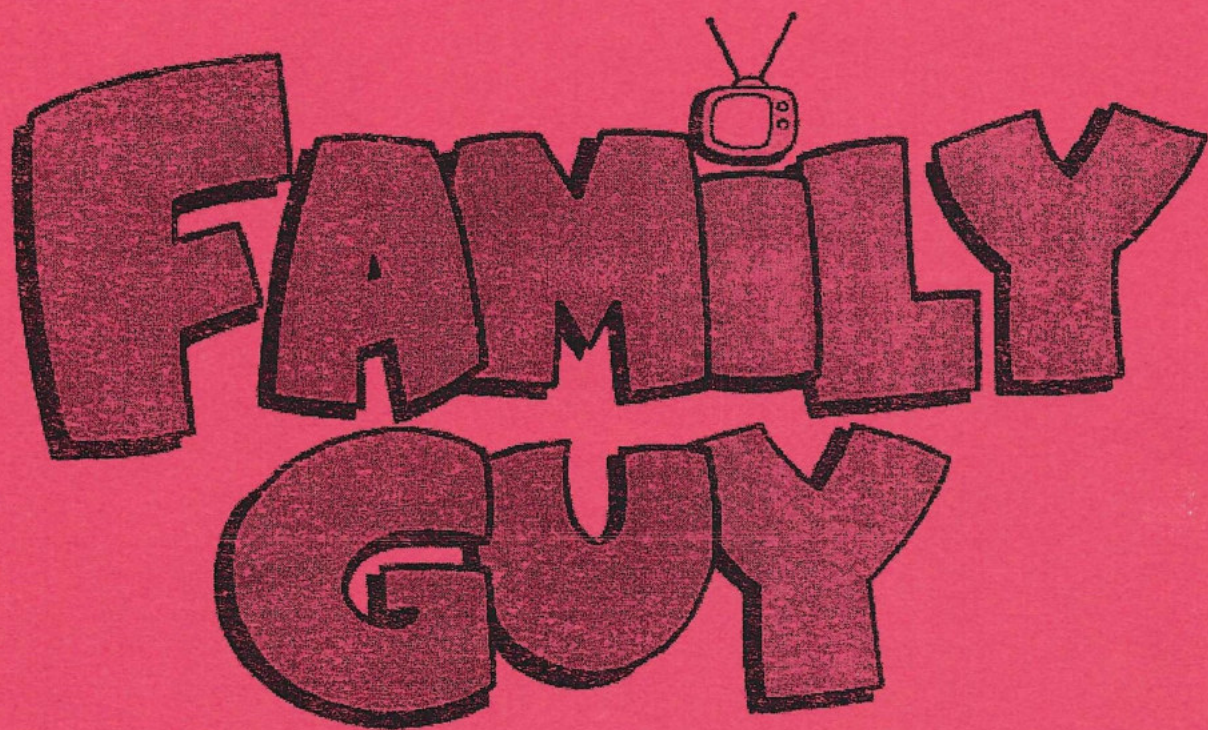


3  
Production # 2ACX04

Dir.

"A Very Special Family Guy Freakin' Christmas"



FAMILY GUY

"A Very Special Family Guy Freakin' Christmas"

Production #2ACX04

Written by

Danny Smith

Created by

Seth MacFarlane

Executive Producers

David Zuckerman  
Seth MacFarlane

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TABLE DRAFT  
March 30, 1999



## "A Very Special Family Guy Freakin' Christmas"

### CAST LIST FOR #2ACX04:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN  
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN (SUB: MATT WEITZMAN)  
MEG GRIFFIN.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)  
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
"RUDOLPH" SANTA.....SETH MACFARLANE  
ACE FREHLY.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)  
BOB HOPE.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
BUCK.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
CHINESE MAN # 1.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
CHINESE MAN # 2.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY  
DEBBIE.....JENNIFER TILLY (SUB: MATT WEITZMAN)  
"DREAM" SANTA.....TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)  
FAB.....TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)  
FBI AGENT.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)  
FROSTY THE SNOWMAN.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
GENE SIMMONS.....TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)  
HERBIE THE ELF.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
JOE.....PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: MIKE BARKER)  
JOHNSON.....SETH MACFARLANE  
KID.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
"KISS" SANTA.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
LONELY COWBOY.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
LONELY LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
LONELY TRUCKER.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)  
MA.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)  
MALL SANTA.....TBD (SUB: CRAIG HOFFMAN)  
MRS. CLAUS.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)  
MRS. SNUGGLES.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)  
OLD MAN.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
PAUL STANLEY.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
PETER CRISS.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)  
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE

SARAH.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)  
SKEETER.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
SNIPER.....TBD (SUB: MATT WEITZMAN)  
SNUGGLES.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
SOLDIER.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)  
WAITRESS.....TBD (SUB: MATT WEITZMAN)  
WISEMAN #1.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
WISEMAN #2.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
WISEMAN #3.....TBD (SUB: GARY JANETTI)

ACT ONE

**EXT./ESTAB. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY CO. - EVENING**

The building is decorated for Christmas with large candy canes, Christmas tree, etc.

**INT. HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TOY ASSEMBLY LINE - EVENING**

Christmas Muzak plays softly in the background. PETER sweats profusely as he works the line with JOHNSON.

PETER

Aw, geez, a whole month of double shifts and Mr. Weed doesn't even give us a freakin' Christmas party.

JOHNSON

Well, vacation is only an hour away.

PETER

Yeah, well, I'm gonna send him a little season's greetings from his loyal employees.

Peter crosses to a copy machine, drops his pants, sits on top and pushes a button. The machine spits out a copy. He tacks it up on a door marked, "MR. WEED", then crosses away, smugly. We see that the xerox is a picture of his face, shmushed up against glass.

**EXT. QUAHOG TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT**

Snow is on the ground. The CITIZENS are gathered around a huge Christmas tree. LOIS, wearing a Santa hat, stands with CHRIS, MEG, and STEWIE. Chris takes a candy cane off the tree and hands it to Stewie.

CHRIS

Merry Christmas, dude! Don't put it in your nose. It burns like hell.

Stewie studies it for a moment, then takes a knife out and starts sharpening the candy cane's end.

**ANGLE ON CLEVELAND**, who stands at a microphone on a raised platform.

CLEVELAND

Merry Christmas, everybody. As  
President of the Quahog Chamber of  
Commerce, I'd like to thank the Senior  
Center for decorating our tree.

He **flicks** a switch and the tree lights up. The lights have  
been strung to spell out "Young People Suck." **ANGLE ON** some  
OLD PEOPLE. They **cackle**, **congratulating** themselves.

OLD MAN

(LAUGH)

**SFX: SNAPPING SOUND**

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Oh, broke my hip.

The crowd **sings "Silent Night."** Lois crouches next to Stewie  
and points to a nativity scene at the foot of the tree.

LOIS

Look, honey, there's the manger for  
the Christmas pageant. You're gonna  
make the cutest baby Jesus ever.

STEWIE

So, you want to dress me up and trot  
me about like a circus poodle, hmm?  
Let me consult my agent, Mr. Irving  
R. POINTY STICK!

Stewie leaps up and latches onto her face (a la the face  
huggers in "Alien") and begins poking the top of her head  
with the candy cane. It makes soft "fffft" sounds.

LOIS

Stewie! Where did you get that?

(TAKES IT) No sweets before dinner.

MEG

Mom, I'm freezing! Can we go home?

LOIS

In a minute. Would you just look at this beautiful tree? Every year I look up at that star, and I think of all the joy and wonder that Christmas promises, (RE: MANGER) and the miracle that occurred on that silent winter's night.

The crowd finishes singing "Silent Night." There's a hush as everyone contemplates the beauty of the moment. Suddenly, we hear a **car horn blast** as Peter **plows** into the manger, sending a camel flying into the air like "Twister".

PETER

I'm on vacation! (CRACKS OPEN BEER)

Hap-py Birthday, Jesus! (SINGS)

"CHECK THE BALLS ON UNCLE CHARLIE, FA-  
LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA-LA!--"

The Camel lands on him with a **thud**.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

**INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - SAME**

The house is decorated for Christmas. Lois checks things off a list as BRIAN addresses Christmas cards.

LOIS

Stockings hung-- with care; gifts, wrapped and hidden-- (NOTICES) Brian, you're not wearing the sweater I made for you.

BRIAN

Well, it's a little warm in here...

LOIS

(CHIDING) "Don we now our gay  
apparel."

Brian **sighs** and puts on a red doggie sweater which reads:  
"Ho! Ho! Ho!". He smiles a phony smile.

BRIAN

(TO HIMSELF) Doesn't get much gayer  
than this.

LOIS

(CHECKS LIST) There, I think that's  
everything.

BRIAN

You're amazing, Lois. I haven't even  
finished doing my cards. (READS A  
CARD) "May the joys of Christmas  
cheer, be with you all the year."  
Who writes this crap?

INT. LOW RENT APARTMENT - DAY (CUTAWAY)

**CLOSE ON** a coffee cup that says, "Snuggles." **PULL BACK TO  
REVEAL** SNUGGLES the teddy bear, sitting at an old typewriter,  
smoking a cigarette. A bottle of scotch is nearby.

SNUGGLES

(TYPING) "...be with you all the  
year." (SIGHS)

MRS. SNUGGLES, his chubby wife, regards him with disdain.

MRS. SNUGGLES

How's the novel coming, Hemingway?



SNUGGLES

Shut up!

MRS. SNUGGLES

Or is it Fitzgerald? Which is the  
one with the tiny crank?

SNUGGLES

Hey, you're eating, aren't you? All  
day.

MRS. SNUGGLES

Why shouldn't I? You've got the  
drinking covered.

Snuggles stares at her for a beat, then **knocks** the typewriter  
off the table in anger.

**INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)**

LOIS

Brian, you're not looking at the  
season through your Christmas eyes.  
As Andy Williams says, "It's the most  
wonderful time of the year." And if  
he can feel that way after his wife  
shot that skier, then this truly is  
a season of peace and tranquility.

PETER (O.S.)

Aahh!

They look up at a **thumping sound** from the roof.

**EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE - NIGHT**

Peter falls from the roof, Christmas lights wrapped around  
his ankles. He swings back and forth, trying to free himself.

PETER

Sona-frassen-dirty-double-crossin'--

He **crashes** to the ground. MUTLEY stands nearby. He emits his trademark **laugh**.

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Lois puts the final touches on a gingerbread house. Peter enters from outside, looking exhausted. He crosses to the fridge and loads his arms with beer and junk food.

PETER

Okay, the lights are up. All I wanna do now is sit on the couch, watch Christmas specials, and drink beer 'til I sleep in heavenly peace.

LOIS

But, honey, you still haven't gotten us a tree.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Hey Dad, "Rudolph" is on.

Peter hurries into the living room, followed by Lois.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The kids watch TV as Peter and Lois enter.

**INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - DAY (ON TV)**

SANTA and his ELVES are in the workshop a la "Rudolph the Rednosed Reindeer." HERBIE the elf goes over to Santa.

HERBIE THE ELF

Santa? I, uh, don't want to make toys anymore. I want to be a dentist.

"RUDOLPH" SANTA

Wel-l-l-l! (TO ELVES) Did you all hear that?

(MORE)

"RUDOLPH" SANTA (CONT'D)

Herbie wants to be a dentist!

Some elves **snicker**. Herbie cowers a bit.

"RUDOLPH" SANTA (CONT'D)

You like show tunes, too, Herbie? A dentist. I hear San Francisco's nice this time of year.

The elves **laugh** derisively.

"RUDOLPH" SANTA (CONT'D)

Lotta cavities to fill in San Francisco, eh, Herbie, the "dentist"?

Santa **laughs** in Herbie's face. Herbie turns bright red and rushes out of the workshop in tears.

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

Peter is now sitting down, engrossed in the show.

LOIS

Peter? The tree?

PETER

Okay, honey, I'm on it.

He rises part way up.

PETER (CONT'D)

(SOTTO TO BRIAN) Is she still there?

Brian nods.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aw, crap. Brian, tape this for me.

BRIAN

Sorry, the VCR hasn't worked since you tried to tape "Monday Night Football".

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

"Monday Night Football" plays on the TV. Peter presses the record button on the VCR. Suddenly, a group of flak-jacketed FBI AGENTS burst in.

FBI AGENT

Do you have the express written  
consent of ABC Sports and the  
National Football League?

Peter slowly holds up a contract.

PETER

(MEEKLY) Just ABC.

Peter dives for cover as the FBI riddles the VCR with bullets.

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

LOIS

Well, if you get us a tree, I'll make  
sure Santa brings you a new VCR.

PETER

I'll go during the-- (OFF TV)

Commercial!

He dashes out of the house. We hear the sound of an axe hacking into wood, then a tree falls. There's a moment of silence. Then Peter shoves a tree into the house (top first) and drags it across the living room, knocking stuff over. He drops the tree in a stand.

LOIS

My goodness, that was quick. (TAKES  
A DEEP BREATH) Mmm, it smells like a  
clean toilet.

BRIAN

Yes, it's that fresh pine scent and--

(SNIFFS) Wait a minute.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I know this tree.

Peter tightens the stand into the base of the tree.

PETER

Okay, I am now officially closed for  
the holidays. Merry Christmas and  
Feliz, uh...Rashad.

Peter's butt is about to hit the couch, when:

LOIS

Before you sit down, we're due at Joe  
and Debbie's for egg nog.

PETER

Oh, man! Every time I turn around  
something's messing up my Christmas.

We ZOOM IN on the base of the Christmas tree and see a  
steady, slow drip of tree sap seeping out. A musical sting  
suggests impending trouble.

EXT./ESTAB. SWANSON HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. JOE AND DEBBIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Beautiful acoustic guitar music plays. Lois' gingerbread  
house sits on the coffee table. Peter and Lois sit across  
from Debbie and Joe, who is slumped over in his wheelchair,  
bitter and unhappy. Peter glances at the TV.

PETER

So, uh, you guys know that "Rudolph"  
is on, right?

LOIS

(SOTTO) Peter!

There's a long, uncomfortable silence.



DEBBIE

Thank you for the lovely gingerbread house, Lois.

JOE

(BITTER) Does it have a wheelchair ramp?

Joe takes a long **gulp** of egg nog.

DEBBIE

(WHISPERS) Joe, you promised! It's Christmas. (TO GRIFFINS) Joe had his accident at Christmas time.

JOE

I embarrass you. Don't I, Debbie?

DEBBIE

Stop it! I love you!

JOE

How can you love me? I don't even know you're on top of me until I see your face!

An uncomfortable beat. Lois points to the gingerbread house.

LOIS

I made the icicles out of frosting.

Suddenly, from outside, we hear Cleveland and Quagmire singing "**Here Comes Santa Claus**". Peter perks up.

PETER

(SAVED) Yes! Time to go a-wasseling!

Peter runs to the front door.

LOIS

(TO DEBBIE) Every year, Peter's friends get drunk and sing carols to everyone in town. Whether they like it or not.

Peter opens the front door, revealing QUAGMIRE and CLEVELAND, both holding beers. Cleveland wears a pair of deer antlers, Quagmire has a Santa hat.

CLEVELAND

Hi, I'm Prancer.

LOIS

(TO PETER) Hey, why don't you take Joe along?

JOE

(STILL DOWN) I'll get my coat.

Joe wheels into the other room. Peter pulls Lois aside.

PETER

Lois, the guy's a wet blanket on wheels. (LOUD) And-- and a lot of the places we're going have stairs. And rocks.

LOIS

Honey, he could use some Christmas spirit. For me? Please?

PETER

(SIGHS) All right. But you owe me. Later, under the mistletoe. Open mouth, no matter how drunk I am.

**EXT. SWANSONS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The guys head down the front walk. Lois calls from the doorway to Peter.

LOIS

Peter, the gifts are in the car.

Don't forget to drop off the one for

"Toys for Tots."

They start to exit.

PETER

Yeah, fine, whatever. (TO QUAGMIRE)

Beer me.

QUAGMIRE

Heads up!

Quagmire tosses Peter a beer. Joe wheels into frame.

JOE

Uh, Peter, one of us has to be the designated driver. I've already had four egg nogs, so I guess you're it.

PETER

Ha, good one, Joe. Way to get into the spirit.

Peter goes to **chug** the beer when Joe thrusts a police baton in his gut, causing Peter to **grunt**.

JOE

I'm a cop first and a buddy second, so don't think I wouldn't throw your drunk-driving ass in the slammer!

Joe takes Peter's beer and takes a long **chug** and **belches**.

JOE (CONT'D)

(PUMPED) Alright, let's a-wassell!

Joe wheels to the car. Peter sighs.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We start TIGHT on a slowly spreading puddle of sap, then PULL WIDE to see Meg and Chris decorating the tree. Stewie is there as Lois enters.

LOIS

Stewie, honey, time for bed. You have a big day tomorrow, Baby Jesus.

STEWIE

Would that I were Christ. I could walk on water, stroll you out to the middle of a lake and hold your head under until the bubbles stopped!

LOIS

Ooh, someone's being naughty, not nice. You know, Santa's watching you.

STEWIE

What the devil do you mean, "watching?"

LOIS

Well, honey, Santa's making a list and checking it twice.

MEG

He sees you when you're sleeping.

CHRIS

And he knows when you're awake. I almost caught him last year, but he's magic.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

We hear **rustling** as Chris comes downstairs in his pajamas. His eyes widen as he hears the **sounds** from the living room.

CHRIS

Santa?

We hear **footsteps** scurrying. Chris enters the living room, excited as he spots the gifts. He doesn't see Peter, in his robe, pressed up against the wall, his eyes darting back and forth. Just before Chris is about to see Peter, Peter **whacks** him over the head with a fireplace shovel. Chris goes down.

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

STEWIE

Constant surveillance of every child on earth, eh? Impossible! I've spent an entire year sweeping this house for bugs. Although--

Stewie looks at a tree ornament that has a picture of Santa Claus on it. He eyes it defiantly.

STEWIE (CONT.)

Oh, very clever! Watching to see if I'm naughty, are you? Well, check this twice!

Stewie drops his pajamas and moons Santa. His butt reflects in a red glass ornament.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Peter drives, annoyed, as Joe, Quagmire and Cleveland drunkenly sing.



JOE/QUAGMIRE/CLEVELAND

(SINGING LOUDLY) "HOLD ON TO SIXTEEN  
AS LONG AS YOU CAN / CHANGES COME  
AROUND REAL SOON MAKE US WOMEN AND  
MEN!"

They continue singing the drum fills.

QUAGMIRE

Hey, guys, check me out!

Quagmire opens the door and leans out of the car. He pretends to come close to falling out, repeatedly.

QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)

Whoaa!.... Whoaa!... Whoaa--

Suddenly, Quagmire hits his head on a dog that happens to sitting on the sidewalk. The dog yelps and tumbles away as the car continues driving.

**EXT. QUAHOG STREET - A LITTLE LATER**

Quagmire, Cleveland, and Joe stumble and roll down the street. Peter slowly drives alongside them, annoyed.

PETER

C'mon, enough's enough, let's go home.

CLEVELAND

Sounds like somebody's got a humbug  
up his butt.

QUAGMIRE

Hey, maybe we should set him up with  
another lemon sno-cone.

PETER

No thanks. The last one you gave me  
didn't taste like lemon at all.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

It tasted like-- (REALIZING) Oh, you  
guys are asses.

The other guys **guffaw**. Joe does 360's with his wheelchair.

JOE

Alvin? Alvin! A-a-a-lvin!! (IN  
CHIPMUNK VOICE) O--kay!

PETER

Yeah, that was pretty funny the first  
twenty times, Joe. Get in the car...

A WOMAN looks down from her open window.

WOMAN

Hey!! Keep it down or I'm calling  
the cops.

JOE

Don't bother. I am the cops! I'm  
Officer Yukon Cornelius! Wa-hooo!

Cleveland and Quagmire echo his "wa-hoo". Joe picks up a  
brick and hurls it through a store window. An **alarm** goes  
off. Everyone stares at Joe, stunned.

JOE (CONT'D)

(PUMPED) C'mon!!!

After a beat, Cleveland and Quagmire **laugh** and jump on Joe's  
wheelchair. They slide down the street like it's a sled,  
**crashing** into a parked van. The **car alarm** sounds. The guys  
**laugh** as they roll around in the snow. Peter simmers.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (STEWIE'S DREAM)

(Note: This doesn't look like a dream.) Stewie stands next  
to the tree. He picks up a wrapped present and **shakes** it.

"DREAM" SANTA (O.S.)

I knew you were awake.

Stewie turns to see Santa towering over him.

STEWIE

You!

Stewie whips out a laser pistol and **fires** at Santa. Santa raises his hand, deflecting the shots a la Darth Vader.

"DREAM" SANTA

Now, Stewie, you are in my power.

Santa grabs a struggling and **cursing** Stewie by the leg and drops him in the toy bag. As Santa pulls the cord on the bag, the **SCREEN GOES TO BLACK**.

INT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - DAY (STEWIE'S DREAM)

Santa walks behind a line of ELVES working happily, though robotically, on toy trains, race cars, etc.

SANTA

Good, Melvin... Nice work,

Woodrow... Excellent, Stewie...

**REVEAL** Stewie, dressed as an elf, wearing a glazed smile and building a toy train. As Santa pats his head, we notice a surgical scar on his forehead.

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

STEWIE

Aaaaaahhhh!!!!

Stewie bolts up in his crib and looks around.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Just a dream. I needn't fear this Santa. If he were truly omnipotent, (TAUNTING) he'd have the testicular fortitude to show himself! (BEAT) See? I'm just barking in the dark.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

No one here but me.

Stewie smiles and hums happily. Then, paranoid, he tears his crib mattress apart. Feathers fly everywhere.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Where is it? Where's the wire? I'm onto you, Claus. Show yourself!

Stewie tears apart his teddy bear and pillows.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Meg and Chris are at the table, talking to Lois.

MEG

...and I want a pair of those jewelled bug barrettes. Not costume. Real. Are you writing this down?

LOIS

Honey, Santa got all his shopping done before the rush. I think you'll be very happy.

CHRIS

I just want peace on earth. That's better than being selfish like Meg, right? So I should get more than her.

Peter enters in a foul mood.

MEG

(TO EVERYONE) Shhh, Dad's awake.

PETER

Don't bother whispering. (GRUMBLES)

I don't have a hangover.

Unfortunately.

BRIAN

It's a Christmas miracle.

PETER

Shouldn't you have your sweater on?

Brian glares at him, then glances at an expectant Lois. He sighs and exits. Lois kisses Peter.

LOIS

That's for letting Joe join in your reindeer games. You go relax while I make my little Christmas angel his favorite -- pancakes con carne.

PETER

All right! I'll have 'em on the couch.

He exits to the living room. Lois follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian sits on the sofa, wearing his ugly sweater.

LOIS

Just one more thing.

PETER

(GROAN) Lois!

LOIS

I need you to take the presents out of the trunk.

(MORE)



LOIS (CONT'D)

Then it'll be all candy cane wishes  
and sugar plum dreams!

She exits back into the kitchen. Peter makes himself comfortable.

BRIAN

Aren't you gonna do it?

PETER

Already done. I dropped 'em all off  
at Toys for Tots last night.

BRIAN

All? Peter, only one gift was for  
charity. The rest were for the  
family.

PETER

No, Brian. The rest were from the  
family. (HOPEFULLY) Weren't they?

Brian shakes his head "no." A beat. Peter's jaw drops and  
**crashes** through the floor.

**EXT. CHINESE VILLAGE - EVENING**

TWO CHINESE MEN stand in front of the Great Wall of China.  
Peter's jaw **bursts** up through the ground, surprising them.

PETER'S BOTTOM LIP

Aw, crap!

CHINESE MAN #1

(THICK ACCENT) Hmm. Look like Peter  
Griffin give away all his family  
presents.

CHINESE MAN #2

(THICK ACCENT) Ooh, don't touch that

dial!

SFX: Chinese version of "Jingle Bells." Followed by gong.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Peter and Brian stand at the door of a trailer.

PETER

Okay, I'm just gonna explain the  
mistake, get the presents back, and  
go home. And then, I'm not moving  
from that couch. Maybe to pee.  
Maybe.

Peter **knocks**. MA, a gap-toothed hillbilly, answers the door.

MA

Whatchoo want?

Peter and Brian **yelp**.

INT. TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Brian stand in the trailer, facing Ma and a brood  
of KIDS who clutch the Griffins' presents. A couple of  
LITTLE KIDS peek out from where they clutch their Ma's legs.

PETER

(NERVOUSLY) ...so you understand, all  
these gifts were supposed to be for  
my family. It was just some crazy  
mix-up. Hehehehe.

WIDEN TO REVEAL PA sitting in a chair, a big ass-rifle  
trained on Peter. Ma opens a beer in her teeth and regards  
Peter.

MA

(BEAT) Kill him.

Pa **cocks** the rifle.

PETER

No, no, it's true, that remote-control car was for my son, and those barrettes were for my daughter, and--  
(LOOKS AROUND) hey, where's my VCR?

MA

What's a vee-see-ar?

WHIP PAN to two teenage boys, BUCK and SKEETER, with their pants around their ankles fighting over a VCR.

BUCK

Dang it, Skeeter, it's my turn to use the sex box!

SKEETER

It's my sex box! (POINTEDLY) And her name is Sony!

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - DAY

Peter and Brian pull into the driveway and get out of the car, still shaken.

PETER

Did you see the size of Skeeter?  
Poor Sony. She was not made for that.

BRIAN

(SHUDDERS) I can't even imagine what that must've looked like in color.

PETER

Aw, man, Lois is gonna kill me.

INT. GRIFFIN KITCHEN - DAY

Peter stands before Lois, looking contrite. Brian is at the table, drinking coffee. Stewie is in his high chair, eating.

LOIS

Peter Griffin!

PETER

Lois, if you strike me down, I shall become more powerful than you can possibly imagine.

LOIS

That is the most beautiful thing you've ever done! You brought glad tidings to a family less fortunate than your own.

PETER

So you're not mad?

LOIS

Of course I'm not mad.

PETER

So I can drink beer and watch TV?

"Kiss Saves Santa" is coming on.

**EXT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

MRS. CLAUS stands next to the rock group KISS. Nearby, the reindeer are attached to the empty sleigh.

ACE FREHLY

But Mrs. Claus, who'd kidnap Santa?

MRS. CLAUS

Well, Ace, that's what I want you boys to find out.

GENE SIMMONS

Someone stole Santa! That does not rock!

ACE FREHLY

Easy, Gene. Guys, let's go save  
Christmas! To the Kiss Copter!

The band **ad-libs** their enthusiasm as they jump into a high-tech black helicopter painted like the KISS guys. As the chopper takes off, Mrs. Claus waves. The guys wag their tongues and shake their hands in the devil's horns sign.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

Of course, (KISSING HIM) my sweet,  
generous husband. Just as soon as we  
get back from the mall.

PETER

The mall? On Christmas Eve!? This  
is supposed to be my vacation!

LOIS

Well, we can't have Christmas without  
presents. C'mon, it'll be an  
adventure.

PETER

Oh sure, now you want to have an  
adventure, but when I wanted to lead  
the Zelgonites into battle against  
the marauding Valcors from Rygel  
Seven, you were all, "No, it'll  
violate the prime directive."

LOIS

Brian, my turkey's in the oven. Can  
you turn it off at three?

BRIAN

No problem.

LOIS

We'll shop, come home, eat, and then  
it's off to the pageant to see our  
little Stewie play the King of Kings.

STEWIE

Oh, and which Jesus am I supposed to  
be? The young rockin' Jesus or the  
old fat Vegas Jesus?

**EXT. QUAHOG MALL - DAY**

The parking lot is jammed.

**INT. GRIFFIN CAR - CONTINUOUS**

The family is piled into the car. Peter looks around,  
agitated.

MEG

There's a spot!

Peter races for it. Another car pulls into it first.

PETER

Oh, screw this.

He drives his car into an occupied space, parking on top of  
the car in the spot.

LOIS

Everyone remember where we parked.

G-5, on top of the blue Taurus.

**INT. MALL - LATER**

The family enters. The mall is jammed with frantic, last  
minute shoppers. A SALVATION ARMY OFFICER stands by a pot  
ringing a bell.



PETER

Jeez, it's like a war zone in here.

The Salvation Army Officer is suddenly shot and dies. A WWII SOLDIER with a rifle runs up to Peter.

SOLDIER

Are you Ryan?

Before he can answer, a land mine **explodes** nearby, sending a couple of SHOPPERS flying. The Soldier runs off, passing a stone-faced WOMAN SHOPPER with one arm walking around in a daze. She spots her severed arm on the floor -- the hand still clutches a Macy's bag. The woman puts the arm in the bag and carries it away. Lois hands Peter a list.

LOIS

Let's split up and save some time.

Kids, why don't you take Stewie to

see Santa!

STEWIE

Santa?

He turns to see a long line leading up to "Santa's Village". At the end of it is a MALL SANTA sitting on an ornate throne.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

It's not possible. Sitting alone in this public setting? No bullet-proof glass? Claus, you make it too easy.

Or is that what you want me to think?

From the distance, we hear Santa laugh "Ho-ho-ho". Stewie's eyes widen in fear. Then he looks up at Meg.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Change me. I've leaked through my ski pants and I won't face him wet.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian is on the couch watching TV. He takes his sweater off and smooths his ears and hair down.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

We now return to "Bob Hope's  
Christmas with the Troops".

EXT. CIVIL WAR ENCAMPMENT - DAY (ON TV)

(This sequence is in black and white.) A young BOB HOPE entertains hundreds of civil war Union Soldiers.

BOB HOPE

Hey, welcome to Vicksburg. Hey, any  
of you guys from south of the Mason-  
Dixon line? (OFF LAUGHS) Just  
checking. Hey, I don't want to say  
General Grant is a lush, but he's the  
only man I know who can drink a  
cotton gin.

The soldiers whoop it up and wave their hats above their heads.

BOB HOPE (CONT'D)

And how about this havin' to sit  
still for sixty seconds to have your  
picture taken, how about that?

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Brian contentedly sips his sherry, we see behind him the sap from the tree spread and creep towards the couch. Musical sting from "The Blob" plays ominously.

INT. MALL - DAY

Peter holds his list and looks harried. He is bumped and jostled by other shoppers. He stops in front of an electronics store window to watch the last remaining TV.

PETER

Oh, sweet! It's "KISS Saves Santa"!

He presses his face up against the window to watch.

**EXT. THE EDGE OF A CLIFF - DAY (ON TV)**

The band repels down the cliff, their instruments strapped to their backs. They come upon a branch which juts out from the cliff. Atop the branch is a huge nest where Santa sits surrounded by enormous eggs.

GENE SIMMONS

We're comin', Santa!

The shells of the eggs begin **cracking**, producing pterodactyls.

"KISS" SANTA

Hurry boys! The eggs are hatching!

PAUL STANLEY

What do we do?

PETER CRISS

Wait a second! Everyone knows  
pterodactyls can't stand the screech  
of a guitar!

Ace grabs his guitar and plays a **screeching** chord. We see the sounds waves cause the pterodactyls to **squawk** and writhe in pain.

GENE SIMMONS

It's working!

The baby pterodactyls flail and fall out of the nest, knocking Santa out with them. Santa grabs a piece of the nest and dangles over the side precariously. Suddenly, the **PICTURE GOES OUT.**

**EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUOUS**

A SALESMAN hands the TV Peter's been watching to a CUSTOMER.

PETER

Hey! I was watching that! Hey!

The customer walks off with the TV. Peter **bangs** on the window, frustrated.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - EVENING**

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

As Brian sits on the couch, we HEAR the oven **buzzer**. Brian jumps off the couch, just missing the encroaching blob of sap, and goes into the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Brian reaches for the oven door. It's too hot and his paw recoils. He goes to some cabinets and looks through them.

BRIAN

If I was an oven mitt...

Through the open kitchen door, the blob of sap creeps in. **Ominous music** plays. Brian finds the oven mitt, shuts the drawer, and takes one step back, right onto the blob.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What the--?

He struggles to get his foot free, but only succeeds in getting his other foot stuck as well.

**INT. MALL - A BIT LATER**

Chris, Meg, and Stewie (in Meg's arms) wait at the front of the line. Santa finishes with the kid. He sees Stewie and smiles warmly.

STEWIE

(TO SANTA) Yes, it's me.

An ELF plucks Stewie from Meg and plops him onto Santa's lap.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh, I can see right through your garish red fatigues and those inane staccato monosyllabic chortles. I'm on to you!

MALL SANTA

And what can I bring you this year?

STEWIE

You can't buy me, Claus! Unless of course you can get your stubby hands on some plutonium.

MALL SANTA

That depends. Can you be a good boy?

STEWIE

Hmmm. Your inquiry intrigues me. Can any of us be a good boy? Are our primal urges innate, or a result of the choices we make in the face of stress and adversity?

Santa check his watch.

MALL SANTA

(WRAPPING IT UP) Okay, kid--

STEWIE

All right, Kringle, if the reward is plutonium, then your wager is accepted. I will be... nice!

MALL SANTA

Good boy. Now, smile for the camera.

STEWIE

Yes, smile. Like a good boy.

Stewie tries too hard to give a good boy smile and ends up looking rather moronic. The photo **snaps**, and we **FREEZE FRAME** on a traditional "Me with Santa" photo.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY**

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY**

Smoke pours from the oven. Brian, stuck, tries to reach it, but can't.

Brian looks down and with his eyes follows the trail of sap to the tree in the living room.

BRIAN

Leave me alone, you son of a bitch!

Brian grabs a frying pan and throws it at the tree, hitting it and causing it to topple. However, the momentum of his throw has caused his two front paws to become embedded in the blob of sap as well. Brian **whimpers**. In desperation, he starts **gnawing** on his forearm like a trapped coyote.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Peter spots the last set of hair bug barrettes on a rack.

PETER

Oh my god! Meg's barrettes!

Peter reaches for them but an OLD WOMAN grabs them first.

WOMAN

You mean, Julie's barrettes!

Peter grabs her arm and licks the barrettes.

PETER

Ya still want 'em?

She grabs his nipple and twists it, hard.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ow! Ow! Titty twister! Hurts!

The Woman runs away with the barrettes.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey!

Peter chases the woman out into the mall.

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

Peter chases the Woman. She gets to an escalator and stops running as she rides it up. Peter jumps on the escalator and also stops running. He bangs the rail impatiently, as the woman glances behind her nervously. When she reaches the top, she takes off running again. Peter waits until he, too, reaches the top, then takes off running after her, but he loses her. He looks over at a mall map.

A red star reads, "You are here." WHIP PAN to another red star which reads, "She is there." Peter takes off running.

**INT. FISH STORE - MOMENTS LATER**

Peter runs in, looking around frantically for the woman. He spots her backed up against an aquarium, surrounded by other fish tanks on both sides.

PETER

A-ha! All the clown fish and yellow tangs in the world can't help you now.

The Woman reaches over and dumps fish flakes on him.

PETER (CONT'D)

That's it? Fish food? That's your ace in the hole? (LAUGHS)

His laugh is cut short as hundreds of FISH jump out of tanks from all sides, attacking Peter.

**INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - EVENING**

Lois drives the family home. She glances in the rear-view mirror with concern at Peter, who sits in the backseat holding himself. He's damp and his face is covered with fish bites. He's agitated and shaking.

PETER

Double shifts... no tree, no Rudolph... toys for tots... poor Sony... FISH! FISH! FISH!... double shifts... no tree..

LOIS

We're almost home, honey. Oh, look, there's the star on the town Christmas tree. We're following it home, just like the three wisemen.



**EXT. DESERT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

A bright star shines in the east as THREE WISEMEN lead their camels through the desert.

WISEMAN #1

So what did you get him?

WISEMAN #2

Gold.

WISEMAN #3

(STOPS WALKING) Gold?! I thought we agreed on a five dollar limit.

WISEMAN #1

Yeah, I just got him a crappy little bottle of myrrh.

WISEMAN #3

Hello? (HOLDS UP A LITTLE BOX)

Frankincense. (TO #2) You always do this!

WISEMAN #1

Okay, look, we'll put everything together and put all our names on it.

WISEMAN #2

No!

They start to argue.

**INT. GRIFFIN CAR - EVENING (BACK TO PRESENT)**

LOIS

Peter, we have a wonderful, relaxing Christmas ahead of us.

STEWIE

Ahead of us? Why it's here now!  
Let's sing a madrigal. (SINGS)  
"CHRISTMAS IS COMING, THE GOOSE IS  
GETTING FAT--"

He **smacks** Meg on the back of her head.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Sing! (SINGS) "PLEASE PUT A PENNY IN  
THE OLD MAN'S HAT!"

The family eyes Stewie curiously.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - EVENING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - EVENING

The family enters from outside to find the oven open and the turkey burnt to a crisp. Brian leans against the cupboard and **weeps** softly as he blows on his bare patches of skin.

LOIS

Oh my god!

**ANGLE ON** Peter -- He's in shock. His eyes bulge as he slowly walks to the living room.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Brian! Are you okay?

CHRIS

What did you do to my dinner!?

Meg starts digging through the shopping bags.

MEG

I'll just take my presents now.

Peter opens the door to the living room.

PETER

Ahhh!

**PETER'S POV** - The living room is trashed. The tree's knocked over and sap has engulfed the couch. Peter looks like he's about to explode.

PETER (CONT'D)

My couch! My TV! (TO BRIAN) What the hell did you do?!

BRIAN

Me? You're the one who brought that unholy tree into the house!

LOIS

Boys, please! It's Christmas Eve! This is a night for magic and wonder and joy! Okay, so a couple of things have gone wrong, but we can still have a great Christmas.

There's a beat. Peter's extremely stressed out expression, when suddenly, he relaxes.

PETER

Aw, geez, kids. Y'know, I was this close to losin' it, but your mom's right.

LOIS

Well, sure I am! Meg, honey, get me some paper towels.

Meg searches the cabinets for towels.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Let's lose the bad tidings, clean up this mess, and find that holiday cheer!

Everyone nods and ad-libs agreement.

MEG

We're out of paper towels.

We **PUSH SLOWLY IN** on Lois' face. From deep within her, all the anger and rage she's ever felt wells up to the surface.

LOIS

(SEETHING) No... paper... towels?!

Lois lets out a blood-curdling **scream**, then grabs the turkey and hurls it against the fridge.

PETER

Hey, I was gonna pick at that...

LOIS

Shut your fat mouth! You all think Christmas just happens? You think all this good will just falls from the freakin' sky?! Well, it doesn't! It falls out of my holly jolly butt crack!

She storms into the living room. They gingerly follow.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Lois rants, she tears down the garland and decorations. She starts throwing wrapped presents at the family. They dodge and duck to keep from getting pelted.

LOIS

So you can cook your own damn turkey, wrap your own damn presents, and hey, while you're at it, screw all of you!

PETER

Geez, are you getting your period now? Because that's all we need.

Lois **screams** again, picks up a chair and **smashes** the front window.

She leaps out and scurries away, **grunting**, **laughing** and **screaming** into the night. Meg picks up something off the floor.

MEG

Oh. Here's the paper towels.

Everyone looks concerned.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - CONTINUOUS

"White Christmas" plays on an old jukebox. A LONELY TRUCKER is at the counter, talking to a sympathetic WAITRESS.

LONELY TRUCKER

Cup of Joe, ma'am. Got to be awake  
while I'm driving my big lonely rig,  
dreaming of the ones I'll miss at  
Christmas.

She pours his coffee, and we WIDEN TO REVEAL a LONELY COWBOY sitting next to him.

LONELY COWBOY

Reckon I'll feel the same way. Out  
on the lonely Arroyos, chasin' strays.

WIDEN TO REVEAL a LONELY LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

LONELY LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

Aye, and me in me lonely lighthouse.

WIDEN TO REVEAL FAB from Milli Vanilli.

FAB

And me, without Vanilli. (DANCING) Ba-  
ba-ba-ba, ba-ba-ba-ba, ba-- (STOPS,  
DEJECTED) Aw, what's the use.

The doors suddenly burst open and Lois enters. She's backlit and scary. Her steaming breath looks like she's breathing smoke.

LONELY TRUCKER

Howdy, Ma'am. Merry Christmas.

Lois smiles, grabs a sprig of mistletoe from the doorway and walks over to the Trucker. He smiles as she holds it above his head. She leans in slowly, then viciously head-butts him.

LONELY COWBOY

Easy ma'am!

LOIS

(TURNS ON HIM) You want some of this!?

The Cowboy backs off.

WAITRESS

He just wished you a Merry Christmas.

LOIS

(SNARLING) Wish? It's easy to wish,  
but does anyone take responsibility  
and make it happen? No, you all  
expect someone else to do it for you!  
Like Santa Claus! Or Mommy!

They stare at her for a beat.

LONELY COWBOY

Well, now. Seems like this little  
filly's lost her Christmas spirit!

**EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - CONTINUOUS**

The Cowboy flies through the front window. "White Christmas" suddenly cuts off. A second later, the jukebox **crashes** through the window narrowly missing him. Lois comes out of the diner and approaches a TOUGH LOOKING BIKER standing by his motorcycle.

LOIS

Your keys and your jacket. Now.

Terrified, the Biker tears off his jacket and holds out his keys, which **rattle** in his trembling hand. She takes the sunglasses from his jacket, then rides the hog into the night to the opening riff of "Bad to the Bone."

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT**



INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The family (except Stewie) is in the messy living room, still in shock. Brian tends to his wounds.

CHRIS

(WORRIED) How're we gonna find mom?

What if she never comes back?

PETER

I think the question is, if this is the way she's gonna act at Christmas, do we even want her back?

BRIAN

I can't believe she snapped like that. I mean, Lois is Christmas.

PETER

I know. And in her absence, someone has to step up and carry her torch of Christmas cheer. 1-2-3 not it!

Stewie enters, dressed as Baby Jesus.

STEWIE

God bless us everyone. And I say that without the slightest hint of irony.

MEG

Stewie, I thought you didn't want to be in the pageant.

STEWIE

Oh, Megan, it would be terribly naughty of me not to fulfill my obligation to Mother. You know how much the pageant means to her.

CHRIS

Hey, Dad, do you think Mom could be at the pageant?

PETER

Wait a minute, wait a minute! Talk it out. She threw a turkey, broke the window, turkey, window, turkey window dressing, window dressing! "Dressed to Kill", Michael Caine, candy cane, "Caine Mutiny", "Mutiny On the Bounty", Bounty paper towels, paper towels! Nancy Walker, Jimmy Walker, Dynamite, dust mites, on your skin, can't feel them but they're eating at you all the time, "Time", "Newsweek", "U.S. News & World Report", "Penthouse". (BEAT) "Penthouse", beaver, tree, Christmas tree, Christmas pageant-- she's on the moon! We'll leave right after the pageant!

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - NIGHT

Lois rides up on her motorcycle, wearing the leather jacket. She gets off and watches some KIDS making a SNOWMAN. They put a hat on it and he comes to life.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN

Hey! I guess there's some magic in  
that old silk hat! Merry Christmas!

Lois does a roundhouse kick to Frosty's head. The head rolls off and she **snorts** with pleasure and exits. The kids put the head and the hat back on. He comes back to life.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN (CONT'D)

What the hell is her problem?

He storms over to Lois, who walks past a DRUNKEN BUM, who's passed out with a bottle. The kids follow.

KID

Frosty! Let it go!

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN

(TO KID) Just a second. (TO LOIS)

Hey, lady, you got something to say  
to me?

Lois picks up the drunk's bottle and chugs a mouthful. She grabs a match from her biker jacket and **strikes** it on Frosty's coal eye. Lois then **spits** out the booze and lights it, blowing a ball of fire on Frosty. His hat blows off and the kids **gasp** as Frosty melts. One of the kids picks up Frosty's hat and puts it on the half-melted snowman.

FROSTY THE SNOWMAN (CONT'D)

Aaaaah! Take it off!

The kid quickly removes the hat. Lois turns and sees the star from the giant Christmas tree in the distance.

LOIS

Must... kill... star.

Lois skulks off.

EXT. QUAHOG TOWN SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

COPS surround the tree. A CROWD is gathered, looking up.

ANGLE ON Lois, steadily climbing the tree, nearing the top. She stops and eyes the star on top.

LOIS

(TO STAR) You. You lied to me...

The Griffins arrive and look up.

PETER

Hey, there she is. (CALLS OUT) Hi,

Lois! Hey, do we look like ants down here?

An ornament comes **smashing** down, just missing Peter. Joe wheels up, wearing a flak jacket and a badge. His chair now has two wreathes on the wheels.

JOE

Peter, great time last night! Don't worry, we'll get Lois down.

SNIPER

I'm locked and loaded, sir.

MEG

Wait! You can't shoot my Mom!

JOE

Don't worry, kid. It's just a mild sedative. (TO SNIPER) Go.

Joe pushes the sniper to go. The sniper trips and **fires**. The shot hits a parked car's tire and the car **blows up**.

PETER

Hang on! Lois is only up there because we sucked the Christmas spirit right out of her.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Maybe if she sees the pageant it'll  
bring her around. Give her a chance,  
huh?

BRIAN

Trust him, Joe. This man has seen  
every Christmas special ever made.

JOE

Are you wearing a girl's sweater?

BRIAN

Does that really matter right now?

JOE

(TO PETER) You got ten minutes.

**ANGLE ON** Lois as she reaches the top of the tree and grabs  
the star. She winds up to throw it.

PETER (O.S.)

Lights, please.

Lois looks down.

**EXT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

A spotlight hits Peter who stands on the stage.

PETER

As we all know, Christmas is that  
mystical time of year when the ghost  
of Jesus rises from the grave to feed  
on the flesh of the living. So, we  
all sing Christmas carols to lull him  
back to sleep. (BEAT) And now, the  
birth of Jesus H. Christ...

As Peter exits the stage, the lights come up on the Nativity scene. Debbie, as the Virgin Mary, lies on the ground under a blanket with her legs spread.

DEBBIE

"I am the Virgin Mary. Really. I've done everything but. (GRABS STOMACH)

Aaaahh! Ow! Ow! Oww! Oh, God...

You did this to me! Aaaah!"

She reaches under her dress and pulls out Stewie. She raises him high for all to see. Stewie waves to the crowd, happily.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

"Oh, our Savior has arrived!"

Debbie sets Stewie on a bale of hay.

STEWIE

Citizens of Quahog, I'm playing the role of Jesus, a man whose charisma and showmanship sent him to the top of the messianic charts practically overnight. Sort of a pre-Caligulan Rick Astley. Anyhoo-- one of his early hits went a little something like this. (READS FROM CARD) "Behold, the Kingdom of God is within you."

He begins pacing, hands behind his back, like a law professor.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Now what shall we make of this, hmm?  
Well, a nice boy would say that you  
have within you the power to master  
your own destiny, be it conquering  
the world, or having a Merry  
Christmas. But alas, unable to seize  
that power, most of you live in  
darkness. Fortunately, you weaklings  
have a martyr, (LOOKING UP AT LOIS)  
or perhaps a mother, to light the  
way. And for this, may you be  
thankful.

The crowd is hushed. Lois looks down at Stewie with a tear  
in her eye. The "crazy" is gone from her face. Oblivious,  
Peter shakes his head.

PETER

Yeah, she's not getting it. Okay,  
boys, take her down.

As Lois places the star back on the tree, the sniper fires  
the tranquilizer gun. A dart sticks in Lois' neck. Lois  
loses consciousness and the screen goes **BLACK**.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NEXT MORNING**

The sky is gray, and it is pouring rain.

**INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Peter, Chris, Brian and Stewie are gathered around their  
crummy tree, opening presents happily. Brian enters with a  
bakery box and tosses his keys on a table.

BRIAN

I got donuts and pizza strips.



CHRIS

This Christmas jams!

MEG

Mom? Stewie's opening his gifts.

Mom?

PAN OVER to see Lois, propped up in a rocker, still heavily tranquilized with drool coming out of her mouth.

PETER

It's okay, Meg. Your Mom's just full of Christmas cheer and enough tranquilizer to bring down a bull elephant. (RE: DROOL) Uh, honey, ya got a little-- you got a-- I'll get it.

He lovingly wipes the drool from her mouth. On the floor, Stewie anxiously tears open a gift.

STEWIE

A Teletubby? Damn you, Claus! I should have closed your throat when I had the chance! And to think, I was... (CONTEMPTUOUSLY) nice!

Stewie tosses the doll aside.

CHRIS

You got another one, dude.

Chris hands him another gift. Stewie opens the box and a bright, green glow lights up his face. Stewie smiles.

STEWIE

Plutonium! (TEARING UP) He is real.

He's really, really real!

Stewie grabs his plutonium and **scampers** away.

BRIAN

So, Peter, did you get everything you wanted for Christmas?

PETER

You bet. A week's vacation, a new VCR, and best of all, my own copy of "KISS Saves Santa."

Peter points the remote at the TV as everyone gathers around to watch.

**EXT. SANTA'S WORKSHOP - DAY (ON TV)**

The members of KISS stand next to Santa and Mrs. Claus.

ACE FREHLY

You just practice that guitar, Santa.

Next time we'll let you do a solo.

MRS. CLAUS

Don't encourage him!

As they all **laugh**, the screen **FREEZES** and "THE END" appears, and we jam out to KISS doing the **FAMILY GUY** theme song.

**FADE OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

TAG

INT. GRIFFIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Peter, Meg, Chris, Brian, Stewie and Lois (in her chair), are in front of the tree. The CAMERA PANS to each of them as they speak.

BRIAN

From all of us at "Family Guy"--

MEG

We wish you Christmas joy--

CHRIS

May all your wishes now come true--

STEWIE

For every girl and boy--

PETER

We hope your freakin' holidays are filled with fun and cheer / So have a Merry Christmas and--

The CAMERA PANS to Lois, still heavily tranquilized, drooling, and twitching.

LOIS

(INCOHERENT SLURRING MUMBLE)

They all smile and wave as Lois continues twitching in her chair.

FADE OUT:

END OF TAG

