PETER

Yeah, but I gotta make sure Lois knows I'm doing it. I need an event with thousands of people, something that everybody cares about.

Hmmm...We might have to leave Rhode Island for this one.

SMASH CUT:

EXT./ESTAB. PRO PLAYERS STADIUM - SUPER BOWL NIGHT

Superbowl XXXIII is in progress, live on FOX!

JOHN MADDEN (V.O.)

The air is electric here at Superbowl thirty-three tonight!

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

JOHN MADDEN and PAT SUMMERALL are calling the game.

JOHN MADDEN

Pat, I think it's safe to say that all these fans came out here to watch a game of football!

PAT SUMMERALL

Uh, John, we're in commercial.

JOHN MADDEN

(COVERING) Yeah, I know. I'm just making conversation. C'mon!

(MORE)

JOHN MADDEN (CONT'D)

Football!

EXT. THE SKY - CONTINUOUS

A blimp drifts over the stadium. The Blimp says "Forgive Me Lois." Peter and Brian are in the undercarriage. Peter holds a sack filled with money.

BRIAN

Amazing. You can barely drive a car,
and yet you were allowed to fly a
blimp?

PETER

Yeah, America's great, isn't it?
'Cept for the South. Aw, boy, I hope
Lois is watchin'! Okay, taxpayers!
Here ya go!

Peter starts throwing money over the side of the balloon.

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

John and Pat watch as the money falls down on the stadium.

PAT SUMMERALL

Whoa! Looks like we're gettin' some
rain, John.

JOHN MADDEN

Yeah. Hey, wait a second. This is
no ordinary rain. It's some kinda
crazy money rain!

Pat touches his earpiece.

PAT SUMMERALL

I'm being told it's a man and his dog
throwing cash out of a blimp.

AERIAL SHOT - The crowd begins spilling out of the stands, on to the field.

EXT. DOWN ON THE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Two CHEERLEADERS flip a third one into the air. Once she's out of frame, money starts falling and the two cheerleaders start grabbing for it. The airborne cheerleader falls to the ground with a thud. WHIP PAN to two GUYS beating each other with "John 3:16" signs. In the b.g., an OFFICIAL is madly spearing dollar bills with the first-down marker.

JOHN MADDEN (V.O.)

The crowd is storming the field!
This is pandemonium! Have you ever
seen anything like this, Pat? Pat?

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Pat quickly slips back into his chair, dollar bills hanging out of his pockets.

PAT SUMMERALL

(NOT MISSING A BEAT) Uh, just once,
John. The 1975 Cotton Bowl.
This is the old "trying-to-make-
amends-for-spending-a-hundred-and-
fifty-thousand-dollars-a-week-in-
misappropriated-welfare-funds" play!

JOHN MADDEN

I don't care what it is, that guy's
ruining a perfectly good game of...
(ENTHUSIASTICALLY) football! (INTO
HIS HEADSET) Madden to Fox Security.

EXT. DOWN ON THE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON two SECURITY GUARDS with uniforms clearly emblazoned with the logo "JUST ONE FOX."

SECURITY GUARD

Go ahead.

MADDEN (V.O.)

Take 'em down.

SECURITY GUARD

Yes, sir.

The Security Guard grabs a weapon from a rack labelled "Just One Gun," and starts firing at the blimp.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. PRISON - DAY

INT. PRISON CELL - SAME

Brian sits on the lower bunk reading a book. Peter walks in with a towel around his neck.

BRIAN

Uh, how was your shower?

PETER

Aw, I tell ya, Brian, all the rumors about droppin' the soap are true!

BRIAN

Really?

PETER

Aw yeah, you can't hold onto that thing to save your life! Aw, it was slippin' all over the place, guys were laughin'...

Two PRISONERS walk by the cell.

PRISONER #1

Hey, there's the guy who couldn't hold onto the soap.

PRISONER #2

Oh, that was classic.

BOTH

Hahahaha!

The two prisoners walk away.

PETER

(SIGH) Aw, boy, I really let Lois down this time. You think she'll wait for me?

BRIAN

Oh, come on, if every woman dumped her husband just for crashing a blimp into the Super Bowl, no one'd be married.

PETER

Yeah, you're right. (THEN:) Okay, I got the top bunk.

Peter leaps on to the top bunk. His weight causes the mattress to immediately collapse on top of Brian.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois sits at the table with Meg and Chris. Meg pulls at her lips, which are now somewhat smaller and rubbery.

MEG

My collagen is wearing off.

LOIS

Well, honey, sagging lips are just Nature's way of telling you you shouldn't have covered for your father's lie.

CHRIS

What does it mean when your armpits cry stinky tears?

LOIS

Aw, it means you're becoming a man,
but hopefully not the kind who stays
out all day and doesn't call...like
your father, who shall remain
nameless.

Stewie walks in with what looks like a box of chocolates (lid closed).

STEWIE

Hello, mother.

LOIS

Well, hi there, sweetie.

STEWIE

You know, mother, life is like a box
of chocolates. You never know what
you're going to get. Your life,
however, is more like a box of ACTIVE
GRENADES!!!

When he says "active," he pops open the box. It's filled with grenades.

CLOSE UP on the grenades with a musical sting.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Now. I offer you one last chance for
deliverance -- return my mind control
device... or be destroyed.

LOIS

Oh, you just want your toy back.

Okay, here you go, honey.

She takes the device from the shelf and gives it back to Stewie, who's at a loss for words for a moment, having expected resistance.

STEWIE

Yes... well... Victory is mine!!!

He runs o.s. There is a pause. Then, we hear an explosion.

STEWIE (O.S.)

AAAA! Damn you all!!

ON THE KITCHEN PHONE as it rings. Lois answers it.

LOIS

Hello? (BEAT) Oh my God!

EXT./ESTAB. COURTHOUSE - DAY

INT. COURTROOM - SAME

Peter and Brian sit at the defendants' table. Lois, Meg, Chris and Stewie sit behind.

PETER

Lois! Aw, man, am I glad to see you.

LOIS

I have nothing to say to you, Peter.

PETER

Wha--? I gave the money back. Why are you still steamed?

LOIS

Peter, you lied to me. You betrayed my trust. Compared to that, welfare fraud doesn't even matter.

PETER

Really? Let's hope the judge feels that way.

Lois scowls and sits down. The JUDGE bangs his gavel.

JUDGE

This court will come to order.

INT. COURTROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Peter is on the stand.

PETER

Well, you know, I figured the sooner
I cashed the check, the sooner
they'd, uh, catch their mistake.

Look, why are we making a federal
case out of this?

JUDGE

Mr. Griffin, don't you think you
should have alerted the government of
such a gross overpayment?

PETER

Well, uh, I was gonna call 'em, but
um... my favorite episode of
"Diff'rent Strokes" was on! You know
the one where Arnold and Dudley get
sexually molested by the guy who owns
the bike shop?

CUTAWAY:

INT. BIKE SHOP - DAY

The BIKE SHOP OWNER stands bent over with his butt facing
ARNOLD and DUDLEY.

BIKE SHOP OWNER

All right, now I want you boys to
scream real loud at my ass.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

PETER

...And everybody learns a valuable
lesson.

JUDGE

Mr. Griffin, have you learned a
lesson?

PETER

Oh, yeah, stay the hell away from
that bike shop!

The Judge gives him a stern look.

PETER (CONT'D)

(SIGH) Look, everybody, I feel really *
bad about what I did. I just -- I *
dunno, I just saw the one chance I'd
ever have to give my family the
things they deserve. But I guess I
screwed it up. I cheated the *
government, and worst of all, I lied
to my wife. And she deserves better.
I'm sorry, honey.

Lois is touched.

JUDGE

Mr. Griffin, I think your words have touched us all. (THEN:) I'm sentencing you to twenty-four months in prison.

LOIS

Oh, no!

BRIAN

Oh, no!

CHRIS

Oh, no!

MEG

Oh, no!

The giant, pitcher shaped KOOL-AID GUY bursts through the wall of the courtroom.

KOOL-AID GUY

Oh, yeah!

Everyone turns and looks at him, nonplussed. He looks back -- it's an awkward moment.

Lois rises.

LOIS

Excuse me, your honor.

JUDGE

Yes?

LOIS

Look, my husband may be a bit thoughtless at times.

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

He may even be downright, well,
stupid, but, I know he only accepted
that money because he wanted to be a
good husband and father. But what he
needs to remember is that we love
him. And no matter what, I'll always
stand by him.

PETER

Aw, I love you, too, honey.

JUDGE

That was very moving, Mrs. Griffin.
(THEN:) Okay, you can go to jail with
him.

LOIS

What?!

STEWIE

(INWARDLY) Twenty-four months in
prison, eh? Unacceptable.
Intolerable as it may be, I am
completely dependent upon these
wretched drones for sustenance. We
shall see how the iron constitution
of American justice fares against...
the device!

Stewie whips out his mind control device. It hums and
flashes as he aims it at the judge.

ON THE JUDGE - who has a blank stare on his face.

ON STEWIE - still aiming the humming device at the judge.

ON THE JUDGE - who blinks twice.

ON STEWIE - he hasn't moved.

ON THE JUDGE - he hasn't moved. Suddenly, he turns to Peter.

JUDGE

(RE: STEWIE) Is that your boy?

PETER

What? Oh, uh, yeah, that's Stewie.

JUDGE

Gosh, I can't separate a kid that young from his father. It's... it's unjudgemanly. Aw, hell, you've learned your lesson, right?

PETER

Yeah.

JUDGE

All right, you're off the hook.

PETER

Oh wow! Can you get me my job back?

JUDGE

No.

Stewie turns the device on full power. The judge jerks a bit.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Yes!

PETER

All right!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

The whole family is present.

ON TV:

INT. SET OF "TV'S BLOOPERS" - DAY

DICK CLARK and ED McMAHON introduce the next clip.

ED

Oh ho-ho! That was a crazy one, Dick.

DICK

It sure was, Ed. In this next
blooper from "Joanie Loves Chachi",
watch what happens when Scott Baio
tries to say, "She sells seashells
down by the seashore!"

ON-TV:

INT. THE SET OF "JOANIE LOVES CHACHI" - DAY

CHACHI stands in the foreground while JOANIE sits on the sofa.

JOANIE

What does your mom do for a living?

CHACHI

Oh, she sells seashells down by the--

A BEAR comes crashing through the wall, mauling Chachi.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The family still watches from the couch.

PETER

Heh. That is kind of a tongue
twister.

Lois snuggles up to Peter.

LOIS

Aw, it's good to have you home,
Peter.

PETER

Aw, honey, I knew everything'd turn
out okay.

MEG

I'm gonna miss being rich.

PETER

Oh, don't worry, I got a way to get
money.

BRIAN

Not another welfare scam.

PETER

No, no, no. Minority scholarship!
Hahaha!

As he says this, Peter puts on a black afro wig and gives a
thumbs up sign. We **FREEZE FRAME** for a beat, then:

LOIS/CHRIS/MEG/BRIAN STEWIE

No, no, no. Are you insane?

PETER

Okay, I mean, uh uh, sexual
harassment suit.

As he says this, Peter puts on a blonde wig and tears his
shirt unbuttoned, revealing his chest. ~~FREEZE FRAME~~, then:

LOIS/CHRIS/MEG/BRIAN STEWIE

No, no, no. Absolutely outrageous.

PETER

I mean, okay, disability claim.

Peter hits himself in the head with a baseball bat and falls
over unconcious. We **FREEZE FRAME** with the executive producer
credits.

MILY GUY 1ACX01 "DEATH HAS A SHADOW" (PILOT) FINAL DRAFT (PINK) 9/20/98 56A*:

THE END