

FAMILY GUY

"Mr. Griffin Goes To Washington"

by

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ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

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?!

CHRIS/MEG

To school.

PETER

On opening day for the Sox? You're
goin' to school over my dead body.

Peter pulls out a REVOLVER and aims it right at his mouth.

LOIS

PETER!!!

PETER

(ROLLS HIS EYES) Lois, it's a water
pistol. See?

Peter squeezes the gun, demonstrating. A bullet flies through the air, narrowly missing his head, totally obliterating the lamp behind him. Lois, Chris, and Meg look at Peter and gasp. BRIAN runs under the couch. Peter shakes his head and chuckles.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, that Quagmire. (LAUGHS HARDER,
SHAKES HIS FIST AT THE WINDOW) I'll
get you one of these days, you cut-up!

A smiling QUAGMIRE waves to Peter from just outside the window. Lois and the others continue to breathe hard from the horror they just witnessed. Then Peter pulls five tickets out of his pocket, and hands one to each of them.

CHRIS

Awwright, Dad! I haven't been this
psyched since you took us to see
Della Reese!

INT. PLUSH BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

DELLA REESE enters her bedroom, draped in a towel. She looks up suddenly and sees Peter and the kids peeping in her bedroom window. She covers her mouth for a second, then flashes them.
(We see Della from the back only, huge ass and all.)

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

LOIS

Peter, how can you go to the game?
You have work today.

PETER

(WINKS AT HER) Oh, do I?

Peter picks up the phone and dials a number.

PETER (CONT'D)

Mr. Weed? I can't come to work today.
Why? Cause I... have tuberculosis,
leukemia, bronchitis and the Aids.
Oh. And my dog ate my homework.

Peter hangs up and gives Lois a cocky smile.

BRIAN

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

EXT. FENWAY PARK - DAY

The Griffins are sitting in the crowd at Fenway Park.

A BASEBALL flies into their row. Peter knocks over THREE PRIESTS, AN OLD WOMAN and a BOY IN A HOSPITAL BED to catch it. The family cheers Peter. Peter bends down and hands the baseball to Stewie.

STEWIE

My god... I shall savor this forever.

Stewie turns to an African American FAN beside him.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Care to purchase this, Buckwheat? It was Mark McGwire's bazillionth homer.

PETER

Kids, soak it all in. Fenway's the most special place in the world. I guess you can say I grew up here.

EXT. FENWAY PARK BLEACHERS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A fifteen year old Peter is sitting in the bleachers, wearing short pants and waving a Red Sox banner. A WOMAN in her forties who's seen better days sits behind him. She's nursing a beer.

WOMAN

I just love... ballgames, don't you, soldier?

PETER

(HIGH ADOLESCENT VOICE) What?

WOMAN

I said I just love... (TWIRLS HER TONGUE SUGGESTIVELY) ballgames, (THROATY WHISPER) don't you?

PETER

(HIGHER VOICE) What?!

WOMAN

I said I just love ballga... Look
kid, do you wanna do it?

Peter drops the high voice and looks her straight in the eye.
All of a sudden, he's totally poised.

PETER

Okay, Maam. It'll cost you forty
bucks, and I don't do oral.

EXT. FENWAY PARK - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

(KISSES PETER) I'm so glad you talked
us all into playing hookey. This is
so much fun!

PETER

Know what would make it more fun,
Lois? If we took our tops off and
ran onto the field.

LOIS

(INCREDULOUS) Peter, I am not taking
my top off.

PETER

Oh, don't be so provincial.

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.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, hi there, Mr. Weed.

Peter does a long, exaggerated double take.

PETER (CONT'D)

Mr. Weed?

MR. WEED

Peter Griffin? It's a miracle! All your grave illnesses cleared up. In less than an hour!

PETER

Yeah, well, I made a pact with Satan.

(VERY STILTED) Ok, Satan. You did your part. Now here's your gum.

SATAN reaches up from the row below.

SATAN

Oh, crap. 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 at least I thought you were an honest one.

Tomorrow you will stand in the corner all day and get kicked in the groin by the company midget.

Peter sighs, then looks up and notices that his entire family has just witnessed Mr. Weed's outburst. Lois and the kids quickly avert their eyes. Peter hangs his head, embarrassed. 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 is standing beside him.

PETER

I shouldn't let Mr. Weed talk to me like that. 'Specially in front of my family. Now you guys don't respect me anymore.

BRIAN

Don't worry, Peter. (MY COCKY SMIRK)
I think that ship sailed years ago.

PETER

Oh, damn you and your acid tongue!

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Peter and Brian are at the kitchen table. Brian is flipping through a newspaper. He comes across a picture of Cheryl Tiegs.

BRIAN

Ooh, dear me, Cheryl Tiegs. I think we should give back this newspaper, Peter, because apparently, they sold us yesterday's news.

Peter looks at him reproachfully, then covers his mouth and titters.

EXT. GRIFFINS' PORCH - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

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

BRIAN

Thanks. Peter, just go to work tomorrow and make Mr. Weed respect you.

PETER

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

BRIAN

(LOOKS AT HIM) What?

PETER

Tryin' a new catchphrase. (SOTTO)
I think that "make my day" of mine is gettin' a little old.

BRIAN

Peter, make my day is Clint Eastwood's.

PETER

No, no way! My movie came out first.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

A younger Peter, with thick sideburns and a handlebar moustache, stands in front of a gruff looking POLICE LIEUTANANT.

POLICE LIEUTANANT

Listen, O'Hallihee, you can't just go into a bakery and shoot every one in sight cause they're out of donuts.

PETER

(OBVIOUSLY LOOPED OVER WHAT HE'S
REALLY SAYING) Make my day!

POLICE LIEUTANANT

I don't care if you think you did have
(SARCASTIC AIR QUOTES) "justifiable
cause", there's no room in this
precinct for a loose cannon!

PETER

(OBVIOUSLY LOOPED OVER WHAT HE'S
SAYING) Make my day!

INT. HAPPY GO LUCKY TOYS - DAY

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 just starts talking, oblivious.

PETER

Mr. Weed, I have 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 sailors 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, Happy Go Lucky has been bought
out by a... conglomerate.

PETER

A... congongongaga?

Mr. Weed looks out his window. MOVERS are carrying in reclining
chairs, foot massagers, and beer kegs into the office.

MR. WEED

Look at them! Mocking me with their
new furniture, trying to win the
allegiance of my loyal employ... Peter?

Mr. Weed turns around, and notices Peter is no longer there. He's
hunched over one of the huge BEER KEGS with a straw. He's already
totally hammered.

PETER

(SINGING) "Show me the way to go
home, show me the way to go home..."

(STOPS SINGING) I'm serious, I'm
really drunk.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Griffins (minus Peter) are sitting on the couch, watching TV.

INT. "DILBERT" OFFICE - DAY (ON TV)

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 crrrrrrrrrazy!

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

Peter enters, carrying A BUNCH OF LIVE LOBSTERS, nipping away at one of his eyes. He has a big smile on his face.

PETER

Hey, family. Anyone in the mood for
lob -- (IN AGONY) Oh god, one of
them has my pupil!

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

LOIS

(EXHAUSTED, DEEP BREATH) Peter,
we can't afford lobster.

PETER

We can now. I got a raise today!

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

BRIAN

I don't believe it. You impressed
Mr. Weed? Who's a good boy...

PETER

Uh, actually, Brian, the new owners
gave me a raise. They gave everyone
raises. Even Trevor, the bad ass mail
clerk with a heart of gold.

INT. HAPPY GO LUCKY TOYS - DAY (CUTAWAY)

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

PETER

Hi, Trev. Did I get any mail?

Trevor whips out his LETTER OPENER and brandishes it menacingly in
Peter's face.

TREVOR

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 Trevor, knowing him a little better now.

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

PETER

With this extra money I'm making every week, I may never have to work again. That settles it. Starting tomorrow, the Griffins play hookey every day!

Peter picks up the phone.

PETER (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Yes, I would like to pull my children Chris and Meg out of school forever.

LOIS

Peter, put the phone down! (SIGHS WITH RELIEF) Good thing you didn't actually dial a number.

PETER

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

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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 TO READ THE MENU) b...b.. or
the c...c.. or the sa... the sa --

GARY COLEMAN

Whatchu talking about, Willis?

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

LOIS

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

MEG

Yeah, Dad, cause, maybe now I can buy
that new dress I need for the prom.

LOIS

Yeah, honey, and Stewie needs more
baby clothes.

Peter looks at the two of them and chuckles.

PETER

You women and your gold-digging.

Lois and Meg shoot Peter a little glare.

INT. HAPPY GO LUCKY TOYS - DAY

TWO WORKERS are playing ping pong. Mr. Weed walks by. He turns to LEWIS, one of the new owners and begins to argue with him.

MR. WEED

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! And that man is
feeding ice cream to a horse.

PAN TO REVEAL Peter feeding a carton of ice cream to a HORSE.

PETER

Down the hatch, horsey.

The horse pulls his head away, neighs, then kicks it's legs violently up in the air.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, right. You don't like ice cream.

It's hay that you like.

Lewis looks at Peter for a beat, then back at Mr. Weed.

LEWIS

(LIKE JIMMY CAGNEY) Listen, Weed,
you've been giving me lip from the
get go and I don't like it, see.
I don't like it at all.

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

Well, that's the straw and this is
the camel's back! Pack your bags,
slim jim. You just bought yourself
a one way ticket to Nowheresville.

MR. WEED

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

LEWIS

Pshaw, Weed. Any idiot can do your job. Why... (POINTING) even that idiot!

PAN TO REVEAL Lewis is pointing at Peter, who now has his hand up a MONKEY'S behind. We hear the "That Girl" theme and see a brief opening credit type montage of Peter doing a series of adorable things a la Marlo Thomas. (Tripping on a skating rink, running through a park, giving mouth to mouth to a hobo, etc.) Then WE CUT out of the montage, and back into the scene. Mr. Weed storms out of the office indignantly. Lewis walks over to Peter and shakes his hand.

LEWIS

Congratulations, Mr. President.

PETER

Me, President? Thanks, but I don't know if I'm qualified. I mean, I've never even dated a way too ambitious, nad busting woman before.

We hear the sound of A WOMAN **weeping** in the background. Peter shakes his head and sighs.

PETER (CONT'D)

Cynthia, you know we never dated. It was just a little office flirtation.

A STAPLER flies through the air and nails Peter between the legs.

PETER (CONT'D)

Real mature, Cynthia.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. PETER & LOIS' BEDROOM - MORNING**

Lois is under the blankets, Brian on the corner of the bed. Peter is rifling through his closet, making a lot of noise. Brian stirs a little, then shuts his eyes again.

BRIAN

(TALKING IN HIS SLEEP) C'mon,
Roseanne, you know you want it.

Peter walks over to Lois and tries to nudge her awake. She stirs in her sleep as well.

LOIS

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

PETER

(SCREAMS 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. Lois groans.

PETER

(NODS) Too presidential?

LOIS

Peter, what are you doing? It's three
in the morning!

PETER

I can't sleep. Lois, I don't know if
I can do this. The last time I was
President was back in high school and
that didn't work out too good.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A sixteen year old Peter is standing behind a podium.

PETER

Since I kept my promises, I have
no doubt you'll re-elect me for one
more term --

Suddenly, a LARGE KID runs into the auditorium, waving his hands menacingly in the air.

KID #1

Oh no, Willie Horton!

KID #2

(TO PETER) You let him out of
detention, and now he's gonna give
us all wedgies. Boo, Peter!

All the kids boo Peter. Peter turns and glares at a SMALL HAIRY KID with a "Campaign Manager" button.

PETER

Way to go, Dukakis, ya little
swarthy bastard.

INT. PETER & LOIS' BEDROOM - MORNING (BACK TO SCENE)

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) Shut up!

LOIS

(THROUGH HER LAUGHTER) You shut up!

INT. HAPPY GO LUCKY TOYS - DAY

Peter walks into the office and sit at his old work station. Lewis smiles, and leads him over to Mr. Weed's old office. It now says "Peter Griffin" on the door.

LEWIS

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

Peter takes a deep breath, then enters his new office. He looks around in awe.

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.

LANE

I'm Lane, your secretary. What can
I do for you, Mr. Griffin?

PETER

Could you 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 nods respectfully, then exits with an exaggerated sexy walk, humming her own sexy theme song as she does. Peter looks out his window for a few seconds and sighs, no idea what it is he's supposed to do. 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. Then a second later, he begins to unzip his fly.

EXT. PETER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Griffins (minus Peter) are watching TV in the living room.

INT. "WHO'S THE BOSS" LIVING ROOM - DAY (ON TV)

TONY stands beside ANGELA.

TONY

Hey, Angela, you know who the boss
is? Me.

ANGELA

No way, Tony. I'm the boss.

TONY

Get real. I'm the boss.

ANGELA

I pay your salary. Therefore, by
definition, I'm the boss.

TONY

(THINKS, SHRUGS) Fuck you.

(The "fuck" of couse, is bleeped.) Angela stares at him, shocked.

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

CHRIS

Where's Dad? This is the first time
he's ever missed "Who's The Boss."

(HYSTERICAL) Is he dead?!

LOIS

No, Chris, your father isn't dead.

MEG

But it's five thirty. Dad's never
come home from work later than this.

Even when there was that fire.

INT. HAPPY GO LUCKY TOYS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

There's a huge fire raging in the Happy Go Lucky office. SEVERAL FIREMEN are working desperately to put it out. Peter and the rest of the WORKERS are pressed up against the wall. A FIREMAN speaks to the workers through a megaphone.

FIREMAN

Stay still, everyone. Stay totally
still!

PETER

Oh, this is crap. This is just an
excuse to make us stay overtime.

Peter sprints through the thick sheet of flames.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter is sitting on a crowded subway car. He's still on fire. He turns to the GUY sitting beside him.

PETER

Are, are you reading the Sports?

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

LOIS

Be patient, kids. Your father just got a big promotion. He's probably doing something important.

INT. "HAPPY GO LUCKY" EXECUTIVE BATHROOM - DAY

Peter is sitting on a toilet shaped exactly like a royal throne. He's wearing a crown.

PETER

Wow, the executive john really is nicer! Hey, wait a second. They're out of gold toilet paper!

Peter rings a bell. A MAGICAL ELF walks into his stall.

ELF

I'm O'Shannon, your magical elf.
What can I do you, for?

PETER

Well, for one thing, you can cut out that colloquial crap AND GET ME SOME GOLD TOILET PAPER!

O'Shannon lowers his head, rebuked.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Griffins (minus Peter) are eating dinner in total silence. All we hear is the grinding of their cutlery, which for some reason, sounds a hundred times louder than it should. Lois looks up.

LOIS

(SIGHS) It just isn't the same
eating without your father...

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. Peter enters, carrying a bunch of toys. Lois runs over to him like Edith Bunker and smothers him with kisses.

LOIS

How was your day, honey?

PETER

Great. People kept calling me Mr.
Griffin. No one's ever called me
that before.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A CABLE GUY is fixing the television. Peter is standing beside him, his face, shirt, and pants totally covered in chocolate. The Cable Guy hands Peter his bill.

CABLE GUY

Here, sign here, Mr... Mr... Oh,
I'm sorry. I can't say it. I just
don't respect you.

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

PETER

It's fun to go to work. Ya wouldn't
believe the perks! I get to park right
in front of the handicapped bathroom.
And they let me bring home some of
our new toys. Here, kids!

Peter hands them each a toy.

CHRIS

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

MEG

I got "Chain Smoking Barbie!"

STEWIE

What the deuce. I got C. Everett Coop.

Stewie pulls a lever on his C. Everett Coop doll.

C. EVERETT COOP DOLL

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

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?

PETER

Fun toys, Lois. (READING A LABEL)

"For the curious little toddler on the go."

Brian glances up from his Wall Street Journal.

BRIAN

Peter, what's the name of the company that bought you guys again?

PETER

Matel. (QUICKLY) One "t", one "l".

BRIAN

I knew it! They're a subsidiary of
Garrett Morris. The largest cigarette
manufacturer in the world! Those are
the bastards that turned me into a
smoker in the first place.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

This sequence is shot in black and white. Brian is on the floor,
perched in front of a 1950's style TV.

INT. "HOWDY DOODY MEDICAL HOUR" - DAY (ON TV)

BUFFALO BOB and HOWDY DOODY wheel a bloody PATIENT into an
operating room. Buffalo Bob and Howdy Doody are smoking.

BUFFALO BOB

Hey, Howdy Doody, it looks like this
young man is suffering from post
concussion trauma.

HOWDY DOODY

Yeah, Buffalo Bob. Let's operate!

BUFFALO BOB

Okay, Howdy Doody.

Buffalo Bob turns to a PRETTY NURSE.

BUFFALO BOB (CONT'D)

Wannna go out this Satuday?

Howdy Doody laughs.

HOWDY DOODY

Not that kind of operate, silly!

(THEN, GRAVELY SERIOUS) Scalpel.

Buffalo Bob hands him a scalpel.

HOWDY DOODY

Clamp.

Buffalo Bob hands him a clamp.

HOWDY DOODY

Cigarette.

BUFFALO BOB

But you're already smoking!

HOWDY DOODY

I know. But Lucky Golds are so good
you'll want to smoke two at a time.

Howdy Doody holds up a pack of Lucky Golds.

BUFFALO BOB

Yeah, Howdy Doody. Especially now
that they come in rootin tootin good,
extra menthol plus!

PATIENT

(LEANS UP) Can I have one?

Buffalo Bob and Howdy Doody put their hands on their hips.

HOWDY DOODY

I thought you had post concussion
syndrome, Mister!

The Patient lights up a cigarette and takes a single puff.

PATIENT

Not anymore. Thanks to Lucky Golds!

All three of them smile at the camera and start to chain smoke at
an absurdly fast rate.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM (BLACK & WHITE) - NIGHT

Brian looks up at the TV, mesmerized. He reaches down for a pack of Lucky Golds and starts to smoke.

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

BRIAN

I can't support those monsters anymore.

I... I'm gonna quit.

Brian holds up his arms, waiting for a big reaction. No one even looks at him.

LOIS

Peter, you have to talk to these people. You cannot let them peddle cigarettes to children!

PETER

But I'm really raking in the dough now. Just, just think what I can afford for you guys in a couple of years.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

Peter stands on the Griffins' lawn with a ten foot GORILLA. The family looks on from the porch.

PETER

Say something, Mongo!

GORILLA

Not now. (A LITTLE OVERWHELMED)

I'm taking it all in.

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

LOIS

What those people are doing is obscene.
Promise me you'll talk to them first
thing tomorrow!

PETER

Okay, honey, but actually, I kinda
think this is obscene.

Peter takes Lois aside, then whips out a magazine called "AMORAL
SKANKS," and opens it to the centerfold. Lois gags.

PETER

(NODS) Am I right?

INT. HAPPY GO LUCKY BOARDROOM - DAY

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

PETER

Gentlemen, my wife wants me to
talk to you about --

LEWIS

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

PETER

Sorry, sir. I don't have time to go
through channels. My wife is really
upset. She doesn't think you should
sell cigarettes to kids.

LEWIS

Good heavens, neither do we.

PETER

But, but, uh... you put cigarettes
in your toys.

Peter picks up a Choo-Choo the Smoking Train toy off the table and pulls out a cigarette from under the hood.

LEWIS

(BEAT) That's not a cigarette. It's
a slice of toast.

PETER

Wait a second. (POINTS AT CIGARETTE)

That's a "slice of toast?"

Lewis and several of the owners nod their heads in agreement.
Peter chuckles.

PETER (CONT'D)

Boy, is Lois' face gonna be red.

LEWIS

Good. Now don't come in here anymore.
This is where we do (SLOWLY, LIKE IT'S
A BIG WORD) business.

PETER

But aren't I like the president?

LEWIS

Right. And you have more important
things to worry about. 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 nine fifteen. We do a dissolve and come back on the clock again. It now says nine twenty. Even though only five minutes have elapsed, we now see that all the men around the table have long beards.

LEWIS

Like uh... Keeping morale high!

Yeah, that's it. Your job is to
keep morale high.

Peter smiles: "I can do that."

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? (HIGH VOICE) Combie.
Combie, oh really? Where you from?
(AS "COMBIE") Hair and there.

All the workers double over in laughter, then turn to each other.

WORKERS

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.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

All the Griffins (minus Peter) are sitting around the table.

CHRIS

Where's Dad?

CHRIS (CONT'D)

He was supposed to read me a story.
About a lonely widower and a man just
passing through. (OVERCOME WITH
SUSPICION NOW) IS DAD DEAD?!

LOIS

(EXASPERATED) Your father isn't dead!
He's just working late. Again. At
that despicable... Brian, don't snack
before dinner.

BRIAN

Screw off.

LOIS

What?!

BRIAN

Sorry, Lois. It's been three days
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, in an Armani suit.

PETER

Hello, family.

Peter picks up the entire pot roast off the table and takes a bite.
Then he puts it back down on the tray and turns around.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sorry to eat and run.

PETER (CONT'D)

But I've got a morale management seminar down at the Hilton.

LOIS

Peter, this is insane! You know, maybe I could accept all this if you were away all the time doing something good --

PETER

I am, Lois! Since I took over as president, profits have been higher than Barbara Mandrell.

INT. NASHVILLE MANSION - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

BARBARA MANDRELL watches Family Guy, her jaw open.

BARBARA MANDRELL

What the hell did he just say?

She turns to A MAN sitting at a desk.

BARBARA MANDRELL (CONT'D)

Joel --

JOEL

I'm suing, I'm suing. I'm on it, I'm on it.

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

LOIS

The only reason profits are up is cause you're SELLING CIGARETTES!

PETER

Well, smart guy, if I'm not doin' a good job, how come they're flying me to North Carolina this weekend for the company retreat?

CHRIS

Oh, no! You can't go away this weekend. You'll miss my dance recital!!

PETER

Don't you worry, son. I'll find a way to do both.

Peter gives Lois a "Yeah, right" wink, then walks out the door. Lois sits down and hangs her head. The room is silent for a second or two.

MEG

Brian...

WIDEN TO REVEAL Brian is now dangling Stewie out the window. Brian looks up at 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 CAR - MORNING

Peter is driving, several suitcases in the front seat beside him. He looks out the window suddenly and sees a dishevelled Mr. Weed hanging out on a corner, begging for change. Peter pulls over.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MORNING

Peter walks slowly over to Mr. Weed.

PETER

So. The hunter has become the hunted.

MR. WEED

(FAINT) 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 out of a plane and tries to look around. The air is completely fogged over with cigarette smoke. Several smoke rings appear in the sky and spell out: "Welcome to North Carolina."

EXT. NORTH CAROLINA STREET - DAY

Peter walks, suitcases in hand. He passes SEVERAL TEENAGERS on the corner, smoking, all with trach-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 "Garrett Morris." Harrison misses an easy putt.

PETER

Why so tense, chairman of the broad?

HARRISON

(CHUCKLES) "Chairman of the broad."

That's some funny stuff, Griffin.

PETER

I have writers.

Peter points behind him to a COUPLE OF WRITERS, drawn 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!"

(WAITS FOR A LAUGH, THEN TURNS TO THE
WRITERS) Hey, I thought you guys said
you wrote for "Mash."

WRITER #1

"AfterMash."

Writer #2 elbows him: "Shut up, stupid!" Peter gestures for them to hit the road. HARRISON turns to Peter. He sighs.

HARRISON

Some congressmen want us to stop
marketing cigarettes to kids.

PETER

What's their problem?! I mean, it's
not like smoking's bad for you.

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

HARRISON

Yeah, you're right. I mean cigarettes
are nutritious.

PETER

(FINALLY) Thank you!

HARRISON

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

PETER

And we all know how good tar is for
roads!

HARRISON

Are... are you for real?

PETER

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

Peter holds his breasts up for Harrison to see. Harrison looks away. Then he looks back and nods, impressed, despite himself.

INT. HEAD OFFICE - DAY

Harrison bursts into the boardroom where several of the company's executives are convening.

HARRISON

Gentlemen, I just found the perfect
pro-tobacco lobbyist to send to
Washington. Someone so stupid,
so brain dead, so ill informed, he
can actually sing the praises of
smoking without perjuring himself!

The executives smile for a beat, then look at Harrison.

EXECUTIVE #1

Sir, can't he hear you?

Harrison walks beside Peter and removes two huge cotton balls out of his ears.

PETER

What?

HARRISON

Mr. Griffin, how would you like to
go to Washington?!

PETER

(CONFUSED) Aren't I in Washington?

All the executives look at each other, then pat Harrison on the back.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Chris is on stage, doing a very bizarre, disturbing interpretive dance. 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, and that was Daddy's favorite
interpretive dance.

Suddenly, we hear Lane's sexy theme music. Lois turns.

LANE

Mrs. Griffin? Peter won't be able
to make it. He's on his way to
Washington right now.

LOIS

Washington? Well... Who the hell
are you?

LANE

His secretary. But here. He sent
a telegram.

LOIS

(READING) "Knock him dead, Craig."
Oh, this is too much. Oh Peter, now
you don't even have the time or
courtesy to deal with us your --

BRIAN (O.S.)

Hey!

PAN TO REVEAL Brian standing at the end of the row. Since we last
saw him a few scenes ago, he's gained twenty pounds, has bags under
his eyes, and features an intricate series of nervous ticks.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

WILL... YOU... SHUT... UP! TRYING
TO WATCH... RECITAL HERE!!

Stewie sneezes. Brian turns slowly towards him, then hits him with
a quick right to the jaw. Lois looks on in horror.

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

Peter, I just scheduled you to testify
before congress in two days!

PETER

Congress? I didn't know they had a
branch in Washington.

HARRISON

(LOOKS AT HIM) Yeah... now, before you
tell them how good smoking is, we've
got to make sure people see you for the
truthful, credible witness you are.

INT. SMALL WINDOWLESS ROOM - DAY

Peter is hooked up to a lie detector. A stoic looking INTERVIEWER in a lab coat sits beside him. Harrison watches them from behind an observation window.

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 knocks Peter out with a single punch.

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 - NIGHT

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

JOHN McCLAUGHLIN

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?

PAT BUCHANAN

(THICK GERMAN ACCENT) I vill take cig! I vill take cig!

Peter hands Pat Buchanan a cigarette.

PETER

Who's next? (TO ELEANOR CLIFT) How about you, ya secretly in love with Clinton frigid from the waist down democratic floozy?

ELEANOR CLIFT

(BEAT) Sure!

Peter hands her a cigarette, then looks back at John McLaughlin. Peter waves a cigarette towards him temptingly. After a few seconds, John McLaughlin looks at Peter and rolls his eyes.

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

(SMILES, SHEEPISH) Okay, okay, you
knucklehead. Give me a cigarette.

Peter hands him a cigarette and all five panelists just sit in silence for several seconds and smoke.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lois is sitting at the dinner table with the family, watching "The McLaughlin Group" on the small set in the kitchen. Lois stares at the screen in slack jawed amazement.

LOIS

Oh my god. Peter, how could you?!
It's one thing to not stand up to
those greedy bastards at work...
But to go on national TV and tell
everyone smoking is okay. It's the
worst thing you've ever --

Suddenly, Lois covers her mouth in horror. PAN slowly to REVEAL Stewie, in his high chair, a cigarette in his mouth. He suavely pulls a gold lighter out of his bib, lights his cigarette, and begins to take a few puffs.

STEWIE

(COULDN'T BE MORE CASUAL) You know
who I saw at the market today --

LOIS

Bad Stewie, bad Stewie, bad Stewie...

Lois leaps across the table and yanks the lit cigarette out of Stewie's mouth. She whips it into the trash can.

LOIS (CONT'D)

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

Lois leads the family quickly out of the kitchen. We stay on the empty kitchen for a few seconds. Then Brian walks back in. He stares zombie like at the still burning cigarette in the trash can.

LOIS (O.S.)

Brian.

BRIAN

In a second...

Suddenly, Lois' hand enters the frame and yanks Brian out of the kitchen. As Brian is being dragged off, he waves his paw in the air.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh, you want some of this too?

INT. WASHINGTON HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Peter is sitting in his hotel lobby, surrounded by a crowd of Washington insiders, among them, BOB DOLE and HILLARY CLINTON.

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.

Hillary Clinton puts her arm around Peter.

HILLARY CLINTON

Hillary Clinton. I'm a big fan --

PETER

Sir, could you please not put your
arm around me? I'm married.

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

LOIS

There you are! Brian, show Chris and Meg around town. I want to speak to your father.

MEG

(NERVOUS) I don't mind staying here.

LOIS

Do it!

Meg follows Brian, a healthy distance behind him.

INT. PETER'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

PETER

So, what brings you to Washington, Lois?

LOIS

(SMOLDERING) I'll tell you what brings me here. (SHOVES STEWIE IN HIS FACE) Our infant son was smoking. Because of you!!

PETER

Stewie was smoking? What brand?

LOIS

What?! What difference does it make?

PETER

A lot, Lois. I heard a few of the brands might not be that healthy.

LOIS

None of them are! Wake up, Peter.

LOIS (CONT'D)

You've traded everything good and decent in your life for this. For this! A product that causes cancer and destroys people's lives!

STEWIE

Oh, mother. This must be bad for your back. Heels and a soapbox.

PETER

Lois, you're wrong. Some of our most talented and smartest people smoke. 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 that does in fact prove it. Peter looks down at it, then walks unsteadily towards the bed. He sits down.

PETER (CONT'D)

What can I do? I've already gotten paid to be an expert witness. And I gotta speak to congress in an hour. That's sixty minutes, Lois! Just like the show.

INT. TICKING CLOCK - DAY (CUTAWAY)

We see the familiar stopwatch and hear the trademark ticking clock. Over the stopwatch is the logo "60 Minutes 111." CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

HARVEY FIERSTEIN and ED BRADLEY are sitting across from each other.

ED BRADLEY

Mr. Fierstein, we have receipts.

Actual receipts, that prove that
you're gay.

HARVEY FIERSTEIN

Receipts? What the hell are you
talking about? Everyone knows I'm gay.
I've been open about it. I'm proud of
it! How did you get in here?

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

LOIS

Peter, you can still do the right
thing.

PETER

No. If I say smoking's bad, they'll
can my ass. And I won't be on C-Span!!
That's the coolest channel on TV.

INT. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES - DAY (ON TV)

A SENATOR is standing behind a small podium. On the bottom right hand corner of the screen is a grid that says "U.S. HOUSE" on the top, "C-SPAN LIVE" on the bottom. On the bottom left hand corner, it says, "JESSE HELMS, R - SOUTH CAROLINA."

JESSE HELMS

Gentleman, 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 representatives 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. WASHINGTON TOUR BUS - DAY

Brian is sitting beside the tour bus driver. He couldn't look any crazier. Meg and Chris are sitting a few rows back.

BRIAN

(THROUGH A PRETEND MEGAPHONE) Over there, that's the Smithsonian and if you look out the left side of the bus, you can see the White House, and right over there, that's Disneyland.

CHRIS

No, it isn't!

Brian slowly puts down his pretend megaphone.

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 takes the wheel. Chris, Meg, and Stewie careen back and forth hard against the sides of the bus.

INT. CONGRESS - DAY

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. Chris, Meg, and Stewie all have bandages on their head.

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.

Peter clicks on a slide projector, and gestures toward a screen.

PETER (CONT'D)

Smoking can make a virgin popular.

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT (ON THE SCREEN)

MIKE FARRELL walks over to a SKANKY LOOKING WOMAN at the bar.

MIKE FARRELL

Hi, I'm Mike Farrell.

The Woman just looks at him.

MIKE FARRELL (CONT'D)

I was B.J. on "Mash."

She shrugs.

MIKE FARRELL (CONT'D)

I'm on "Providence" now.

Again no reaction.

MIKE FARRELL (CONT'D)

I have smokes.

He takes a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. She smiles, and immediately slides over her hotel key.

INT. CONGRESS - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

Smoking also is 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 way in the back and sees that the hacking smoker's cough is coming from... Stewie. Lois taps Stewie gently on the back, then restrains him as he tries to take a drag off A MAN'S cigarette in front of him. Lois leaps out of her chair, and holds Stewie, who continues to cough horribly.

LOIS

Are you happy now, Peter? Your
precious baby is suffering!

Stewie jumps out of her arms and sprints over to the smoking Man. He yanks the cigarette from his mouth, and begins to puff wildly away. He coughs violently, takes a beat, then puts the cigarette right back in his mouth. Peter watches all this in horror.

PETER

Oh my god... (SIGHS) I'm sorry, I
can't do this anymore. Smoking is
bad for you. It killed Yul Brynner
and John Wayne Gacey.

Peter's boss, Harrison, taps the floor with his cane and shoots Peter a dirty look. A second later, 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.

ANOTHER CONGRESSMAN 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.

ANOTHER CONGRESSMEN 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 Garrett Morris Incorporated
(DOES HIS OWN DRUMROLL) ...infinity
billion dollars!

CONGRESSMAN #1

That's the spirit, Frank. But I
think a real number might be more
effective. All those in favor of
fining this evil tobacco giant 100
million dollars, say "Aye!"

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

HARRISON

You can't do that. You'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 congressman pound their hands down on their seats and yell
"Hear, hear." Lois beams with pride. Peter turns around.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thanks for that clever line, boys.

PAN BACK to reveal the Two Writers we saw previously.

WRITER #1

(SHRUGS) We're better at drama.

PETER

Oh, well look, I can't hire you,
but have you tried "Futurama?"

The three of them share a laugh.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter and the Griffins are on their way to the airport. Lois smiles at Peter, then gives him a huge kiss. Peter smiles back at her. Brian looks out the window, an eerie look of calm in his eyes.

BRIAN

Stop here.

EXT. ARLINGTON CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Brian gets out of the car, holding a cigarette. Then he walks over to the Eternal Flame and lights it. He inhales, and then smiles. Lois sticks her head out the window.

LOIS

Brian... how could you? (VERY
PISSED) Peter, keep driving.

Peter drives quickly away. Brian shrugs, then sits down on a grave and continues smoking away.

INT. HAPPY GO LUCKY TOYS - DAY

Everything is back to the way it was at work. The reclining chairs, ping pong tables, and beer kegs are gone. Back once again is Mr. Weed. He stands in front of his old employees.

MR. WEED

(ARCH) I bet you're wondering how ol'
Mr. Weed got his job back. (CASUAL)
Well, it's not that complicated.

MR. WEED (CONT'D)

The new owners went belly up, and I decided to buy the company myself. I have a lot of money put away. (ARCH AGAIN) Now that I am back in charge, everything will be just as it was. Oh, except for one thing. (CALLING OFF SCREEN) 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 does.

END OF SHOW