

FAMILY GUY

"Mr. Griffin Goes to Washington"

Production #2ACX11

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TABLE DRAFT
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ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

LOIS is ironing. CHRIS and MEG walk to the door, holding their schoolbags. PETER runs in front of them, blocking their paths.

PETER

Where do you two think you're going?!

MEG

School.

PETER

On opening day for the Sox? I don't think so.

CHRIS

Aw right, Dad!

LOIS

Peter, you can't just pull the kids out of school for a baseball game.

PETER

Kids don't need school. Gary Coleman and Bruce Willis never went and they turned out okay.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

GARY COLEMAN and BRUCE WILLIS are sitting at a table in a restaurant. They're each holding a menu.

BRUCE WILLIS

Let's see... I think I'll have the
(TRYING HARD TO READ THE MENU)
b...b.. or the c...c.. or the sa...
the sa--

GARY COLEMAN

Whatchu talkin' about, Willis?

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

BRIAN

Peter, don't you have to work today?

PETER

That's nothin' a little phone call
can't take care of.

Peter picks up the phone and dials a number. **SPLIT SCREEN**
with:

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - CONTINUOUS

MR. WEED sits at his desk. He answers his **ringing** phone.

MR. WEED

Hello?

PETER

Mr. Weed? I can't come to work
today. I was in a terrible car
accident. My entire family was
killed and I am a vegetable. I'll
see you tomorrow.

Peter hangs up. **FULL SCREEN** on Mr. Weed. He hangs up,
shakes his head, and looks straight down, below his desk.

MR. WEED

Can you believe that, Guillermo?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter gives Lois a cocky smile.

PETER

Huh? Huh?

BRIAN

Oh, please, Peter. Your excuses are
lamer than F.D.R.'s legs. (OFF THEIR
HORRIFIED LOOKS) Too soon?

EXT. FENWAY PARK BOX OFFICE - DAY

The Griffins are at the ticket window.

PETER

Yeah, four tickets, please.

LOIS

Peter, there are five of us.

PETER

Aw, crap, I don't wanna pay for five
tickets. When am I gonna learn to
use a condom?

MEG

Why don't we just sneak Stewie in?

STEWIE

Oh, no. Have we forgotten our
debacle at the Newport Jazz Festival?

EXT. NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter hands the tickets to a TICKET TAKER as Lois, Meg and
Chris go through the turnstile.

PETER

Here ya go. Four tickets for four
Griffins.

The family enters the gate and is approached by TWO SECURITY GUARDS.

SECURITY

Hi, I'm gonna have to check your cooler for bottles, sir.

We see that Peter is carrying a cooler.

PETER

Oh, uh... there's no bottles in here.

He tries to walk past, but the security guard stops him and grabs the cooler. They struggle over it for a beat.

STEWIE

(MUFFLED) Release me from this plastic coffin!

LOIS

Peter, give it up.

PETER

We can't, Lois. We're in too deep!

A John Woo-type flurry of activity occurs. Peter whips out a sawed off shotgun from behind his back and points at security guard #1. Security guard #2 points his revolver at Peter. Lois whips out a switch blade and holds it to security guard #2's throat. Security guard #1 points his revolver at Lois. Stewie dive rolls out of the cooler, and pops up holding two Glock's at cross angles pointed at the security guards. There's a long beat of silent tension as they remain frozen during the following:

PETER (CONT'D)

(CALM) All right, this is how it's gonna be. We're gonna go to our seats now. On the way we're gonna get a t-shirt and a program, and I might stop off to pee. Then we're gonna enjoy the show.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

And nobody's gonna get hurt.

The whole family starts to slowly back away through the astonished frozen crowd.

EXT. FENWAY PARK - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

A BATTER swings and **smacks** the ball up and into the stands.

ANGLE ON JEREMY (the dying boy from Show #12) who sits in the stands in a wheelchair, next to his mom. He holds up his baseball glove, a big smile on his face.

JEREMY'S MOM

Here it comes, Jeremy!

JEREMY

I got it! I got it!

Just before the ball makes contact with Jeremy's glove, a fat hand reaches into frame and snatches it away. It's Peter. He holds the ball above his head, jumping up and down triumphantly, unaware of the glares and disdainful **jeering** coming from the people around him. Lois and the kids look a little embarrassed.

PETER

Yes! Yeah! Whoo! I'm the man!

Peter bends down and hands the ball to STEWIE.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hold on to this, Stewie. It'll be a souvenir of your first major league game with your dad.

STEWIE

My god... I shall cherish this forever.

Stewie turns to a TEENAGER seated next to him, holding a souvenir bat.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

I say, Opie. I'll trade you this
baseball for your souvenir bat.

KID

Sure!

They swap items, then Stewie **whacks** the kid in the head with
the bat. Stewie takes the ball back from the dazed kid.

STEWIE

What did you learn?

ANGLE ON Peter.

PETER

This is great. We haven't done
anything together like this since we
saw Mike Tyson get beat.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

MIKE TYSON (in a jacket and tie) stands on-stage with a group
of EIGHTH-GRADERS, facing a QUIZ MASTER. A sign says,
"NATIONAL SPELLING BEE"

QUIZ MASTER

Mr. Tyson, the word again is
"onomatopoeia."

TYSON

(LONG BEAT) Uhhhhh.... "C".

A **buzzer** signals that he's wrong.

QUIZ MASTER

I'm sorry, that's incorrect.

TYSON

(GENTLY DEJECTEDLY) Oh, dang.

EXT. FENWAY PARK - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

(KISSES PETER) I'm so glad you talked
us all into playing hookey.

PETER

Me, too. Hey, maybe we can get on TV
if we take our shirts off and run
onto the field.

LOIS

Peter, I'm not taking my shirt off.

PETER

Don't worry, Lois, most baseball fans
are gay.

Peter takes his shirt off and starts to run downstairs. Lois
giggles, despite herself. The family **cheers** him on. On his
way down to the field, Peter passes Mr. Weed.

MR. WEED

Peter?

Peter stops in his tracks.

MR. WEED (CONT'D)

Well, it seems you've made a full
recovery.

PETER

Uh, yeah, well, I made a pact with
Satan. (VERY STILTED) Okay, Satan.
You did your part. Now here's your
gum.

SATAN reaches up from the row below.

SATAN

Oh, c'mon, I asked for Juicy Fruit.

(LOOKS INTO CAMERA) Juicy Fruit. The Devil's gum.

MR. WEED

Peter, you have always been a lazy, dull-witted slug, but I thought at least you were an honest one. You will have to be punished. Tomorrow you will come in early and watch a one-act play I have been writing. And you will be expected to give notes -- good notes -- not just, "Needs more zip," or "cut down those long speeches." Because-- (STOPS HIMSELF) Well, I've said enough.

Peter **sighs**. Satan turns around.

SATAN

Quite a predicament--

PETER

Shut up, Satan.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian is sitting on the porch, smoking a cigarette. Peter sits next to him.

PETER

I'm sick of Mr. Weed treating me like a boob. I don't mean a breast, I mean an idiot.

BRIAN

Thanks. (THEN) Peter, if you want Mr.
Weed to respect you, you're gonna
have to earn it.

PETER

How, Brian? I'm just a big palooka
from Cincinnati.

BRIAN

(LOOKS AT HIM) What?

PETER

Tryin' a new catchphrase. I think
that (A LA JOEY LAWRENCE) "whoa"
thing of mine is gettin' a little old.

BRIAN

That was Joey Lawrence's catchphrase.

PETER

Well, he didn't make it up either --
he got it from Natalie Wood.

EXT. A BOAT - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A couple of PASSENGERS are milling about the deck.

PASSENGER

Has anyone seen Natalie?

NATALIE WOOD (O.S.)

(URGENT) Whoa!

Everyone turns to see NATALIE WOOD at the bar as a BARTENDER
pours her drink.

NATALIE WOOD

(TO BARTENDER) I said whoa.

The bartender stops pouring.

EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - DAY

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - SAME

Peter stands in front of Mr. Weed's office, holding a piece of paper. He pauses for a second, takes a **deep breath**, then walks inside Mr. Weed's office.

INT. MR. WEED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Weed is sprawled across his desk, **sobbing** uncontrollably. Peter enters and just starts talking, oblivious.

PETER

Mr. Weed, I got some great new ideas
that'll make you respect me. (READING
HIS LIST) On Wednesday, I think we
should all come to work in a sailor's
cap and call each other "matey."
Fridays? Bring a Korean to work day--

Mr. Weed looks up at Peter, incredulous.

MR. WEED

Can't you see I'm crying?!

PETER

Really? I thought you were just
allergic to good ideas.

Peter wets one of his fingers and raises it in the air as if to say: "That's one for me."

MR. WEED

Peter, this company has been bought
out by a (DISDAINFULLY) conglomerate.
Now I'm just an employee, like you.

PETER

Huh. Corporate life sure is funny.

INT. "DILBERT" OFFICE" - DAY (CUTAWAY)

DILBERT is at his cubicle. An office mate, WALLY, walks over.

WALLY

Hey Dilbert, what do you call it when
a guy in middle management moves all
the way to upper management?

DILBERT

I don't know. What do you call it?

WALLY

A promotion.

Wally and Dilbert share a **laugh**. DOGBERT pops his head up
from the next cubicle.

DOGBERT

Business is crrrrrazy!

INT. MR. WEED'S OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

Well, sometimes it's funny.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter enters, carrying a bunch of live LOBSTERS. He has a
big smile on his face.

PETER

Hey, family. Anyone in the mood for
lobst--

One of the lobsters suddenly attacks him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh god, one of 'em has my pupil!

Lois, Chris, and Meg wrestle the lobster away from Peter's
eye. A second later, another lobster lunges for Peter's
throat. They wrestle him away with all their strength.

BRIAN

Peter, how the hell can you afford
lobster on your salary?

PETER

I got a raise!

Brian does a spit-take, even though he's not drinking
anything.

BRIAN

What? I thought Mr. Weed hated you.

PETER

The hell with Mr. Weed. The new
owners gave everyone raises. Even
Kenneth, the bad-ass mail clerk with
a heart of gold.

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

KENNETH is sorting envelopes at his desk. Peter walks over
to him.

PETER

Hi, Kenneth. Did I get any mail?

Kenneth whips out his letter opener and brandishes it
menacingly in Peter's face.

KENNETH

No, and if you come any closer, I'll
slice you.

PETER

Okay, okay.

Peter walks away. He turns to JOHNSON.

PETER (CONT'D)

Man, what a bad-ass.

JOHNSON

Yeah? Well that bad-ass just gave
half his paycheck to orphans.

Orphans with diseases.

Peter turns and smiles at Kenneth, knowing him a little
better now.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

Peter, you still haven't told me...
how much of a raise did you get?

PETER

You know how you always complain that
I never take you out for delicious
gourmet meals? Well, if you do that
now I can smack you with a roll of
twenties.

EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - DAY

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - SAME

Mr. Weed enters and sees TWO WORKERS playing ping-pong.
Other workers are getting massaged in those lean-forward
massage chairs, while a SERVER works a coffee cart passing
out cappuccinos. Mr Weed turns to LEWIS, one of the new
owners.

MR. WEED

Mr. Lewis, this is a travesty!
Playing ping paddle at work. And
look, look. That man is eating a
candy bar. It's not candy bar time!
This is no way to run a business.
It's all too fun and roses.

LEWIS

Listen, Weed, you've been griping at me from the minute I got here and I don't like it.

MR. WEED

I don't care what you like, "Mister Could Afford To Lose A Few Pounds." I'm not saying you have to, but it would look nice.

LEWIS

Y'know what? Pack your bags. You're outta here.

MR. WEED

You... you're firing me? (LAUGHS) You cannot replace me.

LEWIS

The hell I can't. Any idiot can do your job. Even--

He looks around and notices Peter, who has somehow wedged his arm up inside the large five-gallon bottle of a water cooler. He looks around nervously. Johnson walks by.

JOHNSON

Peter, what the hell are you doing?

PETER

Quiet, I'm trying to grab myself some free water.

LEWIS

(POINTS TO PETER) That idiot!

We **FREEZE** on Peter and begin the "**That Girl**" theme. We do a "That Girl" style credit montage, spoofing Peter flying a kite with a graphical representation of him, seeing himself as a mannequin in a store window display, etc., ending with him mussing up his hair and mugging sexily for the camera. (DETAILS TO COME.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian is on the corner of the bed, sleeping. **PAN OVER** to Lois, under the covers, also asleep. Peter walks over to Lois and tries to nudge her awake. She stirs in her sleep.

LOIS

(IN HER SLEEP) C'mon, Ralph Macchio,
you know you want it.

PETER

(SHOUTS RIGHT IN HER EAR) Lois, is
this outfit okay for my first day?

Lois bolts upright in bed. She looks up and sees, Peter, standing in front of her, wearing a blazer and a kilt. She **groans**.

PETER (CONT'D)

(NODS) Too presidential?

LOIS

Peter, what are you doing? I know
you're excited about your new job,
but it's three in the morning.

PETER

I can't sleep. It's a lot of
responsibility. And it's dangerous,
too. You never know who's out to do
ya in when you're the president.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Peter is in the audience, watching a movie and sharing a box of popcorn with JOHN HINCKLEY.

PETER

Hey, Hinckley. Look at that Jodie Foster. She sure is cute. (PLAYFULLY ELBOWING) I think she's lookin' at ya.

JOHN HINCKLEY

Aw, c'mon. She'd never go for a guy like me.

PETER

Sure, she would. You just need to get her attention. Do somethin' big. Somethin' really big.

Hinckley's wheels begin to turn as he reaches into the popcorn box.

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

Peter, I'm sure they knew what they were doing when they promoted you. You're gonna do a great job, honey. You're a natural born leader.

Lois **kisses** Peter. Peter smiles, reassured, and goes back to sleep. Brian opens his eyes and starts to **laugh**. Lois starts to **laugh**, too.

BRIAN

(THROUGH HIS LAUGHTER) Hey, shut up!

LOIS

(THROUGH HER LAUGHTER) You shut up!

EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - DAY

A new sign reads, "Fun Stuff, Inc. (Formerly Happy-Go-Lucky Toys)."

Peter drives his car into the:

INT. EMPLOYEE PARKING STRUCTURE - SAME

Peter drives down to his parking space. As he descends further and further down the ramp, he passes a level that says "P5." As he goes lower, he drives past a cross-section of earth, then past a group of COAL MINERS, and finally past Hell, where he sees Satan and his MINIONS. Satan is blowing a chewing gum bubble.

SATAN

Morning, Peter.

PETER

Shut up, Satan.

Peter parks one level lower than Hell. The car next to him is way too close, so Peter can't open his door. He rolls down his window and climbs out of the car, then walks over to a door marked "Stairs." A PARKING LOT ATTENDANT stops him.

PARKING LOT ATTENDANT

Oh, Mr. Griffin, you have an executive parking space now.

PETER

Sweet!

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS CORRIDOR - DAY

Lewis leads Peter down the corridor. They stop in front of a door.

LEWIS

Congratulations on your promotion,
Peter. As President, you're entitled
to all the executive perks.
Including--

He stops before a door and dangles a gold key. Peter's eyes widen.

PETER

(REVERENTLY) The executive washroom.

INT. LARGE BATHROOM STALL - DAY

Peter sits down on the toilet. **PULL WIDE TO REVEAL** A VALET in formal wear standing next to him, holding a roll of toilet paper.

VALET

Bunched or folded, sir?

PETER

Surprise me.

The valet starts handrolling some t.p.

VALET

Sports or entertainment, sir?

PETER

Sports, thank you.

VALET

(CALLING O.S.) Mr. Berman?

PULL WIDE TO REVEAL that CHRIS BERMAN is sitting at the ESPN SportsCenter desk which is actually inside the bathroom. A video screen behind him shows the highlights of Sammy Sosa hitting a home run as Berman describes the action.

CHRIS BERMAN

Thanks, Benjamin. Big doin's today
at Wrigley Field. Slammin' Sammy
Sosa goin' deep, goin' yard, goin'
longball, goin' tall-jack, goin' back-
back-back-back-back...GONE!

PETER

(TO O.S.) You da man, Sammy.

PAN OVER TO REVEAL that SAMMY SOSA's sitting next to Peter on another toilet, in his Cubs uniform.

SAMMY SOSA

Thanks, Peter, but McGwire's da man.

PAN OVER TO REVEAL MARK MCGWIRE sitting on the next toilet, holding his 10 year-old SON. Both wearing Cardinals uniforms. McGwire and his son both give a thumbs-up. Sosa responds by giving his trademark two-fingered heart-thump and kiss gesture.

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS HALL - LATER

Lewis leads Peter over to Mr. Weed's old office. It now reads, "Peter Griffin" on the door.

LEWIS

Here's your new digs. Now get to
work, sport. We're countin' on ya.

Lewis crosses away. Peter takes a deep breath, then enters his new office.

INT. MR. WEED'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Peter looks around in awe.

PETER

Wow! My own office. I've really
made it. And to think I was voted
most likely to fall out of a ferris
wheel and be rescued by an
inappropriately friendly pirate named
Rufus, or Neal. Gee, I wonder what
happened to the guy who was voted
most likely to get his own office?

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A GUY in one of the ferris wheel cars falls over the side, plummeting toward the ground. Suddenly, a PIRATE runs over and catches him.

GUY

Oh my god, you saved my life. I
don't even know your name.

PIRATE

It's Rufus. (PUTTING HIS HAND ON HIS
SHOULDER) But my friends call me Neal.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter scans his office once again.

PETER

Wow, a telephone with buttons.

Peter pokes tentatively at one of the buttons on the phone.
A second later, a sexy woman, LANE PODELL enters. (NOTE:
Every time she enters and exits a scene, she moves with an
exaggerated sexy walk and **hums** her own sexy theme music.)

LANE

I'm Lane Podell, your secretary. Can
I get you anything, Mr. Griffin?

PETER

Uh, yes. Yes. Bring me the
Henderson file.

LANE

I don't believe we have one, sir.

PETER

We don't have a Henderson file?!
What the hell kind of Mickey Mouse
operation are we running?

LANE

I'll take care of it, Sir.

Lane exits. Peter **sighs** and looks around, a bit bewildered.
He sees some pencils, then lines them up beside the sharpener
on his desk. He puts the pencils into the sharpener, one by
one. When he runs out of pencils, he puts his finger into
the sharpener. He **winces**. After a beat, his eyes dart from
side to side, then he begins to unzip his fly.

EXT. PETER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Peter lets out a **blood-curdling scream**. Lane looks up.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

The Griffins (minus Peter) sit at the table. Although dinner is served, they are not eating.

CHRIS

Can't we eat? I'm so hungry I could ride a horse. (BEAT, CONFUSED) I don't get it. I could ride it to the store, I guess.

LOIS

I told you. We're not starting without your father. Dinner just isn't dinner without him.

STEWIE

Ooh. Well, perhaps I could help simulate the experience.

Stewie immerses his head completely in his food, then makes a series of **loud flatulence noises**.

LOIS

(SIGHS) Your father's never late for supper. Except when he worked at that turkey farm.

INT. TURKEY FARM - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

CLOSE ON Peter sitting at a card table holding a poker hand.

PETER

Are you gonna bet or're you gonna just sit there?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Peter is talking to one of the five turkeys he's attempting to play poker with. The turkeys all look around oblivious to what's going on. One of the turkeys starts to walk away.

PETER (CONT'D)

Steve. Hey, Steve. What the hell are you walkin' away for? You got three of a kind here. Okay, you know what? I'm betting for you. You're in for ten. Trust me.

Peter tosses some chips into the middle of the table. The other turkeys all start to wander around aimlessly. Peter tries to corral them.

PETER (CONT'D)

Guys, guys! Can -- Can you try to be serious? For Christ sake, I'm missing dinner for this.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Peter walks in singing "**Hail To the Chief.**"

PETER

DUM, DUM, DA-DUM, DUM, DA-DUM, DA-DUM, DA-DUM, DUM.

LOIS

How was your day, honey?

PETER

I'm not finished yet. (SINGING) DUM, DUM, DA-DUM, DUM, DA-DUM, DA-DUM, DA-DUM, DUM. (BEAT) Aren't you going to ask how my day was?

LOIS

How was your day?

PETER

DUM, DUM, DA-DUM--

LOIS

Peter answer me!

PETER

(QUICKLY) Great. People kept calling me "Mr. Griffin". I've never gotten that kind of respect before.

EXT. COMMUNITY POOL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter, wearing a shirt that says "Coach" and a whistle around his neck, talks to BOBBY, a ten year-old who is pulling himself up out of the pool.

PETER

Great workout, Bobby.

BOBBY

Up yours, lard ass.

PETER

That's mister Griffin.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

I mean, I've never gotten any respect at all.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A CABLE GUY is fixing the television. Peter is standing beside him, holding a candy bar. His face is smeared with chocolate. The Cable Guy hands Peter his bill.

CABLE GUY

Your movie channels are all hooked up. If you'll just sign here, Mr... Mr... Oh, I'm sorry. I can't say it.

(MORE)

CABLE GUY (CONT'D)

I just don't respect you.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

No, no respect, no respect at all.

By the way, kids, I brought home some
of our new toys.

Peter hands them each a toy.

MEG

(BAFFLED) "Chain-Smoking Barbie?"

CHRIS

Cool! I got "Choo-Choo the Smoking
Train."

Chris reaches into the hood of his Choo-Choo train and pulls
out a pack of cigarettes. Then he reaches into the steam
engine and pulls out a pack of matches.

LOIS

Wha... what kind of toys are these?

BRIAN

Wait a minute.

Brian looks at the back of the toy package.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I knew it! Fun Stuff, Inc, is a
subsidiary of Consolidated
Industries, the largest manufacturer
of tobacco products in the world!
They make El Dorado cigarettes.

LOIS

(RUEFULLY) And now they make toys.

Stewie looks at his doll.

STEWIE

What the deuce? A "C. Everett Koop
doll"?

He pulls the doll's string.

C. EVERETT KOOP DOLL

"Children, I was just doing schtick
when I said smoking is bad. It's
really neat!"

BRIAN

Those bastards turned a whole
generation of Americans into smokers
with their damn subliminal
advertising.

INT. LASSIE FARMHOUSE SET - DAY (CUTAWAY)

TIMMY and his MOTHER are preparing supper.

MOTHER

Timmy, where's Lassie?

TIMMY

She's out in the orchard, Ma.
Peaches are comin' in mighty early
this year.

INSERT SHOT OF a diabolical FAT MAN looking into the **CAMERA.**

FAT MAN

Smoke.

BACK TO SCENE.

MOTHER

You know what they say, Timmy--
early peaches, long summer.

INSERT SHOT OF same fat man looking into the **CAMERA**.

FAT MAN

Smoke.

BACK TO SCENE. LASSIE enters and **barks**.

TIMMY

What's that, Lassie?

INSERT SHOT OF fat man as he leans in toward the **CAMERA**.

FAT MAN

Are you smokin' yet?

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

BRIAN

It's about damn time I quit. This is
Brian Griffin's final cigarette.

Brian takes a **long last puff** on his cigarette, then **exhales**
as he smushes it in an ashtray.

LOIS

Good for you, Brian. Cigarettes in
toys. Peter, you have to talk to
these new bosses of yours first thing
in the morning.

PETER

Don't worry, Lois, I'll set 'em
straight. Just like I did with Chris.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter shows Chris a picture of a bee.

PETER

...And that's how Mr. Bee pollinates
Ms. Flower. Any questions, Chris?

CHRIS

What if the flower wants a Muddy
Ramirez?

PETER

(CALMLY) Go to you room.

EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - DAY

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY BOARDROOM - SAME

Lewis and the other OWNERS sit around a long table. Peter enters.

PETER

Gentlemen, we need to talk!

LEWIS

(WITHOUT LOOKING UP) Very well,
Peter, submit whatever you have to
say in writing and Benson over there
will glance at it later today and
then pee on it.

PETER

I don't have time to go through
channels. My wife is really upset
about this cigarettes in the toys
thing...

Lewis and the others exchange a worried look.

LEWIS

Peter, you're the president of the company. Your time is too valuable to spend worrying about trivial things like what this company actually makes. You have more important tasks like...

Lewis thinks for several seconds. Peter smiles patiently.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Like uh... like uh...

We **ZOOM IN** on the clock on the wall. It's 9:15. We do a **DISSOLVE** and come back on the clock again. It now reads 9:20. Even though only five minutes have elapsed, we now see that all the men around the table have long beards.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Like uh... keeping morale high!
Yeah, that's it. Your job is to keep morale high.

PETER

Morale? Well, my middle name is Eric.

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - DAY

Peter is standing in front of the workers, holding a comb.

PETER

Hi, I'm Peter. (TO THE COMB) What's your name? (AS COMB) Combie. (AS PETER) Combie, oh really? Where you from? (AS COMB) Hair and there.

The workers double over in **laughter**, then turn to each other.

WORKER

Wow. I can't get over how high my
morale is.

Lewis looks out from his office and gives Peter a thumbs up.
Peter beams.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The family (sans Peter) sit watching TV.

LOIS

Brian, can you hand me the remote?

BRIAN

Screw off.

LOIS

What?!

BRIAN

Sorry, Lois. It feels like forever
since I've had a smoke. I'm a tad
testy. (TO MEG, AT THE TOP OF HIS
LUNGS) STOP STARING AT MY TAIL!

Peter enters.

LOIS

Peter, how'd it go? Are they gonna
stop with the cigarettes?

PETER

Lois, I'm the president of the
company. I have far more important
things to do than worry about what
we're selling.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

The company is sending me on a weekend retreat with the chairman of the board.

CHRIS

Dad, you can't go away this weekend. You'll miss my dance recital!

PETER

Hey, c'mon, Chris. You know I've always been there for you kids.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter talks with a DOCTOR as Chris lays on a hospital bed with tubes coming out of him.

DOCTOR

Mr. Griffin, you do have two kidneys and you could afford to give one to your son.

PETER

Yeah, or what I was thinking also, was instead, maybe I'd just give him this old Grateful Dead shirt.

Peter holds up a tie-died Grateful Dead shirt.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

He hands Chris a little red shoe. He puts the other red shoe on a chain around his neck.

PETER

Here's a little red shoe, Chris. I'll keep the other.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

When these are a pair again, I'll be
at your dance recital.

Peter exits.

MEG

(ALARMED) Brian! What are you doing?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Brian has pinned Stewie up against the wall.
Brian looks up to Meg.

BRIAN

(CALM) He said "Blast." I hate it
when he says, "Blast."

STEWIE

(SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS) It's true,
it's true. I did say it. (SLAPS
HIMSELF ON THE WRIST) Bad Stewie.

INT. PETER'S CAB - NIGHT

Peter rides in back with several suitcases. They pull up to a stoplight and Peter notices a disheveled Mr. Weed hanging out on a corner, begging for change.

PETER

Pull over.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Peter walks slowly over to Mr. Weed.

PETER

Mr. Weed, is that you?

MR. WEED

Peter?

PETER

So. The hunter has become the hunted.

MR. WEED

What?

PETER

Well, well, well. We meet at last.

Peter turns on his heels, and walks away triumphantly. Mr. Weed just stares after him, bewildered.

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA AIRPORT - DAY

Peter walks toward the terminal with the other PASSENGERS on the tarmac. Everyone but him is smoking. He looks up at a billboard. **ANGLE ON** the billboard, featuring a guy who is smiling and smoking. It reads, "Welcome to North Carolina. We only sound stupid."

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA STREET - DAY

Peter walks, suitcases in hand. He passes SEVERAL TEENAGERS on the corner. They're smoking, all with trache-tubes in their necks. Peter looks at them and **chuckles**.

PETER

Oh, God, was I ever that young?

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Peter is golfing with HARRISON FORBES, the Chairman of Consolidated Industries. Harrison misses an easy putt.

PETER

Why so tense, chairman of the broad?

HARRISON

(CHUCKLES) "Chairman of the broad."

Lewis told me you were a stitch.

PETER

I have writers.

Peter points behind him to a COUPLE OF WRITERS, who look exactly like Mike Barker and Matt Weitzman. They hand Peter a piece of paper.

PETER (CONT'D)

(READING) "Sir, I don't want to say
you're rich, but when you walk into
a bank, all the tellers go "Whoopee!"

He waits for a laugh, but gets none. He turns to the writers.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, I thought you guys wrote for
"M*A*S*H."

WRITER #1

"AfterM*A*S*H."

PETER

(QUICKLY) You're fired.

The writers walk away, sadly. HARRISON turns to Peter and
sighs.

HARRISON

Here's the thing, Griffin. Some
troublemakers in Congress want us to
stop marketing cigarettes to kids.

PETER

What? That's outrageous! Why?

Harrison **laughs.** Peter doesn't. Harrison studies Peter's
eyes for a second.

HARRISON

Well, they think smoking is bad for
people.

PETER

Typical politicians! If smoking was
bad for you, why would so many people
do it?

Harrison stares at Peter for a moment, then **laughs**. He must be joking. When Peter doesn't laugh, Harrison stops.

HARRISON

(TESTING HIM) Yeah, you're right.
Cigarettes are... good for you.

PETER

(NODDING) They make you alive with
pleasure.

HARRISON

(GETTING EXCITED) Yeah, yeah. And
they're nutritious. They're uh,
loaded with tar and vitamins.

PETER

Well now, there's somethin' I didn't
know. We should put this stuff on
the labels.

HARRISON

Are... are you for real?

PETER

I get that all the time. Yep. One
hundred percent natural.

Peter lifts his shirt up to show his breasts to Harrison.
Harrison looks away. Then he looks back and nods, impressed,
despite himself.

HARRISON

Peter, how would you like to be a
lobbyist in Washington, D.C.?

PETER

I'd love it. But I've got to warn
you, I've made some enemies on the
Hill.

INT. SENATE HEARING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter is seated at the the Senate witness table in the PACKED
hearing room.

PETER

(STILTED AND TEARY) And that's when
Clarence Thomas forced me into his
chambers and showed me lewd pictures.

SENATOR

Mr. Griffin, we have indisputable
evidence that not only have you never
been in the same room as Clarence
Thomas, you've never been in the same
state. How do you respond to that?

A beat as Peter's eyes shift back and forth a few times. He
then grabs the microphone with both hands.

PETER

Babbabooy, babbabooy, Howard
Stern's penis, babbabooy,
babbabooy...

He continues shouting "**babbabooy**" as SECURITY GUARDS try to
peel him off the mic.

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SAME

Chris is on stage with his class, doing a dance number that
basically consists of jumping jacks and a few lame little
kicks to the tune of "**Alley Cat**." The family (minus Peter)
is sitting in the first row. Lois looks down at her watch.

LOIS

(PISSSED) Your father said he'd be
back by now.

MEG

Yeah, it's just boring without dad
yelling, "take it off."

Suddenly, we hear Lane **humming** her **sexy theme music**. Lois
turns.

LANE

Mrs. Griffin? Mr. Griffin sends his
regrets. He's on his way to
Washington right now.

LOIS

Washington? Who the hell are you?

LANE

His secretary. He sent a telegram.

LOIS

(READING) "What are you crazy? Stop.
Five dollars for a telegram? Stop.
In some parts of town I could get a
lap dance and two beers for that.
Stop. Tell you what, take some of
the words out and I'll just get a
lap--."

Lois turns the telegram over to see if anything else is
written on it. There's nothing.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I can't believe this. He's
completely lost perspective of what's
important in his life. How am I
going to explain this to Chris?

BRIAN (O.S.)

Shh!

PAN TO REVEAL Brian sitting at the end of the row. Since we last saw him a few scenes ago, he's got bags under his eyes and a nervous ticks. He indicates for Lois to be quiet and watch the show. Stewie **sneezes**. Brian turns slowly towards him, then hits him with a quick right to the jaw. Lois is shocked at starts for Brian, but Stewie waves her off, fearfully.

STEWIE

(HOLDING ONE HAND UP IN THE AIR) No,
no, had it coming.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Peter stands on the terrace of his hotel room with binoculars, looking across the street at the White House. We **PAN** to the White House. PRESIDENT CLINTON is holding a pair of binoculars and looking across the street at a hotel watching a FAT CHICK get undressed. Harrison enters.

HARRISON

So, Peter, what do you think of our nation's capitol?

PETER

I was born here.

HARRISON

In Washington?

PETER

Is that where it is now?

HARRISON

Pay attention, Griffin. In two days you're going to testify before Congress on the benefits of smoking.

PETER

Wow. That means I'm gonna be on C-SPAN.

INT. CONGRESS - DAY (ON TV)

JESSE HELMS is standing behind a small podium. On the bottom right hand corner of the screen is a grid that reads, "U.S. HOUSE" and "C-SPAN LIVE" right below it. On the bottom left hand corner, it reads, "JESSE HELMS, R - NORTH CAROLINA."

JESSE HELMS

Gentlemen, I have put together a committee to study your report and I am not filibustering when I say it'll be a good committee, without any chinks, spicks, micks or liggers.

(CRACKING UP) Did I just say "liggers?"

All the SENATORS on the floor start to **laugh hysterically** too. Jesse Helms wipes a tear from his eye and gestures "cut" to the cameraman off screen.

INT. SMALL WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

Harrison watches as Peter is hooked up to a lie detector. A stoic looking INTERVIEWER in a lab coat sits beside him.

HARRISON

Peter, we've got to establish you as a truthful, credible witness. (TO INTERVIEW) Proceed.

INTERVIEWER

Is your name Peter Griffin?

PETER

Yes.

INTERVIEWER

Are you an employee of Happy-Go-Lucky Toys?

PETER

Yes.

INTERVIEWER

Would you like to see me naked?

PETER

No.

INTERVIEWER

Would you like to see my wife naked?

PETER

What does she look like?

The Interviewer points to a picture on the wall.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yes.

The Interviewer jumps out of his chair and faces his wife's picture.

INTERVIEWER

(ENRAGED) Why do you have to dress

like that? Whore! Whore!

A nervous Peter gets up and slowly edges toward the door.

EXT. WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

HARRISON

Sorry, Griffin. I probably should have warned you the polygraph guy was insane.

PETER

No biggie.

HARRISON

The important thing is you passed with flying colors. Now all we've gotta do is get you some exposure before your big speech.

INT. "MCLAUGHLIN GROUP" SET - DAY (ON TV)

Peter is on "The McLaughlin Group," with PAT BUCHANAN, ELEANOR CLIFT, FRED BARNES, and of course, JOHN MCLAUGHLIN.

JOHN MCLAUGHLIN

Next issue. Guns! Does the White House have an adequate policy or are they just shooting blanks? (LOOKS AROUND THE CIRCLE) Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater!

PETER

Well, John, that is a (LIGHTS UP A CIGARETTE, WINKS) smokin' question, but I got my own. Anyone care for a cigarette? How about you, Pat Buchanan?

PAT BUCHANAN

(THICK GERMAN ACCENT) I vill take cig! But I vill not in-HEIL!

Pat does a Nazi salute and takes a cigarette.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT)

Lois is sitting at the dinner table with Meg, Brian and Stewie, watching Peter on the small set in the kitchen.

CHRIS

Hey look, it's Dad. If I change the channel to "Will & Grace" will he be there, too?

Chris turns the channel.

INT. "WILL & GRACE" LIVING ROOM SET - NIGHT (ON TV)

Peter is on the couch with WILL.

PETER

You know Will, there's a lot of other things you can put in your mouth.

Peter offers him a cigarette.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Brian **clicks** off the TV.

BRIAN

Geez, does the TV have to be on twenty-four hours around here? And will somebody turn down those pickles!

Meg smiles nervously at Brian and quickly tightens the lid of the pickle jar.

MEG

When's dad getting back?

LOIS

I don't know if I care. Going on national TV and telling everyone smoking is okay.

STEWIE

Well I, for one, applaud the fat man for finally showing some initiative. God knows he was years overdue.

Stewie casually pulls a gold cigarette case from his overalls, pops a cigarette into his mouth and lights it with a Zippo, then takes a few puffs as Lois and the others watch, stunned.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

You know who I saw at the market today? Pat Reederman. And she has gotten faaaaat...

LOIS

Oh, my god! Stewie, no!

Lois leaps across the table and yanks the lit cigarette out of Stewie's mouth.

LOIS (CONT'D)

That's it. THAT IS IT! Pack your bags! We're going to Washington.

EXT./ESTAB. WASHINGTON HOTEL - DAY

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL LOBBY - SAME

Peter is sitting in his hotel lobby, surrounded by a crowd of WASHINGTON INSIDERS, among them, BOB DOLE.

BOB DOLE

Bob Dole thinks it's great the way you've been promoting tobacco. Bob Dole. Bob Dole. Bob Dole. Bob Dole. Bob Dole.

Peter approaches GEORGE W. BUSH.

PETER

Republican hopeful George W. Bush. There's something I been wantin' to ask you. If you make it to the White House, you're gonna replace that tub, right? 'Cause you-you're dad probably gave it to your mom pretty good in there. I'm just kiddin'.
(EXTENDS HIS HAND) Peter Griffin, cigarette lobbyist, see you inside.

Suddenly, Lois **bursts** into the hotel lobby, the rest of the family right behind her.

PETER (CONT'D)

Like, like, John Wayne, and Yul
Brynner, and Gary Cooper.

LOIS

Peter, all those people are dead.
From smoking cigarettes!

PETER

Prove it.

Lois whips out a newspaper article from her purse. Peter looks down at it, then walks unsteadily towards the bed. He sits down.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, my god. What am I gonna do? I'm
supposed to speak to congress in an
hour.

LOIS

You can still do the right thing.

PETER

It's too late. If I stop now,
they'll can my ass. I'm in too deep.
And I'm wounded-- spinal cord, and
it's pretty bad. So, go on without
me. (HAND TO HIS EAR) What's that?
I hear the choppers, but they sound
so far away. (DEATH WHISPER) Tell my
girl I love her.

LOIS

What?

PETER

Just a little something from Mr.
Weed's one-act play. It's not too
bad. Needs more zip.

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - DAY

A very irritable Brian sits behind the wheel, with Meg and Chris in the backseat.

BRIAN

Over there, that's the Smithsonian
and--

He leans on the **horn** and shouts out the window.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Pick a lane, grandma! (TO THE KIDS)
And on the left, you can see the
White House, and right over there,
that's Disneyland.

CHRIS

No, it isn't!

Brian slams on the brakes and turns to face the kids sharply.

BRIAN

(SOFTLY) What?

MEG

Nothing. He said nothing at all.

BRIAN

(TO MEG) Shut up. (TO CHRIS) What did
you say?

CHRIS

I said that's not Disneyland, silly.

BRIAN

(SOFTLY) What did you just call me?

MEG

Nothing. He called you nothing at all.

Brian floors it and takes a hard right turn. Chris and Meg careen back and forth hard against the sides of the car.

EXT./ESTAB. CONGRESS - DAY

We see the the capital building. **ANGLE ON** a sign by the entrance which reads, "No shirt, no shoes, no ethics."

INT. CONGRESS - SAME

Peter is standing in the middle of the floor, behind a sea of cameras. Lois and the rest of the family are sitting in the back row.

PETER

Ladies and gentlemen of Congress...

LOIS

(SOFTLY, HANDS CLASPED IN PRAYER)

Please, Peter, do the right thing.

PETER

I have been asked to testify before you today on some of the positive aspects of tobacco. Smoking can make you big and strong. Smoking is also responsible for cute puppies, beautiful sunsets, and gentle walks in the rain. And...

Suddenly, a **loud hacking cough** is heard.

PETER (CONT'D)

And...

The **hacking cough** is now too loud for Peter to continue. Peter frowns and looks around the room, trying to locate where the **cough** is coming from. Finally, he looks in the back and sees that the **hacking smoker's cough** is coming from... Stewie. Lois **taps** Stewie gently on the back as she holds him. Stewie spots a MAN with cigarettes in his pocket and snatches one, quickly putting it in his mouth and trying to light it. Lois grabs his wrist and struggles to keep the lighter away from the cigarette tip. Peter is shaken by what he's seen.

PETER (CONT'D)

Holy crap... (SIGHS) I'm sorry, I can't do this anymore. I know it means I'll have to give up the fancy title and the big office and go to the bathroom like everyone else, one leg at a time, but smoking is bad for you.

Harrison glares at Peter. A CONGRESSMAN rises to his feet dramatically.

CONGRESSMAN #1

Mr. Griffin is right! Smoking is a horrible vice. It shortens life expectancy and pollutes our air. And as recent polls indicate, air is good.

CONGRESSMAN #2 nods his head, and stands up too.

CONGRESSMAN #2

Yeah, and try dating a chick who smokes. I was with one last year... I couldn't get the taste off my penis for weeks.

CONGRESSMAN #3 rises. He pumps his fist angrily.

CONGRESSMAN #3

Smoking killed my father. And raped
my mother!

The three Congressmen join Peter on the floor.

CONGRESSMAN #2

Gentlemen, I propose we send a
message to tobacco companies
everywhere by fining Consolidated
Industries... infinity billion
dollars!

CONGRESSMAN #1

That's the spirit, Frank. But I
think a real number might be more
effective. All those in favor or
fining this evil tobacco giant one
hundred million dollars, say "Aye!"

All the congressmen shout "**Aye**" in unison. Harrison leaps
out of his chair.

HARRISON

But that'll bankrupt us!

Peter looks at a camera with the "C-Span" logo on it.

PETER

Oh, you mean the way you've morally
bankrupted America?

All the Congressmen **pound** their hands down on their seats and
yell, "Hear, hear." Lois beams with pride. Peter turns
around.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thanks for that powerful line, boys.

PAN OVER TO REVEAL the Two Writers we saw previously.

WRITER #1

(SHRUGS) We're better at drama.

PETER

Oh, well look, I don't need you
anymore, but I think "Becker" is
hiring.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

The Griffins are leaving Washington. Lois smiles at Peter and takes his hand. Peter smiles back at her. **PAN** to the backseat, where Meg and Stewie sit with Brian. (Chris is in the way back.) Brian has his head stuck out the window, looking very much like a dog enjoying the oncoming rush of air. He casually brings his hand into frame and takes a long, satisfying drag on a cigarette, tilting his head up to exhale.

EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - DAY

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOYS - SAME

Everything is back to the way it was at work. The reclining chairs, ping-pong tables, etc., are gone. Mr. Weed stands in front of his old employees.

MR. WEED

Now that I am back in charge,
everything will be just as it was.
Oh, except for one thing. (CALLING
O.S.) Peter!

Peter enters, in a very tight dress.

PETER

You rang, sir?

MR. WEED

Get me the Henderson file.

PETER

Right away, sir.

Peter turns and does an exaggerated sexy walk towards Mr. Weed's office, **humming his own sexy theme song** as he goes.

END OF SHOW