

FAMILY GUY

"Holy Crap!"

Production #1ACX11

Written by

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Created by

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TABLE DRAFT
October 30, 1998

"Holy Crap!"

CAST LIST FOR #1ACX11:

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

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

MEG is studying with hunky next door neighbor, KYLE. STEWIE looks on. She gazes at him as he scribbles on a note pad. CHRIS plays video games. BRIAN reads the paper.

MEG

What do you think, Kyle? Is the
answer "A" or "B"?

STEWIE

Oh, please! It's "A: Sides of
pythagorean triangles", you twit!

MEG

Quiet, Stewie. Kyle and I are trying
to solve a math problem.

CHRIS

Here's a math problem... Meg plus
Kyle equals ugly kids!

LOIS enters with a plate of fresh baked cookies.

LOIS

Boys, let Meg and Kyle have their
study date.

MEG

Mom! It's not a date. (TO KYLE)
Maybe we should study at your house.

KYLE

It's kinda noisy over there. My
mom's framing my report cards, and my
dad's building another trophy case,
which I'll have to fill or else
(SHOUTING) THEY'LL STOP LOVING ME!

Kyle **snaps** his pencil. Everyone stares uncomfortably.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(CALM) You know, I think the answer
is "A".

Meg smiles. She's in love. We hear **three short whistles**
from next door, like from a boatswain's whistle.

KYLE

(CHEERFUL) Welp, that's me. I have
ninety seconds to get home. See ya
tomorrow.

Kyle races out. PETER enters.

PETER

Listen up, everybody. Francis
Griffin is finally retiring!

MEG

That's great. 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

He worked at that mill for sixty 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. CHURCH - 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 it reads, "Just Married To A Protestant Whore."

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

PETER

Hey, Dad loves all of us. He's just been too busy working to show it. It's been that way 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 Peter with a stalk of corn tied to his leg.

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

PETER

Now that he's retiring, we 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.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I've been trying to get rid of them
for weeks.

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 to the thick grey hair in Francis' 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 at their surroundings. They speak in a strange tongue.

GNOME #1

Merdre ning? Trompsodian fitz.

A subtitle reads: "SOMETHING IS WRONG. WHERE IS THE DEAFENING SOUND OF THE MILL?"

GNOME #2

Pez hep. Ichobodian groolster.

A subtitle reads: "I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M FRIGHTENED. WE MUST WARN THE OTHERS". We **PULL BACK OUT**.

INT. BANQUET HALL - CONTINUOUS

The MILL OWNER is at the podium with a gold watch.

MILL OWNER

(AMPLIFIED) Today we at Pawtucket

Mills celebrate a day we never

thought would come. The mandatory

retirement 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.

(MORE)

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

But in my eyes, you're all slackers
and sinners, and I hope the Lord sees
fit to smite you all with a painful
and ugly demise, after which you'll
burn in hell for all eternity. 'Til
then you can shove this watch 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 here
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.

FRANCIS

I'm just saying there's enough of 'em, thanks to the Pope's wise and proper condemnation of birth control. He's infallible, the Holy Father is, and-- (SUDDENLY) Watch the road, Peter! Saints preserve us, is this how I taught you to drive?

PETER

Well, actually, Dad, you didn't teach me how to drive.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Young Peter sits nervously behind the wheel, driving.

PETER

Uh, thanks for taking me out. My Dad had to work.

REVEAL a large BEAR sitting in the passenger's seat. It **roars**.

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

BRIAN

So, Francis, how do you plan to spend your golden years?

FRANCIS

I don't know. I always assumed my heart would give out and I'd slump over dead on me kick press. (SIGHS)
It was sort of a dream of mine.

PETER

Well, my dream is for you to come stay with us at our house. We can finally spend some time together and get to--

FRANCIS

I don't want to be a bother.

PETER

It's no bother. Is it Lois?

LOIS

Well, it is a sin to lie, Peter...

Peter looks at her and **mutters**, pleadingly. Lois relents.

LOIS (CONT'D)

But since I'm a sinful Protestant, it's no bother at all.

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 and Lois 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

And so God took the pagans and sinners and cast them into the fiery bowels of hell, where they were skewered and turned on a spit, their guilty flesh burning forever and ever. (SOFTLY) The end.

Stewie puts his thumb in his mouth and drifts off to sleep with a smile. Lois takes Stewie from Francis' arms.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Out like a light. 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)

Lois rocks Stewie gently, listening as Peter and Francis talk.

PETER

Dad, I set up the roll-away in
Stewie's room.

FRANCIS

Ooh! A roll-away bed. Aren't we
fancy? I had a roll-away bed myself
when I was a lad. It was called the
back of a horse cart! Just give me
a flat board and a round field stone
for me head.

PETER

Well, okay, I think I got a board
next to the furnace...

FRANCIS

Has it got nails in it?

PETER

Um... no.

FRANCIS

(INCREDULOUS) No nails, lad?!

PETER

I just want you to be comfortable...

FRANCIS

Then stop rubbin' your wealth in my
face. With your push button TV, and
your quilted toilet paper, and your
milk in a bottle! Now give me a hug
and go to bed.

Peter hugs his father. Lois watches, disturbed.

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

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - SAME

On an assembly line, Peter places a doll's head on its body.
Next to him, JOHNSON **whacks** it into place with a mallet.
Peter looks exhausted and falls asleep. His head hits the
conveyor belt, sliding it under Johnson's mallet. Johnson
whacks Peter's head.

PETER

Ow!

JOHNSON

Sorry, Peter. Reflex.

PETER

That's okay. (YAWNING) My Dad dragged
me to five o'clock mass.

JOHNSON

Geez, what was that like?

PETER

Well, not as good as the six o'clock,
but a lot better than the seven. We
didn't even get to have breakfast.
By eight o'clock there was a real run
on the Body of Christ.

INT. CHURCH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

PRIEST

(READING) "Take this all of you and
eat it. This is my body, which will
be given up for you."

ANGLE ON Peter, starving.

PETER

(INTENSE) Bring. It. On.

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

JOHNSON

Since when do you go to church during
the week?

PETER

Since the godless rabble chased my
Dad from the temple of his divine
purpose. (OFF HIS LOOK) Long story.
The important thing is, my family is
finally getting to know Dad. And to
know him is to love him.

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) "He lives next door"... to
a sinner! No better than your mother.

MEG

I'm just trying to make a new friend--

FRANCIS

Aye. And Eve was just trying to keep
the doctor away! (THEN) Lord, it's so
great to see you kids.

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

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

Mark my words, the Lord is watching
you every minute you're in there.

Francis quickly **nails** a crucifix to the bathroom door.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

If you ever do that again, you'll
burn in hell! Now give me a hug.

He hugs Chris and exits. Chris looks at the crucifix and
shudders.

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

Jesus can forgive you, woman. I can
only change the channel.

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 #1

Captain, according to my calculations
we've crash-landed on a planet where
the don't worship Jesus!

MAN #2

Affirmative, sir. The Christcorder
isn't picking up a single trace of
Christianite!

CAPTAIN

Good Friday! What kind of alien heck
is this?

The CAPTAIN pulls out a hand-held, crucifix-shaped
communicator. As he flips it open, the Jesus part flips up.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(INTO COMMUNICATOR) Jacob to Holy
Ghost, we have a code five.

A freakish-looking ALIEN approaches them.

ALIEN

Greetings, Earth men. Take me to
your goods so that I may covet them.

MAN #1

(TO MAN #2) Quick, Bill, you're
without sin! You cast the first
stone!

The men start hurling moon rocks at the alien. The alien
screams.

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

He's been miserable and nasty all day long.

PETER

That's because I was at work and he missed me, just like I used to miss him. (HOLDS UP TICKETS) But tonight he's goin' to his first ballgame with his number one son. You should see Dad, he's all excited.

Francis appears in the doorway, wearing a baseball cap.

FRANCIS

(MISERABLE) All right, take me out to the god-forsaken ballgame.

PETER

(TO LOIS) 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 glances at Francis.

PETER

Hey, look at us. Three generations of Griffin men at the ballgame together. Is this fun or what?

Francis **grunts**, looking sour and bored.

PETER (CONT'D)

Y'know, Dad, this is Stewie's first ballgame, too. I think he's a future major leaguer.

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

Hey, who wants a Fenway frank?

Chris holds his bloated stomach.

CHRIS

Not me. I don't want to go to hell.

PETER

What're you talking about, they're
Kosher. Okay, one for Dad, one for
Stewie, four for me.

FRANCIS

I'll get 'em.

PETER

You don't have to do that, 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 plow-horse! I can
still walk! I can still provide!

Francis storms off up the stairs. Peter smiles.

PETER

Great! Provide me some crackerjacks.

And some peanuts!

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.

PETER

What could have happened to him? 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. 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

We should call nine-one-one.

LOIS

Peter, it's his first night of retirement. Maybe he just decided to go out on the town and have some fun.

PETER

What could be more fun than hanging out with his own son?

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 and demanded his job back.

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

This is my press, you soulless
demons! (LOOKING HEAVENWARD) Forgive
them, Father, they know not what they
do!

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 hang out 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)

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

Chokehold? I thought you were my own
sainted mother, lullin' me to sleep.
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 you be using the Lord's name in
vain!

PETER

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

Francis **smacks** Peter again.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lois is making coffee. Francis sits at the table, sullen. Brian is curled up in a corner, watching the scene.

PETER

I'm sorry, Dad. I thought you'd like baseball. It's the national pastime.

FRANCIS

National waste of time, if you ask me. A bunch of faberdoos prancin' about in their short pants scratchin' their marmels while we sit on our gormleys swillin' beer instead of thinkin' of Jesus and his sufferin' Well, thank you, no.

He storms out.

LOIS

Peter, maybe you're expecting too much from him. He spent sixty-five years in that mill. What did you think was gonna happen when he retired?

PETER

I don't know, I thought we'd do stuff together. Stuff I been waiting my whole life to do.

EXT. PASTORAL COUNTRY HILLSIDE - DAY (FANTASY CUTAWAY)

Peter and Francis are having a picnic. Both are barefoot and wear Huck Finn-style straw hats. Peter stands, Francis sits with his legs crossed.

PETER

(SINGING) "I'm just a boy who can't
say no."

Francis completes the music phrase on a **flute**.

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

LOIS

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

PETER

Wait a second! Work! That's
something we can do together. I'll
get him a job with me at the factory.
That way he can do his two favorite
things at the same time: hard work
and loving Peter.

BRIAN

Yeah, he doesn't strike me as the
doorbells and sleigh bells and
schnitzel with noodles type.

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 dolls.

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

MR. WEED

I don't know, Peter. This company's
had a lot of problems with nepotism.

PETER

Mr. Weed, the proper term is Asian
American. (PROUDLY) Besides, my Dad's
one hundred percent mick.

MR. WEED

I'm sorry, Peter, but...

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Peter!

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

FRANCIS

All finished. What's next?

PETER

Dad, you got more done in five minutes than most guys get done before their lunch break.

FRANCIS

You take a break for lunch?

MR. WEED

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

FRANCIS

Well, I believe in God, and that we were born into this world to suffer and slave and get the job done. Jesus stayed on the cross long after the five o'clock whistle blew, I promise you that.

MR. WEED

(IMPRESSED) Are you for real?

PETER

Oh, yeah, he's for real, all right. He never takes a day off. He even works on 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.

The workers **cheer**. Mr. Weed exits. Peter is elated.

PETER

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

FRANCIS

(NEAR TEARS) I don't believe it. I
have a job again, a reason to get up
in the morning. I want to thank you!

PETER

(MOVED) 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. He's suddenly lit from above.

FRANCIS

Thank you, Jesus! Thank you for
choosing me to lead these miserable
slackers and bums.

Francis rises and the light from above disappears. Now he's
lit from below, his face cast with demonic shadows.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Now, get 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.

LOIS

Your father will be home soon. I'm making a big dinner to celebrate Grandpa's new job. Corned beef, cabbage, and for dessert, your favorite, Chris -- brownies. Thick and gooey. With nuts.

Chris **groans** and walks out of the room.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Chris?

An exhausted-looking Peter falls into the kitchen from the back door. He 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

Lunch is a sin. Taking a break is a sin. Everything is a sin. In fact, me telling you this is a sin. I got three hours 'til my next shift.
Good night.

MEG

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.

LOIS

Well, honey, you got what you wanted.

You and your father are getting to spend some time together, right?

Peter?

She turns to see Peter's asleep, his forehead resting on the tines of a fork he holds in his fist.

PETER

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

LOIS

Peter, I know you want to connect with you 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.

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.

(MORE)

PEWTERSCHMIDT (CONT'D)

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 get some sleep.

Peter's 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

Peter is working without a chair. He has four dots imprinted in his forehead from the fork tines. His chair is gone. The mood of the factory has changed as other workers approach.

WORKER #1

Hey, Peter. Where's your chair?

PETER

My Dad took it. He said, "If you can sit, you can quit."

WORKER #2

Your Dad stinks. How come I gotta give up my vacation for Lent? I'm Jewish!

PETER

Uh, you might want to keep that quiet around my Dad, Bernie.

WORKER #3

(TOUGH GUY) Either you talk to your old man or he gets up close and personal with the slinky machine.

INT. STAIRWAY - DAY (CUTAWAY)

TWO KIDS are at the top of the stairs playing with a slinky with Francis' head on top and feet on the bottom.

WOMAN SINGING

He'll scream and he'll yell / He'll
damn you to hell / He'll call your
mother a whore. / He'll serve you
potaters / Condemn masturbators /
Everyone knows he's Franky.

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Francis enters.

FRANCIS

Hey, break up this sewing circle.

What's going on here?

The Workers look to Peter. Francis eyes Peter down.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Well? Out with it, boy!

PETER

Well, Dad, some of the guys were talking, and well, they think that since you took over, work is no fun.

FRANCIS

Work's not supposed to be fun.

PETER

Oh, okay. (THEN:) Hey, Dad, why not?

FRANCIS

Why not? Why not!? That's Satan talking. It's no wonder your daughter's parading her goods about like Salome without the 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) Wait a minute. I may not be employee of the month, 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. It took guts to stand up to your old man like that. 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. As for me, the good lord has blessed me with a job to do. Have a nice 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 a failure. If my own Dad can't even love me, I must be no good. Face it. I'm a bad man.

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 Malto-Meal. (TO PETER) Honey, you're a wonderful husband, a loving father, and, for some reason I'll never understand, a very devoted son.

PETER

Thanks, Lois. Can you tell my Dad that?

LOIS

Peter, he won't listen to me. That man won't listen to anyone.

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 hummmmmmmmbblllllllle
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 look at each other and **shudder** at the prospect. 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

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. We hear **Lionel Ritchie's "Hello"**.

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

Should I keep waving?

We see that Peter is driving, disguised as a priest. **Lionel Ritchie's song** is playing on the AM radio in the Pope Mobile.

PETER

Uh, you're the Pope, you can do
whatever you want, can I please
change the radio station?

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

Holy crap! (REALIZES, BOWS) Oh, I'm so sorry, excuse me, Father!

POPE

That's okay, I get that a lot.

LOIS

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. He's just here to
convince my father I'm a good guy.

LOIS

He agreed to do that?

PETER

Well, I explained the whole situation
right after I stole his Pope Mobile,
but I don't think he could hear me
through the bubble.

Peter heads into the living room.

LOIS

You kidnapped the Pope!?

She follows, concerned.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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 followed by Lois.

POPE

Peter, your children are delightful.
You've raised a fine family.

PETER

Really? Could you tell that to my
Dad? 'Cause 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.

INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY COMPANY - DAY

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

POPE

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

PETER

It didn't used to be like this, Pope.
It was a fun place, full of joy and
laughter and consensual sex in the
john. (REALIZING) Not by me, I just
read Penthou...tional Geographic in
there.

Peter's co-workers come over.

WORKER #1

Peter! Are we glad to see you!

WORKER #2

Yeah, we need one more man to lynch
your father. (TO POPE) Hey, Ali Baba,
grab that rope.

POPE

Such anger and despair! 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.

(MORE)

POPE (CONT'D)

He is a compassionate family man who is loved by those around him. 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) Holy Father, you've gone soft on me! 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 a--

PETER

Okay, time out!

Peter pulls the Pope aside.

POPE

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! Don't you know how much I love you, lad? 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 plays **the father/son theme**.

PETER (CONT'D)

Dad, to be honest, I don't like you, either. (TO POPE) Aw, geez, I feel terrible. I guess I'm goin' to hell, huh?

POPE

Peter, the good Lord says to honor thy father. He never said anything about liking him. And even if he did, I'm sure he'd make an exception in your case.

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.

FRANCIS

Well, I guess I'm not wanted here.

EVERYONE

No, you're not! / Get out of here, you crazy old bastard!

FRANCIS

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.

INT. HUGE 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 bugger! 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.

WOMAN (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

Mommy?!

EVERYONE BUT PETER

Aaaaahhh!

THE END