

FAMILY GUY

"Fast Times at Buddy Cianci Jr. High"

Production #4ACX02

Written by

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Created by

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TABLE DRAFT

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“FAST TIME AT BUDDY CIANCI JR. HIGH”

CAST LIST FOR #4ACX02:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN
MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

AMANDATBD
ANDY.....TBD
BAND INSTRUCTOR.....TBD
BARTENDER.....TBD
BILLY.....TBD
BEARTBD
BACK ROW STUDENT.....TBD
BOY #1.....TBD
BOY #2.....TBD
CARLOSTBD
COP.....TBD
DIANE.....TBD
FATHER.....TBD
FELICIA.....TBD
FURRY FACE.....TBD
GIRL.....TBD
GYM TEACHER.....TBD
HERBERT.....TBD
HOME EC. TEACHER.....TBD
MALE VOICE (V.O.).....TBD
MAN IN CAR (O.S.).....TBD
MR. LOCKHARTTBD
MRS. LOCKHART.....TBD
MS. CLIFTON.....TBD
PRINCIPAL SLOAN.....TBD
PRISONERSTBD
RANDY.....TBD
TOM TUCKER.....TBD
TOUR GUIDE.....TBD
TEACHER.....TBD
TIM.....TBD
WOMAN IN CAR (O.S.).....TBD
ZOOM KIDS.....TBD

**"FAMILY GUY" MAIN TITLE - FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY GONZO
BLOWING HIS TRUMPET, AS IN "THE MUPPET SHOW."**

COLD OPEN

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

CHYRON: February, 2002.

PETER addresses the FAMILY.

PETER

Everyone, I've got bad news. We've
been cancelled.

LOIS

Oh, no, Peter. How could they do
that?

PETER

Well, unfortunately Lois, there's no
more room on the schedule. We've just
got to accept the fact that Fox has to
make room for terrific shows like Dark
Angel, Titus, Undeclared, Action, That
80's Show, Wonderfalls, Fastlane, Andy
Richter Controls the Universe, Skin,
Girls Club, Cracking Up, The Pitts,
Firefly, Get Real, FreakyLinks, Wanda
at Large, Costello, The Lone Gunmen, A
Minute with Stan Hooper, Normal Ohio,
Pasadena, Harsh Realm, Keen Eddie, The
Street, American Embassy, Cedric the
Entertainer, The Tick, Luis, and Greg
the Bunny.

LOIS

Is there no hope, Peter?

PETER

Well, I suppose if all those shows go
down the tubes, we might have a shot.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JR. HIGH - NIGHT

There is a sign draped over the front of the school which reads "Open House Tonight."

INT. BUDDY CIANCI CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and PETER, LOIS, BRIAN, CHRIS, STEWIE and other STUDENTS and their FAMILY MEMBERS enter the classroom. Peter and Lois sit down at a couple of desks. (Peter is at Chris' desk.)

LOIS

Oh, Peter, isn't this fun? Being in Chris' class, seeing his work on the wall, sitting at his little desk.

PETER

Hey, what's he got in here, anyway?

They lift the top of Chris' desk and see a DARK GREEN FURRY FACE looking back at them.

FURRY FACE

Hi. You Chris' parents?

LOIS/PETER

Yes.

FURRY FACE

I'm his gym shorts. I'd like to see your home some time. Do you folks own laundry detergent?

Peter **slams** the desk shut.

CHRIS

I'm glad you guys could come tonight.

LOIS

Oh, Chris, honey, we wouldn't miss this. You kids are the most important thing in our lives. (SUDDENLY REALIZING) Oh my god, we forgot Meg!

PETER

Don't worry about Meg, she's got
everything she needs in her room.

INT. MEG'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS (CUTAWAY)

We hear **Britney Spears** music playing. Meg, at the edge of her bed, finishes a bag of cheese balls. She stands and takes a quick drink from a huge, glass tube coming in from the window. She crosses to a giant gerbil wheel and starts running. As the wheel picks up speed, she starts to run on all fours.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI GYM - LATER

Peter, Lois, Chris, and several other parents and students are listening to the GYM TEACHER.

GYM TEACHER

Most of the time, the kids'll exercise
out on the field, but if it's raining
or I'm hung over, they stay inside and
play dodgeball.

PETER

Aw, I love dodgeball!

Peter picks a ball up off the floor.

PETER (CONT'D)

Heads up!

He pegs it at one of the other fathers, who is **slammed** backwards. He **hits** his head on the basin of a drinking fountain, and falls to the floor, unconscious.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI HOME ECONOMICS CLASS - LATER

The same group stands listening to the HOME EC. TEACHER.

HOME EC. TEACHER

And this week in Home Ec, we're
teaching your kids how to make bundt
cake.

PETER

Aw, I love bundt cake!

Peter picks up a bundt cake in a metal pan.

PETER (CONT'D)

Heads up!

He pegs it (just like the ball) at the same father. It **slams** into his head, and he's thrown backwards, **hitting** a rack of pots, and falling to the floor, unconscious.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI BAND ROOM - LATER

The same group of people stands listening to the BAND INSTRUCTOR.

BAND INSTRUCTOR

The school band offers a wide variety of instruments, from the kettle drum to the trombone.

PETER

Aw, I love the trombone!

Peter picks up a trombone. The father winces, expecting to get pegged again, but to his relief, Peter begins to **play a beautiful melody**, which lasts about fifteen seconds. He finishes. Everyone **ad-libs** compliments.

LOIS

Isn't he wonderful? He took lessons in junior coll--

PETER

Heads up!

He pegs the trombone at the same father, who is **slammed** backwards into a row of music stands. He falls to the floor, unconscious.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI SEX ED. CLASS - LATER

The family walks around the class.

ANGLE ON Brian as he looks at a poster on the wall entitled, "The Female Reproductive System". It shows a female figure with the reproductive parts labeled.

BRIAN

The human body is an incredible machine, isn't it?

STEWIE

I'll tell you what this picture
doesn't show. All the cute shops and
cafes along the fallopian tube.

BRIAN

Really?

STEWIE

Mm, it's a bit pricey, but what do you
want, it's the fallopian tube.

Peter notices the posters.

PETER

Ah, this reminds me of when I used to
teach sex ed.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter stands at a blackboard. There's a crudely drawn
picture of a bird and a bee on the board.

PETER

...And then Mr. Stork drops a baby on
your doorstep. And that's where
babies come from.

A kid, BILLY, stands up.

BILLY

But I thought it was when a man put
his penis in a woman's vagina.

Peter reacts, blown away.

PETER

Aw, man! Billy, you are one sick
bastard! Where do you come up with
this stuff?! (THEN) Aw, I am never
gonna get that out of my head.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI ENGLISH CLASS - LATER

A black, elderly teacher, MS. CLIFTON, address the parents.

MS. CLIFTON

Good evening, parents. I'm Miss Clifton, your children's English instructor. I believe a close parent-teacher relationship can benefit the students' development, so I'd like you to fill out these contact information sheets. Now, who would like to pass them out?

Peter raises his hand excitedly, eventually bracing his arm up with his other arm behind his head.

PETER

Ooh. Ooh. Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! Ms. Clifton. Over here. Ms. Clifton. Ms. Clifton. Ms. Clifton. Ms. Clifton! Ms. Clifton! Ms. Clifton! Ms. Clifton! Ms. Clifton! Ms. Clifton!

MS. CLIFTON

Um... (POINTING) Mrs. Griffin.

Peter **slams** his hands down on his desk angrily, and **knocks** some books onto the floor with a **whiny groan**. Lois smiles as she gets up and starts passing out the cards.

MS. CLIFTON (CONT'D)

I'd like each parent to write down your personal information, including an e-mail address if you have one.

As the parents write on the cards, Peter peers over at the GUY next to him.

PETER

(WHISPERS) Hey. Hey, what'd you get
for my phone number? So far I got
"7."

The guy subtly covers his paper and slightly turns away from Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

(WHISPERS) Aw, come on, don't be a
tool!

Ms. Clifton notices the time on her watch.

MS. CLIFTON

I'm sorry, will you all excuse me for
a moment?

CLOSE ON Lois and Chris.

LOIS

Oh, Chris, how lucky you are to have
such a wonderful teacher.

Ms. Clifton walks over to her desk and turns on a portable TV.

INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWS STUDIO (ON TV)

We see TOM TUCKER at the news desk with a graphic over his
shoulder, which shows a picture of Tom with the word
"STALKER" superimposed over him.

TOM

...Authorities issued a restraining
order requiring Tucker to stay at
least fifty feet away from her at all
times. Diane?

The camera pans fifty feet to the right where DIANE sits.

DIANE

And now with tonight's winning lottery
numbers, the kids from "Zoom."

INT. BLACK BACKGROUND - CONTINUOUS (ON TV)

FIVE "ZOOM" KIDS, all clad in their usual striped rugby shirts, dance around as they sing the following lottery numbers, which appear above them respectively.

ZOOM KIDS

(SINGING) 0-2-1-3-4.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

And twenty-seven.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI ENGLISH CLASS - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

Ms. Clifton quickly checks her numbers.

MS. CLIFTON

Oh, my god. (STILL LOOKING AT THE
TICKET) I won! Sweet jumpin' Jesus,
I'm free from all those snot-nosed
little bastards! (LOUDER) I'm free!
Hahahaha! I'm free!

She bounces merrily off screen as the Griffins sit stunned.

PETER

Geez, she's just now realizin' she's
free? I'm glad she's not teachin'
history. (A LA JOHNNY CARSON)
Whooooaaahh!

Widen as Peter grabs a golf club from off screen and hits a golf ball on the floor. It hits the father in the head and he falls backwards and out a window.

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - LATER

Peter, Lois, Brian, Chris and Stewie ride home.

CHRIS

I can't believe Ms. Clifton's gone.
Who's gonna teach my class now?

LOIS

Well, they're just going to have to find a substitute, honey.

CHRIS

Oh. (BRIGHTENING) Hey, maybe you could be my substitute teacher, Dad!

PETER

Chris, buddy, if I wanted to make fifty bucks a day, I'd go back to selling phony Louis Vuitton bags on the sidewalk.

ANGLE ON Stewie, who looks down with shock at the bag draped over his shoulder.

STEWIE

This is a fake?! Oh god, no wonder those Japanese girls were smirking at me at Nieman's.

He tosses the bag out the window.

BRIAN

Y'know, actually, Chris, teaching is a very noble profession.

LOIS

Oh, Brian! You have your teaching credential. Why don't you teach Chris' class? You'd be wonderful! You're very knowledgeable, and the kids might knock you down a few pegs, which'd be good for you.

BRIAN

Y'know, that's actually a terrific idea, Lois. I probably have a lot to offer young people.

STEWIE

Pff! What's he going to teach them? How to lick the Dorito crumbs out from between the sofa cushions, or how to take a dump on the grass?

BRIAN

Oh... and, who ate that dump I took on the grass?

STEWIE

You did.

BRIAN

(BEAT) Okay. (LONGER BEAT) Well, I'm still gonna be a teacher.

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

INT. CHRIS' ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

The bell rings, and Brian enters to find Chris and his CLASSMATES sitting quietly.

BRIAN

Good morning, class. I'm your substitute teacher, Brian Griffin.

GIRL

Mr. Griffin, can I go to the bathroom?

BRIAN

(CHUCKLING) Please, call me Brian. Mr. Griffin is my father.

CHRIS

I thought your father's name was Coco,
and he was hit by a milk truck.

GIRL

Can I go to the bathroom, Brian?

BRIAN

Ooh, you know what, that actually
sounded kinda weird. Call me Mr.
Griffin.

GIRL

Mr. Griffin, can I please go to the
bathroom?!

BRIAN

Oh, god, y'know, that does sound kinda
formal, though, doesn't it?

GIRL

(RUNNING OUT) Dammit, I'm having my
period!

She **slams** the door as she leaves. The students **snicker**.
Brian starts walking between the rows of desks.

BRIAN

All right. I don't have many rules in
my classroom. All I ask is that you
pay attention... (REMOVES HEADPHONES
FROM A KID'S EARS) ...dress
properly... (REMOVES CHRIS' HAT AND
PLACES IT ON HIS DESK) ...and afford
me the proper respect.

He looks down at an off-screen desktop with slight annoyance.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Is this supposed to be me, Mr.

Groening?

ANGLE ON a sheepish-looking MATT GROENING, who nods and giggles weakly as he holds up a drawing of Brian, Simpsons-style. Brian takes it, crumples it, and tosses it in the trash.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Okay, our goal here is to gain a command of the English language. Once you do that, you're the master of any situation in which you may find yourself.

INT. BAR - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

Peter and Brian sit at the bar, the BARTENDER standing across from them.

PETER

I betcha a beer my dog can talk.

BARTENDER

You're on.

PETER

Go ahead, Brian.

BRIAN

Woof.

PETER

No, Brian, talk like you always do.

BRIAN

Woof.

BARTENDER

Yeah, whatever, pal.

The Bartender walks away.

PETER

Hey, what the hell is wrong with you?

Brian leaps up onto the bar, suddenly donning a top hat and cane, and begins singing:

BRIAN

HELLO MY BABY / HELLO MY HONEY / HELLO
MY RAGTIME GAL.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - SAME

The Griffins eat dinner.

LOIS

So, how was your first day, (A LA
FREDDY WASHINGTON) Mr. Kot-tair?

BRIAN

Well, I was nervous at first, but then
everything just fell into place. You
know, I think I'm a natural at this.

STEWIE

Well, will everybody listen to that!
All it takes is one day, hmm? What
are you going to be tomorrow? A
fireman? Ha! Would somebody pass me
the Jane's Crazy Mixed-Up Salt?

MEG

So, Chris, what's it like to have
Brian as a teacher?

CHRIS

It sucks. Mr. Griffin gave me an "F"
on my first assignment.

PETER

What?!

BRIAN

He said his dog ate it.

PETER

An "F," Brian?! After all Chris has
done for you?

INT. GRIFFINS' DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Chris holds a tissue, and stands behind Brian, who is on all
fours, tail in the air.

BRIAN

(EXHALES EMBARRASSED) Yeah, just kinda
pull it out. (BEAT, INCREDULOUS) You
know, if dogs aren't supposed to eat
dental floss out of the garbage, why
do they make it mint flavored?

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

Peter stands.

PETER

Hey, Chris, when I was in school, you
know what we used to do when a teacher
gave us a bad grade?

CHRIS

What?

PETER

We'd egg his house! (GETTING UP)
C'mon, where's this bastard live?

CHRIS

I'll show ya!

Peter and Chris run outside.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

ANGLE ON the front of the house. We see eggs being **pelted** against it.

CUT TO Peter and Chris lobbing eggs and **laughing** as they **ad lib** "**take that, you bastard,**" etc.

PETER

Hey, let's get his car, too!

Peter and Chris start picking up rocks and throwing them at the car, **smashing** the windshield and **denting** the body badly. The **car alarm** goes off. Brian opens the front door and looks out.

BRIAN

What the hell are you doing?

PETER

Is that him?

CHRIS

Yeah!

PETER

Oh, crap!

Peter and Chris run off into the night.

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

INT. CHRIS' ENGLISH CLASS - SAME

BRIAN, DRESSED AS MARK TWAIN, stands in front of the class.

BRIAN

(AS MARK TWAIN) Hello class. Mark Twain here filling in for Brian Griffin. I understand you children read my book, "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn".

The class nods vigorously, **ad-libbing** enthusiasm.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Now who can tell me-- (AS BRIAN)
Bobby, stop screwing around back
there! (AS TWAIN) Who can tell me the
significance of the carpetbaggers in
my novel?

BOY #1

They stood for corruption and greed.

BOY #2

You're way off, man. They symbolize
opportunity arising out of chaos and
destruction.

BOY #1

(TO BOY #2) You wanna settle this
outside?

BOY #2

After you.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MOMENTS LATER

Boy #1 and Boy #2 stand on the playground. Boy #1 points to
a book, making his point as Boy #2 nods.

BOY #1

See what I was talking about?

BOY #2

Oh, you were right, man. I totally
whiffed on the subtext.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

(AS TWAIN) You kids are mighty smart.
You must have a powerful good teacher.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Well, I gotta catch my time steamboat
back to the 1800's.

Brian "walks" down the "stairs" as he disappears behind his desk. After a beat, he pops back up, dressed in his normal attire.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Sorry I'm late. Did I miss anything?

CHRIS

Yeah! Captain Crunch was here!
Didn't you pass him on the stairs?

BRIAN

Well, I hope the rest of you kids
learned something today.

The kids all **clap** and **cheer**.

PRINCIPAL SLOAN (O.S. OVER PA)

Good morning, this is Principal Sloan.
Mr. Griffin, please report to the
front office for reassignment.

CLASS

(DISAPPOINTED) Awwww.

BRIAN

Reassignment? What are you talking
about? I'm doing great with these
kids.

PRINCIPAL SLOAN (O.S. OVER PA)

(ANSWERING BRIAN'S QUESTION) I'm
sorry. We've found a permanent
replacement for the class.

BRIAN

Can I at least come down to your
office and talk to you about this?

PRINCIPAL SLOAN (O.S.)

No, no I'm afraid I'm--

EXT. CARIBBEAN BEACH - CONTINUOUS

PRINCIPAL SLOAN lies on his back on a massage table as a LATINO MASSEUR rubs down his chest. Principal Sloan has his hand on a microphone, which sits on a table beside him.

PRINCIPAL SLOAN

--far too busy today.

He takes his hand off the mike.

PRINCIPAL SLOAN (CONT'D)

Esteban, mucho tension lower. (ESTEBAN

MASSAGES LOWER) Little lower.

(ESTEBAN NERVOUSLY MASSAGES EVEN

LOWER) Lower. (LOWER) Lower. (LOWER)

Lower. FOR GOD'S SAKE, JUST TOUCH IT!

INT. CHRIS' ENGLISH CLASS - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN

Well, I guess I'll see you later,

kids. I was really starting to like

you. (SIGH) Take it easy.

Brian exits. MRS. LOCKHART saunters into the classroom. She is a gorgeous blonde with sultry eyes, pouty lips, huge breasts, and a breathy voice. **Sexy theme music plays** as she walks in in slow-motion with her long hair blowing in the breeze.

MRS. LOCKHART

Hello, is this first period English?

(THE KIDS NOD) I'm your new teacher,

Mrs. Lockhart.

Mrs. Lockhart reaches into her cleavage, pulls out a piece of chalk, and begins to write her name on the board.

ZOOM IN on Chris, mouth agape, eyes locked on Mrs. Lockhart.

ZOOM IN on Mrs. Lockhart as her eyes sparkle.

ZOOM IN TIGHTER on Chris. He is entranced by her beauty.

CHRIS

Oh, my god, I'm in love.

Mrs. Lockhart goes to the desk.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Watch out for the stairs!

Mrs. Lockhart walks behind the desk, and **falls** off screen with a **scream** down Brian's "imaginary stairs."

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

INT. BUDDY CIANCI HALLWAY - SAME

Brian walks down the hall, glancing at his reassignment sheet. He approaches a TEACHER posting a bill on a bulletin board at the end of the hall.

BRIAN

(POINTING TO OPEN DOOR) Hi, is this
the remedial English class?

TEACHER

You're teaching remedial English?
Those kids are horrible!

Brian steps into the class. All the CHILDREN are dressed neatly and sit quietly at their desks.

BRIAN

They look like model students to me.

TEACHER

They are model students. They're made
of wax.

One of the students falls over onto the floor.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Your bunch is next door.

He points across the hall to an open door. Brian looks into his classroom. He sees a class full of PREGNANT GIRLS, BOYS WITH GUNS, KIDS SMOKING BONGS, A KID IN A TRICKED-OUT MUSCLE CAR PUMPING THE HYDRAULICS AND REVVING THE ENGINE, A BOY SURROUNDED BY A CAGE, etc.

BRIAN

(DEEP BREATH) Okay, I can handle this.
At least I won't have to step outside
to smoke. (LOOKS O.S.) Or go to the
bathroom.

INT. CHRIS' ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Mrs. Lockhart enters the class. She's wearing another revealing, sexy outfit.

MRS. LOCKHART

Good morning, class.

ANGLE ON Chris as the students answer. He looks utterly lovestruck.

CHRIS/CLASS

Good morning, Mrs. Lockhart.

MRS. LOCKHART

First off, I'm going to return your quizzes from yesterday.

Mrs. Lockhart walks between the desks, pulling the quizzes one by one from her cleavage and placing them on the students desks.

MRS. LOCKHART (CONT'D)

Most of you did well, some of you I think can do better.

She hands Chris his quiz with an "F" on it.

MRS. LOCKHART (CONT'D)

What do you see here, Chris?

Chris stares at her breasts, wide-eyed.

CHRIS

Two "D's" and an "F."

MRS. LOCKHART

School work is challenging, Chris, but by not applying yourself, you're only making it harder.

CHRIS

(TO CAMERA) If it gets any harder, it'll pop like a ballpark frank.

INT. LAUGH-IN STYLE ENVIRONMENT

A Goldie Hawn-type GO-GO GIRL dances wildly to waka-waka-style 70's music as we quickly zoom in and out repeatedly.

INT. BRIAN'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Brian stands before the class. They stare at him menacingly, still brandishing various weapons.

BRIAN

Hi, I'm Mr. Griffin, but you can call
me Brian. Mr. Griffin is my father.

A **shot** is fired, blasting a hole in the blackboard next to Brian's right ear.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Ah, well, has anyone read "Huckleberry
Finn"?

Brian reaches for a book on his desk, which is instantly **blown** to bits by automatic weapons **fire**.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Okay, well, ah, I gotta figure if you
really wanted to kill me I'd be dead
by now, so you gotta be digging me on
some level, right?

The words, "YOU SUCK DOG" are **blasted** into the wall by machine gun **fire**.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Ah, all right, that's almost correct,
but there should be a comma after
"suck".

A knife **whizzes** into frame, and **sticks** into the wall after the word "suck", forming the comma.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Now we're getting somewhere. All right, uh, how 'bout we go around the room and everyone can say a little something about themselves. Let's start with you there in the front.

TIM

My name is Tim, and I love weed.

CARLOS

My name is Carlos, and I love Tim's weed.

RANDY

My name is Randy, and I love long walks on the beach, positive people, and weed.

AMANDA

(STANDING UP) My name's Amanda, and my water just broke!

BRIAN

Oh, my god!

Tim stands up.

TIM

It's my turn to deliver.

Randy stands.

RANDY

But it's my baby!

Carlos stands.

CARLOS

She said I was the father!

As the three boys begin to **fight** furiously, FELICIA walks over to Amanda and helps her up.

FELICIA

I'll do it. (THEY WALK OUT) But can I have this one? My mom keeps giving mine away.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter sits on the couch watching TV. Chris comes in and sits down next to him.

CHRIS

Dad, I need some advice. I need to know how to get a girl to like me.

PETER

Oh, Chris, buddy, there's a million ways to do that. You could learn to play an instrument. Lois used to love it when I played the saw.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG PETER (20) sits in his apartment with YOUNG LOIS. He holds a chainsaw on his lap. He pulls the cord and the **chainsaw** quickly tears into his leg, causing him to bleed profusely.

YOUNG PETER

Aaaa! Aaaa! Aaaaa!

Peter staggers around in pain.

YOUNG LOIS

Oh, my god, are you all right?

YOUNG PETER

No, no, not at all! (WINCES, THEN) Did you like it, though, was it good?

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

Lois enters carrying Stewie.

LOIS

Ooh, did I hear my big boy say he has
a crush on some lucky girl?

STEWIE

You know, Chris, I knew this day would
come, so I brought you a condom. Use
it wisely, it wasn't easy to obtain.

EXT. MAKE OUT POINT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A car is parked before a city view. It's **rocking** from side
to side. Stewie sneaks into frame, opens the car door and
jumps inside.

MAN IN CAR (O.S.)

Aaa! What the hell are you doing?

WOMAN IN CAR (O.S.)

Hey, give that back!

Stewie emerges holding an unidentified object and runs off
screen.

MAN IN CAR (O.S.)

Aw, man.

The car resumes **rocking**.

MAN IN CAR (O.S., CONT'D)

Oh, this is much better.

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

LOIS

Chris, honey, the way to win a girl is
to do something romantic and
unexpected.

PETER

Remember "the naked spaceman," Lois?
Eh? Oh yeah, you remember "the naked
spaceman."

LOIS

(TITTERS) On my twenty-fifth birthday,
your father surprised me by showing up
in nothin' but a space helmet and moon
boots.

PETER

Hehe, it just came to me.

LOIS

(SEXILY) You want some Tang, Mr.
Spaceman?

They begin to **giggle** and kiss, Stewie pressed between them.

STEWIE

Aaa! Aaa! My head! Aaa!

Stewie's head is squished in on both sides. As he sits
there, teeth clenched in pain, one side **pops** back into place,
then the other.

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

INT. CHRIS' ENGLISH CLASS - SAME

Mrs. Lockhart stands before the class.

MRS. LOCKHART

...So basically what Orwell was saying
was, "it's not perfect, but I'll take
it." All right, moving on--

CHRIS (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Lockhart.

**WIDEN TO INCLUDE CHRIS WHO WEARS NOTHING BUT A SPACE HELMET
AND A PAIR OF BOOTS.** Mrs. Lockhart's eyes widen in surprise.
The entire class stares at Chris.

MRS. LOCKHART

Oh, my god, Chris, what are you doing?

CHRIS

Being romantic and unexpected. (BEAT)

And cold.

The kids all laugh and point at Chris. Chris runs out, embarrassed.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - SAME

The family eats dinner.

LOIS

So, Chris, what's the latest with your little girlfriend?

CHRIS

Aw, I don't think Mrs. Lockhart likes me at all.

LOIS

Mrs. Lockhart? Your teacher?

PETER

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, Lois, this isn't my Batman glass.

LOIS

Peter, are you listening? Chris has a crush on his teacher.

MEG

Ew, gross!

STEWIE

Chris, I'm going to need that condom back. This is too weird.

LOIS

Kids, will you excuse your father and
me for a minute?

The kids leave.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Peter, I think we should have a talk
with Chris' teacher.

PETER

Yeah, you're right, Lois. We'll go
down to the school and straighten it
out tomorrow.

LOIS

Good, now drink your milk.

PETER

I'm not drinkin' this if it's not in
my Batman glass!

LOIS

Oh, yes you are, mister.

PETER

No!

LOIS

Peter--

PETER

No, no, no!

Peter gets up and leaves the room. Lois opens a vodka
bottle, pours a liberal shot and downs it.

LOIS

(TO HERSELF) Divorce is for quitters.

Divorce is for quitters.

She pours herself another shot.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Brian, wearing bifocals, burns the midnight oil grading papers at the table. He sets down his glasses and rubs his eyes. Stewie enters, half-asleep and opens the fridge. He takes out the milk, drinks it, then puts the carton back empty. He picks up some store-bought pudding. He scratches his bottom as he looks at it.

STEWIE

(READING) Eight grams of fat per
serving. Hm. (READING) Serving size:
two tablespoons.

He throws it back in. He pulls out a tub of cream cheese.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Does this cream cheese smell bad to
you?

Brian **sniffs** without leaving his chair.

BRIAN

It's on the verge.

Stewie puts the cream cheese back and takes out a bowl of fruit cocktail and peels back the plastic wrap and **smells** it, shrugs and eats a piece with his fingers. He **smacks** his lips as he eats.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm tryin' to work here.

STEWIE

Oh. Sorry. Church mouse.

Stewie pulls up a chair next to Brian's and eats his fruit, trying to read over Brian's shoulder.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Wow, looks like your pen's running out
of red ink.

BRIAN

It's my third one.

STEWIE

Ouch.

Brian picks up a paper.

BRIAN

Listen to this kid's report on "Great Expectations": "Miss Havisham should of throwed dat cake out so it don't like mess all up da bitch's house like mah homie Dwayne when he don't throw out his Chocodile wrappers." I don't know what to do. Society's given up on these kids, and I feel like I may be the only one who can help them.

STEWIE

I think your problem is you're not reaching out to them on their own level. You know what you should do? Get in there tomorrow and do "the robot."

Stewie presses play on a **beatbox** and does "the robot" to a **seventies funk tune**.

BRIAN

Wow, you know, you're right. Maybe I should try a whole new approach. Thanks. (THEN) Okay, you can stop that now.

STEWIE

(STILL DANCING) I can't hear you, I'm a robot.

BRIAN

C'mon, knock it off.

STEWIE

(ROBOTIC VOICE) Does not compute.

Brian **shuts the music off**. Stewie leans forward and freezes like a robot who's been shut down.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(SHUTTING DOWN) Boooooop.

BRIAN

(EXITING) I'm going to bed.

STEWIE

I do not require sleep.

Stewie holds perfectly still for a long beat.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

I think I can bail on the bit now.

He scurries off screen.

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

INT. BRIAN'S ENGLISH CLASS - SAME

As the bell **rings**, Brian enters dressed as an MTV HIP-HOP "THUG" doing his best gangsta lean.

BRIAN

Aww ight, aww ight. So's I'm
chillin' in Verona when my homie busts
out with, "Yo Romeo, check out that
bee-yatch Juliet in the window." And
I'm like dang, what light through
yonder window breaks?

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Problem is, Juliet's peeps are like
East Coast rappers and my posse's
representin' West-si-eede! Just like
my boys Tupac and Biggie. Know what
I'm sayin'?

Brian puts out a "potato" to Randy who sits in the first row.
Randy leaves him hangin'.

CARLOS

That's racis' man.

RANDY

Yeah, dat's just straight ig-nant,
dog.

BRIAN

Look, I'm tryin' to help you guys
here. The least you can do is meet me
half way. Somebody?

Randy raises his hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Finally. Yes, Randy.

RANDY

Yeah, Andy needs you to empty his
bucket.

ANGLE ON Andy (the boy in the cage) as he **drags** the bucket
along the bars and **grunts from the back of his throat**.

INT. CHRIS' ENGLISH CLASS - DAY

Peter and Lois sit with Mrs. Lockhart.

MRS. LOCKHART

It's good to meet you, Mr. and Mrs.
Griffin.

LOIS

Well, we wanted to talk to you about
our son. You see, Chris really--

PETER

Lois, honey, let's make sure we do
this delicately. (THEN) Mrs. Lockhart,
our son... (OVER-GESTURING) ... would
like to hump you.

Lois shoots him a look.

MRS. LOCKHART

I had a feeling that's what was going
on.

LOIS

We just wanted you to know, so you
could spare his feelings and let him
down gently.

PETER

Yeah. Unless you actually dig him, in
which case we'll get outta your hair.

LOIS

Peter! Mrs. Lockhart, if you could
just talk to him.

MRS. LOCKHART

Don't worry. I know exactly what to
say to Chris.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - SAME

Chris lays on his bed. After a beat, he hears the sound of
pebbles being thrown at his window.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Chris opens the window and looks down.

CHRIS' POV: In the moonlight he sees Mrs. Lockhart standing on the grass below, twirling her hair.

CHRIS

Mrs. Lockhart?

MRS. LOCKHART

Chris, come down. I need to talk to you.

Chris falls headlong out of the window, landing on the ground with a **thud**. He stands, entranced by Mrs. Lockhart. She brushes the hair from his forehead.

CHRIS

Why are you here?

MRS. LOCKHART

(PULLING CHRIS CLOSE) 'Cause I couldn't stand to be away from you for another moment. I, I think I'm falling in love with you.

CHRIS

(SCREAMING) I love you, too!

Mrs. Lockhart places her index finger on Chris' mouth. Cross-eyed, Chris stares at her finger on his lips.

MRS. LOCKHART

Shhhhh.

She takes his hand and leads him behind a tree.

CHRIS

Mrs. Lockhart? Can I kiss you with my tongue? I've practiced on my hand and everything.

Mrs. Lockhart smiles as they lean in to kiss, Chris with his tongue sticking out. At the last moment she pulls away.

MRS. LOCKHART

Chris. (BEAT) I want to, but I can't.

CHRIS

In god's name, why not?!

MRS. LOCKHART

(TURNING AWAY) I'm married.

She turns back and looks Chris in the eye.

MRS. LOCKHART (CONT'D)

Therefore, there's only one thing to do.

She hands Chris a piece of paper.

CHRIS

Pass notes?

MRS. LOCKHART

No, they're instructions. If we're going to be together, I need you to kill my husband.

CHRIS

Aaaaaaaa!

A window opens and Stewie sticks his head out.

STEWIE

Hey! Do you have any idea what time it is? Get in the house, fatty!!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. HERBERT'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Chris, looking troubled, pedals up the sidewalk as HERBERT stands at the edge of his property.

HERBERT

Hey there, handsome. Why so blue?

Chris stops his bike to talk to Herbert.

CHRIS

Ah, my teacher wants me to kill her husband so we can be together.

HERBERT

No woman's worth goin' to prison for.
I got a cold ginger ale in my basement says you won't do it.

CHRIS

Sorry, mister. Maybe some other time.

As Chris rides off, his bike handle accidentally bumps into Herbert's walker, sending Herbert to the ground. His false teeth spill out of his mouth. A CAT plays with them like a kitty toy.

HERBERT

Aw, Whiskers, gimme back my choppers.

The cat continues to play with the false teeth.

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - DAY

Chris turns up a long driveway that leads to a large house.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LAUNDRY ROOM - SAME

Stewie is asleep, strapped to Lois' chest in a baby carrier. Lois puts clothes into the washing machine. Lois slams the dryer shut, startling Stewie awake.

STEWIE

(PANICKED) Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! Dear
god, I was being chased by wolves and,
and I, I didn't have legs, but in the
dream that was normal. I mean, I
didn't expect to have legs... (SIGH)
So, what are you doing, puttering
around the house as usual? Good, god,
look at the fat man's underwear.
Looks like a Jackson Pollack painting.
Don't put that in with my things.

As Lois lifts a bunch of clothes into the washer the
"instructions" fall from Chris' pants pocket.

LOIS

Huh, what's this? (PICKS IT UP) You
know, Stewie, mommy doesn't usually
read things out of Chris' pockets,
(UNFOLDS IT) but sometimes that little
glimpse of the outside world is all
that gets her through the day.

Lois reads the note.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Oh! Oh, my god! Chris is going to
murder Mrs. Lockhart's husband!
We've got to stop him!

Lois runs off screen. We hear a startled **grunt** from Stewie.

EXT. LOCKHART FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Chris **rings** the doorbell. Mrs. Lockhart opens the door and
gives Chris a big hug.

MRS. LOCKHART

Oh, Chris, you big beautiful man! I'm
so glad you came.

Suddenly she breaks character and gets down to business,
pulling a machete out of her cleavage and handing it to him.

MRS. LOCKHART (CONT'D)

(POINTING INSIDE) Up the stairs,
second door on the left. He should
still be asleep.

CHRIS

Mrs. Lockhart, I don't think I can do
this.

MRS. LOCKHART

What?!

CHRIS

Maybe you can just get a divorce, and
we can live together in the fort under
my bed.

MRS. LOCKHART

Fine, I'll do it myself! (EXITING, TO
HERSELF) And, to think I was willing
to give you a blow-- (DOOR SLAMS)

CHRIS

(CRESTFALLEN) Aw, man, she was gonna
give me a Blow Pop.

INT. LOCKHART KITCHEN - LATER

Mrs. Lockhart stands nervously at the sink, her back to the
kitchen.

MRS. LOCKHART

How's your oatmeal, honey?

MR. LOCKHART (O.S.)

You know, it tastes kinda different
than usual.

MRS. LOCKHART

(NERVOUSLY DEFENSIVE) I don't know
what you're talking about. I made it
the same as I always do.

WIDEN TO REVEAL MR. LOCKHART and a large BEAR sitting in his
bowl of oatmeal. He takes another bite.

MR. LOCKHART

Really? Because I swear it has a
slightly different flavor to it.
(SMACKING TONGUE) Nutmeg?

MRS. LOCKHART

Honey, I'm not sure what you're
tasting. Just eat it.

MR. LOCKHART

(HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT) Isn't that
funny.

The Bear **growls**, drawing Mr. Lockhart's attention.

MR. LOCKHART (CONT'D)

Oh, my god, there's a bear in my
oatmeal!

The Bear **growls** again as it swipes at Mr. Lockhart, **knocking**
him into the wall. The body slides to the floor, leaving a
bloody trail. Mrs. Lockhart **laughs evilly**.

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

INT. BRIAN'S CLASSROOM - SAME

Brian enters, unkempt and carrying a cup of coffee.

BRIAN

Yeah, I know, I'm late.

He drinks the last drop, then throws the cup in the trash.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(SIGH) Okay, let's just get started.

He writes "Romeo & Juliet" on the chalkboard. A student in the back row raises his hand.

BACK ROW STUDENT

(POINTING TO BOARD) Hey, yo man,
whassat?

BRIAN

What's what? It's the name of the
damn play.

BACK ROW STUDENT

No, that thing in the middle.

Brian points to the ampersand.

BRIAN

What, this? (BEAT) You've got to be
friggin' kidding me. (NO ANSWER)
That's an ampersand. It's a symbol
for the word "and." How 'bout this?
Anybody not know what this is?

Brian points to the letter "J". More hands go up.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

My, god, nobody can be this stupid.
It's impossible! Not even Peter when
he took that blow to the head and
thought he was Larry from "Three's
Company".

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Brian sits at the table reading the paper. Suddenly, PETER bursts in from outside wearing ONLY A BATHROBE AND A BLACK CURLY-HAIRED WIG. He's carrying a towel.

PETER

Jack, there's a hot tub party across the street, and we're invited! And don't worry, if Mr. Furley comes by I'll make sure he thinks you're--

Peter makes a limp-wristed gesture and makes a **high-pitched sing-songy noise**.

INT. BRIAN'S CLASSROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

AMANDA

Mr. Griffin, chillax! We're doin' the best we can!

BRIAN

There's nothing I'd like to do more than chillax, Amanda, but without a decent education, you could spend the rest of your life as a janitor, or a motel maid, or in some other dead-end job.

KIDS

(OVERJOYED) I could be a janitor? / A motel maid? / I could work at a dead-end?

BRIAN

Oh, my god! That's it! I've been going about this all wrong! This country's educational system is trying to turn every kid in America into a doctor, or a lawyer, or a politician! But, that's crazy!

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I mean, our entire social structure would collapse if they successfully managed to do that! Who'd clean up our trash, or wash our toilets, or pump our gas?! AMERICA NEEDS THE LOW-LEVEL WORKER!

FELICIA

(RAISING HAND) Mr. Griffin, I was re-reading "Romeo & Juliet", and I think I finally get it. It's a class struggle between--

BRIAN

Not now, Felicia! (THEN) Kids, tomorrow, we'll have a class that'll actually mean something to you guys. We're goin' on a field trip!

The kids all **cheer**. Suddenly, Peter **bursts** through the door in his robe and black curly wig.

PETER

Jack! Twins. Swedish. My place.
Now.

EXT. LOCKHART HOUSE - DUSK

Lois, with Stewie in the baby carrier, enters through the open front door. They run into the kitchen. **CLOSE ON** Lois as she **screams** at the sight of the body on the floor.

LOIS

We're too late! (PANICKED) Oh, my god,
I've gotta call the police.

Lois reaches for the phone then recoils.

LOIS (CONT'D)

No, wait a minute, I can't do that!
They'll send Chris to prison! And we
all know what happens in those prison
showers. I've seen Oz.

INT. PRISON SHOWER - DAY (CUTAWAY)

We see a row of TOUGH-LOOKING TATTOOED PRISONERS all
scrubbing each other, singing from "The Wizard of Oz."

PRISONERS

SCRUB-SCRUB HERE / SCRUB-SCRUB THERE.
/ WHETHER YOU'RE WHITE OR BRONZE / A
MAN CAN WASH ANOTHER MAN IN THE MERRY
OL' LAND OF OZ!

INT. LOCKHARTS' KITCHEN - DUSK (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

I have no other choice. I've got to
get rid of this body.

STEWIE

Well, you could take a spin class or
something, but you don't want to be
too thin, otherwise-- (RE: MR.
LOCKHART) Oh, that body.

EXT. RURAL BRIDGE - SUNSET

Lois pulls the body from the back of the station wagon as
Stewie climbs out of his car seat. Lois sets the body down
against the bridge railing. The clothes are tattered and
covered with blood.

LOIS

All right, wait here, Stewie, while
mommy gets the cement blocks.

Lois goes back to the car and opens the trunk. Stewie looks
up the road and sees a cop car approaching. He **gasps**.

ANGLE ON the cop car, which slows to a stop. The COP gets out, and walks over to the body. We now see that Stewie has crawled up underneath Mr. Lockhart's shirt, so that Stewie's head is obscuring Mr. Lockhart's head. Stewie's arms are inside the sleeves, so he can manipulate Mr. Lockhart's arms.

COP

Everything all right here?

STEWIE

Oh, fine, officer. Just enjoying the sunset. No law against that, is there?

COP

What happened to your shirt?

STEWIE

Oh, pizza party at the office.

COP

(GENUINELY INTERESTED) Oh yeah? Where do you work?

STEWIE

First Fidelity Insurance over on Weybossett Street.

COP

The brick building?

STEWIE

The brick building, yes.

COP

Oh, my cousin Arnie works over there.

STEWIE

(UNENTHUSIASTIC) Oh, Arnie's your cousin, is he?

COP

You know him?

STEWIE

Somewhat. Good middle-management type. Just sort of blends in with the furniture, though. Never really wowed anyone at the office.

COP

Hey, I also have an ex-girlfriend that used to work there.

STEWIE

Look, I don't mean to be rude, but I'm not much for small talk. I just kinda came here to watch the sunset.

COP

Oh, sure, sure. Well, take it easy.

STEWIE

Yes, you too. Oh, and when you see Arnie, tell him "oogity-boogity-boo." He'll know what it means.

The Cop gets in his car and leaves. Lois returns with a couple of cinder blocks and some rope as Stewie scurries out of the body.

In a **WIDE SHOT** we see Lois tie the cinder blocks to Mr. Lockhart and throw him over the railing and into the river.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

You know, this isn't as much fun as "Weekend At Bernie's," but it is slightly more fun than "Weekend At Bernie's II".

MUSICAL NUMBER MONTAGE:

Brian sings as he leads the kids on a field trip all over town, highlighting menial laborers.

BRIAN

THE WALL STREET FOLK MAY PARTY 'TIL
DAWN / BOOZING HARD AND CARRYING ON /
WHO REMOVES THE PUKE WHEN THEY'RE
GONE? / THE ANSWER, MY FRIEND, IS THE
LOW-LEVEL MAN!

TIM

Wow! I could clean up puke and get
paid for it?

BRIAN

A LADY SEES A BLOUSE ON A RACK / PICKS
IT UP, AND RUINS THE STACK / WHO'S THE
SAINT THAT PUTS 'EM ALL BACK? / THE
LOW LEVEL MAN! (THEN) THE HUMBLE
GARBAGE MAN CAN STILL HAVE CLASS!

CARLOS

Really?

BRIAN

Oh, sure. AND YOU COULD BE THE GUY
WHO PUMPS HIS GAS!

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(MUSICAL BRIDGE) THE RICH MAN'S WINE
IS RED OR IT'S WHITE / BUT FOR YOU,
THAT'S FAR TOO UPTIGHT / GRAB A SIX OF
NATURAL LIGHT / 'CAUSE YOU HAVE A
DESTINY / BE WHAT YOU'RE MEANT TO BE /
GRAB A SPONGE OFF THE SHELF / URINE
WON'T CLEAN ITSELF / HEAT UP THE FRIES
/ START UP THE GRILLS / EVEN WITH NO /
VALUABLE SKILLS / YOU CAN STILL MEAN A
LOT TO THE WORLD AS A LOW-LEVEL MAN!

- INTERLUDE DIALOGUE TO COME -

BRIAN (CONT'D)

SO BLOW YOUR NOSE AND HOLD YOUR HEAD
ALOFT / 'CAUSE HEALTH INSURANCE ONLY
TURNS YA SOFT! / AND IF YOU FEEL
YOU'RE HITTING THE SKIDS / CLEANING
BOWLS AND HANDLES AND LIDS / YOU STILL
HAVE YOUR TWENTY-EIGHT KIDS / OH, YOU
HAVE A DESTINY / DOWN AT THE DMV /
FITTING SOCIETY'S PLAN...

RANDY

What if I wanted to be a bus boy at
Denny's?

BRIAN

You could totally do that.

RANDY

Wow! THAT COULD BE ME! / WORKIN'
DOWNTOWN!

CARLOS

(SPOKEN, IN TEMPO) I'll be the chef!

BRIAN

(SPOKEN, IN TEMPO) Whoa now, slow
down. IF YOU USE WHAT YOU'VE GOT,
THEN BELIEVE IT OR NOT

KIDS (AND BRIAN)

WE (YOU) CAN EACH MEAN A LOT TO THE
WORLD AS A LOW-LEVEL MAN!

INT. BRIAN'S CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian finishes with a flourish, then stands before his class.

TIM

Thanks, Mr. Griffin, you're the best!

BRIAN

You're welcome, Tim. Well, guys, I
guess there's really nothing else I
can teach you. You know, I still
think back to my first day here when
Amanda gave birth to that beautiful
baby that we later rescued from the
waste basket in the third floor girls'
bathroom. (TEARING UP) I'm... I'm just
amazed at how far you've all come.

The bell rings.

CLOSE ON Brian as he takes his briefcase and heads for the
door.

CARLOS (O.S.)

Oh, Captain, my Captain?

Brian turns to find Carlos stepping up on his desk holding a shovel. Tim stands on his desk holding a squeegee and a spray bottle.

TIM

Oh, Captain, my Captain?

Felicia stands on her desk holding a broom.

FELICIA

Oh, Captain, my Captain?

All the students stand on their desks with various cleaning/manual labor implements saluting Brian.

ANDY

(BARELY DECIPHERABLE) Oh Captain, my
Captain.

He **hurls** himself, cage and all, up onto his desk, which **collapses to bits** beneath him.

CLOSE ON Brian as he looks on them proudly.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Peter, Lois, Meg, and Stewie sit on the couch.

LOIS

...So, there was nothing else I could
do but toss it into the river.

STEWIE

(LOOKS UP) You should have seen her.
She was awesome! They'll never find
that body.

INT. AQUARIUM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A TOUR GUIDE addresses a GROUP OF CHILDREN and their PARENTS.

TOUR GUIDE

And this is our herring display, which flows directly in from our own Quahog River.

Mr. Lockhart's body floats in behind the glass. The kids all **scream** in terror.

FATHER

Y'know, I bet if this guy knew he was gonna get killed today, he woulda put on a belt. (OFF HIS WIFE'S GLARE)
Don't look at me like that, I took a half day at work for this.

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

PETER

You know, Lois, Chris is cool and everything, but since he killed that guy maybe he shouldn't be living here with us.

LOIS

Peter, I'm scared.

PETER

Don't worry sweetheart, you'll have plenty of time to escape while he's killing Meg. (SOTTO) He hates her the most.

Chris enters. The family members exchange nervous looks.

CHRIS

Hey, everybody, what's for dinner?
I'm starving.

PETER

(SOTTO) My god, his bloodlust is
unquenchable! (THEN) Hey, Chris, why
don't you take your sister into the
kitchen for a sandwich?

MEG

I don't wanna die!

Meg **smashes** through the window and runs off.

CHRIS

Why's everybody acting weird?

LOIS

Chris, we know what you did. And I
have to say, honestly, I don't
approve.

CHRIS

What I did? (THINKS FOR A BEAT) Oh,
that I used a tampon to stop my nose-
bleed?

PETER

Noooooo.

CHRIS

That I had hard gas and poo'd myself?

PETER

Close, but still, no.

STEWIE

How is that close?

LOIS

(IMPATIENT) For god's sake, Chris, you
murdered Mr. Lockhart!

CHRIS

But I didn't kill Mr. Lockhart.

LOIS

Chris, I saw the body. Pre-meditated murder is one thing, but I will not have lying in this house!

STEWIE

What the hell are you talking about?
Your whole marriage is a lie.

PETER

Wait, hold it, hold it. Can we finish this discussion after "Reba"?

STEWIE

Oh, is it time for "Reba"?

Peter turns on the TV. Stewie hops on the couch.

LOIS

Peter, what about Chris?!

Peter **smashes** Chris with a lamp, knocking him out cold.

PETER

We'll take this up in a half hour,
Lois.

ANGLE ON the TV.

INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWS DESK - NIGHT (ON TV)

Diane addresses the camera.

DIANE (ON TV)

With apologies to our white trash viewers, we interrupt "Reba" to bring you a breaking news story.

EXT. LOCKHART HOUSE - NIGHT (ON TV)

Tom Tucker stands, microphone in hand, outside of the taped-off crime scene. POLICE go in and out of the house.

TOM

Thank you, Diane. We're here at the scene where detectives are poring over evidence of what appears to be a gruesome murder.

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

LOIS

(OFF TV) Oh, my god, I left my Totes umbrella there.

EXT. LOCKHART HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (ON TV)

TOM

It appears Ronald Lockhart was murdered in a crime of passion by his wife, Lana, and a local bear: all players in what's being described by police as a bizarre love triangle. The whereabouts of these suspects are currently unknown.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mrs. Lockhart steps out of the bathroom, DRESSED FOR AN EVENING OUT. The Bear is slouched on the bed holding the remote and watching TV.

MRS. LOCKHART

You ready?

BEAR

What's that?

MRS. LOCKHART

I thought we'd try that lobster place
we passed in the car.

BEAR

Lobster? With my gout?

MRS. LOCKHART

Well, they have other things.

BEAR

Can I just finish watching this?

MRS. LOCKHART

You can watch TV anytime.

BEAR

Just, just, just, until the
commercial.

MRS. LOCKHART

I'm starving.

BEAR

Lana, this is gonna be a real long
trip if you don't knock off the crap.

Lana sits on the foot of the bed. The Bear reaches out with
his foot and gently scratches her lower back.

BEAR (CONT'D)

(SWEETLY) Love you.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Lois begin to **chuckle**.

LOIS

I can't believe we thought a member of
our family would really wanna kill
anybody.

WHIP PAN to Stewie. After a beat, he turns and looks into
the camera.

STEWIE

(DEFENSIVE) What?

PETER

Hey, what should we do about Chris?

LOIS

We'll just tell him he fell asleep
watching TV.

Lois pulls a blanket up over Chris and kisses him on the forehead.

EXT. LOCKHART HOUSE - CONTINUOUS (ON TV)

TOM

I've been told they'll be holding a
press conference after they clean up
what can only be described as a bloody
mess.

Behind Tom we see the Buddy Cianci Jr. High bus pull up.

ANGLE ON the bus as Brian gets off, followed by his students enthusiastically carrying mops, buckets, etc. He watches proudly as they file into the house as we hear a reprise of the song from earlier. On Brian's proud look, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW