

FAMILY GUY

"Model Misbehavior"

Production #4ACX13

Written by

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Directed by

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Created by

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TABLE DRAFT

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“MODEL MISBEHAVIOR”

CAST LIST FOR #4ACX13:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS (SUB: KIM FERTMAN)
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
BABS.....ALEX BORSTEIN
BILL GATES.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRANDI.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
CARTER.....SETH MACFARLANE
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY
CONTESTANT.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
COOKIE MONSTER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
CREWMAN.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
DOCTOR.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
ESPERANZA.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
GAME SHOW ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
GRANDMA.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
GRANDPA.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
GRANDSON.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLGHAN)
GREASED-UP DEAF GUY.....MIKE HENRY
HOST.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
HOT WOMAN.....TBD (SUB: BROOKE ROBERTS)
HILLARY CLINTON.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
JANITOR.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
JESUS.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
JOCKEY.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
JODIE FOSTER.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
JOE.....PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
JOHN HINKLEY.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
KARIN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
KENNEDY.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
MAN IN SUIT.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
MICHAEL EISNER.....FRED TATASCIOR (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
MORT.....JOHNNY BRENNAN (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
NARRATOR.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)

P.A. ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
PHOTOGRAPHER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
PLAYER #1.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
PLAYER #2.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
PRINCESS LEIA.....TBD (SUB: BROOKE ROBERTS)
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
ROB SCHNEIDER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
SALESMAN.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
SEAMUS.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
SERF #1.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
SERF #2.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
SIOBHAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
SWIMSUIT PHOTOGRAPHER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
TED TURNER.....RALPH GARMAN (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
TIGGER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
VOICEMAIL SYSTEM VOICE.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
WORM.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)

ACT ONE

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

PETER loads luggage into the car as LOIS stands nearby.

PETER

Come on everybody, let's go!

LOIS

Y'know, there's always something so exciting about going to the Newport Regatta to watch my father race his yacht.

PETER

Yeah, and I got a feelin' this is the year your dad's finally gonna let me be on his team. I just hope it goes better than the time I tried out for the Indians.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A group of Cleveland Indian PLAYERS stand around waiting for practice to start when Peter enters in an INDIAN HEADDRESS, WAR PAINT and holding several scalps.

PETER

Good day! I have come to join your noble tribe and offer these scalps in tribute.

PLAYER # 1

We're, uh... we're not Indians. We're baseball players.

PETER

And "how" to you, too, good sir!

Beat.

PLAYER # 2

Whose hair is that?

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

ANGLE ON STEWIE at the mailbox as BRIAN walks up, carrying a duffel bag.

BRIAN

Come on, Stewie, let's go.

STEWIE

Yes, yes, just checking the mail.

Stewie flips through the mail, and accidentally drops a few envelopes on the ground.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh, fudge.

We hear the voice of the NARRATOR from "A Christmas Story."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But, I didn't say "fudge." I said the word. The queen mother of all swear words.

STEWIE

No, actually, I just said "fudge."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But, I didn't say fudge. I said the word. The queen mother--

STEWIE

No, I really did just say fudge.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But I didn't really say fudge.

STEWIE

Okay, look, you want smut? Fine.

"Ass."

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Sweet.

STEWIE

(BACK TO MAIL) I say, here's one from the vet.

BRIAN

Give me that!

STEWIE

(DODGING HIM, THEN OFF LETTER) Good lord! Worms?! You have worms?!

BRIAN

(GRABBING LETTER) I don't have worms, I just got checked for worms! (OFF LETTER) Oh wait, no, I do have worms. Oh god, what am I gonna do? I can't afford the medication for this.

STEWIE

Well, you could ask Lois and the Fat One.

BRIAN

No! You cannot tell them about this, please! Peter's not very discreet with private matters.

EXT. SPOONER STREET - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

WIDE SHOT of the neighborhood. The lights are off in all the houses.

PETER (O.S.)

Hey, everybody, Meg just had her first period!

JOE (O.S.)

Peter, shut up! It's three in the morning!

Lights start going on.

CLEVELAND (O.S.)

What the hell's going on out there?

QUAGMIRE (O.S.)

Dammit, people are trying to sleep!

PETER (O.S.)

I'm just saying, I'm proud of her!

She's a woman! Yay! I mean, you should see her bed, it looks like a Japanese flag!

QUAGMIRE (O.S.)

Yes, Peter, that's very hot and I'll deal with it in the morning, but right now I'm exhausted!

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

BRIAN

Just please don't tell them.

STEWIE

You know, perhaps you should worry a little less about your pride, and a little more about the creepy-crawlies Shawshanking their way out of your balloon knot.

LOIS

C'mon, kids! Off to Grandma and Grandpa's house!

Everyone (including CHRIS and MEG) gets in the car.

CHRIS

Thank god I finally get some time away from the Evil Monkey in my closet.

ANGLE ON the EVIL MONKEY doing his trademark point and stare from Chris' window. As the Griffins' car backs out of the driveway, we stay on the Evil Monkey, who withdraws into:

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Evil Monkey **sighs**, grabs an album from a nearby shelf, and puts an LP on the stereo. He then dons enormous headphones, from which we hear **Foghat's "Slow Ride."** He lies back on the bed with his hands behind his head like Mitch from "Dazed and Confused." He lies there for a moment, then pulls a box out from under the bed, takes out rolling papers and starts to roll a joint.

EXT. PEWTERSCHMIDTS' NEWPORT MANSION - DAY

The Griffins' car pulls up out front.

EXT. PEWTERSCHMIDTS' POOL - MOMENTS LATER

CARTER and BABS PEWTERSCHMIDT sit pool side. A Latina maid, ESPERANZA, escorts the Griffins in.

ESPERANZA

(HEAVY ACCENT) Missus Babs, Mister
Carter... La familia Griffin.

CARTER

Esperanza, what have I said about
using your native tongue?

ESPERANZA

Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Pewterschmidt.

CARTER

That's a dollar in the Spanish jar.

Esperanza turns and scowls as she puts a dollar in a jar that already contains a few dollars. Carter and Babs stand to greet the Griffins.

BABS

Lois, darling, it's so wonderful to
see you!

LOIS

Hi, Mom, hi, Daddy!

CHRIS/MEG

Grandpa!

Carter hugs Lois, Chris, and Meg.

CARTER

Hello, everyone.

Peter moves in to hug Carter, arms outstretched.

PETER

Hiya, Mr. Pewterschmidt!

CARTER

Peter, I see you're still fatter than
holy hell.

PETER

Aw, you can read me like a book!

Hehehehe!

CARTER

You all remember Ted Turner, Michael
Eisner, and Bill Gates.

ANGLE ON the pool, where we see TED TURNER, MICHAEL EISNER,
and BILL GATES (who wears water wings).

BILL GATES

Hey, everybody, watch this!

Bill Gates puts his face in the water, then lifts it up, **gasping**.

BILL GATES (CONT'D)

(PROUDLY) You see that? I went under!

Eisner goes underwater, whereupon Bill starts **screaming**.
Eisner resurfaces with Bill's bathing suit.

MICHAEL EISNER

Haha! Score!

BILL GATES

(CRYING) Aaaaa! Mrs. Pewterschmidt,
Michael took my bathing suit!

BABS

Michael! No peanut butter and jelly

for you! Come here, Bill.

Still **crying**, Bill climbs out of the pool and runs, bare-bottomed, over to Babs, who picks him up.

BABS (CONT'D)

Oh, I think somebody's tired.

Babs carries him off.

TED TURNER

Michael, you can have some of my

peanut butter and jelly.

ANGLE BACK ON Carter and the Griffins.

CARTER

Well, Esperanza will show you to your rooms so you can all freshen up before dinner.

As the family exits, Stewie turns to the maid.

STEWIE

"Esperanza." Spanish for "hope," is it not? You know, if I could ever afford a maid, that's what I'd name mine, too.

INT. LOIS' OLD BEDROOM IN THE MANSION - A LITTLE LATER

Esperanza opens the door for the Griffins, who enter. The room is still full of remnants of Lois' teen years (old photos, Erik Estrada posters, etc.)

LOIS

Isn't this fun, Peter? You and I get to stay in my old high school room.

MEG

Wow, this looks just like my room at home. Weird.

LOIS

(LAUGHS STIFFLY) I suppose so, Meg.

(MUTTERING) Plus a few more trophies.

Stewie notices one of the trophies on Lois' bookcase.

STEWIE

Hm, that's the second most impressive
trophy I've ever seen.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Stewie stands at the podium of an awards show.

STEWIE

And the Grammy for Album of the Year
goes to... (OPENS ENVELOPE) Justin
Timberlake!

As JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE rushes to the stage, Stewie swings the
Grammy, **nailing** him right in the face. Justin goes down.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Ha! (THEN, COMPOSED, INTO MIC) It
actually goes to Nelly. Nelly.

NELLY happily bounds up to the podium to accept his award.

INT. LOIS' OLD BEDROOM IN THE MANSION - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Meg picks up a sash that rests on a shelf. It reads "Miss
Teen Rhode Island."

MEG

What's this? Mom, were you a Miss
Teen Rhode Island?

LOIS

I sure was, Meg. When I was sixteen
years old. In fact, your mom was
offered a modeling contract.

MEG

A modeling contract? Why didn't you
take it?

Lois picks up an old photo of herself as Miss Teen Rhode
Island off a dresser and glances at it, **sighing** wistfully.

LOIS

Well, your grandfather felt it wasn't
dignified enough for a Pewterschmidt.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A TEENAGED LOIS, wearing a tiara and a sash that reads "Miss
Teen Rhode Island," holds a bouquet of roses. Carter and
Babs stand with her as a MAN IN A SUIT offers Lois a contract
and a pen.

MAN IN SUIT

Just sign right here, Lois.

CARTER

Hold it. My girl's not lowering
herself to modeling. That sort of
uncouth activity is below this family.

Carter pulls a bill out of his wallet, **blows his nose** into
it, then hands it to the man.

MAN IN SUIT

(UNAMUSED) I get it. You're rich.

CARTER

What? No, no, I had to blow my nose.
If I wanted to seem rich, I'd do this.

He takes out another bill and folds it into an intricate
design.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Here you go. It's an origami panda
for the retarded son I assume you
have.

EXT./ESTAB. NEWPORT BARRINGTON HOTEL - EVENING

One lane of the driveway entrance is labelled "White Limousines." Another reads, "Colored Limousines."

INT. NEWPORT BARRINGTON HOTEL DINING ROOM - SAME

The Griffins eat with Carter and Babs.

ANGLE ON Stewie and Brian. Brian takes a bite of his food.

STEWIE

Feeding the worms, are you?

BRIAN

Stewie, shut up, all right?

STEWIE

Yes, I imagine those little fellows
are enjoying quite a feast.

INT. BRIAN'S STOMACH - SAME TIME

Two WORMS sit at a table as chunks of food drop down onto their plates.

WORM

You know what's interesting? I've
only been alive for six weeks, I know
nothing of the world beyond this dog's
stomach, and I still find "Six Feet
Under" pretentious.

INT. NEWPORT BARRINGTON HOTEL DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

PETER

So, Mr. Pewterschmidt, the big race is
tomorrow, huh? I bet you're gonna
need some big strapping men to help
you with your boat.

CARTER

Are you calling me gay?

PETER

No, no. I just thought you might want
some extra seamen on your, uh, your,
uh, poop deck.

Carter **slugs** Peter in the face, knocking him back out of his chair.

LOIS

Daddy! Peter just wants to help.
Isn't there anything he can do?

CARTER

Sorry, Pumpkin. But don't worry,
you're all an important part of the
race, and I have something special for
each of you.

Carter hands Lois, Meg, Chris, Brian and Stewie fancy windbreakers that read, "Team Pewterschmidt." He then puts a hat on Peter's head that reads, "I'm with Stupid" with a downward-pointing arrow. Lois looks on as Peter looks hurt.

ANGLE ON Stewie, sitting in a highchair.

STEWIE

Well, time to go to the hotel bar and
pick out the silicone from the still-
her-own.

Stewie unbuckles himself, hops down, and **scampers** off.

INT. NEWPORT BARRINGTON HOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Stewie ambles down a hallway. He hears a **crowd laughing** from a nearby meeting room. The sign outside reads: "Today: Cashway Get Rich Quick Seminar. Tomorrow: Nussbaum Retirement Party." The words "Retirement Party" are crossed out. Below them is written, "Cancelled, Dead." Intrigued by the crowd noise, Stewie enters the room.

INT. NEWPORT BARRINGTON HOTEL MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The SALESMAN talks enthusiastically to a rapt CROWD, while running a slide show of images corresponding to his speech.

SALESMAN

So, who bought me this villa in
Tuscany? (CLICKS SLIDE) This private
jet? (CLICKS SLIDE) This personal
echo? (ECHOING) This personal echo?
The patented CashWay money system,
that's who!

The slide show holds on the CashWay logo, beneath which is a diagram of a pyramid of smiling faces passing dollar bills upward with the word "You" at the top. The crowd **cheers** happily.

ANGLE ON Stewie, intrigued. He slips in and takes a seat in the back.

STEWIE

Keep talking, you silver-tongued
stranger...

SALESMAN

Some people might ask, "Is this some
sort of pyramid scheme?" (LAUGHS FOR A
LONG TIME) I'm not gonna answer that.
All you need to know is that you could
become rich beyond your wildest
dreams, just by selling these fine
products over the phone.

We see slides of products (detergent, tires and juice boxes).

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

So what are you waiting for?

The crowd **cheers** and rushes the stage. Stewie gets in line to sign up.

STEWIE

Rich beyond my wildest dreams. Oh,
then I would really get to play.

INT. PLAYBOY MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

Stewie is dressed like Hugh Hefner, in a BATHROBE AND PIPE. His SEVEN BLONDE GIRLFRIENDS are lined up against the wall of his bedroom.

STEWIE

Okay, girls, are you all ready to
play?

The girls all **giggle** and nod with excitement.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

All right, then... one, two, three...
green light!

The girls start across the room, all **giggling**.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Red light! (THEY STOP) Green light!
Red light. Whup! Brandi! You're
out! Sorry, you have to sleep with
Rob Schneider tonight.

The girls all **giggle**. Brandi looks horrified as ROB SCHNEIDER walks in, wearing only his tighty whiteys.

ROB SCHNEIDER

Making copies! (LAUGHS) 'Member that?

BRANDI

(DEADPAN) I was born in 1988.

EXT. NEWPORT HARBOR - LATER

All the boats are lined up, preparing to start the regatta.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the
twentieth annual Newport Regatta.
Newport would like to extend a special
greeting to our guests Ted Turner...

ANGLE ON Ted Turner on his yacht. The TBS logo is printed on the sail.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Bill Gates...

ANGLE ON Bill Gates on his yacht. The main sail is shaped like the Microsoft Windows logo.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...And Michael Eisner.

ANGLE ON Michael Eisner on his yacht (there are mouse ears on the masthead). TIGGER approaches.

TIGGER

Hey, Eisner, we still goin' out
tonight? I figure we get ourselves a
couple'a broads and do the old, you
know...

Tigger starts bouncing up and down on his tail, his arms outstretched.

ANGLE ON the P.A. speaker.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And a special welcome to all those
here today who have children stationed
overseas in Iraq.

ANGLE ON all the RICH WHITE PEOPLE, staring blankly.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Anyone? (BEAT) Ha, I'm just kidding.

The Rich White People **laugh** and **applaud politely**.

ANGLE ON Carter's yacht, which is at the edge near the dock. The Griffins (minus Peter) and Babs stand on the dock, wearing their WINDBREAKERS.

CARTER

There they are: Team Pewterschmidt.

(THEN) Say, where's Fatty-Fatty-Two-By-Four? Couldn't get out the bathroom door? (LAUGHS, THEN) Seriously, is he stuck?

LOIS

Oh, I'm sure he'll be along, Daddy.

Just then, Peter floats up in a fancy bathtub, rigged with drapes as a makeshift sail.

PETER

Ahoy, Mr. Pewterschmidt.

CARTER

Peter, what the hell are you doing in my bathtub?!

PETER

This is not a bathtub. This is the S.S. Pewterschmidtkicker.

Lois **cheers** and the family gets into the bathtub with Peter.

LOIS

(DEFIANTLY) See, Daddy? You didn't want Peter in your boat, so Team Griffin is gonna give you a run for your money!

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now to fire the starting gun is recently paroled presidential assassin John Hinkley.

ANGLE ON JOHN HINKLEY, who **fires** the starting gun into the air. JODIE FOSTER walks up next to him.

JODIE FOSTER

You fired that gun real nice, John.

JOHN HINKLEY

Wow, Jodie Foster. Hey, thanks.

JODIE FOSTER

Maybe I was wrong about you. Maybe I was wrong about all men.

They walk off together. The boats begin the race.

EXT. NEWPORT HARBOR - A LITTLE LATER

The regatta is on. The Griffins lag behind Carter's yacht.

LOIS

We're falling behind, Peter!

PETER

It's okay, Lois. I came prepared.

Peter grabs a rope with a hook on one end of it and ties the other end around his mid-section. He tosses it, **hooking** it on the back of Ted Turner's yacht, which slams Peter to the front of the tub (**squashing** Stewie and Brian) and causes them to pick up speed.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aw, man, this is more fun than that
time I went to the Kentucky Derby.

EXT. CHURCHILL DOWNS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter has a JOCKEY (who happens to be wearing green racing silks) in a headlock.

PETER

All right, I'm gonna ask you one more
time. Where are those pink hearts,
yellow moons and blue diamonds?

JOCKEY

I told you I'm not a leprechaun, I'm a
jockey!

PETER

Well, if you're a jockey, what's with
those guys?

He indicates a group of JOCKEYS nearby.

JOCKEY

They're jockeys, too.

PETER

Oh, so I guess everyone around here's
a jockey, huh? You drunken leprechaun
bastard.

Peter shoves him into a sack, cinches it shut and walks off.

EXT. NEWPORT HARBOR - LATER

The rope connecting the tub to Ted Turner's yacht suddenly **snaps**, causing the Griffins to slow down and be overtaken by Carter's yacht. As Carter passes them, he shouts:

CARTER

(BARELY AUDIBLE) Loser!

PETER

What'd he say?

Carter **throws** a cell phone into the bathtub. Peter picks it up. It **rings**. Peter answers it.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hello?

CARTER (OVER PHONE)

I said you're a loser!

PETER

(ANGRY) Who is this?

CARTER (OVER PHONE)

God, you're an idiot. (THEN) By the way, there's six-hundred free minutes left on there. Feel free to use them as you please.

LOIS

There's the finish line! We can't let him beat us!

PETER

We gotta lose some extra weight!
Quick, everyone take off your clothes!

Peter begins to STRIP and throw his clothes overboard. The family, unsure, FOLLOWS SUIT. The bathtub starts to close in on Carter.

BRIAN

It's working!

PETER

Just need a little more...

Peter grabs Meg, who (like the rest of the family) is now in her underwear, and hurls her overboard with a **splash** and a **scream**.

LOIS

(CALLS BACK) We love you, honey!

With that, the Griffins shoot ahead of Carter and cross the finish line, stopping at the dock. The family **cheers**. Lois throws a towel around herself and gets out of the bathtub, exhilarated.

CARTER

Lois, what the hell were you doing out there?

LOIS

Not listening to you for once, Daddy!
And look what happened. I had a lot of fun. I should have stopped listening to you a long time ago.

CARTER

What are you talking about?

LOIS

Oh, I don't know. How about everything you ever kept me from doing because you were afraid it would embarrass the family?

CARTER

Oh, like what?

LOIS

Well, for example, me pursuing a
modeling career when I had the chance.
(THEN) You know what? I can't talk to
you. Let's go home, Peter.

PETER

Right behind you. Hey, where's Meg?

EXT. FISHING BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Out at sea, SEAMUS and his CREW reel in a net filled with a
lot of fish and Meg.

CREWMAN

(RE: MEG) What is it, sir?

SEAMUS

That's what we call a manatee, boys.
Or, in nautical slang, the sea cow.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter, Chris, Meg and Stewie watch TV.

INT. PARLOR - NIGHT (ON TV)

A fire **crackles** in the fireplace as a BOY sits on the floor
by his GRANDFATHER'S easy chair (We don't see the
Grandfather's face). The Grandfather hands the boy a piece
of candy.

GRANDPA (V.O.)

When I was a boy, my grandfather used
to give me his Werther's original.
How I used to love that delicious
butter candy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A VERY SIMILAR PARLOR - NIGHT (ON TV)

ANGLE ON the now-grown boy, who sits with his GRANDSON.

GRANDPA

Well, now I'm the grandfather. Oh my god, I'm the grandfather. I'm eighty-four! Eighty-four! What the hell happened?

GRANDSON

Grandpa, what's wrong?

GRANDPA

What's wrong? It's over for me! Look at my genitals! They're old! Look at them!

The Grandson starts **crying**.

GRANDSON

(CALLING O.S.) Grandma, he's doing it again!

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Harold?

GRANDPA

You stay in there, Helen. This is me and Billy's time.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Werther's Original.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Brian enters **dragging** his rear end across the carpet.

BRIAN

(SOTTO) Ow, this itch. Damn these worms.

Brian **drags** his rear end some more. Peter notices.

PETER

Brian, what the hell are you doing?

BRIAN

Huh? (COVERING) Oh, uh, nothing. Just some, uh... pilates.

PETER

(SKEPTICAL) Don't lie to me, Brian. I know what this is. You're looking for an ass race!

Peter sits down on the carpet.

PETER (CONT'D)

First one to the kitchen wins. Go!

Peter frantically **scoots** across the room and out of the door.

STEWIE

Still got the worms, eh?

BRIAN

Yeah, that stupid medicine's three-hundred bucks.

STEWIE

Three-hundred bucks? Well, let me make a proposal. (PULLS OUT STACK OF BILLS) I'll front you the money, and you pay it off by working for me.

BRIAN

Are you kidding? I don't want anything to do with that pyramid scheme.

STEWIE

(FLIPPING THROUGH THE BILLS) Very well, then. Enjoy your worms.

Stewie stuffs the cash in his pocket and starts to walk out.

BRIAN

Wait. (SIGHS) What would I have to do?

Stewie smiles and hands him the money.

STEWIE

Just be in my room tomorrow at nine a.m.
for orientation. Until then, keep this
in mind. Whether you think you can or
you think you can't... you're right.

(WHISPERS) See you tomorrow.

Stewie exits. Just then, Lois opens the front door holding a newspaper.

LOIS

(HOLDING UP PAPER) Hey, everybody,
wait 'til you see this!

Peter races over to the still-open door and takes the newspaper.

PETER

Oh, my god! Movable printed type! We
must keep this from the serfs, lest
they gain literacy and threaten the
landed gentry.

ANGLE OUT the front door, where three medieval SERFS till the front yard with crude implements.

SERF #1

What you got there, m'lord?

PETER

Nothing! Back to your turnips!

The Serfs, intimidated, go back to tilling even faster.

LOIS

Look, it's a picture of us at the
regatta.

ANGLE ON the newspaper. The headline reads, "Dirty, Smelly Irish Family Makes Waves at Regatta." The photograph shows the Griffins smiling for the camera.

CHRIS

Wow, Mom. You look pretty!

LOIS

Thank you, Chris. I thought so, too.
And you know what it made me realize?
That I should take the chance I never
got to take when I was younger.

STEWIE

(TO BRIAN, BRACING HIMSELF) Good lord,
she's going to pierce her vagina.

LOIS

I'm going to become a model.

Everyone **ad-libs** congratulations.

ANGLE BACK ON the Serfs.

SERF #1

Did you hear that? Lady Lois is going
to be a model. Take a message to the
King and ride with great haste.

SERF #2

Will do. Before I go, do you know any
songs I could sing along the way?

SERF #1

No.

SERF #2

Very well. Just have to make one up.
(SINGING AS HE RIDES AWAY) GOING TO
THE KING. / RIDING ON MY HORSE. /
RIDING TO THE KING ON MY HORSE.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. GOLDMAN'S PHARMACY - DAY

INT. GOLDMAN'S PHARMACY - SAME

Lois is at the counter, talking to MORT.

MORT

Here are your pictures, Lois.

Mort hands Lois a package of pictures.

MORT (CONT'D)

They sure are terrific. I peeked.

Guilty.

ANGLE ON the pictures as Lois flips through them. They are modeling head shots and body shots of Lois.

LOIS

Thank you, Mort. I'm trying to get into modeling.

MORT

That's great -- Hey! Get outta here!

ANGLE ON the GREASED-UP DEAF GUY reading a magazine. His eyes widen and he starts running around the store as Mort grabs a broom and chases him with it, **swatting** him repeatedly.

MORT (CONT'D)

Go on! Get out! Get out, you! Scat!
Scat!

GREASED-UP DEAF GUY

I didn't hurt anybody. I know deep down I'm your friend. I'll be at the Texaco!

The Greased-Up Deaf Guy runs off.

MORT

That greased-up deaf guy is gonna be the death of me.

(MORE)

MORT (CONT'D)

He never buys anything, he just comes in here, reads the magazines and gets grease all over 'em. Like business isn't bad enough already.

LOIS

Well, gosh, Mort, you ever think about sending out a mailer? 'Cause I know where you could get a good deal on a model.

As Mort considers this, the Greased-Up Deaf Guy races back in.

GREASED-UP DEAF GUY

I'm touching all the candy!

MORT

Get out!

GREASED-UP DEAF GUY

Your lips say "go," but your eyes say "stay!"

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

ANGLE ON a spinning Goldman's Pharmacy flier that settles on screen. It shows Lois, one arm in the air, applying deodorant. It reads, "Other pharmacies are the pits."

ANGLE ON another Goldman's Pharmacy flier that settles on screen. It shows LOIS IN A BIKINI with a dog pulling at her bottoms, a la the Coppertone ad. It reads, "Bare Bottom Prices."

ANGLE ON another Goldman's Pharmacy flier that settles on screen. It shows Lois dressed in a SKIMPY DRESS holding a plastic bottle. It reads "We douche the competition."

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - SAME

Brian enters and sees that the room has been sectioned off with tall cubicle-style walls. Brian steps into a small, utilitarian, bullpen-style work area (complete with coffee maker and fax machine).

BRIAN

(CONFUSED) Uh... Stewie?

Stewie emerges from his "office" (clearly behind the newly-erected walls) dressed in a SUIT AND TIE.

STEWIE

Oh, Brian, it's nine-fifteen. We start the workday at nine, just for future reference. But you know what, first day, I'll cut you some slack.

BRIAN

What the hell is all this?

STEWIE

Um, well, okay, let me give you the rundown. (POINTS TO A SMALL, METAL DESK WITH COMPUTER AND PHONE) This is your work area, you have to dial "9" to get an outside line, please keep personal knick-knacks tasteful, here are the calls I need you to make before noon, you get twenty-five minutes for lunch and, um, enjoy it here. Welcome aboard.

Stewie goes into his office and **shuts** the door. Brian walks up, stands there a second, then **knocks**.

STEWIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Yes?

BRIAN

Uh, it's Brian.

STEWIE (O.S.)

Oh, yes. The new fellow. Come on in.

Brian enters Stewie's plush "office": huge mahogany desk, framed "Successories" posters, etc.

BRIAN

What, uh -- What exactly am I
supposed to do?

STEWIE

You pick up the phone and you sell,
sell, sell. But before you go
thinking it's all seriousness...

(CONFIDENTIALLY) The first Friday of
every month is Wacky Tacky Tie Day.
So start thinking up some fun, tacky
ties to wear.

Stewie returns to **scribbling** in a note pad, then looks up,
noticing that Brian is still standing there.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh, we're, uh, we're done.

EXT./ESTAB. CLEVELAND'S DELI - DAY

INT. CLEVELAND'S DELI - SAME

Peter and Lois are sitting in the booth. CLEVELAND brings
them their lunch.

CLEVELAND

Here you go, guys. Lois, could I be a
son of a bitch and impose on you to
sign one of your fliers for me?

LOIS

Of course, Cleveland.

CLEVELAND

Make it out to Cleveland.

Lois signs the picture and hands it back to Cleveland.

PETER

Oh, man. I can't believe I'm sleeping
with a model.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

This is more exciting than when I won
that Gold Medal in the Olympics.

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter is on the center podium, wearing his WARM-UP SUIT, a LAUREL WREATH IN HIS HAIR, and a MEDAL AROUND HIS NECK. He has his hand on his heart and is **sobbing**, as he tries to sing the National Anthem.

PETER

(SINGING) OH SAY WAS THAT THE BANGLES,
DAVID BANNER, DAVID SPA-DE... OH THE
MA-A-N OF THE SEA. AND A HOMO
NAMED.... DAVE!

Peter waves his bouquet of flowers happily.

INT. CLEVELAND'S DELI - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

A grizzled, old, cigarette-smoking woman, KARIN PERROTTA, approaches Lois.

KARIN

Pardon me, are you Lois Griffin, the
Goldman's Pharmacy girl?

LOIS

Why, yes, I suppose I am.

KARIN

Karin Perrotta, modeling agent.
Listen, sugar, I've seen your stuff.
You're a breath of fresh air in my
stoma.

She pulls down her turtleneck collar to **blow smoke** out of a hole in her neck (her stoma).

KARIN (CONT'D)

I could get you a lot more work if you
sign with my agency.

LOIS

Really? Well, that sounds exciting.

Karin hands Lois her business card.

KARIN

Well, here's my card. Give me a call.

(THEN) Now, perhaps some young
gentleman would like to light me up.

Karin takes a cigarette out and holds it up to her stoma,
waiting. QUAGMIRE enters.

QUAGMIRE

Allow me. (LIGHTS CIGARETTE, BOBS
HEAD) So, uh, what's going on? You
ever get freaky with that thing, or
what?

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - DAY

Brian sits at his desk, taking inventory of some detergent.

STEWIE (V.O.)

(OVER INTERCOM) Um, Brian... could you
come in here for one second?

Brian **sighs**, then stands and walks around the partition.

BRIAN

Ye--

Stewie's "Sesame Street" phone **rings**.

STEWIE

Hold on one sec-- (ANSWERS PHONE) Yes,
Grover, what is it? This has to be
quick. I am so pressed... Yes, the
letter 'G' is wonderful... Of course,
and the number six... Okay, okay.
Okay. Grov-- Grov-- Grover.
Grover. Grover! If you're going to
shout, we can just talk later.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

All right, call me back when you calm down.

Stewie hangs up.

BRIAN

Um... you wanted something?

STEWIE

Yes, what was it now? (MUTTERS, TRYING TO RECALL) Oh, right, can you go ahead and send Lois a congratulatory basket?

Brian, annoyed, turns to walk out.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh, oh, and Brian? Put on the card, uh, "Dear Lois, our past differences aside, congratulations on your success, warm regards, Stewie." And, if Cookie Monster calls tell him I am not talking to him until he gets out of rehab.

INT. REHAB CLINIC - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

A DOCTOR enters COOKIE MONSTER'S room with two MALE ORDERLIES.

DOCTOR

Contraband check.

One of the orderlies lifts up his mattress and finds a plate of cookies.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

What are these?

COOKIE MONSTER

I don't know.

DOCTOR

What do you mean you don't know?

COOKIE MONSTER

I don't know how they got there.

DOCTOR

Well, I think you do know.

COOKIE MONSTER

No, Der-- Derek was in here earlier,
he was making the beds, he probably
put the -- I was in the john.

Cookie Monster suddenly lunges, **screaming**, for the cookies.
The orderlies **struggle violently** with him, pinning him to the
bed.

COOKIE MONSTER (CONT'D)

You guys are Nazis man, you're
freakin' Nazis!

The orderlies "**shhh**" him as they sedate him with an
injection.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHY STUDIO - DAY

Lois stands in front of a fake beach backdrop, wearing a
BIKINI TOP and SARONG as a PHOTOGRAPHER prepares to shoot
pictures. A sign behind Lois reads, "WAL-MART, NEW SUMMER
BEACH LINE." Karin and Peter stand off to the side.

KARIN

Well, here we are, Lois. Your first
professional photo shoot.

LOIS

Oh, Karin, this is so exciting.

PETER

Knock 'em dead, honey. (THEN, TO GRIP)
Hey, hey. Peter Griffin, how's it
going. (RE: LOIS) I'm, uh, I'm hittin'
that.

The Photographer starts **shooting** pictures as Lois poses.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay, Lois, honey, this is Wal-Mart,
so we gotta keep things clean. Now
don't make love to the camera, just
share passionless intercourse with it
for the exclusive purpose of
procreation.

He **clicks** off shots. Lois is really getting into it.

FREEZE ON an image of Lois in a sexy pose holding a beach ball.

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - DAY

A weary Brian reads off a note card as he talks on the phone.

BRIAN

Hi, is, uh, Mr. Donald (MISPRONOUNCING)
Nguyen there, please? And is he the
head of the household? If I could just
have a few moments of your tim--?
Hello?

Brian hangs up. Stewie enters from his office.

STEWIE

Oh, Brian, there you are. Uh, can I
talk to you about something?

BRIAN

Yeah, what is it?

STEWIE

That coffee mug you have on your desk
that says "Life's a Beach..." Uh,
that's dangerously close to the word
"bitch," isn't it?

BRIAN

Uh, yeah, that's the joke.

STEWIE

Oh, absolutely! And nobody appreciates a joke like Stewie, and you know, between you and me, I think it's a stitch, but some of the other employees have found it offensive.

BRIAN

(CONFUSED) Other employees? Who else works here besides me?

STEWIE

F(BLEEP) you! That's who works here!

BRIAN

What are you, bipolar? I don't need to take this. I know I'm working off a debt here, but that doesn't mean you can treat me like crap.

STEWIE

Good, standing up to me. That's what I was testing you for. Well done. Now take that fire, harness it, and send it out along the telephone wires. (STARTS WALKING BACK TO OFFICE, THEN) Don't forget to order your softball jersey for the company game!

Stewie pats Brian on the head and exits.

BRIAN

God, this has got to be the worst job I've had since I worked for the Kennedys.

INT. KENNEDY GARAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A black sedan is parked in the garage. The back door is open and a DEAD WOMAN'S LEG with torn stockings sticks out. Brian, who is dressed in WORKMAN'S COVERALLS, has a large sponge and is cleaning blood out of the car. One of the KENNEDYS enters from the house.

BRIAN

Hey, Mr. Kennedy, almost done here.

KENNEDY

Good, when you're done with that, grab the net, 'cause Teddy just drowned another chick in the pool -- and hurry it up, we got people coming over at two. Oh, and William's raping his wife upstairs, so... I need you to go pick up the dip.

BRIAN

Dip? Look, I didn't sign on to be your errand boy.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. PETER & LOIS' BEDROOM - SAME

Lois sits at a vanity in her NIGHTY. She applies a mud mask while flipping through a Victoria's Secret catalogue. Peter lays on the bed in his sleep attire.

LOIS

Peter, do you think I'm beautiful?

PETER

Of course, honey. You're a freakin' model!

LOIS

Yeah, I guess you're right.

She **tosses** the magazine aside. Peter reaches in and takes the magazine, unbeknownst to Lois.

PETER

You're lookin' more beautiful than
I've seen you in years. (RE: MAGAZINE)
Wow, look at those legs.

LOIS

(GIGGLES) Oh, Peter. I do walk pretty
regularly.

PETER

Look at you running around in your
underwears. You got nowhere to be,
you can run around in your underwears.

LOIS

Well, I suppose I could...

She SLIPS OFF HER ROBE.

PETER

(RE: MAGAZINE) What are you doing,
page twenty-four? Oh, you want to be
by page twenty-seven, huh?

LOIS

Peter, what are you --?

She turns and notices Peter with the magazine.

PETER

Hang on, Lois. The supermodels are
getting into it. (RE: MAGAZINE) Oh,
you wanna kiss her?

He rubs the pages together.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, that is hot. I gotta get
this on video.

He puts the magazine down on the bed and pulls out a camera
from the bedside drawer, pointing it at the magazine.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, you were just doing it.

Lois looks on, troubled.

EXT./ESTAB. KARIN PERROTTA MODELING AGENCY - DAY

INT. KARIN PERROTTA MODELING AGENCY - SAME

Karin sits at her desk **whistling** a tune. She gets up and still whistling, walks over to a coffee maker, pours herself some coffee and starts drinking, at which point she continues **whistling** through her stoma. Lois enters.

KARIN

Oh, Lois. Come in, have a seat.

Great news. The people from Sears saw your spread. They're very interested.

LOIS

Well, actually, Karin, that's what I wanna talk to you about. I'm ready for the next level. I wanna do this.

Lois throws down the Victoria's Secret magazine.

LOIS (CONT'D)

The fashion magazines. Supermodel stuff.

KARIN

All right, Lois. But know what you're getting into. Those people play rough.

LOIS

Maybe I like it rough.

KARIN

Well, okay. But you're gonna need the tools of the trade.

Karin pulls out a bottle of pills.

LOIS

What are these?

KARIN

Diet pills. If you're shooting for
the big leagues, you're gonna need to
drop about forty, sweetheart.

Lois hesitates, with a look of trepidation.

LOIS

Well, if that's what I have to do, I'm
ready for it.

Lois takes the pills and puts them in her purse.

KARIN

Atta girl. (THEN) Hey, you like pez?

LOIS

Sure.

Karin tilts her head back and takes a pez out of her stoma
and hands it to Lois.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - EVENING

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BATHROOM - SAME

Lois stands at the sink, holding the bottle of diet pills. She stares at it uncomfortably, then steels herself and takes a handful of them. She **sighs** heavily and stares at her reflection in the mirror. Stewie enters in his suit; **HIS TIE IS LOOSE AND HIS JACKET IS OVER HIS SHOULDER**. Lois doesn't look at Stewie, as he stands at the toilet men's-room-style.

STEWIE

How're you doing?

Lois leaves.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) Gotta order
more post-its tomorrow, remind Brian
to refill the toner in the copy
machine...

Stewie stands there a long, long moment, then begins to **pee**.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter descends the stairs in his ROBE, **yawns**, then looks up.

PETER

Holy crap!

WIDEN TO REVEAL the living room is now painted orange. Lois frantically **vacuums** and dusts as the family looks on in awe.

LOIS

(WILD-EYED) Watch where you step! I
just shampooed over there!

CHRIS

(OFF PETER'S LOOK) Mom's been up all
night cleaning and painting the house.

BRIAN

Boy, Lois, you're acting stranger than
Peter that time he took Ecstasy.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Stewie and Brian are on the couch watching TV as Peter sits between them. He's rubbing Brian's fur.

PETER

Oh Brian, your fur is so soft. Oh,
your ears are like dog ears. Aaah,
this couch!

Peter rolls erotically across the couch, **moaning**.

PETER (CONT'D)

Stewie. Your head is so smooth. How
is that even -- How ya doin' that?
Oh, everything here is fantastic.

Peter rolls off the couch and writhes around, contorted on the floor, still **moaning**.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aah, these clothes.

Peter peels off his shirt, his pants and his underwear, but not his shoes, so his pants won't come off past the shoes. As he kicks and continues writhing and **moaning**, Brian turns to Stewie, trying to ignore Peter.

BRIAN

So, uh, I guess the, uh, deficit's
bigger than they thought.

STEWIE

(QUICKLY) Oh, yeah.

EXT. GRIFFINS' BACK YARD - DAY

Stewie, wearing a PINK DRESS SHIRT and KHAKI SLACKS, sits across from Brian, who has his arms crossed and wears a "Hello My Name Is BRIAN" name tag.

STEWIE

Okay, so, um, welcome to the company
retreat, everyone. Um, there's only
one ground rule and that is that there
are no bad ideas.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(THEN) Okay, so I think a productive way to begin is to list the strengths and weaknesses of the corporation on some butcher paper.

WIDEN TO REVEAL an easel with a big pad of butcher paper, the two sides of which read, "Strengths" and "Weaknesses."

STEWIE (CONT'D)

All right, who'd like to begin the brainstorm? (BEAT) Anyone? (BEAT) Anyone at all...?

After another very long beat, Brian slowly raises his hand.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(CLAPS HANDS) Terrific. Brian. Breaking the ice. All right, go, go.

BRIAN

(PLAYING ALONG) Uh, uh, okay. A weakness. You suck.

STEWIE

Okay, well, I'm gonna take that rather brusque comment and translate it to what I think you're saying, (WRITING ON BUTCHER PAPER) need new fax machine. (THEN) Okay, now it's fraternization time, where I step away for a few hours to give you a chance to get to know your co-workers. Bye.

Stewie exits. After a beat, Brian looks around.

BRIAN

Screw this.

He starts to walk off and runs right into Stewie.

STEWIE

Hey. Uh, looking to cut out early there, dog? Sorry, this part of the retreat is mandatory.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter holds two backpacks as Brian enters from upstairs.

PETER

(TO KITCHEN) C'mon, kids, let's go!

BRIAN

What's going on?

PETER

Well, I haven't seen Lois all morning and somebody's gotta get Meg and Chris ready for school.

Chris and Meg enter. Peter hands each of them a backpack.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, all set. Here's your backpacks.

MEG

(LOOKS INSIDE) Dad, where are my books? All you put in here is a TV Guide and some frozen squash.

CHRIS

(RE: HIS BACKPACK) Dad, there's something moving around in here.

PETER

Really? Let me see that.

Peter opens the backpack and looks in. The RACCOON (from episode 3ACX09) springs out of the backpack and latches onto Peter's face. Peter **screams**, stumbling out of frame.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Just then, Lois enters wearing a SKINTIGHT BLACK DOLCE & GABANA DRESS with a huge slit up the side. HER HAIR IS PULLED BACK IN A CHIGNON with one piece falling in her face, and KNEE-HIGH STILETTO BOOTS.

LOIS

(SING-SONG) Hey there, sweeties! I
got a wax this morning, and let's just
say you're cleared for landing!

QUAGMIRE (O.S.)

(DISTANT) Giggety!

Lois pulls a CHIHUAHUA (in a sweater and booties) from her purse.

LOIS

Everyone, this is Clementine. (TO DOG,
BABY TALK) And she's the cutest of the
cute cuties. Aren't you? Aren't you?

Lois puts the dog down, who **scrambles** up to Brian.

BRIAN

Look, kid, I'd rather do this the easy
way, so... (GESTURES BROADLY)
Everything in this house? Mine. But
if you push me, I will pee on every
last bit of it.

PETER

Wow, Lois. You're like Britney
Spears. Except you're not a fat guy.

LOIS

Well, I got to keep the clothes from
my Cosmo shoot.

MEG

Wow, Mom, you get to be in
Cosmopolitan?

LOIS

Yep. See, that's me there in the
background. Right between "How to
Please Your Man" and "How to be More
Pleasing to Your Man." And guess what
else I got? (SING SONGY) An invitation
to an industry party!

PETER

Aw, sweet, a model party! That guest
list is probably even more exclusive
than the Last Supper.

INT. THE LAST SUPPER - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

JESUS stands in the middle of the table of APOSTLES.

JESUS

Drink this, all of you...

They all raise their goblets to their mouths and start to
drink.

JESUS (CONT'D)

...for this is my blood.

They all do a simultaneous **spit take**.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - SAME

Brian sits across from Stewie in Stewie's "office."

BRIAN

So, uh, do we really have to do this
now? I've gotta get ready to go to
this party.

Stewie refers to a piece of paper.

STEWIE

You know, Brian, I took quite a bit of time filling out this evaluation. I'd think you'd be a bit more appreciative to receive some constructive feedback.

BRIAN

(ANNOYED) All right, fine, go ahead.

STEWIE

Thank you. Now then, I'm going to do something I call "the compliment sandwich," where I say something good, then talk about where you need improvement, and then end with something good.

BRIAN

Whatever you gotta do.

STEWIE

(FLIPS PAGES) Okay, um... hmm... let's see, something good, something good... you look like Snoopy and it makes me smile. Where you need improvement... you have smelly dog farts. Something good... something good... Well, I guess this is an open-faced compliment sandwich. So work on those farts and I am off because I have Paul McCartney tickets.

Stewie gets up and walks off, **poking** Brian playfully in the chest as he leaves.

EXT./ESTAB. HIP NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A sign reads, "No Gucci, No Prada, No Service."

INT. HIP NIGHTCLUB - SAME

FASHION MODELS and SUAVE MEN mingle. Lois, Brian, and Peter are there, dressed in COCKTAIL ATTIRE. Lois, looking noticeably thinner and more haggard, smokes as she chats with a waif-like model, SIOBHAN.

SIOBHAN

...and then I did runway for Chanel.

LOIS

Wow. How glamorous, Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

It was no big deal. I replaced this girl who got fired for accidentally smiling. They found out later she was actually having a stroke. (THEN)
Anyway, stick with me, Lois. I'll show you all the ins and outs.

LOIS

(DELIGHTED) You will?

SIOBHAN

Sure. Like here's a tip.

A WAITER passes by with a roll of toilet paper on a tray. Siobhan **tears** off a few sheets of toilet paper and proceeds to eat them.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

This stuff fills you up, but with no calories. That was the hardest part of working in France, because they don't use toilet paper.

ANGLE ON Brian, who chats with a HOT WOMAN.

HOT WOMAN

What do you mean I'm "less than two-derful"?

BRIAN

I mean you're wonderful.

The Hot Woman is flattered and smiles seductively.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

So, what do you say we get outta here?

As they stand to go, Brian's cell phone lets out a **super prissy ring**.

HOT WOMAN

(RECOILING) Is that your phone?

BRIAN

(LOOKING AT CALLER ID) Hang on, that's my boss. (SIGHS, THEN ANSWERS) Hello?

STEWIE (V.O., ON PHONE)

Oh, you're there. Listen, Brian, do you know where I left my glasses? I had them earlier in the office and I thought maybe you -- Oh, you know what? They're right here on top of my head. I swear, sometimes I am such a goof--

Brian hangs up, but the Woman is now gone.

INT. HIP NIGHTCLUB - MEN'S BATHROOM - SAME

We hear **ambient bathroom noise**: washing of hands, air hand dryers, etc., then a **flush** as a stall door opens, revealing Peter buttoning his pants. He sees a hole in the stall wall.

PETER

Geez, shoddy construction...

Peter curiously runs his finger around the rim of the hole until it is suddenly and quickly drawn into the hole.

PETER (CONT'D)

(STRUGGLING) Hey! Gimme that back!

Sir, let go of my finger! Sir, sir!

Please, stop that sucking right now!

REVEAL the adjacent stall, where a JANITOR holds a vacuum hose to the hole. He **shuts it off**, freeing Peter's finger.

JANITOR

Sorry about that. Just cleaning up.

PETER

(SETTLING DOWN) It's okay, no problem.

JANITOR

(BEAT) 'Cause, you know, those glory holes get pretty dirty.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - SAME

Brian works at his desk. Stewie rushes in.

STEWIE

Any calls?

BRIAN

Well, there was one--

Stewie steps into his "office."

STEWIE (O.S.)

(SURPRISED) Oh! Oh, what is all this?

Brian enters behind Stewie to see a birthday cake on Stewie's desk and balloons floating on the ceiling.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

You shouldn't have.

BRIAN

Um, I didn't. In fact, I can only think you did this yourself.

STEWIE

Well, aren't you going to sing?
That's what one does for an office
birthday party.

BRIAN

It's not even your birthday.

STEWIE

(SINGING) HAPPY BIRTHDAY, come on, TO
YOU.

Brian reluctantly sings along, his shoulders hunched.

BRIAN/STEWIE

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

STEWIE

Good, good.

BRIAN/STEWIE

HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR STEWIE.

STEWIE

Thank you.

Stewie harmonizes the last verse.

BRIAN/STEWIE

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

STEWIE

Did you hear how I harmonized the last
few notes? It's not easy. It's not
easy to do -- What is all this?!

Stewie picks up a stack of gifts from behind the desk.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Brian! Oh my god, you are
unbelievable.

BRIAN

This is the first time I've seen any
of these things.

STEWIE

You're a terrible liar. Well, should
we have some cake?

BRIAN

Yeah.

Brian grabs the cake, **blows out** the candle, then wipes the
entire cake on his ass, hands it back to Stewie and walks
out. Stewie opens a gift.

STEWIE

Oh my god, Hillary Clinton's book on
tape!

Stewie pops the tape into a walkman.

HILLARY CLINTON (O.S.)

Chapter one. When I stormed into the
oval office that day, holy smoke, was
I furious. I knew that Monica was no
good. So, I says to Bill, I says,
"What gives?"

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GAME SHOW SET - DAY (ON TV)

TITLE CARD: "Bobcat or Bjork?"

GAME SHOW ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now back to America's favorite
game show "Bobcat or Bjork?"

A HOST stands next to two CONTESTANTS who are at podiums with
mics. Upstage we see the silhouette of a MAN and a WOMAN.

HOST

Okay, Heather, you know the rules.
We're gonna play an audio clip and you
have to guess if it's a song by
Icelandic vocalist Bjork or the
rantings of former comedian Bobcat
Goldthwait. Here we go.

We hear an **audio clip**.

CONTESTANT

Oh, I saw "Hot to Trot," Bill, that's
gotta be Bobcat.

We hear a game-show **sound effect**, indicating a wrong answer.

HOST

Oooh, sorry. That was Bjork.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Lois, looking like a total wreck (MATTED HAIR, BAGS UNDER HER EYES, VERY GAUNT), sits with her Chihuahua, vacantly watching TV and smoking. Peter enters.

PETER

Hey, Lois, you wanna get something to
eat?

LOIS

I don't know, Peter. I had three
cigarettes and some packing peanuts.
I'm kinda stuffed.

Stewie walks in. Lois scoops him up.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Oh, Stewie, there you are. Time for
your feeding.

STEWIE

(OFF HER BREAST) Hmm, I see you're
playing for the double-A leagues now.

Stewie latches on to Lois' breast, as Meg and Chris enter.
Meg notices Lois' appearance.

MEG

God, Mom, are you okay? You seem to
be losing a lot of weight lately.

CHRIS

Yeah, and when I kiss you goodnight,
all I taste is barf and Altoids. And
I find Altoids off-puttingly strong!

LOIS

You guys, Mommy's doing great. She's
living her (HACKING COUGH) dream!

MEG

Mom, can't you see what you're doing
to yourself? You're letting this
modeling thing eat you alive.

LOIS

You don't talk to me like that, Meg!
You know how angry that kinda talk
makes me?! (BEAT) Well, you would know
if I wasn't crammed full of Botox
right now! But I am livid, missy!
Besides, I'm doing fine.

Stewie **sucks and sucks and sucks**, then comes off Lois' breast
and blows out a single **puff** of cigarette smoke. There's a
knock at the door. Chris answers it, revealing Lois' agent,
Karin.

KARIN

Lois, good news. I got you an
audition for the Sports Illustrated
Swimsuit Issue.

LOIS

Oh my god! This is what I've been
waiting for! My big break!

Karin starts to apply lipstick to the bottom "lip" of her
stoma.

KARIN

Grab your stuff, we gotta get going.

Her stoma **smacks**, evenly spreading the lipstick. As they
exit:

KARIN (CONT'D)

How do I look?

After they're gone:

MEG

Dad, I'm really worried. I found a
whole empty package of Dexatrim in the
bathroom.

PETER

Big whoop, Meg. I found a hair in my
salad last night, you don't hear me
braggin' about it.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - SAME

Brian enters and begins to put down his stuff, as he listens
to his voicemails on his speaker phone.

VOICEMAIL SYSTEM VOICE (V.O.)

Welcome to Audix. Please enter
extension and pound-- (HE DOES) Please
enter pas-- (HE DOES) One new message.

STEWIE (V.O., FROM PHONE)

Hi, Brian, it's me. Listen, I'm running about five minutes late. I'm stuck in traffic by the linen closet. Anyway, I'll be there shortly.

Stewie enters.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Hello, Brian. Can I talk to you for a sec? In my office.

Brian follows Stewie into his "office."

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(SIGHS HEAVILY) This isn't pleasant for me. Uh, apparently there's been a complaint of sexual harassment against you from someone in the office. Now, due to company policy, I'm not at liberty to divulge who--

BRIAN

Is this because I wiped your birthday cake on my ass?

STEWIE

(GRAVELY) Brian, sit down. This is hard for me because I like you.

BRIAN

Wh-what is this? Are you firing me?!

STEWIE

Believe me, I really went to bat for you, but this is coming from the boys upstairs.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I'm going to need you to pack up all your things and turn in your keys, lest you decide to come back here and shoot the place up.

BRIAN

This is my house! I live here!

STEWIE

See, you react like that, and all I'm hearing is "bang, bang, hit the deck!"

Brian **tears** down one of the partitions as he storms out.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) Toughest part of my job.

Well, take me to storyland, Hillary.

Stewie presses play on his tape again.

HILLARY CLINTON (V.O.)

So I walk into the ladies' room and there's Paula Jones and I'm like, "Oh, great."

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Lois can barely stay awake as she and other MODELS IN BIKINIS wait for their turn with the SWIMSUIT PHOTOGRAPHER.

SWIMSUIT PHOTOGRAPHER

(OFF LIST) Lois Griffin?

LOIS

(COCKY) You're lookin' at her.

Lois struts up to the photographer, cigarette dangling.

SWIMSUIT PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay, I'm going to take a few shots--

(NOTICING) Is your wardrobe too big?

Lois looks down and sees that her small chest doesn't even come close to filling out the bikini top.

LOIS

Nah, it's okay, it's okay.

She grabs some Kleenex off a nearby table and stuffs her bra.

SWIMSUIT PHOTOGRAPHER

I'm not really sure that's gonna work--

LOIS

It's cool, it's cool. Relax.

Lois pulls the Chihuahua from her purse and shoves the dog into her bikini top. The dog **yips** in protest.

LOIS (CONT'D)

There we go. (STRIKES A POSE) Sexxy!

Lois immediately falls asleep in place and begins **snoring**.

SWIMSUIT PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay, that's enough--

LOIS

(JOLTS AWAKE) No, no, I'm your girl!

Lois strikes another decidedly unsexy "sexy" pose.

SWIMSUIT PHOTOGRAPHER

Look, if this is gonna work, I need you to turn a little to the left, tilt your head up ever-so-slightly, and then go back in time twenty years.

LOIS

What'd you say?!

SWIMSUIT PHOTOGRAPHER

Look at you, lady. You're a middle-aged housewife. (LAUGHS) What were you even thinking coming here?

This hits Lois hard. She gathers her things and sadly heads for the door. As she exits, she catches her reflection in the glass door and realizes the disaster she's become. She then walks outside to:

EXT. PHOTO STUDIO PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Lois looks up and sees the family. She smiles and crosses to the Griffins.

LOIS

What are you guys doing here?

PETER

We came to celebrate your big success.

LOIS

There's no success. My modeling career is over.

MEG

What do you mean? What happened?

LOIS

What happened is I realized I was trying too hard to recapture something that's gone forever. But I guess it's time I started liking the woman I've become.

PETER

Well, we all like her an awful lot.

Lois smiles and Peter smiles back. Karin rushes out the building and crosses to the family.

KARIN

Lois, I'm sorry it didn't work out.
But before you go, I have a message for you.

From out of her stoma comes a holographic projection of PRINCESS LEIA.

PRINCESS LEIA

Help me, Obi Wan Kenobi. You're my only hope.

END OF SHOW