

Family Guy

"Teen Romance"

Written by hujhax

<http://hujhax.livejournal.com>

TEASER

EXT. INTERNATIONAL-CRIME-FIGHTING-LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS --
DAY

It's a large, futuristic building. A sign out front:
"International Crime-fighting League."

INT. INTERNATIONAL-CRIME-FIGHTING-LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS
World representatives (IRANIAN, FRENCHMAN, etc.) sit at a
big round table, looking impatient. There is a blank TV
monitor.

One chair is empty.

ROBERT WAGNER enters.

ROBERT WAGNER
Sorry I'm late.

IRANIAN
Finally, the American gets here.

DAPPER ENGLISHMAN
Who are you?

ROBERT WAGNER
Robert Wagner, International
Crime-fighting League. I'm here
to deal with the terrorist threat.

EVERYONE looks at the IRANIAN.

IRANIAN
What?

FRENCHMAN
Well...

IRANIAN
Hey, we don't have those crazies
in the mountains of Montana, Bub -

-

The TV monitor crackles into life, showing a garbled image
of STEWIE, wearing a moustache.

IRANIAN
Oh, great.

FRENCHMAN
Him again.

ROBERT WAGNER
Who is that?

STEWIE
I am the Great Mysterio, lord of
all that is evil, future tyrant
over you *all* --

FRENCHMAN
Yes, what do you want, shorty?

STEWIE
(peevd)
DON'T CALL ME 'SHORTY!' A few
well-placed calls to Berlin, my
good man, and you shall sorely
regret such insolent nomenclature!

The FRENCHMAN lazily affects shock.

A series of graphics show on the TV screen, starting with a
picture of a piece of electronics labeled "Crypto-chip."

STEWIE (O. S.)
Tremble in fear, for I have
fabricated a computer chip which
allows me to break into any
military installation in the world.
And unless I get one hundred
million dollars in the next hour,
I will begin bombing a city once
an hour...

The TV cuts back to STEWIE.

STEWIE
(cont'd)
... until my demands are met.

STEWIE laughs fiendishly.

LOIS (O. S.)
Stewie, are you playing with the
computer?

ROBERT WAGNER
Hey, who's that?

STEWIE
Er... one moment. In a few moments,
prepare to face my wrath!

The monitor goes black.

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- DAY

INT. LIVING ROOM
STEWIE sits at the computer. LOIS walks over to him.

LOIS
Aw, Stewie, are you sitting in the
new computer chair?

STEWIE turns around, concealing the moustache with one hand.

STEWIE
Can't talk! Evil plots!

LOIS walks away.

LOIS
You can be so cute sometimes...

STEWIE clicks the computer monitor back on.

STEWIE
Very well. Will you meet my
demands, or shall I bring forth
the Apocalypse?!

FRENCHMAN
(on screen)
Prove it to us. Blow something up.

STEWIE
(thrown)

Well -- don't say I didn't warn
you --

ROBERT WAGNER
Yes, we've decided on Trenton, New
Jersey.

IRANIAN
A real eyesore.

STEWIE
Perfect! With the press of a
single button, you shall see what
you are trifling with!

STEWIE presses a button. A little bomb icon appears, next
to the word "Error."

STEWIE
WHAT?!

STEWIE hunts around the desk, and finds that...

STEWIE
The crypto-chip! It's gone!!

IRANIAN
Oh, what a surprise.

DAPPER ENGLISHMAN
Say, 'Mysterio,' old bean, if you
could break into any computer, why
didn't you just break into a bank
account and *transfer* half a
billion dollars to yourself?

A short beat.

STEWIE
Oh, shut up, James!

STEWIE kicks the computer over; it goes blank.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

CUT TO:

Rotating shot of the crypto-chip, identical to what was in Stewie's video.

INT. CLASSROOM

CHRIS stands at a whiteboard, idly flipping the Crypto-chip like a coin. GARTH, a nerd, stands adjacent.

GARTH

Cool! What's that?

CHRIS

I found it at home! It's shiny!

TEACHER

Christopher, is there something you want to share with the class?

CHRIS

Umm... no?

The TEACHER deftly grabs the computer chip, takes it back to his desk, produces a hammer, and breaks it.

TEACHER

Let this be a lesson to the rest of you, and your distracting shiny things. Now, Christopher, the correct answer was 18 times pi, and you...

We see CHRIS'S answer on the whiteboard.

TEACHER

(cont'd)

... have drawn a giant triangle attacking Tokyo.

CHRIS
It has little planes and
everything!

TEACHER
You're wrong. Again. Sit down.

CHRIS
(insouciant)
Okay!

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE

STEWIE (O. S.)
Now we shall see who is behind
this act of thievery...

INT. LIVING ROOM

STEWIE examines a fingerprint on the chip housing through a
magnifying glass. LOIS walks by.

STEWIE
Aha! Christopher Griffin,
vengeance shall be mine!
(to LOIS)
Parent wench, I shall require your
sports utility vehicle.

LOIS
Stewie, just play with the little
tricycle we got you.

STEWIE
Very well, then! You shall not
keep me from my revenge.

INT. GARAGE

STEWIE is adding parts to a "Hot Wheels" tricycle. It now
has several futuristic-looking jet engines attached.
STEWIE wears flight goggles and a helmet.

STEWIE
Perfect. A few parts stolen from
the corpulent oaf's vehicle...

EXT. TRAFFIC -- DAY

PETER is stuck in traffic. He honks the horn. All four doors fall off, and the hood pops open. PETER quickly looks around to see if anybody saw it.

INT. GARAGE

STEWIE

(cont'd)

... and a few parts from common
mail-order catalogs --

EXT. FRONT DOOR -- DAY

A DELIVERY MAN has met LOIS at the front door.

DELIVERY MAN

(perplexed)

I have a shipment for "Dr.
Mysterio's Lair of Evil...?"

STEWIE sneaks between them quickly.

STEWIE

I'll sign for that. Thank you.

INT. GARAGE

STEWIE

And my new means of transport is
ready for action!

STEWIE gets in the tricycle as he clicks open the garage door with a remote.

STEWIE

Look upon my works, ye Mighty, and
despair!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GARAGE -- DAY

STEWIE fires up the engines (ray-gun sound) and speeds away.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL
We hear a cheesy guitar riff.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY
ZANE and ELECTRA, two heavily-tanned thirty-somethings, are talking with CHRIS.

ZANE
My God, Electra! I can't believe
you slept with Jackson after he
awakened from his coma!

ELECTRA
Believe it, Zane! Because I need
a *real* man! Chris, can you
believe this?

CHRIS
(hormonally stunned)
Um... um... I think I'm getting a
zit on my nose!

ZANE
Butt out, Loverboy.

CHRIS
Um... is that me?

ZANE
Let's go, Electra.

ZANE leads ELECTRA away by the arm. In the background,
they kiss passionately.

CHRIS
Dang.

CHRIS eyes a girl (BECKY) in the background; Zane notices.

ZANE
So, Chris, when are you going to
ask out that "Becky" girl?

CHRIS

Oh... um... I dunno...

ZANE

(serious to the point of funny)
Hey, just remember: it's your
life, and you've got to grab that
brass ring, Christopher!

CHRIS

(smiling)

That's right! I'm going to go
talk to her right now!

CHRIS exits.

ELECTRA

What's a 'zit,' anyway?

EXT. STREET -- DAY

STEWIE speeds down the road in his tricycle. A COP clocks
him.

INT. COP CAR

COP

Yeah, I've got a children's "Hot
Wheels" tricycle clocking at one
hundred twenty miles an hour.
Recommend pursuit? Over.

DISPATCHER (on radio)

(laughing)

Let it go, Bradley. And get that
radar checked.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

STEWIE is now stuck behind a truck.

STEWIE

Out of my way, blast you!

A cloud of truck exhaust makes STEWIE cough.

STEWIE
Very well, if you want to play
hardball...

STEWIE deploys the trike's weapon system, which locks on and fires bullets at the truck until it veers out of the way.

STEWIE speeds ahead.

EXT. INTERSECTION -- DAY
A driver's-ed vehicle sits at the intersection while STEWIE blazes by.

INT. DRIVER'S-ED VEHICLE
There's an INSTRUCTOR and a student (PHIL).

INSTRUCTOR
That's good, Phil. Remember: mad
scientists always have the right-
of-way.

PHIL
(petrified)
Okay.

EXT. INTERSECTION -- DAY
A MAD SCIENTIST is running towards the intersection.

MAD SCIENTIST
Ha-ha! They said I was *mad* at the academy, but *now* I can
destroy the entire --

INT. DRIVER'S-ED VEHICLE
PHIL, looking the other way, hits the gas.

mad scientist
Aaah!

A sickening thump-thump. The INSTRUCTOR is unfazed.

INSTRUCTOR
Okay, now remember what to do next.

PHIL
(half-groaning, shifting gears)
... back over him and finish the
job.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

CHRIS, nervous, holding a sheet of paper, approaches Becky
and just stands there awkwardly.

CHRIS
Uh...
(flash of inspiration)
"hi."

BECKY
(smiles)
Hi, Chris.

CHRIS
Um... I... I drew this...

CHRIS quickly hands over the sheet -- it's a DRAWING OF
BECKY.

CHRIS
(cont'd)
... and... I know, I know the nose
is weird, but I was just sitting
around in math class, and... don't
think of it as a stalker kind of
thing.

EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR THE SCHOOL -- DAY

STEWIE races up the hill in the tricycle. We see that he's
approaching the high school.

STEWIE
Trifle with me, will you? Soon,
Christopher, you shall find that
no one is safe from the nefarious
Doctor Mysterio!

STEWIE turns the wheel. This is followed by several shots:

* The tricycle tries to make the turn into the high-school parking lot at high speed.

* The tricycle loses control and throws Stewie, screaming, to the curb.

* The tricycle continues barreling towards the school. (Cut back to Chris and Becky.)

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

CHRIS

So, anyway, I was wondering if
you'd, y'know...

The tricycle is now a giant fireball, barreling into frame behind CHRIS. BECKY screams and runs away. CHRIS, oblivious to the tricycle, is crestfallen.

CHRIS

Dang.

The tricycle crashes into the school with a decent-sized explosion.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- GRAPHIC

It shows a large "Qrisis in Quahog" graphic.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- LOCAL NEWS DESK

TOM and DIANNE, the news anchors.

TOM

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
We have word on a possible
explosion at Quahog High.

DIANNE

Let's go to Ned in the field. Ned?

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- NEWS DESK/OUTSIDE HIGH SCHOOL

NED stands in front of a few scorch marks and a pile of melted plastic.

NED

Thank you, Dianne. Children.
Explosions. Taken separately, a
source of amusement. Taken

together, a deadly cocktail of
deadliness --

DIANNE

(in the studio)

Now, the police have said this is
a simple car accident, and no one
was hurt.

NED

Yes, the cover-up is astounding.
Just imagine -- hours ago, this
small pile of melted plastic was a
small blazing inferno, which...
blazed, uh... and threatened *your*
children.

DIANNE

Sobering news, indeed.

TOM

More on the story as it develops;
for now, let's see that graphic
again!

The "Qrisis in Quahog" graphic appears again.

We hear a door open.

INT. LIVING ROOM

LOIS and PETER look up from the TV.

BRIAN enters through the front door.

PETER

Brian! You're back!

LOIS

Have you found Stewie?

A black-and-white 1950's FARM YOUTH walks in.

FARM YOUTH

Brian? Did little Stewie get lost,
and fall down the well? Is that
what you're trying to tell us?

EVERYONE glares at the FARM YOUTH.

FARM YOUTH
Sorry.

The FARM YOUTH exits.

BRIAN
Peter, it's a lucky thing all of
your children can be smelled from
a distance.

PETER
Is he okay?

BRIAN
Uh... maybe you'd better judge for
yourself.
(Short whistle)
Come on in, Stu!

STEWIE enters, looking eerily calm, his pupils a little
funky, holding a flower.

STEWIE
I say, is this where I live? And
these charming people my parents?
What a glorious day, indeed!

BRIAN checks his watch.

INSERT OF THE (ANALOG) WATCH
It has a martini icon at 5'o'clock. The hands indicate
4'o'clock. BRIAN groans.

INT. LIVING ROOM
CHRIS and MEG enter.

LOIS
Oh, thank God you children are
safe!

STEWIE
I have siblings as well? Oh, I

love you all!

STEWIE approaches BRIAN, who holds up a leash.

BRIAN

Stewie, if you try to kiss me
again, you're going back on the
leash.

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

CHRIS (O. S.)

Dad?

INT. DINING ROOM

CHRIS sits nervously. PETER eats a large bowl of Fruit
Loops.

PETER

Don't worry, son; when you get to
be my age, you can eat Fruit Loops
for dinner, too.

CHRIS

Dad, I have a question about girls.

PETER

Aw, Chris, don't you talk to your
friends about things like that?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY

CHRIS, GARTH, and a THIRD GEEK watch an attractive woman go
by.

GARTH

I wouldn't mind having a plus
three wand of charming around *her*!

THIRD GEEK

I heard *that*!

INT. DINING ROOM

CHRIS
It doesn't help.

PETER
Oh.

CHRIS
What was it like when you met Mom?

PETER
Pretty friggin' cool, lemme tell
ya!

CHRIS
But like... how did you meet her?

PETER
Ha, that's a great story. I
remember it...
like it was yesterday....

The SCREEN GOES WAVY, and we FADE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE
a starkly lit warehouse filled with dated military hardware.
LOIS is bound up by the wrists. A TERRORIST harangues her.

TERRORIST
(foreign accent)
You think you are pretty clever,
eh, Miss Lois? You will not tell
us ze access codes for ze nuclear
weapons?

LOIS
Never! As God is my witness,
never!

TERRORIST
Well. Perhaps we shall... have to
make you tell.

LOIS
If only someone would rescue me!

TERRORIST

Rescue! Ha! No one even knows
you are here!

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

BRIAN and PETER look through a door upon the scene. They both have huge 'fros, and are dressed like late-70's detectives.

PETER

We gotta save that poor girl!

BRIAN

Peter, that's just crazy! There must be fifty armed guards in there!

PETER

Brian, they got a lady in there, and they're planning to blow up the world!

PETER draws a pistol.

PETER

Cover me, Brian.

BRIAN

(shouldering an Uzi)
You got it.

As cheesy 70's detective music starts, BRIAN sprays weapon fire into the warehouse.

PETER jumps up and grabs some sort of convenient zip-wire handle that sends him speeding across the room, firing left and right.

Near LOIS, he lets go of the wire, and the screen becomes a split-screen of three slightly time-offset-ed views of PETER, in slow motion, letting go the wire and flying through the air, with some musical flourish.

Screen back to normal, slow motion, as he grabs LOIS and lands in a sports car. Normal speed again.

LOIS
Where did this car come from?

TERRORIST
After zem!

PETER
Hang on tight, babe, 'cos it's
gonna be a bumpy ride.

INSERT of PETER'S foot hitting the gas.

The sports car speeds away.

TERRORIST
Ah, forget him. Let's just kill
his friend!

EVERYONE turns around and sees BRIAN trying to tiptoe away.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT
Sounds of gunfire.

BRIAN runs out of the warehouse, screaming.

INT. SPORTSCAR
LOIS leans on PETER'S shoulder.

LOIS
Wow! Who are you?

We see that PETER now looks exactly like David Hasselhof.

PETER
Heh. I'm the guy who could have
any woman he wants, and he's
decided that he wants
(pointing)
you.

LOIS
(eyes wide)
Woooooww!

INT. LIVING ROOM

LOIS is now in the room, looking irked.

CHRIS

(confused)

Did you really look like David
Hasselhof?

PETER

Oh, yeah! Dead ringer!

LOIS

Chris, that's not how it really
happened. Actually, your father
and I were at this dance, and it
was so sweet, and romantic --

PETER

Lois...

(sotto voce)

Stop it, honey, you're making it
sound all wussy!

LOIS

But, Peter, that's how it happened!
I think it's nice.

PETER

Yeah, but he wants to hear
something impressive --

LOIS

Peter, do you even *know* why he's
asking you about this?

PETER

Uh...

(back to Chris)

Chris, heh heh, why're you curious
about this, anyway?

CHRIS

Dad -- there's this girl at school
--

PETER'S eyes go wide; he takes LOIS by the arm.

PETER
Honey. Kitchen. Now.

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- NIGHT
PETER screams.

INT. KITCHEN
PETER looks worried; LOIS is still irked.

PETER
Aw jeez. Soon he'll be asking
about girls, and about... about
sex. God, what am I gonna tell
Chris about sex?!

LOIS
Well, you'll just have to give him
the speech. Just tell him about
the birds and the bees, and --

PETER
Perfect! Tell it to him just like
that, and he'll be fine!

LOIS
Peter!

PETER
Thank you, honey --

LOIS
Peter, I'm not doing this...

PETER
But... but why? I... I'll do
anything, just get me out of this!

LOIS
Peter --

PETER
Shoe-shopping? Myrtle Streep
movie? What?

LOIS
Peter, I did this *last* time.
Remember?

INT. MEG'S BEDROOM
LOIS and MEG sit on the bed.

LOIS
And, so, that's how that works,
okay? And if you have any
questions at all, just ask me.

MEG
Um... Mom?

LOIS
Yes, dear?

MEG
If you
(bleep)
a
(bleep)
but you don't
(extended bleep)
, then how long does it take the
(bleep)
to go away?

LOIS'S eyes go vacant with shock. Short beat.

LOIS
Oh look at the time! I have to
do... some... I have to go.

LOIS exits. Quickly.

INT. KITCHEN

LOIS
It is *your* turn.
(pointing)
Go out there and take
responsibility!

PETER
(head hung)
Awww... okay.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CLOSE-UP ON PETER

PETER
I'm gonna have a little trouble
telling you this, because I'm...
well, kind of uptight...
(nervous laugh)
... but...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TWO-SHOT OF PETER AND BRIAN

PETER
(cont'd)
... Brian, you gotta help me.
Somebody's gotta give Chris the
talk.

BRIAN
"The talk?"

PETER
You know...
(sotto voce)
about sex.

BRIAN
Oh, the *talk*. Say no more, Peter.

BRIAN walks away, sees CHRIS in another room, shouts that way.

BRIAN
Chris, let's go for a walk.

EXT. BAR -- NIGHT

CHRIS (O. S.)
Brian, I still don't understand.

INT. BAR

BRIAN is several sheets to the wind, martini in hand, but speaks with the most ponderous conviction he can manage. CHRIS sits patiently.

BRIAN

(slurred)

You see. There's bees. And then there's *mechanical* bees. And the birds... the birds *love* the battery-powered bees. They just go bzzzz...

CHRIS

Um...

BRIAN

BzzzzzzzzzzZZzzZZZ...

CHRIS

So --

BRIAN

They're your *enemy*, Chris! But... but if you can figure out how to work *with* the mechanical bees, Chris... then! Then they can be your *friends*!

CHRIS

I'll never figure this out.

BRIAN

Whasso difficim -- er -- hard?

CHRIS

I don't even know how to talk to girls.

BRIAN

Oh... that's easy. Watch. Look.

"Watch and learn."

(To nearby woman at bar)

Hey! Nice rack!

BRIAN gets whapped in the head
with a handbag; BRIAN looks a
little the worse for wear.

BRIAN
See? Easy. Now you try.

CHRIS
I don't know, Brian. If I go out
with this cute girl at school --

BRIAN
Yeah, and monkeys might fly out of
your ass.

CHRIS
What?

BRIAN
Well you going out with anybody
good-looking, and monkeys flying
out of your ass -- I mean, come on,
they're about equally likely.

CHRIS looks thoughtful.

INT. RESTAURANT -- CLOSE-UP ON BECKY
BECKY, dressed nicely, sits at a table. A monkey is on the
wall. A monkey is on the table. A monkey is on her head,
trying to groom her. None of the monkeys look too clean.

BECKY
This is the sickest, weirdest date
I have been on in my *life*.

INT. RESTAURANT -- TWO-SHOT OF BECKY AND CHRIS
CHRIS sits across from BECKY, hunched forward and
disheveled.

CHRIS
Oh God! The pain! THE PAIN!!

INT. BAR

CHRIS

I don't wanna talk about this any
more.

BRIAN

The key, for you, my friend, is to
get the girl drunk. Or in *your*
case, *very* drunk.

EXT. BAR -- NIGHT

BRIAN (O. S.)

Another possibility is rufis....

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- DAY

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- GRAPHIC

Another "Qrisis in Quahog" graphic; this one has the word
"Editorial" superimposed on it.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- LOCAL NEWS DESK

TOM sits at the desk.

TOM

Naturally, when terror strikes at
our children, we find ourselves
wondering who to blame. And call
me crazy, but I think I know. An
Arab.

A corner graphic appears, showing a blurry photo of a man
in a turban and sunglasses.

TOM

That's right, some crazy turban-
headed Osami Bin-Whatever, that
just decided that book six of "The
Islam" says he has to kill
Americans because they drive fancy
sports cars. Or maybe it's a
Hispanic! Yeah!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- GRAPHIC
A cheerful "Technical Difficulties -- But We'll Be Right Back!" graphic, with bland intermission music.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- LOCAL NEWS DESK
A TECHNICIAN wrestles with TOM. DIANNE looks on.

TECHNICIAN
Hold his wrists, Dianne!

TOM
Get this wire offa me!!!

DIANNE
Tom, it's required by legal.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- GRAPHIC
More of "Technical Difficulties."

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- LOCAL NEWS DESK
TOM sits at the desk; now, a large wire snakes up to him from a box on the desk.

TOM
Heh, heh. Where were we? Ah yes.
The thing about women is that --

BZZT! TOM convulses in agony. DIANNE titters.

DIANNE
Well I see we're going to have a
fun day at work today, right Tom?

TOM collects himself and flips through his pages.

TOMM
I'll just skip to... "in
conclusion: we have to make sure
our children are safe. We cannot
be niggardly -- "
(BZZT!)
AAAAGGH!

INT. CLEVELAND'S LIVING ROOM
CLEVELAND and LORETTA watch TV.

CLEVELAND
Loretta, doesn't that just mean
"stingy?"

INT. LIVING ROOM
PETER, MEG, and CHRIS are laughing at the antics. STEWIE
is shocked and saddened.

TOM (O. S.)
(Over the buzzing)
Cut to commercial!!
(BZZ!)
Dear God! Go to comm --
(BZZZ!)

STEWIE
How dare you! That poor man is in
wretched agony! And all you do is
laugh!

This takes the wind out of everyone.

STEWIE
Just imagine yourselves in *his*
shoes; then see how funny ha-ha it
is!

PETER, MEG, and CHRIS are crestfallen.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- NEWS DESK
DIANNE sits at the desk. TOM is catatonic and drooling.

DIANNE
We'll be right back with
supermodels! They're not shooting
up high schools -- they're
shooting *calendars*!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- COMMERCIAL
TOM SELLECK stands in a rustic scene.

TOM SELLECK
You've got real kids, with real
problems...

TOM SELLECK pulls out an oversized rifle.

TOM SELLECK
(cont'd)
... and they need *real protection*.
Just remember, a kid you can trust
to go to school is a kid you can
trust with a Smith & Wesson.

A brand logo appears, with the slogan "... Because a Real
Man Carries a Gun."

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT
Sounds of a boisterous meeting.

INT. SCHOOL BOARD MEETING
SCHOOL BOARD MEMBERS sit behind a cheap fold-up table;
PARENTS sit in rows of cheap fold-up chairs. One of the
BOARD MEMBERS is PRINCIPAL BELFRIES, who has a small, cheap,
identifying placard that says "M. Belfries -- Principal,
Quahog High School." PRINCIPAL BELFRIES is steadily
beating his head against the tabletop.

PARENT
Principal Belfries! Principal
Belfries?!

BELFRIES stops head-thumping.

PARENT
(cont'd)
When are you going to make sure
that a terrorist attack like this
doesn't happen again!

PRINCIPAL
It's not a terrorist attack. It
was an accident. Some sort of

small, experimental vehicle lost
control, and --

PARENT #2

The Arabs are attacking us with
experimental vehicles?!

PRINCIPAL

They know the car came from inside
the neighborhood.

Gasps of shock from the crowd.

PRINCIPAL

It was an *accident*. Nobody got
hurt. The question is --

PARENT

The question, principal, is how do
we make that school safe so our
children don't get hurt again!

PRINCIPAL

(twitch)

I just said nobody got hurt.

PARENT

We need to spend money on *security*!

There is a roar of agreement.

PRINCIPAL

Money from where?

PARENT #2

Take it out of that Internet fund!
It's the Internet that makes these
kids go bad! It's all "how to
make a bomb" and all that
pornography. Right, Jack?

JACK

Oh, I...

(sweetly)

I wouldn't know, hon.

PRINCIPAL
(seething)
So, we take the money out of
that...
(heavy irony)
luxurious slush fund.

INT. CLASSROOM

A TEACHER and a GROUP OF STUDENTS are gathered around a small cardboard box.

TEACHER
Okay, class, now our school can't afford an actual computer, so we're going to pretend that this cardboard box is a computer, and this length of twine is connecting it to the Internet...

STUDENT #1
Does it have TCP/IP configured?

STUDENT #2
That depends on whether it's behind a *firewall*, dweeb!

STUDENT #1
DOES NOT, dork!

STUDENT #2
Does so!

THE STUDENTS start fighting -- an errant kick destroys the box. The TEACHER shakes her head, groans.

INT. SCHOOL BOARD MEETING

PARENT
The question is not whether you have the money, Principal Belfries. The question is whether you want all of our children to DIE!

A short pause, during which PRINCIPAL BELFRIES clearly goes crazy, starts twitching, etc.

PRINCIPAL

Ok. Fine. You want security?
You really want security? You'll
get security.

PARENT #2

Well, I hope --

PRINCIPAL

SHUT YOUR PIE-HOLE, YOU TWIT!!!!
(deep breath)
Just come to school tomorrow...
and you'll see....

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. SCHOOL BUS -- MORNING

CHRIS (O. S.)

An' then there was this wire thing
he went into the warehouse on, an'
then there were lots of guns going
blam! Blammity blam!

INT. SCHOOL BUS

MEG sits in the bus, bored, angry, but stuck next to CHRIS,
who is excitedly telling her a story.

CHRIS

And then he found Mom, and they
got into...

The bus turns; MEG notices something, and her eyes go wide.
CHRIS continues his story in the same vein.

MEG

Oh my god....

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- MORNING

The bus pulls in through a security checkpoint into the
school, which is now surrounded by high electrified fences,
razor wire, and guard towers. Spotlights are mounted on
the roof and in the towers. Guards are everywhere. The
bus continues pulling in.

CHRIS (O. S.)

And there was this car, an' it
went vrooom! 'Cos it was red,
and fast, and really cool!

EXT. SCHOOL BUS -- MORNING

MEG and CHRIS get off the bus.

CHRIS

Something looks different.

MEG

Ok. Chris, if you do anything
stupid, I'm going to get in
trouble. We know how you are with
cops.

EXT. ROADSIDE

PETER has been pulled over; the rest of the family is in
the car. PETER rolls down his window.

COP

Do you know how fast you were
going?

PETER

Uh... well,
(sudden idea)
I dunno officer! My speedometer's
broken!

CHRIS cranes his head forward.

CHRIS

Wow! I'll bet my dad could beat
you up!

COP

Uh... kid --

CHRIS

Y'know, I think he was mouthing
off to you!

COP

Sir, step out of the car.

CHRIS

And --

BRIAN

Chris, I'll give you one million
dollars if you'll stop talking
right now.

CHRIS
Woowww!

CHRIS realizes he was talking, and holds his mouth shut with both hands.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS -- MORNING

CHRIS
Oh, I won't do anything. I -- hey,
look at the cute doggie!

CHRIS walks away, holding a hand
out for it to sniff.

We hear a guard dog snarling and slamming against a chain-link fence as MEG grabs CHRIS and drags him backwards.

MEG
Come on, Chris, go to class.

CHRIS
But the doggie!

MEG
Forget the doggie!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- MIDDAY

P. A.
All students please report to
homeroom for testing. All
students to homeroom for testing.

INT. CLASSROOM
A TEACHER is giving out a test.

TEACHER
(nervous)
This is just to see if some of you
need some... extra... personal
'guidance.' Now, this test is...
nothing to worry about, so don't
get... stressed, and make any

sudden moves or anything. Because,
this is a *personality* test -- so,
y'know, you can't fail!

CHRIS raises his hand; the TEACHER groans.

TEACHER
Chris?

CHRIS
I don't have a personality.

TEACHER
(exasperated)
Just... do your best.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

P. A.
Begin testing now.

A bell sounds.

INT. CLASSROOM

TED
(whispers)
Hey! What did you put for 8?

GARTH
Just put 'C' for all of them!

ZED
(clearly disturbed; speaking to no
one)
Do I hear voices?
(Pause for response)
Okay.

ZED writes an answer.

CHRIS raises his hand.

TEACHER
Yes, Chris?

CHRIS
What's my favorite color?

A short pause.

TEACHER
Just put 'C' for all of them,
Chris.

CHRIS
Okay!

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE

GIRL #1 (O. S.)
Hey, why are you using that *ugly*
lipstick?

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- COMMERCIAL
Two GIRLS are chastising a third GIRL.

GIRL #2
Yeah, it makes you look like a
hideous troll!

GIRL #3
Really?

GIRL #1
Mm-hmm. That's why your parents
are getting divorced. You should
try this!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- INSERT OF REVLON MAKEUP KIT

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- COMMERCIAL

GIRL #3
Revlon?

GIRL #1
That's right!

A couple of GUYS snuggle up to the first two GIRLS.

GIRL #1
Maybe then boys will like *you*, too!

EVERYONE laughs.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- INSERT OF REVLON MAKEUP KIT

VOICEOVER
Revlon. It makes you worth loving.

The commercial rewinds, and restarts. Voices are heard in the background as we cut to...

INT. LIVING ROOM
PETER watches television. LOIS watches PETER.

LOIS
Peter, why aren't you at work?

PETER
(hits pause)
This is a lot more important, Lois
-- I've gotta learn about
teenagers. I've gotta learn their
culture, how they think, what
makes them tick!

LOIS
You're worried about the bomb
scare, too --

PETER
I'm tryin' to help Chris get a
date!

LOIS
Oh. Peter, that's really
something Chris has to do for
himself.

PETER
Not while *I'm* his father. I wanna
do better for him than *my* dad did
for me.

EXT. PARK BENCH -- DAY
A YOUNG PETER and HIS DAD on a park bench)

DAD

So... Peter... your mother says
that I need to talk to you about...
y'know girls...

PETER

Uh-huh?

DAD

So... what I want to say is... um,
you aren't queer, are you?

PETER

(What does "queer" mean?)
I don't think so... no?

DAD

Good. That... that was the speech.

INT. LIVING ROOM

PETER

... and there was no turning back.
The gay lifestyle just wasn't an
option.

LOIS

Peter, what are you talking about?

PETER

Look, I'm going to help him out
any way I can. And don't give me
that "help him by giving space"
hogwash, either. We're doing this
my way, and that involves *doing*
stuff....

LOIS

Peter, you remember when you
helped Chris with his science
project?

INT. GARAGE

A YOUNGER CHRIS stands in front of a homely model of a volcano. PETER is standing nearby, coaching.

PETER

Okay, now just add the chemical to
it...

CHRIS pours it in. For a moment, nothing happens. Then a faint rumbling. Then a louder rumbling.

CHRIS

Dad, is something wrong?

PETER

Run, Chris! Run while you still
can!

PETER runs away; CHRIS follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM

PETER

I mean, no wonder our kids have it
so tough! Look at the TV
teenagers! Our kids are fat and
ugly!

LOIS

Peter...

PETER

I mean, come on. According to
Dawson's Creek, every boy is
supposed to have a hot Platonic
female friend, and one saucy
temptress!

LOIS

That's not --

PETER

All of Chris's Platonic friends
are guys from the D. O. R. K. S.
club. Temptresses? None! Is he
even *dating* a teacher?

LOIS
Peter, what do we say about the
things on the TV?

PETER
Aw, Lois --

LOIS
What do we say about --

PETER
(grudgingly)
That "they're all made up."

LOIS
Right. They're all made up.

MEG and CHRIS enter.

CHRIS
Hi mom!

LOIS
How was school today, Meg?

MEG
("leave me alone")
Fine, mom.

CHRIS
I got to have a body-cavity search
today!

LOIS
(not really listening)
That's great, Chris.

PETER
Uh, honey, did he just say "body-
cavity search?"

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- SUNSET

STEWIE (V. O.)
(singing with piano accompaniment)

Yes I'm going to the country, got
to get a-way...

INT. LIVING ROOM

STEWIE sings and plays piano, wearing a tiny "Give Hemp a
Chance" T-shirt; PETER looks on in horror)

PETER

Stewie, could you... do that, say,
never again?

STEWIE

Very well, father! I shall just
spread peace and love in other
ways!

STEWIE exits.

PETER

Yeah, well there won't be any
'spreading love' under *my* roof!

PETER exits.

INT. BASEMENT

CHRIS is strapped into what looks like an electric chair.
PETER enters.

PETER

Let's get started, Chris.

CHRIS

These straps are itchy!

PETER

Now, I'm going to pretend to be
that girl you like, okay?

CHRIS

That's kind of creepy, Dad.

PETER

And every time you can't think of
anything to say, you're going to
get a little shock, see?

CHRIS
(worried)
What?
(bzz)
AAAAH!!

PETER
-- like that. Okay...
(falsetto; reading off a card)
How are you, Chris?

CHRIS
What?
(bzz)
Um... I dunno!
(bzz)

PETER
Try again, buddy!

CHRIS
Fine! Great! I'm fine!
(pause)
Whew.
(bzz)

PETER
Okay, now you'll wanna compliment
my shoes.

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

INT. DINING ROOM
EVERYONE is at the dinner table.

LOIS
Well, you've been quite the
talkative one tonight, Chris.

CHRIS
Oh, yeah, very talkative
(twitch)
very very talkative, because Dad,
Dad's been teaching me about how

to talk to people.
(twitch)
Well, this one girl really, he
says he knows lots and lots and
lots about talking to --

LOIS
Oh, he was quite the lady-killer
back when *he* was in high school.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL IN THE 70S
HIGH SCHOOL PETER drinks a beverage. There are a couple of
women nearby.

HIGH SCHOOL PETER
(belching)
Veronica!

THELMA
Veronica, he *belched* your *name!!!*

VERONICA
That is *so far out!*

THELMA
Me next, Peter!

INT. DINING ROOM

LOIS
Chris? Honey? Stop twitching!

CHRIS
(rocking quietly)
Eeeeeee!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL
Placard out front: "Keeping Your Children Safe Since
Yesterday."

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY

CHRIS walks down the hall wearing a bulky hat and glasses, along with a hearing aid of some sort.

PETER (O. S., filtered)
Pimp Daddy to Little Mac, over?

CHRIS
Dad, I don't think this is a good
idea.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- DAY
There's a van labeled "Unmarked Surveillance Vehicles, Inc.:
We Stake Out America!"

PETER (O. S., filtered)
Aw, come on, Chris!

INT. VAN
PETER in a cramped space, with bulky headphones, looking at a monitor, which shows what CHRIS sees.

PETER
This is one of the coolest things
at Toyco! I see what you see, and
then tell you what to do! Hey,
listen:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY

PETER (O. S., filtered)
"Use the Force, Chris!"

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY -- ON SURVEILLANCE VIDEO
We see the scene via a closed-circuit television in the
Principal's office.

CHRIS (on monitor)
Dad, I don't like having voices in
my head.

PRINCIPAL
Wait! Who is that?

SECRETARY

Christopher Griffin, sir. He's
one of the ones we gave up on.

PRINCIPAL

(menacingly)

Bring me his file, Ms.
Besserwisser.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY

CHRIS continues down the hall. SAMANTHA approaches.

PETER'S VOICE

Hey, that looks like a girl!

CHRIS

(sotto voce)

Stop it!

PETER (O. S., filtered)

Now what you --

CHRIS

Dad!

PETER (O. S., filtered)

Wait, that's the Platonic friend -
- do *not* hit on her. Repeat --

CHRIS removes the earpiece. "Dawson's Creek"-ish music
plays.

CHRIS

Um... hi, Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Christopher. The grapevine says
you're courting the fair Becky!

CHRIS

I don't understand, Sam --

SAMANTHA

Well, we all get confused
sometimes, Chris, and sometimes
love is just a vicious cycle of

misinterpretation, and nobody wins,
y'know?

CHRIS
Yeah... love sucks.

SAMANTHA
Another of your Wildean bon mots...

CHRIS
I gotta go!

CHRIS leaves. He puts his earpiece back in. He sees BECKY.

PETER (O. S., filtered)
Okay, I see her. Babe at
10'o'clock!

CHRIS
(walks towards BECKY slowly)
Dad, I dunno --

PETER (O. S., filtered)
Stay on target!

The school bell rings.

CHRIS
Dad, I gotta get to class!

PETER (O. S., filtered)
(louder)
Stay on target!

CHRIS
Dad, I --

BECKY
What?

CHRIS
I -- um -- hi, Becky!

BECKY
Hi.

PETER (O. S., filtered)
Good start! Now you need to tell
her...

CHRIS
Did you see Jimmy Hendershot get
attacked by those guard dogs?

BECKY
Yeah, that was great, when he ran
into that bathroom and hid in the
stall!

PETER (O. S., filtered)
(simultaneously)
Little Mac, you are deviating from
Plan Rico Suave.

CHRIS
Um --
(sotto voce)
DAD STOP! -- yeah, that was cool.

BECKY
(askance)
Chris, who are you *talking* to?

PETER (O. S., filtered)
DANGER! DANGER, Little Mac!
Abort mission! Repeat: abort
mission!
Chris, listen --

CHRIS
(exasperated, yanks the hearing
aid again)
Oh, that? I was... umm...
clearing my throat.

INT. VAN
PETER removes his headphones.

PETER
This plan is going all crazy!
Guys, we gotta get him out of
there!

A quick pan out reveals THE A-TEAM in the van with him.\

HANNIBAL

You heard him! B. A., Faceman,
Murdock... move out!

The A-TEAM THEME starts playing as THE A-TEAM exits the van.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY

CHRIS is still talking to BECKY, who is smiling.

B. A. {Mr. T} storms in, kicking people out of the way left
and right.

BECKY screams and runs.

B. A. tucks CHRIS under an arm and runs off.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL

B. A. runs out the front door.

MURDOCK is flying around in a makeshift helicopter.

MURDOCK

(shouting)

I'm being a distraction! I'm
providing the distraction!

We hear a rifle shot; there's puff of smoke from the guard
tower.

MURDOCK

Aaghh!

The helicopter drops out of the sky.

EXT. VAN -- DAY

PETER and HANNIBAL wait by the van.

HANNIBAL
I love it when a plan comes
together.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY
CHRIS walks around the parking lot.

CHRIS
Whee! That was like a field trip!

BRIAN walks up; he's wearing a uniform.

BRIAN
Not so fast, Chris. You're coming
with me.

PETER
Brian! What are you doing here?

BRIAN
Well, some Doberman Pinscher
guarding the perimeter started
foaming at the mouth yesterday --
so guess who's the new guard dog
for Quahog High!

PETER
Sweet!

BRIAN
Yeah, they've got dental, medical,
easy hours... well, I'll tell you
all about it later. Let's go,
Chris.

CHRIS
Okay, Brian!

BRIAN
And let's make this look good,
okay? Y'know, resist arrest a
little.

CHRIS
Um...

A very fake struggle follows.

CHRIS
(cont'd)
... let me go! You'll never take
me alive!

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
PRINCIPAL BELFRIES is again looking at the security monitor.

CHRIS (on monitor)
Vive le resistance!

SECRETARY
He hears voices *and* he's fighting
off a trained guard dog!

PRINCIPAL
Sooo. It all comes together.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- LOBBY
Start on shot of third place bowling trophy; quick pan/zoom
out reveals that to be the prize showpiece of the trophy
cabinet in the school's main lobby. BRIAN and CHRIS enter.

BRIAN
Chris, you should get to class,
and -- hey!
(to a student walking out of the
bathroom)
Is that a cigarette?

STUDENT
Aw --

BRIAN
No whining. C'mon.

BRIAN holds out a paw.

STUDENT
But I don't *have* --

BRIAN
Hand it over.

Beat; the STUDENT groans and hands over a twenty.

BRIAN
That's *it*?

STUDENT
Fine!

The STUDENT hands over another twenty.

BRIAN
That's better.

BRIAN pushes into the bathroom, whapping his nightstick against the door a few times; various curses from the students.

BRIAN
What's going on in here?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY
CHRIS exits the lobby, and walks into a group of JOCKS.

JOCK #1
Christopher Griffin.

CHRIS
Oh no.

JOCK #1
So you're the guy that stole the
football team mascot.

JOCK #2
You are in so much trouble.

CHRIS
No -- that was Christopher *Robin*.

JOCK #2
(checking paperwork)
Oh, yeah, he's right.

JOCK #1
Ok -- sorry, Chris.
(to someone off-screen)
Hey you!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- LOBBY
CHRISTOPHER ROBIN walks by, accompanied by POOH, who is carrying a honey jar.

Christopher Robin
Uh-oh.

POOH breaks the jar and brandishes the jagged edge.

POOH
COME GET SOME, PUNKS!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY

JOCK #1
By the way, Chris, we still haven't penciled you in for getting beaten up this week.

CHRIS
Oh. Sorry.

JOCK #2
We thought we'd just take care of it now, if that's okay for you.

CHRIS
What did I do this week?

JOCK #1
(consulting clipboard)
Well, we've got a couple of swirlies for wearing that stupid hat... some kidney punches for being good at drawing stuff...

CHRIS
Huh?

JOCK #2
That's girly.

CHRIS
Oh...

JOCK #1
... and, other than that, we just
lock you up in a locker for
generally being different. Ready?

CHRIS
Sounds good to me!

JOCK #2
Let's go!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- OUTSIDE THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
PRINCIPAL BELFRIES leaves his office and walks out into the
lobby, where the JOCKS are beating up CHRIS.

JOCK #1
Okay, now carry him to the
bathroom guys!

CHRIS
Actually, I could just walk.

JOCK #2
Nope, he can still walk --

JOCK #1
Keep beating him!

CHRIS
Dang.

PRINCIPAL
STOP RIGHT THERE! You are in so
much trouble...

To everyone's surprise, the PRINCIPAL grabs *CHRIS* by the
ear and carries him away.

JOCK #2
Well, what do we do now?

JOCK #1
Take care of Pooh, I guess...

JOCK #3
But... where did he go?

Eerie music. The camera pans up to reveal POOH, grinning menacingly, and hiding between two of the rafters.

POOH
(whispered)
Let's get it on!

POOH leaps down, out of frame.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DOOR TO THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
A door labeled "Principal Belfries."

CHRIS (O. S.)
Thank you very much for getting me
out of that.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE
A window behind the PRINCIPAL looks out on to the lobby.
As the conversation goes on, we see the JOCKS getting
attacked by POOH, which the PRINCIPAL doesn't notice.

PRINCIPAL
(derisive snort)
Knowing you, you were just luring
them into a false sense of
security.

CHRIS
I was?

PRINCIPAL
(with false amity)
Now, Chris...

The PRINCIPAL grins, and absently turns shut the blinds on the window.

Faint screams of terror from the JOCKS are still audible, briefly.

PRINCIPAL

(cont'd)

... when those crazy football players, say, get in a little tussle with you... do you ever... just feel like you're going to *snap*?

CHRIS

Does this mean you'll get them to stop doing it?

PRINCIPAL

Ha. Don't be silly. It builds character, Chris.

CHRIS

Oh.

PRINCIPAL

Do you have... say, a *problem* with high school?

CHRIS

I feel like an idiot all the time, and I get beaten up every other day.

PRINCIPAL

So, pretty much normal, then?

CHRIS shrugs.

PRINCIPAL

We at the office were thinking that... maybe a drug habit would help you... mellow out.

CHRIS

Drugs?

PRINCIPAL

Have you ever smoked pot, Chris?

Because someone with your profile
really *should*.

CHRIS

Mom says if I do drugs, I'll end
up crazy, like grandma.

INT. LIVING ROOM

LOIS and LOIS'S MOTHER are sitting on the couch.

LOIS'S MOTHER

Ah! Spiders and snakes! ON YOUR
HEAADD!!

LOIS

Mother! No! You're just having a
flashback!

LOIS'S MOTHER starts hitting LOIS over the head with her
handbag.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

PRINCIPAL

I've got an idea... let's look at
this personality test.

The PRINCIPAL pulls out a file.

PRINCIPAL

Question 3 -- "Do you have a
problem with authority?" You
answered... with a drawing of a
little birdie.

CHRIS

Birdies are cute!

PRINCIPAL

(menacingly)

Do you have a problem with
authority, Mr. Griffin?!

CHRIS

Um... yes! No! I don't know!

PRINCIPAL

Well, you'd better think about
that long and hard, when you're in
jail!!!

CHRIS

For what?

PRINCIPAL

Call my bluff, will you? Fine...
fine... we'll just have to settle
with *expelling* you.

CHRIS

That sounds bad.

SECRETARY

(buzzing on Intercom)

Sir, there's another call from the
International Crime-Fighting --

PRINCIPAL

I'M NOT HERE! Tell them I'm going
to run *my* school the way *I* damn
well please, and --

A 'thock' sound. The PRINCIPAL slumps forward on his desk
with a blowdart in his neck. Two MEN IN SUITS (one of them
ROBERT WAGNER) enter the office and start carrying the
unconscious PRINCIPAL out.

ROBERT WAGNER

(As he leaves)

You saw *nothing*.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. LOCAL TV STATION -- EVENING

ROBERT WAGNER (O. S.)
So, I think you understand me.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

A shadowy figure (ROBERT WAGNER) is talking to NORM THE REPORTER.

NORM
You're giving me \$50,000 to drop
the "Qrisis in Quahog" story. Are
you nuts?

ROBERT WAGNER
I'm not nuts. I just want results.

NORM
You can't just buy my journalistic
integrity for \$50,000.

ROBERT WAGNER
I didn't mean to imply --

NORM
YOU HAVE TO PAY REPORTERS IN
HOOKERS, YOU MORON!

ROBERT WAGNER
What?

NORM
Jeez, didn't they teach you
anything in that, that 'spy
school?'

ROBERT WAGNER
Fine. Fine. Whatever you want.

NORM
And we have to make this look
natural. We can't just say "Oh,
sorry there wasn't an explosion."

ROBERT WAGNER
What if we could give you another
story. A *better* story. A *scarier*
story.

NORM
I'm listening.

INT. LIVING ROOM
LOIS, PETER, CHRIS, and BRIAN are watching TV. MEG enters,
and stares daggers at BRIAN.

MEG
Hi, Brian.

BRIAN
Hey -- no hard feelings.

LOIS
What happened?

MEG
NOTHING.

BRIAN
Oh, I just caught her making out
with Jimmy Campisano.

MEG
(shouting)
Brian, I gave you fifty dollars!!

BRIAN
That was the bribe for the school
people. Family costs triple.

MEG exits, seething.

PETER
(pointing at TV)
Oh, I think there's gonna be
another big graphic on the news!

LOIS
Aren't they going to tell us more
about the school explosion?

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- GRAPHIC

VO

"Computer monitors: Deadly
Eyestrain." Find out more, after
these commercial messages.

INT. LIVING ROOM

PETER
Sweet!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Guard towers are being dismantled, etc. Sign out front
reads

"Homecoming Dance: Your First Big Chance to Prove You're
Not Gay!")

ELECTRA (V. O.)
I don't know, Zane.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- CLASSROOM

ELECTRA and ZANE are arguing.

ZANE
But, Electra!

ELECTRA
How! How could I go out with you
after you slept with my *best*
friend, and... framed her for
murder!

Dramatic chord.

ZANE
I... I can explain everything,
Elect --

ELECTRA
No!

CHRIS passes by.

ELECTRA
Maybe I'll just go with Chris!

ELECTRA hangs on CHRIS a bit.

CHRIS
What's going on?

ZANE
So this is how it is, Chris?
(menacing)
Going out with my woman can be
hazardous to your health.

CHRIS
Huh?

ELECTRA
That's right, Zane! And I'm going
to give *him* what *you* never had!

ZANE
But, Electra...
(gauzy close up)
I love you.

ELECTRA
Oh, Zane...

ELECTRA drops CHRIS to the ground, passionately embraces
ZANE.

CHRIS
Ow!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY
The school bell rings.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY
BECKY cautiously approaches MEG in the hall.

BECKY
Hey... Meg?

MEG

Okay, whatever you heard, I did
not sleep with Kyle Madison, and
if you heard it from Daisy, that's
just because Daisy is a lying,
skanky --

BECKY

Is Chris your brother?

MEG

Am I in trouble if he is?

BECKY

Do you...

(bashful)

do you know if he has a girlfriend?

MEG

(perplexed)

Why?

BECKY

... or if he's gonna go to the
Dance?

MEG

(perplexed)

You're asking if my dorky,
balloon-headed brother has a
girlfriend?

BECKY

I mean, do you know if he likes me?

MEG

Um... whoever you are, if you just
hit him with something, he'll stop
following you.

BECKY

He drew a picture of me... so that
might be something --

MEG

Oh, he draws pictures of

everything.

CHRIS wanders by; MEG notices.

CLOSE-UP of Chris looking lovestruck, with accompanying music.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY
MEG groans.

MEG
Yes, he likes you!

BECKY
(victorious)
Yes!
(back to cutesy)
That's so cool! You guys have a
computer, right? Um... so I can
email him?

MEG
Oh, no. This is a bet, isn't it.

BECKY
Huh?

MEG
Somebody bet you you wouldn't go
out with Chris for the big dance,
and --

BECKY
You have a little brother, right?

MEG
What? Yes. Wha -- why?

BECKY
(sweetly)
No reason.

In the background, CHRIS manages to injure himself with a drinking fountain.

MEG

Look, if you're going to do
something mean to Chris, then
don't.

BECKY

What, is that like, a threat?

MEG

I'm small, but I'm mean.

MEG eyes BECKY a bit belligerently, and walks away.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

TEACHER (V. O.)

And so, in this part, we see that
Hamlet is questioning...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- CLASSROOM

A dull TEACHER is giving a dull lecture. CHRIS is bored.

TEACHER

(cont'd)

... the whole point of living in
Denmark. And this is what we see
in the third soliloquy.

The TEACHER'S mouth starts drifting out of sync with his
speech.

TEACHER

(cont'd)

Let's all turn to page ninety-
seven of your textbooks and...

CHRIS is drifting to sleep.

TEACHER

(cont'd)

... follow along with me.

A loud rumbling thump is heard. THE CLASS suddenly reacts

with shock.

TEACHER

That is nothing to be concerned
about. Return to reading!

(Looks at book.)

"Hamlet. You have returned.

(another thump)

Now I shall destroy you! Ha, ha!

No, Claudius! It is *I* who shall
destroy you!"

The thumps are now thumping regularly, like footsteps. A wide-eyed student points out the window.

STUDENT

LOOK!

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

GODZILLA approaches the school; pedestrians run screaming in all directions, a few military helicopters harass him at head level.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

ROBERT WAGNER and an International-Crimefighting-League AGENT look up at the menacing lizard.

ROBERT WAGNER

We just took down those guard
towers, didn't we.

AGENT

Afraid so.

ROBERT WAGNER

Oh well. Let's just scream like
schoolgirls and run away.

They scream and run away.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- CLASSROOM

TEACHER

Students, please remain calm. We

are going to walk to the exit,
single --

A giant GODZILLA-CLAW crashes through the windows; EVERYONE screams, including the TEACHER.

The school bell rings. Many go for the door, which is jammed.

STUDENT
It's jammed!

STUDENT #2
We're doomed!

The GIANT HAND snags CHRIS, and drags him out and up and up, as GODZILLA stands up at a full 100 feet.

Short beat.

GODZILLA
So, have you asked Becky out yet?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- CLASSROOM
CHRIS jolts awake at his desk. ZANE is straddling a chair nearby.

ZANE
Have you asked Becky to the dance?

CHRIS
GET AWAY FROM ME YOU GIANT GREEN
FREAK!!!

ZANE blinks a couple times.

CHRIS blinks a couple times.

A bruised-up JOCK notices what just happened, and makes a small mark on a form.

INSERT OF THE FORM shows a line marked "Chris Griffin: Beatings" with a two marked out and a three being written in.

chris
No. Not yet.

ZANE
Well, don't wait too long! I may
ask her myself!

CHRIS
Really?

ELECTRA enters dramatically.

ELECTRA
REALLY?!

ZANE
No, baby, I meant --

ELECTRA
DON'T talk to me.

ELECTRA walks away.

ZANE
But Electra, I -- Chris, I don't
know how you got me into this...
(dramatic music)
but don't think I'm going to
forget it.

ZANE turns away dramatically and exits.

CHRIS
(not noticing he left)
So I should ask her to the dance,
then?

BECKY
Who're you talking to?

CHRIS
AAAAH! Um...just Zane.

BECKY
I thought he died in that --

CHRIS
No, that was his twin brother.
Um... Becky?

BECKY
(hopeful)
Yeah?

CHRIS
I know this is gonna sound weird,
but... would you like to...
maybe... go to the Homecoming
dance with m--

BECKY
Yes! Oh, that's so great, Chris!

BECKY hugs him impulsively, as the school bell rings.

BECKY
I gotta go to Biology.

CHRIS
Oh... um, cool... um --

BECKY
(waving)
See you later!

BECKY exits.

CHRIS
Wow.

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

MEG'S VOICE
I don't believe this.

INT. KITCHEN
LOIS and MEG are talking.

LOIS
(confused)

Chris asked an attractive girl to
the Homecoming Dance.

MEG
Right.

LOIS
And she said... yes?

MEG
Right.

LOIS
But... *why*?

MEG
(exasperated)
I don't *know*.

LOIS
And you're not at the dance
because...

MEG
(snippy)
Because God hates me, Mom.

LOIS
Okay....

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT

Sign out front: "Homecoming Dance: Under Disco Lights, It
Looks Less Like a Penitentiary."

EXT. PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

CHRIS is driving Peter's car; BECKY is in the passenger
seat.

CHRIS gets stuck behind another car, and honks the horn.
The hood flies up. The doors fall off. BECKY is alarmed.

CHRIS
Let's just park here.

CLOSE-UP of a ICF agent (sunglasses, short hair, dark suit, earpiece).

AGENT

One. Two. One, two, three four.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL DANCE -- BANDSTAND

A wider shot shows a group of stiff ICF agents posing as the house band.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL DANCE -- DANCE FLOOR

CHRIS and BECKY eye the band suspiciously.

CHRIS

Something's not right about that.

BECKY

They can't *all* be bass players.

CHRIS approaches an AGENT who is patrolling, not playing. The AGENT immediately takes a menacing posture.

CHRIS

Sir... why is the singer wearing a black suit and a fake Afro?

AGENT

That's because he's making his funk the p-funk, citizen. I strongly suggest you do the same.

CHRIS

Okay.

BECKY

I think he wants us to dance.

BECKY tugs CHRIS to the dance floor.

CHRIS

Umm... I dunno what to do.

BECKY

Just make something up!

CHRIS

But my dad only had me practicing
to Jethro Tull.

BECKY

Your dad *what*?

CHRIS

Um... nothing.

CHRIS starts to look panicky. The music stops.

BECKY

What's going on up there?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL DANCE -- BANDSTAND

THE BAND is getting harried by B. A. BARRACUS and MURDOCK.

MURDOCK

You should listen to the man!

LEAD SINGER AGENT

I assure you, Mr. Barracus, I
don't need your pity.

B. A.

I pity the musician that won't
take requests!

MURDOCK

He asked you nicely to play the
song stylings of Jethro Tull. You
don't want him to ask not-nicely.

LEAD SINGER AGENT

(intimidated)

Fine.

(to bandmates)

Okay, gentleman, we'll do this in
"G."

B. A.

(taking mike briefly)

And all you kids out there
Stay in school!

B. A. notices PETER, who is looking in through a window and giving a cheerful "thumbs up."

B. A. returns the gesture -- the picture freeze-frames with an "A-Team" musical flourish.

FADE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL DANCE -- LATER THAT NIGHT
Slower music. Everybody's dancing, except GARTH and a little enclave of geeks.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL DANCE -- CHRIS AND BECKY

CHRIS

So, it turned out it was *Regis Philbin*.

BECKY

No way!

CHRIS

They had a big fight and everything. It was *cool*.

BECKY

So your little brother wants to rule the world?

CHRIS

(shrugs)

Mom says he's just at that age...
(he trails off; they dance slowly)
You're much better at this than my Dad.

BECKY

(laughs)

You really think so?

CHRIS

Thanks for coming to the dance with me.

BECKY
You're welcome.

CHRIS
I'm glad you're here.

BECKY
I'm glad I'm here too...

Short beat; they kiss as the song ends.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL DANCE -- BANDSTANDS
B. A. is haranguing THE BAND again.

B. A.
Now I wanna hear some "Free Bird,"
foo'!

DRUMMER AGENT
How can you be black and like a
band as racist as Lynyrd Skynyrd?

B. A. gets up and goes out of frame.

Sounds of a fight, combined with various percussion sounds,
heard in background.

LEAD SINGER AGENT
Let's just do what he says. We're
going to take five, and once our
drummer is back with us, we'll
play our second set.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL DANCE -- CHRIS AND BECKY

BECKY
(leaving)
I think I'll go freshen up.

CHRIS smiles and walks to the exit door.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL EXIT DOOR -- NIGHT

CHRIS pushes the door open and leans outside, and looks up at the moon.

CHRIS
This is the best night of my life!

STEWIE (V. O.)
I should hope so...

The next shot reveals STEWIE, harshly lit from the light coming through the door.

STEWIE
... for it is your last!

CHRIS
Hey little bro -- what are you
doing here?

STEWIE
How *dare* you insult me by
suggesting we are related!

CHRIS
You aren't here with Dad, are you?

STEWIE
I am here, you bulbous oaf, to
talk about *this*!

STEWIE brandishes the smashed crypto-chip.

CHRIS
My shiny thing! Where did you
find it?

STEWIE
No, Christopher. The question is,
where did *you* find it!

CHRIS
What?

STEWIE
Tonight, it all came rushing back:
You *stole* it from me! You may

have wanted me to die of
embarrassment, Christopher...

STEWIE pulls out a knife.

STEWIE
(cont'd)
... but you'll regret not having
finished the job!

STEWIE advances on CHRIS; CHRIS begins backpedaling on to the stage.

CHRIS trips backwards over the drum set.

The crowd watches CHRIS, helpless beside the drum kit as STEWIE advances.

INSERT OF THE RAISED KNIFE about to stab down -- a hand grabs on to STEWIE'S arm and stops it.

STEWIE
Aaah!

STEWIE drops the knife.

The next shot shows BECKY holding a struggling STEWIE at bay.

CHRIS
Becky! You saved my life!

BECKY
The name's not "Becky," Chris.
Actually, it's...

BECKY begins to pull away a mask from her face.

CUT TO the curious reaction shot from THE CROWD. (GARTH is in the background.)

We hear the mask pulled free.

EVERYONE is shocked (especially CHRIS).

GARTH
Robert Wagner?

We see the disturbing image of BECKY from the neck down and ROBERT WAGNER from the neck up.

ROBERT WAGNER
Robert Wagner -- Master of
Disguise.

CHRIS
What?

ROBERT WAGNER
Chris, I'm afraid this has all
been part of an elaborate scheme
to locate and incarcerate one
Stewart Moriarty Griffin.

CHRIS
(looking at the odd sight,
grimacing)
Ewww....

ROBERT WAGNER
And now I've found him, with the
evidence we need to send him to
juvie for a long, long time.
Right, Stewart? or should I say...
Doctor Mysterio?

LEAD SINGER AGENT
(approaching)
You're saying that this sweet
little infant was threatening to
annihilate all of Trenton?!

STEWIE begins sneaking around.

ROBERT WAGNER
*And he crashed a high-powered
experimental vehicle into the
school!*

THE CROWD gasps.

STEWIE
Yes, that's a very interesting

theory, but then how do you
explain *this*?!

STEWIE pulls the CRYPTO-CHIP out
of ROBERT WAGNER'S PURSE with a
theatrical flourish.

LEAD SINGER AGENT
My god!

GUITARIST AGENT
The crypto-chip!

DRUMMER AGENT
In Robert Wagner's handbag?!

STEWIE
(rummaging further)
Oh, and look,
(brandishing plans)
plans for a high-speed
experimental vehicle! Just lying
there!

ROBERT WAGNER
Are you people actually *buying*
this? Look... look...

ROBERT WAGNER pulls out two large photographs -- one of
STEWIE, and one of MYSTERIO. They are exactly the same but
for a villainous-looking moustache on MYSTERIO.

ROBERT WAGNER
Stewart Griffin. Doctor Mysterio.

LEAD SINGER AGENT
Doctor Mysterio has a moustache.

DRUMMER AGENT
Babies don't grow moustaches!

ROBERT WAGNER
But he just tried to stab his own
brother to death!

LEAD SINGER AGENT
Surely that was a misunderstanding.

GUITARIST AGENT
When we canvassed the neighborhood,
Stewie gave us flowers!

DRUMMER AGENT
Flowers and cookies!

LEAD SINGER AGENT
You're going to have to do better
than *that* to frame this model
citizen here.

ROBERT WAGNER
(arms akimbo, looking especially
odd)
What?! Are you crazy?

LEAD SINGER AGENT
No ma'am. Just professionals.
Come with us.

THE AGENTS try to take ROBERT WAGNER away -- ROBERT WAGNER
wiggles free.)

ROBERT WAGNER
Wait!

ROBERT WAGNER runs up to STEWIE; THE AGENTS again begin
dragging him away.

ROBERT WAGNER
They traced the tire tracks back
to your house! How do you explain
that?

STEWIE
(close-up; taunting)
Baby! Wants! Mommy!
(laughs maniacally)

LEAD SINGER AGENT
Oh, now you've made him cry.

ROBERT WAGNER
(as he is dragged from the
building)

Noooo! He's laughing! He's
laughing, you fools! Don't you
see?!

STEWIE
(smiles pleasantly)
Ah... they all walked into my
sinister trap.

CHRIS picks up the knife.

CHRIS
Um... are you still mad at me?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL -- NIGHT
There are flashing police lights gathered around one exit
as ROBERT WAGNER is taken away.

STEWIE (V. O.)
Of course not. You may make a
good minion one day.

END OF SHOW