



FAMILY GUY

"Holy Crap"

Production #JACX11

Written by
Danny Smith

Created by
Seth MacFarlane

Executive Producers

David Zuckerman
Seth MacFarlane



RECORD DRAFT (BLUE)
November 5, 1998

"Holy Crap!"

CAST LIST FOR #1ACX11:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
MEG GRIFFIN.....LACEY CHABERT (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
ANNOUNCER.....SETH MACFARLANE
CAPTAIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
CARDINAL #1.....SETH MACFARLANE
DIANE.....LORI ALAN (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)
FRANCIS.....COLM MEANY (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
GNOME #1.....CARLOS ALAZRAQUI (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
GNOME #2.....DANNY SMITH
GRANDMA/WOMAN.....TBD (SUB: ANDREW GORMLEY)
GUARD.....TBD (SUB:SETH MACFARLANE)
ISAAC.....SETH MACFARLANE
LAURA.....BORSTEIN (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)
MAN #1.....TBD (SUB: ANDREW GORMLEY)
MAN #2.....SETH MACFARLANE
MILK OWNER.....SETH MACFARLANE
MR. WEED.....CARLOS ALAZRAQUI (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
PEWTERSCHMIDT.....SETH MACFARLANE
POPE.....TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
PRIEST.....SETH MACFARLANE
PRISONER #1.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
PRISONER #2.....TBD (SUB: ANDREW GORMLEY)
RACE JUDGE.....SETH MACFARLANE
ROAD MANAGER.....CARLOS ALAZRAQUI (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)
ROWDY FAN.....SETH GREEN (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
SERGEANT.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)
TOM.....SETH MACFARLANE
WORKER #1.....ANDREW GORMLEY
WORKER #2.....TBD (SUB: RICKY BLITT)
WORKER #3 (JUAQUIN/TREVOR).....TBD (SUB:DANNY SMITH)
ZEKE THE MOODY DRIFTER DOLL.....DANNY SMITH

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The whole family (except for Peter) is watching TV.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (ON TV)

A DOCTOR addresses a female PATIENT.

DOCTOR

Mrs. Lipstein, I have bad news. The tumor is malignant. I'm afraid you only have six months to live.

MRS. LIPSTEIN

Oh, my God!

CUT TO BLACK SCREEN (with text)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Got milk?

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

PETER enters.

PETER

Listen up, everybody. Francis Griffin is finally retiring!

MEG

Who's Francis Griffin?

PETER

He's my father, Meg. That would make him your brother's grandfather. On your father's side. No, wait, that would make him... you.

LOIS

He's your Grandpa Griffin, kids.

CHRIS

Is he that guy who smells like
firewood and has those big, gray
pussy-willows in his ears?

LOIS

Chris, that's a terrible word. Pussy-
willows.

PETER

My Dad worked at that mill for sixty
years. That's almost eighty years!
Tomorrow night they're throwing a big
dinner and we're all gonna be there
to honor him.

MEG

Honor him? We barely know him.

CHRIS

Yeah, how come he never visits us?

LOIS

Well, kids, your Grandfather has
never been comfortable with the fact
that I'm not Catholic.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Bells are ringing as newlyweds Peter and LOIS exit the
church. They approach their car which has been decorated.
The back window says, "Just Married..." We PAN DOWN to see
that scrawled below it is: "To A Protestant Whore."

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

PETER

Hey, Dad loves all of us. He's just
too busy working to show it.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

It's been that way ever since I was
a kid.

EXT. COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A banner reads "QUAHOG FATHER AND SON FESTIVAL." A RACE
JUDGE prepares to hand out prizes at a podium.

RACE JUDGE

And now, the winners of the father-
son three-legged race. First place,
Bobby Hamel and his dad. Second
place, Jimmy Lawson and his dad.

We see the TWO BOYS with legs tied to their HAPPY DADS.

RACE JUDGE (CONT'D)

Third place -- Peter Griffin and a
stalk of corn.

We see YOUNG PETER (10) with a stalk of corn tied to his leg.

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

PETER

Now that he's retiring, me and him
can finally spend some time together.
I want us to have one of those father-
son moments, like on T.V. You know,
where we hug, and the music goes "La-
la-la."

We hear a father/son music cue. REVEAL A SMALL BAND OF
MUSICIANS nearby. Peter peels off a few bills and tips the
musicians.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thanks, boys. Just like that.

BRIAN

Can you guys do that fluttery thing,
like when the Brady kids run down the
stairs?

The musicians play that fluttery thing. Suddenly the six
BRADY KIDS run down the Griffins' stairs and out the door.
Cindy stops and addresses the Griffins.

CINDY

I don't want to tattle, but ith Bobby
really a doctor?

The musicians play the "someone's in trouble" trombone cue.

- EXT./ESTAB. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

INT. BANQUET HALL - SAME

Peter and the family sit with Peter's Dad, FRANCIS, who
slurps from a bowl of soup. Peter beams with pride.

PETER

You know, Dad, watching you eat soup
reminds me of all the times I'd stare
at your empty spot at the table and
wished I was watching you eat soup.

Francis doesn't respond.

LOIS

Peter, I don't think he heard you.

FRANCIS

I heard him.

CHRIS tugs at his tie and stares at the hair in Francis'
ears. MEG leans over to Lois.

MEG

Mom, I can't eat. I'm too grossed
out by Grandpa's ears.

CHRIS

(WITH WONDER) I know, they're like a
big, grey enchanted forest.

LOIS

Kids. Your grandfather's ears are
not gross, and they are certainly not
an enchanted forest.

We ZOOM IN on Francis' left ear.

EXT. FRANCIS' LEFT EAR - CONTINUOUS

The hair is like a flowing field of wheat. A pair of tiny
hands part the hair, and TWO BEARDED MYSTICAL GNOMES peer
out. They speak in a strange tongue.

GNOME #1

Merdre ning trompsodian fitz!

A subtitle reads: "WE MUST RUN TO THE MEADOW AND DANCE AT
ONCE."

GNOME #2

Pez hep. Ichobodian groolster.

A subtitle reads: "YOU FIRST. I'M SELF-CONSCIOUS." We PULL
BACK OUT.

INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

The MILL OWNER is at the podium with a gold watch. He blows
a "party horn".

MILL OWNER

But seriously. Tonight we at
Pawtucket Mills celebrate the career
of our oldest and most dedicated
employee, Francis Griffin. Francis?

There is polite applause as Francis walks to the podium.
Peter cheers and claps. Francis takes the watch and surveys
the room.

FRANCIS

At Mass this morning, it occurred to me that I may never see any of your faces again. I just want to say that Jesus loves you. But in my eyes, you're a bunch of sinners and slackers who have forced a hard-working old man to retire! So you can take this shiny watch and shove it where the naughty leprechauns dance! Bless you all. Let's eat.

Peter and Lois sit ashen-faced. In his high chair, STEWIE eyes Francis with a broad smile.

STEWIE

I adore this man.

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Peter drives the family home. Francis is in front.

PETER

That was some speech, Dad.

LOIS

Yes, it's a shame Grandma wasn't there to hear it.

FRANCIS

Bless her heart, she's on another one of her prayer missions in Las Vegas. Lord knows there's plenty of souls to be saved out there.

INT. LAS VEGAS CASINO - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

We see GRANDMA at a blackjack table, drinking and smoking. She checks her cards, then growls to the dealer.

GRANDMA

Hit me, you five card stud.

Grandma cackles, then launches into a smoker's hacking fit.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

(THROUGH HER COUGHING) Cocktail!

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

FRANCIS

Aye, she's a rose. Pity you couldn't find yourself a nice Irish-Catholic girl, Peter.

LOIS

(SARCASTIC) Oh, Francis, this must be embarrassing for you. I'm in the car.

BRIAN

So, Francis, what do you have planned for your retirement?

FRANCIS

I don't know. I never gave it much thought. I just assumed I'd have a heart attack at work and slump over dead onto me kick press. (WISTFUL) It was always a dream of mine.

PETER

Well, it's always been a dream of mine for you to come stay with us. You and me can finally spend some time together.

FRANCIS

I don't want to be a bother.

PETER

It's no bother. Is it Lois?

LOIS

(DREADING IT) Of course not. It'll be fun.

FRANCIS

You're a good woman, Lois. Perhaps you won't burn in hell after all. Maybe you'll just go to purgatory, with all the unbaptized babies.

PETER

Hey, there you go, Lois. You love kids.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Peter (in his bathrobe) and Lois (who wears a flannel nightgown) watch in the doorway as Francis tells Stewie a story. BRIAN lays nearby.

PETER

Look at that, Lois. Dad's readin' Stewie to sleep, (FONDLY) just like he never did for me.

FRANCIS

So God cast the pagans and sinners into the fiery bowels of hell, where their flesh burned in agony forever and ever. (SOFTLY) The end.

Stewie puts his thumb in his mouth, sighs contentedly, and drifts off to sleep with a smile. Lois takes him from Francis.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Ahh, children love a good bedtime
story from the Bible.

BRIAN

You mean like when God told Abraham
to kill Isaac?

EXT. SOMEWHERE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

We start CLOSE on ABRAHAM LINCOLN. WIDEN TO REVEAL he's on
the deck of the Love Boat. We PAN with him as he walks over
to a bar, where ISAAC THE BARTENDER mixes drinks. Isaac
gives him his patented double gun salute.

ISAAC

Hey--

Abraham Lincoln pulls out two six-shooters and blows Isaac
away.

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

PETER

Dad, I set up the roll-away in the
den.

FRANCIS

Ooh! A roll-away bed. Aren't we
high on the hog? I had a roll-away
bed myself when I was a lad. It was
called the back of a horse cart!
I'll bunk in with you and the boys.

LOIS

Well, Francis, the boys have their
own rooms. And Peter and I sleep
together.

Francis slowly turns to look at Peter, disgusted.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Francis, we're married.

FRANCIS

Not in the eyes of the Church,
you're not.

PETER

C'mon, Lois, you sleep with Meg
tonight and Dad and I'll stay in our
room. It'll be fun!

INT. PETER & LOIS' BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Peter is sitting cross-legged on the bed in his pajamas,
reading a Teen Beat-style magazine.

PETER

Okay, Dad. Number five. Who do you
think is cuter, TV heart-throb Scott
Valentine or movie megastar Andrew
McCarthy? (CHECKS MAGAZINE COVER)
Geez, how old is this thing?

Francis is kneeling on the side of the bed with his rosary.

FRANCIS

Shut your gob, lad! I'm praying!
And you'd best do the same.

Peter kneels next to Francis.

PETER

Now I lay me down to sleep, I thank
the Lord for Quantum Leap.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Yea, though I walk through the Big
Valley of the White Shadow, hail Mary
Hartman, full of Grace Under Fire,
Amen. And the Jeffersons.

Peter looks to Francis for approval. He's still praying.
Peter resumes praying. He does that thing with his hands
where he folds his middle fingers over, then twists his hands
around to make one long wagging finger. Francis glares at
him. Peter quickly resumes normal praying position. He
subtly glances at his watch, bored.

EXT. ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

The sun is just beginning to rise.

INT. GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

The family (plus Francis) enters from outside. They're all
dressed in church clothes.

LOIS

(TRYING TO STIFLE A YAWN) That was a
lovely service, Francis.

MEG

Yeah, it was super. And only three
more hours 'til school.

CHRIS

I didn't even know there was a five
A.M. Mass. I didn't even know there
was a five A.M. (TO LOIS) What else
haven't you told me?

FRANCIS

Peter, these children talk like they
don't go to Mass every morning.

PETER

They do. It's just that we normally go at six A.M. But, that was great, Dad. You and I haven't been to church together since I was a little kid. Boy, those were good times, huh?

INT. CHURCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A ceremony (in Latin) is in progress. YOUNG PETER (6) sits next to FRANCIS. Peter looks terrified as Francis points to the (o.s.) crucifix.

FRANCIS

(INTENSE WHISPER) Look at the nails, lad! Right through his feet! Remember that next time you prattle on about your ill-fittin' shoes!

INT. GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)

STEWIE

I rather like this God fellow. Very theatrical, you know. A pestilence here and a plague there. Omnipotence! Gotta get me some of that, mm?

FRANCIS

Peter, if you're such a devout Catholic like I taught you, why haven't you set a date for Stewie's christening?

PETER

Uh... I was shaving.

LOIS

(JUMPING IN) Francis, why don't I make us a nice traditional Irish breakfast? Big boiled potatoes and toast. Would you like wheat or rye bread?

FRANCIS

White. Save your fancy-pants bread for your next pagan ritual, where you'll no doubt be slaughtering farm animals.

LOIS

(SIMMERING) Peter...

PETER

Rye bread for me, Lois. And if you're slaughtering farm animals, I'll take a pig and a chicken.

Peter smiles at his father, who ignores him. Lois sighs.

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

INT. HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY

Francis **swats** the closed bathroom door with the newspaper.

FRANCIS

Open this door! Open it, I say!

We hear the toilet flush. Chris appears in the open door.

CHRIS

Sorry, Grandpa. Uh, you might want to give that a minute or two.

Francis points a warning finger at Chris.

FRANCIS

I know what you were doing in there,
and it's a sin!

CHRIS

But I do it every day. Sometimes
twice.

FRANCIS

Well, mark my words, if you ever do
that again, you'll burn in hell!
(SUDDENLY AFFECTIONATE) I swear,
you're getting taller by the minute.

He tousles Chris' hair and exits. Chris shudders and backs
away from the bathroom.

INT. GRIFFINS' SIDE PORCH - LATER THAT DAY

Meg enters with her school books.

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Megan!

MEG

Ahh!

She jumps and turns to see Francis glaring at her. He sits
stiffly on a box, reading a Bible. Meg is very uncomfortable.

FRANCIS

How was school?

MEG

Um... good. Kyle walked me home.

FRANCIS

Kyle? Is she in your class?

MEG

Kyle is a guy. He lives next door.

FRANCIS

(MOCKING HER) "He lives next door."

To a harlot!

MEG

Grandpa, we were just holding hands.

FRANCIS

Well, it'll be easy for him to take
your hand when God strikes your
sinful heart with leprosy! (THEN)

Lord, it's great to see you kids.

He kisses a stunned Meg's forehead and enters into the house.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lois and Brian are watching TV.

INT. THE OLD "DICK VAN DYKE SHOW" SET - DAY (ON TV)

The "Dick Van Dyke" theme plays. ROB enters and kisses LAURA, who gestures to BUDDY and SALLY. Rob starts towards them and trips over his ottoman. He gets up and brushes himself off, laughing. He crosses to the closet and stubs his toe on the step up to the landing. He limps to the closet and opens the door. From inside, a SOUTH AMERICAN PYGMY shoots a dart into his neck with a blow-gun. Rob grips his neck, then trips on a throw rug. Then, an anvil drops from above onto his head. His body spasms, then stops.

LAURA

Oh, Rob!

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

Francis enters and looks at the TV with scorn. He changes the channel.

LOIS

Francis, we were watching that!

FRANCIS

Well, I'll tell you how it ends.
There's a talent show, and they all
go to hell!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Now, back to the Christian Science
Fiction Channel's presentation, "The
Most Scary Planet."

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - NIGHT (ON TV)

Three MEN stand near each other in silver space suits (a la
"The Twilight Zone"). Man #2 has a high-tech device.

MAN #1

Captain, we've crash-landed on a
planet where they don't worship Jesus!

MAN #2

Affirmative, sir. I'm not picking up
a single trace of Christianite!

CAPTAIN

Good Friday! What kind of alien heck
is this?

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

BRIAN

This is crap.

FRANCIS

Now you too, Brian? Are those paws
you've got, or cloven hooves?

Brian and Lois exchange annoyed looks.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THAT EVENING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - THAT EVENING

Lois is angrily cooking dinner. Brian sits at the table.
Peter enters.

PETER

Heya, honey. Hope you and my Dad
aren't having too much fun without me.

LOIS

Peter, I love you, and I love that
you love your father, but if you two
don't have your father-son moment
soon, I'm gonna go on a five-state
killing spree.

BRIAN

I'll drive.

LOIS

I don't know what you think is gonna
happen. He's done nothing but
criticize you since he got here.

PETER

That's all gonna change tonight,
Lois. (HOLDS UP TICKETS) Baseball.
The magic of baseball has brought
fathers and sons together for
millions of years. You'll see.

EXT. MCCOY STADIUM - NIGHT

Peter, Chris, Stewie, and a sour-looking Francis sit in the
stands watching the PAWTUCKET RED SOX (a minor league team)
play the TOLEDO MUD HENS.

PETER

Wow, I've been waiting for this moment for a long time. Three generations of Griffin men together at their first ballgame, eh?

Francis grunts. He looks bored.

PETER (CONT'D)

Stewie's having fun.

ANGLE ON STEWIE sitting next to a ROWDY FAN.

ROWDY FAN

Kill the umpire!

STEWIE

(GLEEFUL) Yes, yes, remove his protective body armor and stab him!

Peter spots a HOT DOG GUY.

PETER

Hey, who wants a Fenway frank?
Nothing says, "Please talk to me, Daddy" like a Fenway frank.

Chris holds his bloated stomach.

CHRIS

No thanks. I don't want to go to hell.

PETER

What're you talking about, they're Kosher. (CALLING) Hey, hot dog guy!

FRANCIS

I'll get 'em.

PETER

No, Dad, they bring 'em to you.

FRANCIS

Well, la-de-da. Maybe you're used to sittin' on your arse gettin' food brought to you, but where I come from, we plant our own hot dogs and pray for a good harvest. I'm not a broken-down old mule! I can still work! I can still take orders!

Francis storms off up the stairs. Peter tries to put a good face on it.

PETER

Great! Then get us four crackerjacks and three peanuts. And hurry back.

I got a surprise for you and--

On the JumboTron, we see the words, "DAD, I LOVE YOU, PETER."

PETER (CONT'D)

Dad! Hey, Dad, look! Dad!

But Francis is gone. Peter is disappointed.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aw, crap. That was money well spent.

ANGLE ON STEWIE -- He turns to the Rowdy Fan.

STEWIE

(STILL EXCITED) Why does that man drop his club before he runs around?

I would bring it with me!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lois and Brian are watching news. Peter is looking out the window, concerned.

LOIS

He just left without saying anything?

Where would he go?

PETER

I don't know. I just asked him to buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks.

BRIAN

I don't care if he ever gets back.

(OFF THEIR LOOKS) I wasn't being

cute. I really hope he's dead.

INT. NEWSROOM - (ON TV)

DIANE

Well, the city of Boston is examining its conscience tonight in preparation for a visit from the Pope.

TOM

That's right, Diane. And I'll tell you what else will be examined: My cock.

Tom reaches below his desk and produces a ROOSTER.

TOM (CONT'D)

Yes, the Rhode Island Cock Society will be sponsoring free check-ups for this year's Cock Awareness Week. I don't know why they went with such a suggestive name.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

They could've just as easily gone
with "rooster." Diane?

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

The news continues from the TV.

PETER

I'm callin' the cops. Something
musta happened to him. I mean, you
don't just leave your son at the
ballpark. (REALIZING) Oh my God,
where's Stewie?!

LOIS

I tucked him in an hour ago. Peter,
calm down.

PETER

It doesn't make sense, Lois. It's
not like he woulda just ditched me.
Would he?

INT. NEWSROOM - (ON TV)

Tom and Diane are at the news desk.

DIANE

And a bizarre story in Pawtucket, a
recently retired mill employee was
arrested when he chained himself to
his kick press.

INT. PAWTUCKET MILLS - NIGHT (ON TV)

News footage of Francis chained to his kick press with both
arms out, as if crucified. A LOCKSMITH and COPS try to
release him but he kicks out at them.

FRANCIS

I want my job back, you soulless
Philistines! It's the only thing I
really care about!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)
Peter looks crushed. Lois feels terrible.

BRIAN

I know how you feel, Peter. My
father never wanted to be with me,
either. No, he was too busy chasing
anything with eight teats on it.
Bastard!

Brian takes a drink, then notices they're staring at him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(TO LOIS, RE: PETER) What, you think
he's the only one with issues?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

INT. POLICE STATION FRONT DESK - SAME

A SERGEANT leads Francis out.

SERGEANT

Sorry about that chokehold, Mr.
Griffin. Hope we weren't too rough
on ya.

FRANCIS

You call that a chokehold? Next time
put some garf into it, constable.
Like this!

He grabs the cop's baton and puts himself in a chokehold.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

(CHOKING) Look at my face, lad! It's
blue! Blue as a drowned Protestant
Brit! That's a bloody chokehold!

Peter and Lois enter. Peter rushes over to him.

PETER

Dad! My God, are you okay?

Francis smacks Peter across the face.

FRANCIS

Don't be using the Lord's name in
vain!

PETER

(TO LOIS) He's okay! Thank God.

Francis smacks Peter again.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Peter is at the table. Lois brings him a cup of coffee. Brian is curled up in a corner, watching the scene.

PETER

I don't get it, Lois. Baseball's always been the secret to male bonding. It even worked for Rosie O'Donnell and his father in "A League of Their Own."

LOIS

(GENTLY) Peter, I hate to say this, but it doesn't seem like your Dad is interested in bonding with you. All he cares about is work.

PETER

Wait a second! Work! That's what'll bring us together. We can start our own father-son business!

EXT. GRIFFIN & SON JUNK YARD - DAY (CUTAWAY)

Under the theme from "Sanford & Son," Francis waddles out onto the porch, scratching himself, as Peter unloads a bunch of old bathtubs from the back of a broken down pick-up.

FRANCIS

(A LA REDD) Hey, whatchoo doin' with all them bathtubs, you heathen dummy?

PETER

(A LA LAMONT) Pop, why you gotta be like that? We cut 'em in half, stick a Virgin Mary in 'em, and sell 'em as shrines.

FRANCIS

That's my boy! Least that's what
your mama always told me. Now gimme
a hug 'fore I give you a knuckle
sandwich.

He air punches at Peter, a la Sanford, then hugs him. The
studio audience applauds.

INT. GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT)

LOIS

~~Or~~... you could just get your father
a job with you at the toy factory.

PETER

That's an even better idea! Lois,
you're a genius. Now give me a hug
before I give you a knuckle sandwich.

Huh? Huh?

He playfully air punches at Lois, who tries to be a good
sport but clearly doesn't like what he's doing.

LOIS

Peter, I can't hug you if-- okay, cut
it out-- Peter, I don't-- Peter!

She hits him in the stomach. He moans and doubles over.

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

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - THE NEXT DAY

Peter is giving Francis a tour of the factory.

PETER

And this is the nerve center of the
whole factory -- my station. I
assemble our new action figure, Zeke
the Moody Drifter.

FRANCIS

You mean to tell me you stand here
all day playin' with dolls?

PETER

Dad, it's not easy. (DEMONSTRATING)
See, I gotta twist on his head and
stick a tiny pack of smokes in his
torn denim jacket.

He pushes a button on the ZEKE doll. The doll takes a drag
on his tiny cigarette.

ZEKE THE MOODY DRIFTER DOLL

(COUGHS) Never mind where we're
goin', just watch the road.

Peter spots MR. WEED.

PETER

Wait here, Dad.

Peter crosses over to Mr. Weed.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, Mr. Weed...

MR. WEED

Peter! How is Zeke the Moody Drifter
coming along?

PETER

Aw, great. He's not gonna have any
problem stayin' one step ahead of
Ryan the Determined Parole Officer.

Peter holds up another action figure, a man in a trench coat
reading a map.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hehehe. So, I was wondering if you might have a job for my Dad.

MR. WEED

Your father? Peter, if you are the acorn, he must be the laziest tree in the forest...

FRANCIS

Peter!

They turn to see Francis standing among scores of smoking Zeke dolls. Other WORKERS gather around, oohing and aahing.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

All finished. What's next?

PETER

Wow, Dad! You did my whole day's work in five minutes! (IMPRESSED) We should sell you to the circus, ya freak!

MR. WEED

I've never seen such productivity. How is this possible?

PETER

(PROUDLY) I'll tell you how it's possible. Because this man has always put his job before everything else. His wife, his health, even his own son. Especially his own son! He worked every day of his life, even Christmas!

FRANCIS

And why shouldn't I? That's baby
Jesus' birthday, not mine.

MR. WEED

I need hear no more. You're hired.

PETER

Did you hear that, Dad? You're a
working man again!

MR. WEED

Technically, he's management.
Everyone, this is your new shop
foreman. (TO FRANCIS) Welcome aboard,
sir. Lead as you see fit.

Mr. Weed exits. Peter is elated.

PETER

Dad! After all these years -- you
and me, together, side by side.
Father and son!

FRANCIS

(NEAR TEARS) I don't believe it.
Peter this is surely a miracle! I'm
so grateful!

PETER

Hold that thought. (CALLS O.S.) Hey
boys, you're on!

The Small Band of Musicians run in and play the warm
father/son music cue. Peter holds his arms out for a hug.

PETER (CONT'D)

Go ahead, Dad!

Francis drops to his knees.

FRANCIS

Thank you, Jesus!

Peter reacts.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Thank you for giving me the gift of
hard labor. I have a purpose in life
again! (CROSSES HIMSELF, THEN RISES)
Now, back to work! This is a
factory, not the Ed Sullivan show!

The musicians and the other workers scurry away. Peter is
left holding his arms out. He's suddenly self-conscious. He
covers by waving his arms, as if stretching.

PETER

Uh, that's right. Don't forget to
stretch. No injuries. Hehehe.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - EVENING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois is cooking dinner. Stewie sits in his high chair,
reading the Bible. Chris sits at the table, holding his
stomach in pain. Meg sets the table.

STEWIE

What a delightful verb! Smite! I
smite, they smote, we have smitten!

Lois takes the Bible away from Stewie.

LOIS

Finish your sandwich, honey.

MEG

When do the rest of us get to eat?
I'm starving.

CHRIS

(PAINED) I'm not.

LOIS

Your father will be home soon. I'm making a big dinner to celebrate Grandpa's new job. Corned beef, cabbage--

Chris groans and holds his stomach.

LOIS (CONT'D)

And for dessert, your favorite, Chris -- brownies. Thick and gooey. With nuts.

CHRIS

(GROANS) I'm gonna go hang upside-down.

Chris walks out of the room.

LOIS

Chris?

An exhausted-looking Peter falls in from the back door and lands on his face with a thud. Lois rushes to him.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Peter! Are you all right? Where's your father?

PETER

Still at the factory. He's turning the break room into a chapel.

LOIS

A chapel? Where will you all eat lunch?

PETER

(FORCED HAPPINESS) Lois, lunch is a sin. Taking a break is a sin. Bestiality is a sin. I'm not sure how that came up exactly, but Dad's teaching me so much. I just love working with--

Peter's forehead drops onto the tines of a fork the holds in his fist. He's fast asleep.

MEG

Well, I don't care what grandpa thinks. I'll be at Kyle's. If I'm going to hell, I'm going with a date.

Meg exits. Lois covers a pot on the stove and gently wakes Peter.

LOIS

Peter...

PETER

(WAKING) Wha--wha--I'm working, Dad, God be praised!

LOIS

Peter, I know you want to connect with your father, but it seems like the harder you try, the worse he treats you.

PETER

What are you talking about? Dad loves me. He just doesn't make a big show of it, like your Dad does.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter crouches in the bushes with CARTER PEWTERSCHMIDT. They both hold huge hunting rifles.

PEWTERSCHMIDT

Peter, it's time my favorite son-in-law bagged his first Bengal Tiger.

Now, go ahead into the clearing.

You're doing great, son!

Peter steps carefully into the clearing. Lois' Dad aims his rifle at Peter's back. We see Peter in the cross-hairs of Lois' Dad's gun.

PEWTERSCHMIDT (CONT'D)

A little to the left...

Lois' Dad clicks the action on the rifle. Hearing the noise, Peter whirls around.

PETER

What was that?

PEWTERSCHMIDT

(LOWERING GUN) Nothing.

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

LOIS

Peter, I think you're waiting for something that's never gonna happen.

PETER

Well, I think you're wrong. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to say grace.

Peter falls asleep, his head drops back down onto his fork with a twang. Lois sighs.

EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - THE NEXT MORNING

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - SAME

The mood of the factory has changed. Everyone looks tired and miserable.

There's a loud buzz, signifying a shift change. Peter stands up and stretches, exhausted. He has four dots imprinted in his forehead from the fork tines. Some of the other workers approach him.

WORKER #1

Hey, Peter, your Dad stinks. I'm working eighteen hour shifts and I'm still not employee of the week.

We PAN over to a wall, where an "Employee of the Week" sign hangs over a framed picture of Jesus.

WORKER #1 (CONT'D)

(RE: PICTURE) How'm I supposed to compete with that?

PETER

(TRYING TO BE A GOOD SOLDIER) Well, Freddie, perhaps you should look within yourself and ask, "Hey, God, while I'm up, can I get you anything?"

WORKER #2

What?!

PETER

Aw, crap. Who'm I kidding? We can't keep working this hard. We're Americans!
Peter turns to a blond-haired blue-eyed male worker.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, except for you, Juaquin.

WORKER #3

My name is Trevor.

PETER

(KNOWINGLY) Okay, (AIR QUOTES)

"Trevor."

Francis enters.

FRANCIS

Back to work, all of you! What's
goin' on here?

The Workers look to Peter.

PETER

(VERY NERVOUS) Uh, Dad, some of the
guys think that, well, since you took
over, work is no fun. (TO TREVOR,
SLOWLY) Es verdad, Juaquin?

Trevor eyes close slowly in frustration.

FRANCIS

Work's not supposed to be fun.

PETER

Well, why not?

FRANCIS

Why not? Why not?! That's Satan
talking. No wonder your daughter's
parading her goods about like Salome
without her veils and your son's in the
bathroom committing the sin of Onan.

Worker #1 leans in towards Worker #2.

WORKER #1

Who's Onan?

WORKER #2

He's that guy in the Bible who rubbed
one out.

FRANCIS

You should be ashamed of yourself.
You're a failure, as a worker and as
a father.

PETER

(GETTING ANGRY) Now wait a minute.
Maybe my Weebles do fall down. Maybe
my Slinkies are only fun for a girl.
I may not be a perfect employee, but
at least I love my kids enough not to
spend every minute of the day working.
I'm a damn good father. And that's
more than anyone can say about you.
Everyone **gasps**. A beat as Francis eyes Peter.

FRANCIS

Peter. You've never spoken to me
like that before. So you're not
afraid to stand up for what you
believe in. I'm proud of you, son.

PETER

(BRIGHTENING) Thanks, Dad.

FRANCIS

You're fired! Now give me a hug.
Francis extends his arms. On Peter's reaction:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

INT. HALLWAY - SAME

Chris, bloated and uncomfortable, looks both ways as he sneaks down the hallway toward the bathroom. Just as he reaches the door, it flies open and Francis appears wearing a bathrobe.

FRANCIS

What do think you're doin', lad?

CHRIS

(TERRIFIED) Nothing!

Chris hurries back to his room.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Stewie is in his high chair, reading the Bible. Peter is at the kitchen table, unshaven and defeated. Lois pours him coffee. The little TV is on, playing "Good Morning, Quahog." Francis enters, dressed for work.

FRANCIS

Something's wrong with your shower.
The water's not cold enough. I like
my showers colder than a well-
digger's curflaughin.

LOIS

Francis, I really think you and Peter
need to talk.

FRANCIS

If Peter needs to talk, he best go to
confession and beg forgiveness for
all his failings. Have a glorious
day.

He exits.

LOIS

(FRUSTRATED) Peter, how can you just sit there and let him talk like that?

PETER

Aw, he's right, Lois. I am no good. Even my own Dad doesn't love me.

Face it, I'm goin' to hell.

INT. BOWELS OF HELL - (CUTAWAY) - DAY

Peter looks around at all the denizens.

PETER

Wow. Adolph Hitler. Al Capone, John Wilkes Booth... Superman?! What are you doin' here?

SUPERMAN

I killed a hooker. She made a crack about me being faster than a speeding bullet, so I ripped her in half like a phone book.

INT. GRIFFIN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO PRESENT) - DAY

STEWIE

Yes, the fat man's going to hell.

And from the looks of his mid-section, he'll burn like a tire dump for all eternity. I love God! He's so deliciously evil!

Lois takes the Bible away from Stewie.

LOIS

Stewie, eat your oatmeal. (TO PETER)
Honey, you're a wonderful husband, a
loving father, and, for some reason
I'll never understand, a very devoted
son.

PETER

That's a nice thought, Lois, but
sadly, it means nothing coming from
you.

The TV conveniently gets a little louder here.

INT. NEWSROOM - (ON TV)

As Tom reads the news, a CAMERAMAN slips him a note.

TOM

Diane, we now go live to Logan
International Airport where the
Pope's (OFF NOTE) leaving me for
another man. (REALIZING) Oh, I'm
sorry, that's a note from my wife.
The Pope's plane has just touched
down. (SOFTLY, FIGHTING FOR CONTROL)
You're a pro, Tom. You're a pro.

EXT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY (ON TV)

The Pope's plane, a Blessed Virgin Airways 747, is on the
tarmac. Dozens of shrieking NUNS hold signs saying, "WE
(HEART) U, POPE!" They scream and carry on like the Pope is
The Beatles. The door to the plane opens and the Pope's ROAD
MANAGER steps out on to the platform at the top of the
moveable staircase.

ROAD MANAGER

(A LA MICHAEL BUFFER) Hello, Boston!
Are you ready to hummmmmmmmbllllllllle
yourself before God!?

The Nuns cheer.

ROAD MANAGER (CONT'D)

(CAN'T HEAR YOU) What, have you all
taken a vow of silence?!

The Nuns cheer even louder. The Blues Brothers' theme blasts
over speakers.

ROAD MANAGER (CONT'D)

Then put your hands together for the
one, the only, his hoooooooooliness,
The Pope!

The Pope steps out of the plane and waves to the crowd, which
goes crazy.

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

Peter is staring at the TV.

PETER

Hey, I just got a crazy idea.

Peter shoves his hand in a waffle iron and slams the lid down.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ahh! Why! Why! Why!

He takes his hand out.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, I just got another crazy idea.

Peter jumps up and runs upstairs.

EXT./ESTAB. BOSTON BUDGET INN - LATER THAT DAY

The marquee reads, "Hourly rates. Welcome Pope."

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

A council of CARDINALS and HOLY MEN are there as the Pope's Road Manager enters in a satin baseball jacket.

ROAD MANAGER

Boys, it's time for the parade.

CARDINAL #1

We know. He's still in the tub.

ROAD MANAGER

Well, let's go get him.

CARDINAL #1

We can't do that. He's the Pope. If we saw him naked... well, it's gotta be some kind of sin.

The Holy Men all shudder at the prospect and make the sign of the cross. There's a knock at the door and Peter enters, dressed in a red bell-boy outfit.

PETER

Room service!

ROAD MANAGER

We didn't order room service.

PETER

I know, I just wanted to make sure you got a Bible in the room.

Everyone in the room holds up a Bible.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ah, well, this room is lousy with Bibles. Great. Well, uh, I just want to check the honor bar because the last Pope we had here filled his shaving kit with Necco wafers.

Everyone just stares at Peter.

ROAD MANAGER

All right, wiseguy, who are you?

PETER

(SINCERELY) I'm just a faithful
Catholic man with a family crisis
that only his Holiness can resolve.

(KNEELS) I've never asked the Church
for anything, but I don't know where
else to turn.

A beat. The Cardinal turns to the Road Manager.

CARDINAL #1

Dust him.

One of the Bishops hooks Peter with his shepherd staff.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Bishop and Road Manager stuff Peter into a garbage chute
on the wall of the hallway.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Peter topples out of the trash chute, off a dumpster of
garbage and lands at the feet of a nervous-looking PRIEST.

PRIEST

My heavens, son, are you okay?

PETER

Yeah. I just got bounced by the
Pope's road crew.

PRIEST

Good thing you missed me. I'm set to
drive the Pope Mobile, and any slight
bump on the head knocks me
unconscious for a few hours.

Peter looks at the parked Pope Mobile, then at the Priest.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

I always wake up feeling fine, but
it's just so darned inconvenient to
be knocked out that easily. Even by
the slightest tap. Like this.

The Priest raps his knuckles on the side of his head, demonstrating. He smiles, then collapses. Peter looks at the unconscious Priest, then at the Pope Mobile.

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON - MOMENTS LATER

The Pope waves as crowd cheers him along the parade route.

AERIAL SHOT -- The procession reaches a fork in the road. The procession goes one way, but the Pope Mobile veers off in the other direction.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A PRISON CHAIN GANG is working on the side of the road in the shimmering heat. A GUARD wearing mirrored sunglasses and holding a shotgun watches.

PRISONER #1

Taking it off here, Boss.

GUARD

Take it off there, Luke.

Prisoner #1 takes off his shirt.

PRISONER #2

Wiping it off here, Boss.

GUARD

Wipe it off there, Dragline.

Prisoner #2 wipes his brow.

PRISONER #1

Waving at the Pope here, Boss.

GUARD

Wave at the Pope there, Luke.

Prisoner #1 waves at the Pope as he is driven by in the Pope Mobile. The Pope waves back.

INT. POPE MOBILE - CONTINUOUS

The Pope waves, but looks a little confused. He calls down to the driver.

POPE

Are you sure this is Boston?

We see that Peter is driving, disguised as a priest.

PETER

Yeah, it's Boston. (POINTING) See, look, there's Harvard.

PETER'S POV - A barn.

POPE

That's just a barn.

PETER

Ooh, someone went to Yale.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY

Lois is mopping as Peter enters.

PETER (O.S.)

Lois! Put the coffee on!

LOIS

Careful, I just cleaned the floor.

Lois turns to see Peter, standing next to the Pope, who is on all fours, kissing the kitchen floor the same way he does when he gets off of a plane in a foreign land.

PETER

Good thing, huh? Hehehehe.

The Pope stands up and licks his lips.

POPE

Mmm, lemony.

Lois drops a plate.

LOIS

Oh, my god! (CURTSIES) Your Holiness,
this is such an honor. Please, go
into the living room and make
yourself at home.

The Pope nods and exits to the living room.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Peter, what is the Pope doing here?

PETER

Relax, honey. I just hijacked his
bubble car so he can convince my Dad
I'm a good guy.

LOIS

You kidnapped the Pope?! Peter, this
is the most unbelievable thing you've
ever done.

PETER

Oh, come on, Lois. What about the
time I read that book?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter sits reading a book. Suddenly, a dozen NINJAS drop
from the ceiling on ropes. More NINJAS crash through the
window and attack Peter. He fights them all off with expert
kung fu moves until they're all unconscious at his feet.
Then he sits back down and continues reading.

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

The Pope is on the couch with Chris, Meg and Stewie. Brian
takes two glasses of wine and hands one to the Pope.

BRIAN

I have to ask, how do you keep that
big hat on your head. Bobby pins?

POPE

(CONFIDENTIALLY) Double-sided carpet
tape. That stays in this room, kids.

MEG

Yes, your Holiness.

CHRIS

You bet, Mr. Pope.

Peter enters from the kitchen, followed by Lois.

POPE

Peter, you've raised a fine family.

PETER

Thanks, but sadly, your opinion means
nothing to me. But can you tell that
to my Dad? He thinks I'm a screw-up.

POPE

Well, your father is entitled to his
opinion, but more important is what
you think. Look deep in your heart,
my son. Do you think you're a, uh,
screw-up?

PETER

Well...

Peter looks from Meg, to Chris, to Stewie, who's cleaning a
gun. He quickly hides the gun behind his back.

PETER (CONT'D)

No. I'm not. You know what? I'm a darn good father. And I have great kids.

MEG

That's not what Grandpa says.

PETER

Well, grandpa is wrong! Meg, it's not a sin for a girl your age to like boys. In fact, it would be a sin for you not to like boys, isn't that right, your Holiness?

POPE

(ON THE SPOT) Well... uh... God loves all his children, but--

PETER

(TO MEG) You go next door right now and you flirt all you want with Kevin.

MEG

Kyle.

PETER

Travis.

MEG

(KISSING HIM) Thanks, Dad!

PETER

And Chris, what you do in the bathroom is between you and God. If you're sorry, he'll forgive you.

CHRIS

Really? Well, I'm sorry, but I've
got to go. Thanks, Dad.

He sprints down the hallway and we hear a door slam.

LOIS

Good for you, Peter. But isn't there
someone else you should speak to?

PETER

Yes, there is.

Peter turns to see the SCARECROW from "The Wizard of Oz."

PETER (CONT'D)

Scarecrow, you've had brains all
along.

He turns to the TIN MAN

PETER (CONT'D)

Same goes for your heart, Tin Man.

He turns to KRISTY MCNICHOL.

PETER (CONT'D)

And Kristy McNichol, come back to
television. We miss you.

Kristy smiles, grateful.

LOIS

Peter, I meant you should talk to
your father.

PETER

You're right. (TURNS TO POPE) You
with me, big guy?

POPE

Peter, I go where I am needed.

PETER

(A LA BATMAN) To the Pope Mobile!

We hear the "Batman" transition theme as the Pope Hat spins us into the next scene as in the "Batman" series and we're at:

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

The Pope Mobile screeches to a stop at to the curb. Peter hops out and runs into the building. After a beat, he comes back out and helps the Pope out of the car.

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - DAY

Peter and the Pope enter to find all of the workers looking miserable and downtrodden. Their clothes are greasy and torn.

POPE

Peter, you make toys for children here? There is no joy in this place.

PETER

It didn't used to be like this, Pope. It was a fun place, full of laughter, where a guy could show his co-workers his Ethel Merman impression on his coffee break--and it didn't have to be good. You just had to commit to it.

POPE

What could have caused such a blight on this place?

Francis enters.

FRANCIS

Slothful sinners! You're here to work, not stand around with your-- Holy mother! It's the Holy Father! (GENUFLECTING) I am not worthy.

POPE

Rise, my son. You are indeed worthy,
for you have raised a fine son. His
zest for life is an affirmation of
God's great love within us all.

PETER

(MOVED) Wow! (TO FRANCIS) And that's
from the freakin' Pope! So I guess
you were wrong about me, huh, Dad?

Francis looks stunned.

FRANCIS

I was wrong, all right.

PETER

(CALLING O.S.) Stand by, boys!

The Small Band of Musicians scurry into position.

FRANCIS

(TO POPE) I was wrong about you!
You've gone soft on me, Holy Father!
Even a tambourine-shaking Baptist
could tell this boy's no good!

POPE

(ANGERED) Are you calling me a liar?

PETER

Whoa, easy Pontiff.

POPE

Because I'll excommunicate your
sorry bu--

PETER

Okay, time out!

Peter pulls the Pope aside.

POPE

(SHAKING) Oooh, I've never met such an infuriating man! You must have the patience of a saint!

PETER

Well, he's my Dad. I just want him to love me.

FRANCIS

Peter! How could you say such a thing? I love you with all my heart!

Peter gestures to the musicians, who start playing the father/son theme.

PETER

You do?

FRANCIS

Of course! I just don't like you.

I don't like anything about you.

The music stops. Peter absorbs this.

PETER

No, keep playing, you guys. I think this is as good as it's gonna get.

The musicians play the father/son theme.

PETER (CONT'D)

Dad, to be honest, I don't like you, either. (TO POPE) Aw, geez, that's a terrible thing to say. I guess I am goin' to hell, huh?

POPE

Peter, the good Lord says to honor thy father. He never said anything about liking him.

PETER

(EMBOLDENED) Well, in that case... Dad, I'm gonna eat meat on Fridays, golf on Sundays, laugh at Jewish comedians, and yes, sleep with my Protestant wife. (TO POPE, CATCHING HIMSELF) But I won't enjoy it. And she hates it.

FRANCIS

Well. Fine. I'll be on me way. Take back your job and give your old man a hug.

PETER

(HUGS HIM, GENUINELY) I love you, Dad.

FRANCIS

(HUGS HIM BACK) I know you do, Son.

PETER

What are you gonna do now?

FRANCIS

I don't know. Guess the good Lord doesn't have much use for an old man like me.

Peter turns to the Pope, pleadingly. There's a moment of silence. The Pope sighs.

POPE

Well, I suppose I could use another pair of hands on my tour.

PETER

You'd give Dad a job? Even knowing what a jerk he is?

POPE

I have to. As you said, Peter, I'm the freakin' Pope.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - THAT EVENING

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter, Lois, Brian, Chris, Meg, and Stewie are watching TV.

EXT. CATHEDRAL - DAY (ON TV)

We see a large CROWD assembled as the Pope enters the cathedral. Francis walks in front of him, wearing a satin baseball jacket and pushing ADMIRERS out of the way.

FRANCIS

All right, get back! No flash photography or you'll go straight to hell! You! You're in God's house, ya heathen! Take that cap off before I take it off for you!

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

LOIS

Well, I think your father found the perfect job.

PETER

Let's hope so. I love being a good father, but I don't want to have to be a good son again for a long, long time.

There's a *banging* on the front door.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Peter! Open the door and break out the Schnapps! Guess who needs a place to sleep it off for the weekend!

The family shares a terrified expression.

PETER

Mom?!

EVERYONE BUT PETER

Aaaaahhh!

THE END