

Family Guy

"Vote Griffin"

Written by hujhax

\

<http://hujhax.livejournal.com>

TEASER

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- VICTORIAN SCENE
A MAN and WOMAN in Victorian garb.

WOMAN

Oh, Mr. Wentworth! I simply *must*
tell Tom how I feel, or...

INT. LIVING ROOM

PETER is asleep in front of the TV. The TV provides the
only light.

WOMAN (O. S.)

(cont'd)

... or I shall *perish*, perish of
my own passion!

MAN (O. S.)

Rose, I need only tell you this...

STEWIE scampers in and quickly surveys the situation.
There is rising music from the TV.

MAN (O. S.)

(cont'd)

... you *must* follow your heart!

The TV begins playing "Masterpiece Theatre" theme as STEWIE
produces a videotape and tiptoes across to the VCR.

CLOSE-UP OF THE TAPE'S SPINE as it goes in:

"Teletubbies Take Manhattan" has been crossed out and
"Hypnosis Tape A" has been written in a neat, precise hand.

INT. LIVING ROOM

STEWIE now has a cattle prod. He jolts PETER awake with it
and quickly tiptoes away. "Hypnosis Music" starts up.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV SET -- HYPNOSIS TAPE

The TV shows a spiraling shape,
over which STEWIE'S HEAD appears.

Shots alternate between PETER and
STEWIE.

PETER
What the...?

STEWIE
You are falling into a deep
hypnotic trance...

PETER
I... yuh...

PETER'S eyes go wide, he sits upright, and his pupils
contract to pinholes.

STEWIE
Deeper... until your will is mine!

PETER
Yes, master!

STEWIE
You will *obey*!

PETER
(drooling)
Unghh...

STEWIE
Now, repeat after me: "I will
run..."

PETER
I wih ruh...

STEWIE
For --

The tape jams. The VCR spits it out.

PETER imitates the noises it makes.

The TV flashes snow, then shows a TONY ROBBINS infomercial.

TONY ROBBINS
... and remember, if you can *dream*
it...

PETER
If I cah dweah it...

TONY ROBBINS
... you can *do* it!

PETER
I cah do...

TONY ROBBINS
That's great!

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- NIGHT

PETER (O. S.)
(pitiful shout)
Tony Robbins! I am your mind
slave!

END OF TEASER

ACT I

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- DAY

INT. DINING ROOM -- BREAKFAST

A newly-tanned PETER, grinning with abnormally white teeth, sits at the table. He has a black eye. LOIS watches him, concerned.

PETER

I was helping self-actualize my
co-workers, and...
(indicating bruise)
... they put a little obstacle in
my path --

LOIS

(sighs)

I'd better get some ice.

As LOIS exits, STEWIE enters.

STEWIE reacts to Peter's appearance with wide-eyed shock.

STEWIE

Something has gone horribly awry.

PETER

I'm just in tune with myself and
high on life!

STEWIE

Hmm, somehow you've survived the
hypnosis tape -- we'll just see
how you fare against...

STEWIE produces an elaborate, evil-looking machine; jarring chords in the background.

STEWIE

(cont'd)

... the Hypnoscicator!

PETER

Aw, Stewie, you don't need

machines! Just rely on the
miracle that is you!

STEWIE switches on the machine, which bathes PETER in a red
light. PETER is instantly hypnotized as before.

Peter
Ung.

STEWIE
Now, repeat after me
"I shall run for mayor of Quahog!"

PETER
"I shall run f--"

The doorbell rings -- PETER shakes himself out of the
trance.

PETER
Hey, my Ronco products arrived!

EXT. FRONT PORCH -- DAY
A DELIVERY MAN on the doorstep holds a huge purchase order.
There are several 'Ronco' trucks in the background.

INT. KITCHEN
PETER starts to get up.

INSERT OF STEWIE turning a knob on the machine up to its
maximum ('11').

INT. KITCHEN
PETER sits down, entranced.

PETER
Okay, I'll be mayor.

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- EARLY EVENING

INT. DINING ROOM
THE GRIFFINS are eating dinner.

PETER

I just had an idea! I'm going to
run for mayor of Quahog!

MEG looks worried.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY

MEG'S friends, including STACY, are gathered round her.

STACY

Meg, we like you and all, but
since your dad started this
embarrassing political thing, none
of us can hang out with you any
more.

GIRL #2

Sorry!

MEG'S FRIENDS all leave. MEG stands alone in the hallway.
Eerie music. Brief sound of crickets. Then we hear a
nasal, geeky voice.

VOICE

Meg!

It's joined by a bunch of other such voices. Over-the-
shoulder shot shows MEG looking down the hallway at a
night-of-the-living-dead-style crowd of...

MEG

Nerds!

MEG screams and runs away. The nerds stagger forward.

VOICES

Come to us! Your friends have
abandoned you. &c.

A slow zoom of MEG at the end of a hallway, pulling a door
with a glass window.

It finally opens and she goes inside.

INT. DARKENED CLASSROOM

The only light is coming in through the hallway.

MEG locks the door, starts pulling a desk up to block it.

VOICE

You're one of *us* now!

MEG

No I'm not!

A hand holding a calculator breaks through the window.

MEG screams.

INT. DINING ROOM

MEG

Daddy, *please* don't do this. I'll
die if you run for mayor.

PETER

Aw, it'll be great --

MEG

Mom, make him stop!

LOIS

PETER, Charles McAbee is doing a
great job as mayor --

PETER

He's going down!

LOIS

Don't worry, Meg. This is just
like when your father pretended he
was a White House security guard -

-

INT. WHITE HOUSE -- OVAL OFFICE

PETER wears a black suit and sunglasses. He talks into his
wrist for no apparent reason.

PETER

Contestant one, this is center
square, do you read me?

As he walks, he bumps into MONICA LEWINSKY, unwittingly
knocking her into the arms of BILL CLINTON.

PETER

Oops.

The other two, smiling and still close, ignore him.

INT. DINING ROOM

LOIS

-- or one of the Village People --

INT. BACKSTAGE AT A CONCERT

THE VILLAGE PEOPLE look suspiciously at PETER, who is
wearing a suit.

PETER

Yeah, I'm the big, fat, executive
man!

INT. LIVING ROOM

LOIS

-- or a fireman.

EXT. HOUSE ON FIRE

An above-the-waist pan past several FIREMEN spraying water
on a fire, then past PETER, in uniform, who is obviously
urinating on the fire. He finishes up.

PETER

Well, my work is done. You kids
keep trying with those little
hoses.

INT. DINING ROOM

PETER
Lois, I'm not pretending!

Patriotic music fades in.

PETER
There's a time in every man's life
when he has to put on a suit, be
on TV, and say that he likes
America. And, Lois, this is my
time! Right, kids?

MEG is sulking; CHRIS is confused.

PETER
Brian! Don't you want to make a
difference in how this town is run?

EXT. PUBLIC PARK -- DAY
A sign reads: "All dogs must be leashed."

Pan to BRIAN, whom PETER has on a leash, talking to an
ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

BRIAN
(indicating leash)
Look, it's not anything kinky,
it's just the law.

The ATTRACTIVE WOMAN chuckles and walks away.

BRIAN
Or... or maybe it is! Wai -- oh,
damn.

INT. DINING ROOM

BRIAN
Peter's right! The city needs us!

MEG sighs theatrically.

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- DAY

We hear hammering.

INT. DINING ROOM

PETER nails up a banner that says "Campaign Headquarters."
He looks at it disapprovingly as BRIAN enters.

PETER

Or should it say, "The War Room?"

BRIAN

I've got our fliers.

BRIAN holds up a flier.

BRIAN

Now we just need Meg and Chris to
hand them out around the
neighborhood.

PETER

That's not my face! That's Andy
Griffith! Oh, and I've got our
campaign platform ready!

BRIAN

Lay it on me.

PETER

"Plain talk and family values."

BRIAN

What does *that* mean?

PETER

(ignoring him)
Meg! Chris!

MEG drags herself in. CHRIS wanders in.

PETER

You kids have had Social Studies,
right?

MEG

(to CHRIS)
Deny *everything*.

CHRIS
Yes!

PETER
Great! Daddy needs to know how to
become a candidate for political
office -- y'know, legally.

BRIAN
Yeah, is there some form we have
to fill out?

MEG
Oh, I know how!

INT. LIVING ROOM

STEWIE tinkers with the Hypnoscicator. LOIS picks him up.
Through the rest of the scene, he struggles to get free.
PETER enters.

LOIS
Have you petitioned to get on the
Quahog ballot, Peter?

PETER
What?

PETER kisses LOIS on the cheek; STEWIE winces.

PETER
I've gotta catch a plane, Lois.

LOIS
What? What's --

PETER grabs a briefcase and heads out.

PETER
I'll see you tomorrow!

BRIAN enters. PETER leaves.

BRIAN
Great! Now if McAbee would just get mired in some political scandal,
we'll be all set!

Close-up on STEWIE.

STEWIE
(ominously)
It would indeed!

STEWIE begins a maniacal laugh. LOIS and BRIAN stare at him. He trails off.

STEWIE
What?!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -- NIGHT

INT. DARKENED OFFICE INTERIOR

We can see light through its front door, which has a window labeled "Committee to Re-Elect the Mayor."

We see STEWIE'S unique silhouette in the window, and hear the knob rattle.

The door opens, revealing STEWIE on a small stepladder, wearing a Fisher-Price plastic stethoscope, holding a letter opener. He enters the office, blowing puffs of white smoke as he goes.

CLOSE-UP of the bottle of baby powder he's using to make the puffs, which reveal a laser-beam trigger, which he steps over. (In his other hand, he is carrying a flashlight.)

The office walls are covered in campaign posters and pictures of McAbee.

STEWIE reaches a door labeled "Finances and Planning: Private."

STEWIE gets out a baby rattle and pulls it apart into two parts, connected with a wire -- one half resembles a key that ends in a computer chip -- the other has a small digital readout.

He inserts the 'key' into a security panel beside the door. After a couple of beeps, the door opens.

INT. SECURE ROOM

STEWIE creeps in, looks around (with the flashlight), crosses to a file cabinet.

CLOSE-UP ON THE DRAWERS as STEWIE examines them; they are labeled "Porno," "Alien Abductions," "The Elvis Conspiracy," and "Bribes and Embezzlement."

STEWIE opens this last, gets a file out, and looks at it. His face lights up. We hear the front door open, and two voices carrying on a conversation.

CONSULTANT #1 (O. S.)
... and *that's* why the CIA had to
take out Elvis.

CONSULTANT #2 (O. S.)
What's this powder on the floor?

STEWIE, alarmed, puts on a pair of night-vision goggles and turns off the flashlight.

INT. DARKENED OFFICE -- STEWIE'S POV
Everything is green monochrome. Through the cracked door, we see two political CONSULTANTS talking in the next room.

CONSULTANT #1
I've got all the files here in the
private office.

INT. DARKENED OFFICE
As STEWIE watches this, his leg moves close to a laser sensor.

CONSULTANT #2 (O. S.)
Okay.

STEWIE sets off the alarm.

CONSULTANT #2 (O. S.)
Whoa!

CONSULTANT #1 (O. S.)
What happened?

STEWIE looks around the room.

INSERT (POV) of a match on a desk -- quick pan to a rubber band -- quick pan to a sprinkler unit on the ceiling.

Triumphant music as STEWIE lights the match and launches it from the rubber band into the sprinkler.

All the sprinklers turn on.

STEWIE hides under the desk.

The CONSULTANTS peek inside.

CONSULTANT #1
No fire here.

CONSULTANT #2
Let's get out of here, Gary.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING

A fire truck pulls up as STEWIE rappels down the side of the building and disappears.

INT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S LIVING ROOM -- TV -- OFFICE BUILDING
NED SUAREZ stands in front of the same office building the next day. Fire trucks are gathered around.

NED
The destruction to McAbee's
offices is feared to be total; our
hearts go out to Mr. McAbee and...

INT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM

The ELDERLY COUPLE (JOHN and MILDRED) watch the story.
They seem sad.

NED (O. S.)
... everyone on his election
committee.

The doorbell rings.

INT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S HOME -- FRONT DOOR
JOHN opens the front door, revealing MEG dressed in businesslike fashion, and CHRIS dressed in a tattered Spider-Man outfit. Both of them have clipboards.

MEG
Hello Ma'am. And Sir.

CHRIS
Trick or treat!

MEG winces.

MEG
(reading from clipboard)
We're conducting a poll on behalf
of the campaign to elect Peter
Griffin.

MEG hands MILDRED a flier.

MILDRED
Oh, my! They're electing Matlock!
John, come here!

MEG
We just had a few questions for
you --

JOHN
Oh, fire away! Anything for
Matlock!

MEG
Um...

INSERT OF MEG'S CLIPBOARD, with a sheet of paper titled
"Brian's Questions".

MEG
Which do you value more -- public
education or law enforcement?

WOMAN

Oh, the law, definitely!

INSERT OF CHRIS 'S CLIPBOARD, with a sheet of paper titled "Peter's Questions".

CHRIS

Who is hotter: Brittany Spears or Sarah Michelle Gellar?

MEG rolls her eyes.

JOHN

Well, the one *I'm* hot for is --

COP (O. S.)

Freeze!

MEG and CHRIS turn around to see a COP, who has a gun drawn.

COP

What are you doing here?

MEG

Um... w-w-w-

CHRIS

(cheerfully)

We're conducting a political poll!

COP

Well, you've just stumbled into Rhode Island's biggest knockoff Pokemon distributors.

(cocking gun)

Just get out before it gets ugly.

JOHN runs off.

COP

Hey, you, stop!

The COP steps inside.

MILDRED

Stop!

The COP immobilizes MILDRED by twisting her arm behind her.

MILDRED

Flush the Pikachus down the can,
Johnny!

JOHN (O. S.)

Whaddya think I'm doing, ya minx?!

COP

Let's move!

An ENTIRE SWAT TEAM barges in past MEG and CHRIS, muttering "Excuse us, kids," and other pleasantries.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- AFTERNOON

MEG and CHRIS walk down the sidewalk.

CHRIS

We didn't get any candy at *that*
house, either.

MEG

(pleading)

Let's go *home*, Chris.

INT. TEENAGER'S ROOM

A TEENAGER watches MEG and CHRIS from a 2nd-story window, while talking on a cell phone.

TEENAGER

Yeah, they're on Riverside now.
Total dorks. Need to be egged.

EXT. JEEP -- AFTERNOON

A Jeep full of FOOTBALL PLAYERS. The DRIVER is using a cell phone.

DRIVER

We were patrolling the
neighborhood for geeks, not dorks,
but we can make a detour.

(hangs up)
Let's go!

EXT. SIDEWALK -- AFTERNOON

CHRIS
Fine, then, I will poll this town
all by myself!

MEG
(headache coming on)
Chris, you know what happens when
you wander off on your own.

EXT. AMISH COUNTRY -- DAY

CHRIS has a long beard and Amish attire. PETER is forcing
him into his car.

PETER
You're coming back home from this
crazy cult!

CHRIS
No! I must renounce the ways of
modern life! Jebediah! Helllp!

EXT. SIDEWALK -- AFTERNOON

CHRIS
But we only have one answer to one
question!

As he says this, the Jeep pulls up.

FOOTBALL PLAYERS
Get 'em! Whoo! &c.

They pelt MEG and CHRIS with eggs.

DRIVER
All right, men. Now laugh and
point!

They do so. Reaction shot of MEG and CHRIS. CHRIS is disgusted. MEG is glaring at CHRIS.

DRIVER
Well done!

They drive off, leaving MEG and CHRIS covered in egg.

CHRIS
(beat)
I wanna go home.

MEG abruptly all but drags him away by the arm.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE -- LATE AT NIGHT

NORM (O. S.)
Hellllooooo!

INT. PARKING GARAGE

It's badly lit and nearly empty. NORM is wandering around.

NORM
Secret unnamed soooource?! Where
aaare you?

STEWIE (O. S.)
(a harsh whisper)
Shh! Just -- quiet down, you lout!

STEWIE steps out of the shadows. He is wearing a suit, and a fedora which shadows his face.

STEWIE
I trust you weren't followed.

NORM
(seeing him)
Whoa! Spooky! You're not just
some guy who's gonna beat me up
and steal my clothes, are you?
You're that... what, 'inside
source,' right?

STEWIE produces the (slightly damp) file he stole from the office.

STEWIE

I have, here in my right hand,
documented proof that Charles
Chester McAbee --

NORM

(overlapping)

Oh, blah blah blah blah... just
(waving away the file)
keep your paper stuff, and give me
the short version, huh Sparky?

A quick shot of STEWIE from NORM'S POV emphasizes STEWIE'S diminutive stature.

NORM

(cont'd)

Um... no offense, there.

STEWIE

My name is not 'Sparky,' you
gangling twerp. You may call me
"Mr. X."

NORM

I see, so you and your wife, "Mrs.
X" have that part of the phone
book all to yourself --

STEWIE

For God's sake! It's an *assumed*
name, like "Deep Throat."

NORM

Hey, it's okay.

(quieter)

I did some work myself as "Johnny
Bone."

STEWIE

(quite irritated)

Look. I have proof that McAbee is

funding his entire campaign with
public funds!

NORM

Ho-ho, hey there, professor,
that's too much pointy-headed talk
for me.

STEWIE

But, if --

NORM

We journalists, we like stories
that involve three things
hookers, drugs, and guns.

STEWIE

(waving file)

But this is shocking criminal
malfeasance!

NORM

Something like: "McAbee doing
drugs with hookers, and then
killing them with guns." When you
said you had a *story*, I naturally
assumed it was something like that.

A lone car comes around and passes them, for a split second
illuminating STEWIE clearly and completely before he can
conceal his face with his arm.

STEWIE

(pointing at NORM)

You saw *nothing*!

NORM checks his watch.

NORM

Oh my gosh, Springer is on!

He leaves. STEWIE, left alone, fumes, throws the file on
the ground, and starts jumping on it.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE -- LATE AT NIGHT

STEWIE (O. S.)
Stupid, curséd, infernal,
journalistic --

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV
It shows the opening credits of "Larry King Live."

INT. LIVING ROOM
STEWIE runs in, fires a Batman-like gizmo -- the one that
fires a sort of grappling hook attached to a rope -- at the
ceiling. The end lodges in the ceiling and automatically
hoists STEWIE up several feet. LOIS runs in.

LOIS
Stewart Griffin, come down from
there this instant!

LARRY (on TV)
... with me now is Peter Geffen of
Quay-hog, Rhode Island.

LOIS
Peter?

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- LARRY KING SHOW

LARRY
Peter, what are you here to
promote?

PETER
I'm here to...
(he reads off a card)
... to formally announce my
candidacy for mayor of Quahog!

LARRY
(unimpressed)
And what does Peter Geffen have to
offer the folks of Quay-hog?

PETER
(Still reading)
We're running on a platform of
plain talk and family values. You
may question what that means --

LARRY

Actually my question is, how does an ordinary guy from Rhode Island get through security here at CNN Studios, *and* break into the set of my show?

PETER

Um...

LARRY

I also want to know what you did with George Clooney.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

GEORGE CLOONEY sits and reads the paper. Doorbell ding-dongs. GEORGE opens the door, revealing PETER in a bellhop's outfit.

PETER

Telegram for Mr. Clooney!

GEORGE

Ok.

GEORGE takes it, slams the door shut.

PETER (O. S.)

Ow!

GEORGE

(reading)

"Dear George: You sucked in Batman..."

GEORGE sits.

GEORGE

(cont'd)

"Signed, Larry King."

GEORGE crumples the note.

GEORGE

(cont'd)
Well, if that's the way you feel,
Larry...

His voice gets tremulous and he blinks back tears.

GEORGE
(cont'd)
... then maybe I'll just stay home!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- LARRY KING SHOW
PETER frantically flips through
cards.

PETER
Ah! "Together, Quahog and me --
um, I -- can build a doorway
bridging us to the new
millennium..."

LARRY
Security!

Two burly GUARDS appear.

LARRY
Get him out of here.

GUARD #1
We respectfully disagree, boss.

GUARD #2
Yeah.

LARRY
You wanna get fired?

GUARD #1
We tink dat he strikes a
responsive chord with the American
people.

GUARD #2
Yeah.

LARRY

Fine. This is Larry King, beating
up Peter Geffen my own damn self.

PETER

Huh?

LARRY

Good night.

LARRY gets up and tries to subdue Peter. After a bit of
scuffling....

PETER

Remember, Quahog, come election
day, vote Griffin!

PETER gives a thumbs-up to the camera; Larry jumps him, and
they both collide into the camera. The TV shows snow for a
split second; then it shows a "Technical Difficulties:
Please Stand By" graphic.

JAMES EARL JONES (O. S.)

CNN is in deep doo-doo.

INT. LIVING ROOM

LOIS

Oh, dear.

STEWIE

Would you care to help me *down*
from here?

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- DAY

The car is out front, with a loudspeaker mounted on top.
CHRIS is finishing painting the words "VOTE GRIFFIN" on the
side of the car. BRIAN is waiting nearby, not drinking &
therefore irritated. PETER comes out in a suit.

PETER

Brian, let's bring our message to
the people!

Patriotic John Phillip Sousa music in the background during a montage of the campaign car driving through various neighborhoods:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD #1 -- DAY

BRIAN
A vote for Griffin is a vote for
decency!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD #2 -- DAY

PETER
Charles McAbee is responsible for
killing Elvis!

EXT. FAST-FOOD JOINT -- DAY

This time, the car is parked in the background; PETER & BRIAN are eating hamburgers outside a fast-food joint. BRIAN'S voice comes from the loudspeaker, but he's not speaking.

BRIAN
Vote for McAbee and you'll
contract incurable genital herpes!

All the OTHER PATRONS grimace and leave.

EXT. INTERSECTION -- DAY

The car is stopped at a stop sign. A McAbee car pulls up; a MAN IN A SUIT and sunglasses sits inside. He turns up a volume knob until he drowns out PETER. Peter reacts with surprise. Peter turns up the volume on his tape deck.

PETER
Hah!

His announcements stop.

PETER
Huh?

His tape deck changing sides. Surf music starts playing.

PETER
Oh, no!

PETER jabs at the dashboard buttons to no effect. The light goes green. The McAbee car peels out.

PETER
He's getting away!

BRIAN
(determined)
Not for long!

BRIAN hits the gas.

The Griffin car taking a slight lead as the surf music continues. BRIAN prepares to jump out the window.

BRIAN
Take the wheel!

BRIAN jumps on to the McAbee car's windshield. The MAN IN A SUIT reacts in shock.

His car swerves back and forth.

BRIAN leaps in through the passenger's-side window.

BRIAN punches the MAN IN A SUIT several times, then both stare in horror at something ahead.

We see the McAbee car heading for a cliff's edge.

BRIAN and the MAN IN A SUIT glance at each other fearfully.

They both jump from the car just before it flies over the edge.

It falls down and smashing into a conveniently placed oil tanker.

Beat.

A GIANT EXPLOSION sends Brian flying, screaming.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. ROADSIDE -- DAY

The Griffin car is parked, and PETER sits by it reading *Demagoguery for Dummies*. BRIAN, disheveled and burned, lopes into frame and sits. The ROADRUNNER zips by, stops, 'beeps' at him, leaves.

BRIAN

Eh. There's gotta be an easier way.

PETER

Chris can set me up with a speaking engagement!

BRIAN

Lemme guess. The D&D club?

EXT. CONVENTION HALL -- DAY

A yokel (CLEL) paints a banner that says "Meeting of D. O. R. K. S." Another yokel (JED) approaches.

JED

They've got a problem with the sign, Clel.

CLEL

Aw, Jed!

INT. CONVENTION HALL

We see a sign on a podium: "D&D and Other Really Kool Stuff." Pan out to reveal PETER behind the podium.)

PETER

And, in closing, your vote is not just allegiance to the lords and barons of Rhode Island -- it's your own personal saving throw of justice! It's your chance to defeat the monsters of corruption and apathy with the +2 enchanted broadsword of activism!

We see CHRIS and BRIAN sitting to the side. CHRIS has a tear in his eye. BRIAN mouths "What the hell?!"

PETER

And together, we'll have the
agility, the wisdom, and the
strength to make the great city of
Quahog an infinite bag of holding
of goodness and decency!

Standing ovation from THE CROWD.

BRIAN

Thanks for helping me with the
speech, Chris.

CHRIS

You're welcome!

BRIAN

Now, what did that mean?

CHRIS

(snobbishly)
Hmph!

EXT. QUAHOG STREET -- DAY

The Griffinmobile drives across town.

EXT. CONVENTION HALL #2 -- DAY

Sign out front reads "Peter Griffin addresses the Quahog
Journalists' Association."

STEWIE exits the building -- he is carrying a fire
extinguisher and a sparking, smoking Hypnoscicator.

STEWIE sets down the device, squirts it with the
extinguisher, and hastily leaves as Peter arrives.

INT. CONVENTION HALL #2

PETER stands at a podium, looking spooked and uneasy.

PETER

Uh... so I'm going to be mayor!

THE CROWD looks back, sitting, bold upright, pupils pinholed.

JOURNALISTS

We will obey.

PETER

So, uh...

(halfheartedly giving a thumbs-up)

Vote for me!

JOURNALISTS

We will obey.

PETER looks down at his notes.

PETER

Jeez, if I told you all to go jump
in a lake, would you do *that*?

PETER looks up, and is surprised to see he is alone in the hall; the last JOURNALISTS are filing out the door. PETER looks left, looks right, runs away.

EXT. QUAHOG STREET -- DAY

The Griffinmobile drives across town.

PETER slams the brakes as the JOURANLISTS cross the street.

JOURNALISTS

(chanting)

Must obey Peter... must obey

Peter...

The JOURNALISTS wade into a lake by the road. PETER, nervous, speeds away.

EXT. LAKE -- DAY

Two reporters, ANNA and NORM, are hip-deep in the lake. Neither is now hypnotized.

ANNA
Whose idea was this, anyway?

NORM
Dunno, but now that we're all wet,
we could --

ANNA cuts him short by slapping him.

NORM
Ow!

INT. CONVENTION HALL #3
PETER stands at another podium.

PETER
... and the spotted owl must be
stopped!

PETER pauses to gauge the audience's reaction -- the audience is shocked.

PETER
I mean -- the people trying to
destroy the spotted owl must be
stopped! Whew. Next question?

WOMAN
What will you do about toxic
runoff into our lakes and streams?

PETER
Well, obviously, if we ban toxic
sludge, then where will we get our
superheroes? Uh... I mean, I have
no comment at this time. Gotta go.

PETER runs away.

EXT. GRIFFIN HOUSE -- DAY

PETER runs to the front door and inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM

PETER runs through the door while BRIAN watches TV.

PETER
Brian, they were asking questions!
Questions that got inside my head!
Questions that made me crazy!
What am I --

BRIAN
(pointing to the TV)
Look.

PETER
Oh no!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- POLITICAL RALLY
MCABEE is on a stage with GARY COLEMAN.

MAN (O. S.)
Imagine Chester McAbee like he's
the adopted father of a young,
black Quahog.

The VOLUME GOES DOWN (with an appropriate superimposed
graphic).

INT. LIVING ROOM

PETER
Oh god! They've got...

BRIAN
Gary Coleman.

PETER
Houston, we have a problem.

GARY COLEMAN
(On TV)
All right. Where's my money,
bitch?

EXT. GRIFFIN CAMPAIGN RALLY -- BACKSTAGE

A big outdoor stage with red, white, and blue decorations and festive Sousa music.

PETER arrives on the scene as BRIAN directs the last-minute arrangements.

PETER

Brian! Tell me what's happening!

BRIAN

Look, everything is fine --

PETER

But you said there'd be a
celebrity here for me!

BRIAN

I --

(to GRUBBY-LOOKING WORKER)
you, I need the sound check *done*
in three minutes.

The GRUBBY-LOOKING WORKER runs off.

PETER

Tell me you got Willis --

BRIAN

No, Willis is in jail, Peter.

PETER

But, *Brian* --

BRIAN

I've got somebody better.
Somebody who's a hero to white
middle-class Rhode Islanders.

PETER

... who?

BRIAN

I've got...

BRIAN pulls out a photo.

BRIAN
Conrad Bain.

PETER
Conrad Bain?

BRIAN
Yup.

PETER
The dad?

BRIAN
Yeah. I gotta go.
(to someone offscreen)
You! On the stage! Now!

BRIAN exits.

PETER
We're saved!

ADAM (O. S.)
Can you tell me where Peter
Grafton is?

PETER
Who wants to know?

The next shot reveals who's talking.

ADAM
Adam West. You may recognize me
as TV's 'Batman.'

PETER
Hey! Wait a minute!
(Pointing)
You're not beloved sitcom actor
Conrad Bain!

ADAM
Bain won't be here.

PETER
Whatchoo talkin' 'bout, Adam?

EXT. GRIFFIN CAMPAIGN RALLY -- STAGE

An ANNOUNCER has the mic.

The crowd holding signs with Conrad Bain's likeness, and slogans such as "We'd Be In Bain Without Conrad," "Cam-Bain for Griffin," and "It Takes Diff'rent Strokes Through Quahog."

We see THE ELDERLY COUPLE from before. JOHN holds a doll.

WOMAN

Do you see Matlock?

JOHNNY

Hey, kid -- wanna Mewtazar?

Through this line, we pan across the crowd...

ANNOUNCER (O. S.)

Ladies and gentlemen. Quahogians
and...

The pan stops on a small enclave of D. O. R. K. S. members.

ANNOUNCER (O. S.)

... obsessed "Diff'rent Strokes"
fans.

They cheer.

EXT. GRIFFIN CAMPAIGN RALLY -- BACKSTAGE

PETER and ADAM are there; BRIAN enters.

BRIAN

(pointing)

Hey -- you're not beloved sitcom
actor Conrad Bain!

PETER

Last-minute switch, Brian.

ADAM

Bain had an... altercation.

INT. BAIN'S HOUSE

CONRAD BAIN is bound and gagged in a room full of "Diff'rent Strokes" merchandise.

EXT. GRIFFIN CAMPAIGN RALLY -- BACKSTAGE

PETER

So Adam, here's the speech...

PETER takes a pile of papers from BRIAN and gives it to ADAM.

PETER

... now go up there and do us proud!

EXT. GRIFFIN CAMPAIGN RALLY -- STAGE

ADAM takes the stage.

ADAM

When I played a man bringing up two adopted black children in Cleveland, I realized that the world don't move to the beat of just one drum. I knew that...

ADAM starts thumbing through the speech, tossing pages aside.

ADAM

(cont'd)

Blah, blah, blah...

ADAM holds up the last page.

ADAM

That what Quahog needs is plain talk and family values. Quahog needs... Peter Grafton!

EXT. GRIFFIN CAMPAIGN RALLY -- BACKSTAGE

PETER is not paying attention.

BRIAN all but throws him on stage.

EXT. GRIFFIN CAMPAIGN RALLY -- STAGE

PETER quickly runs up to ADAM -- they join and raise hands.

ADAM

(barely moving his lips)

Now, where's my money, bitch?

PETER

(the same)

Adam... the mic..

INSERT OF A "Quahog Observer" front page with a story covering the rally and a B/W photograph of the scene.

WOLF (V. O.)

Hmm. Feeble.

INT. DINING ROOM

PETER is talking to WOLF, who is reading a newspaper, in the dining room.

PETER

But... can you help me?

WOLF puts down the paper.

WOLF

Yes. We can.

BRIAN enters.

BRIAN

I just got the polls and -- who are you?

PETER

Wolf Loomis -- he's our new advertising consultant!

WOLF

Who might you be?

BRIAN

Um... Brian Griffin. I'm Peter's
dog and senior campaign manager.

WOLF
Delighted to meet you.

PETER
So, first off, I don't want
anything negative.

An inquisitive STEWIE enters and takes a seat.

PETER
'cause I'm about building a better
Quahog.

WOLF
(rolling eyes)
Great.

PETER
Here's what I'm thinking: "If you
elect McAbee, he will kill
everyone."

STEWIE
Wonderful! Evil geniuses for a
happier tomorrow!

BRIAN
(mildly shocked)
Peter, that's unethical -- it's
lying! It's slander and we'll get
sued --

WOLF
No. We can work with it.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- MCABEE'S FACE
We see a slow zoom on McAbee's face; he is scowling.

VOICEOVER
Chester McAbee *says* he'll build a
bridge to the new millennium...
but what will he *really* do? Well,

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- WATER TREATMENT PLANT
B/W security footage of the plant, w/MCABEE entering
carrying a barrel crudely labeled "Anthrax," which he dumps
in the water. A flashing caption at the bottom of the
screen reads "Dramatization."

VOICEOVER

He might dump anthrax into the
local water supply, condemning us
all to a painful death.

INT. ELDERLY COUPLE'S HOME -- LIVING ROOM
MILDRED watches TV with a Pikachu in her lap.

VOICEOVER

He might climb up a tower with a
rifle and start picking off old
ladies!

MILDRED

Oh, my!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- POLITICAL RALLY
Grainy footage of a McAbee speech.

VOICEOVER

He might even reveal himself to
be...

MCABEE removes a mask, Scooby-Doo style -- "Dramatization"
caption flashes.

VOICEOVER

Adolf Hitler!

The image freezes and shrinks to a photo side by side with
PETER'S.

VOICEOVER

So, on November 18th, it's your
choice: Griffin... or Hitler.

(quickly)

Paid for by the D&D and Other
Really Kool Stuff society.

INT. LIVING ROOM

BRIAN watching the ad, wide-eyed. He pours himself a drink.
TRACI enters.

TRACI

Oh, *look*, it's a darling little
dog!

BRIAN

I'm the campaign manager -- who
the hell are you?

TRACI

(Holding out hand.)
Shake?

BRIAN simply glares.

TRACI

I'm Traci Resnick. I'm with the
image consultants. I work with
Wolf.

BRIAN rolls his eyes. PETER enters.

PETER

Traci! How's it looking?

TRACI

Well, the stay-at-home wife and
the *darling* little baby and
wonderful. The daughter obviously
needs to lose a few pounds and
show some skin -- and she's so
peevish! I told her what to do
and she just left in a huff!

PETER

Well -- kids, y'know.

TRACI

And the son... well,
(stage whisper)
he's a liability.
(Normal)

But I've had my man working on him.
Mango?

MANGO (O. S.)
No. Is no ready!

TRACI
Mango, you've had all day! Bring
him out!

MANGO enters, peeved.

MANGO
Fine. Mango is the best, and this
is the best Mango can do. Chrees!
Come out, honey!

CHRIS enters, in heavy makeup and flamboyant clothing, with
heavily-styled hair.

PETER is slackjawed in shock.

CHRIS
I feel pretty!

PETER
(shielding his eyes from the sight)
Oh, god, no!
(to TRACI)
There's got to be a 'plan B.'

TRACI
Plan B is, you ban him from the
house and make sure he's never
seen or associated with you.

PETER
Great! He can stay at Brian's
house!

BRIAN
What?!

PETER
Aw, Brian, it'll just be for a
little while.

BRIAN
That's what you said about Adam
West.

EXT. DOGHOUSE -- DAY
Sound of a glass clinking.

ADAM (O. S.)
Mmm. Cognac.

INT. LIVING ROOM

BRIAN
Uh... look, Peter, he's your only
son, you can't just cast him aside!
Isn't there something in the Bible
about that?

PETER
Brian, it's for the good of the
campaign!
(reverent)
And so it's for the good of Quahog.

THE CONSULTANTS affect respectful looks.

BRIAN
(groaning)
Oh, God.

EXT. DOGHOUSE -- DAY

BRIAN (O. S.)
You see the liquor cabinet by the
TV?

CHRIS (O. S.)
Yes!

BRIAN (O. S.)
Don't touch that.

CHRIS (O. S.)
Oh.

BRIAN (O. S.)
And the little black book by the
phone?

CHRIS (O. S.)
Uh-huh!

BRIAN (O. S.)
Don't touch that.

'Clak' noise.

CHRIS (O. S.)
Ooo! Billiards!

ADAM (O. S.)
Care for a game?

CHRIS (O. S.)
Wow! Batman!

BRIAN exits the doghouse, gloomily shaking his head.

EXT. BUILDING LEDGE -- NIGHT
'Batman'-style shot of STEWIE (in all black) on a building
ledge overlooking a street.

A thin cable connects the wall beside STEWIE to the front
of the 'Ford-Chrysler-Mercury Theatre.' (A smaller sign
reads, "The closest thing to culture in this suburban
backwater.")

STEWIE pulls a colorful mobile from a bag -- he balances
the mobile on the cable, grabs a dangling object with each
hand, and sails down to where a GUARD is patrolling.

EXT. FRONT OF THEATRE -- NIGHT
The GUARD looks up, grinning.

GUARD

Aw... it's a cute widdow ba-

STEWIE lets go of the mobile and plants both feet on the guard's chest, slamming him to the ground.

GUARD

Oof!

STEWIE quickly looks around and darts inside the theatre.

INT. THEATRE -- HALLWAY

Two COPS stand in a hallway. As they talk, STEWIE sneaks by behind them.

COP #1

So, what's the one place where
nobody's seen Elvis.

COP #2

Quahog!

COP #1

Exactly. It's a conspiracy, I
tell ya! Hey, look!

The COPS both turn to face STEWIE.

STEWIE

Bah! You'll never take me alive,
copper!

COP #2

It's a cute little baby!

STEWIE

I -- what?

COP #1

Aw...

STEWIE

Erm...

(speaking with excruciating

precision)
Where is Daddy?

COP #1
Are you lost, little guy?

STEWIE
(smiling devilishly)
Goo, I say, goo.

COP #2's watch beeps.

COP #2
Whoa -- that's our five-minute
break!

The COPS both turn around.

COP #1
Let's get some grub.

A 'thock' sound, then COP #1 drops to the ground.

COP #2
Tony?

Another 'thock' sound.

INSERT OF a small blowgun dart piercing COP #2's neck.

COP #2 falls down.

STEWIE tiptoes away from the two unconscious forms, passing by a sign that says "McAbee Balcony -- Secure Personnel Only."

INT. THEATRE -- CATWALK

A catwalk along the theater's inner wall overlooks the stage -- it stores old unused props.

STEWIE opens a door, steps out on to it, and pulls out & looks through a pair of toy binoculars.

INT. THEATRE -- STEWIE'S POV

A binocular shot of MCABEE sitting with VARIOUS DIGNITARIES watching the show.

ACTOR (O. S.)

And if thou findest fault in such a girl, then quickly shalt thou meet thy death... (etc.)

STEWIE fires a rope into the ceiling and leaps out over the crowd, *almost* reaching McAbee's balcony.

STEWIE

Damn!

INT. THEATRE -- HALLWAY

The COPS wake up.

COP #1

What happened?

COP #2

Look, Tony, it's a blowdart commonly used by the Umbujumbi tribe!

COP #1

Wait a minute... Nambian blowdart, Elvis conspiracy...

COP #2

It all adds up! That toddler's trying to assassinate McAbee!

COP #1 draws and cocks his gun.

COP #1

Let's go.

INT. THEATRE -- STAGE

STEWIE swings back and forth.

He runs along the tops of some PATRON'S heads at the bottom of his swing and makes it onto MCABEE'S balcony, & releases the rope.

STEWIE

Aha! Chester McAbee, prepare to
meet thy doom!

STEWIE draws a knife.

The COPS burst in.

COP #1

Where is he?

The DIGNITARIES jump back in fear, knocking STEWIE off-
balance.

STEWIE drops the knife and is about to fall off (noises of
the crowd noticing this as the DIGNITARIES react in horror)
when MCABEE grabs him.

Brief shot of MCABEE holding a scowling STEWIE as
flashbulbs go off.

INSERT OF the front page of the Quahog Picayune. Its
headline reads, "McAbee Saves Infant From Certain Death"
with the subtitle "Hero Gains Voters."

INT. HOTEL ROOM

BRIAN, clearly very hung over, stares bleakly at the
newspaper. Someone bangs on the door.

VOICE

Five minutes, Mr. Griffin!

BRIAN groans.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE

A meeting room filled with cameras and reporters, and a
podium with lots of microphones, a "Griffin for Mayor" logo,
and a "Brian Griffinopolous" name card.

BRIAN walks up to the podium as the REPORTERS shout
questions.

BRIAN picks an attractive woman from the crowd.

BRIAN
(smiling)
Yes, you?

REPORTER #1
How does Peter live with running
against the American hero who
saved his son's life?

BRIAN
(the smile goes)
Those photos were faked as part of
a smear campaign from the dirty
media -- unlike you people... who
are consummate professionals.
Um... next question?

REPORTER #2
Is it true that Peter Griffin once
destroyed the Quahog cable TV
receptor dish with his car?

BRIAN
Oh, I think we've all done some
rambunctious things in our youth.

REPORTER #2
But that was last year --

BRIAN
Next question.

NORM
Has Mr. Griffin ever used drugs?

INT. COLLEGE DORM ROOM
A long-haired Peter & Afro'ed Brian stare wide-eyed at an
Escher print.

PETER
How does the water keep going up?

BRIAN
I don't know, man.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE

BRIAN

Absolutely not. You, sir?

AUSSIE

Mark Hyde, Quahog Animal Planet.
Has Peter Griffin ever wrestled a
crocodile?

BRIAN

For the sake of his children -- um,
his *only child*, Meg -- Peter
doesn't take such excessive
physical risks.

AUSSIE

Pooftah.

BRIAN

Because if there's one thing Peter
Griffin is about, it's family
values. Um, and plain talk. Next
question?

NORM

Yeah, is it true that you're
getting fired from the Griffin
campaign?

Short beat. BRIAN checks his watch.

BRIAN

Well, that's all the time we have.

THE REPORTERS shout questions as he leaves. BRIAN looks
ill.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Campaign HQ is filled with drones in suits. BRIAN enters -
- WOLF and TRACI are waiting for him.

TRACI

(sarcastic)

Nice job at the conference, Brian.

BRIAN
Where's Peter?

WOLF
You don't need to see Peter.

TRACI
Tell me, Wolf, is this the same
guy that set up an endorsement
from the "Diff'rent Strokes" guy?

BRIAN
Lady, you can say what you want
about me, but you don't mess with
Conrad *Bain*!

WOLF
Well, now, Brian, it doesn't
really matter what you think.

BRIAN
Will it matter when I kick your
fruity ass?

TRACI
Brian, you're out.

BRIAN
I'm 'out?' Heh. Just ask that
lady reporter I just --

WOLF
(shaking head; patronizing)
No, Brian. That's not --

BRIAN
Okay, look, it was college, I was
drunk, I was confused --

TRACI
We mean out of a job.

WOLF
We mean Peter's kicked you off the
campaign.

BRIAN
Yeah, right.

PETER enters.

PETER
Oh, Brian? You've got to leave,
'cos you're... uh... 'getting in
the way of the campaign.'

WOLF smiles and nods slightly.

BRIAN
Fine. I'll go home. At least
I'll have some peace and quiet.

EXT. DOGHOUSE -- NIGHT
Loud music, line of club-types at the door.

BRIAN (O. S.)
Did I say you could have a party,
Adam?!

ADAM (O. S.)
Well, you didn't say I *couldn't*...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV
The TV shows a "Decision 2000" graphic. The VOICEOVER is
Loud, gravelly, with gratuitous echoes; the TV switches to
monster-truck stock footage.

VOICEOVER
This Sunday at Quahog Public Access: McAbee has political
savvy and the support of the community; Griffin has 14,000
horses! Only one will survive... Debat-o-mania!

INT. LIVING ROOM
The CONSULTANTS watch the TV.

TRACI
Mr. Griffin -- our polling
consultants went over the data
from

(checks her clipboard)
"Megan and Christopher, Inc."

PETER
What did Meg find out?

TRACI
First, we're going with the *pink*
tie.

PETER
Huh?

TRACI
They polled fifty-thousand
Quahoguians, and apparently 98% of
them respect pink.

PETER
But Meg and Chris didn't ask any
questions about colors. How'd you
get that 98 --

TRACI
Magic computers.

PETER
Oooo...

TRACI hands over a list.

TRACI
Here's a list of words you *should*
use...

PETER
Okay.

TRACI hands over another list.

TRACI
And words you *shouldn't*.

PETER
I can't say 'rectal?'

TRACI

And make sure you appeal to deaf-
mute Native Americans.

PETER

What, Indians?

TRACI

Don't --

PETER

This is so *confusing* -- I wish
Brian was here.

WOLF

We fired him. He was dead weight.

PETER

Oh, yeah. Jeez, politics moves
fast.

WOLF

That's why we're here, sir.

EXT. QPA STUDIOS -- NIGHT

Sign out front: "Debate tonight!"

INT. QPA STUDIOS

PETER and MCABEE stand at opposite podiums. A MODERATOR
sits at a desk between them. An AUDIENCE watches the
proceedings.

MCABEE

And I know my next term will bring
comfort and prosperity to all
Quahoguians, including
(he reads from a card)
Latinos, deaf-mute Native
Americans

PETER

(sotto voce)

Damn!

MCABEE

... and, of course, the old white people that actually vote. Also -

-

PETER

Bo-ring!

MCABEE

Excuse me, he's not allowed to interrupt.

PETER

Well, McAbee, sometimes you have to bend the rules in order to *break* them.

MCABEE

What?

PETER

And that's why I'm announcing, right here, my *new* campaign platform: "Puppies are cute."

MCABEE

Well, I too, think puppies are cute --

PETER

So, you're just following me like a sheep!

MCABEE

No!

PETER

You hate puppies?!

The crowd gasps.

PETER

Who should we have running this town? Peter Griffin, or the puppy-slaughterer?

MCABEE

I believe in *important* things,
like family values --

PETER

"Family values" --

(disgusted)

and I think we all know what *that*
means. It means that you like to

--

MODERATOR

Okay, maybe we can just skip the
opening comments and go to our
first question. Linda?

LINDA

For Mr. Griffin: how will you
balance the municipal budget?

PETER

The what? Aren't these supposed
to be multiple-choice, Regis?

LINDA

So do you have an answer?

PETER

Um... I think that we, as
Americans, can all work *together*
to balance the municip... the
mun... the budget.

Beat. Cold response from Linda.

PETER

Puppies are cute!

Beat.

PETER

Hey... hey, look, my tie is pink.

MODERATOR

Mr. McAbee, rebuttal?

MCABEE

(again confident)
Thank you, sir.

INT. A/V ROOM -- TV
The TV shows the debate.

MCABEE
(cont'd)
My thoughts on fiscal reform are -
-
(he goes on, softly, in the
background; the announcer cuts in
and the camera cuts to PETER,
carrying a folding chair.)

VOICEOVER #1
Uh-oh, it looks like the Griff-man
has brought an unsanctioned object
into the debate, and...

PETER hits McAbee with the chair.

VOICEOVER #1
(cont'd)
... oh that's got to hurt!

VOICEOVER #2
Looks like McAbee's encyclopedic
knowledge of fiscal policy is
nothing against the cold, hard
steel of a folding chair.

A hand reaches across the screen and turns the TV off.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- A/V ROOM
MEG and SANDY sit across from the TV.

MEG
Oh God. I'm so dead.

STACY
Yeah, Meg, I, uh... think I
remembered something I have to go
do... alone... far away from you.
'kay?

MEG
(face buried in hands.)
I understand.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- HALLWAY
MEG walks sullenly down the hall.

SANDRA (O. S.)
Megan Griffin?

MEG
(turns)
Wha?

MEG faces a small group of perfect-looking TEENAGERS. The head of the group, SANDRA, smiles at her. One of her teeth gleams audibly.

SANDRA
(bubbly)
Hi, Meg!

MEG quickly looks left and right for someplace to run to.

MEG
Okay, I'll have the answers to the
math test by *tomorrow*.

MEG backpedals as they advance.

MEG
Things have just been crazy lately
-- I need more *time*!

SANDRA
Oh, don't worry about that, Meg!

MEG
But, I can come up with it --

SANDRA
We want to talk to you about your
Dad.

MEG
Oh, no.

SANDRA
And his Senate thing.

MEG smiles nervously and darts away in the opposite direction.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- LIBRARY
STACY is sitting, reading. MEG runs by in the background, then runs back to STACY.

MEG
You've gotta help me -- they're
after me!

STACY
Who?

MEG
The Stepford students!

STACY
(cheerfully)
Oh, it's about your Dad.

MEG
You've gotta help me hide! I
don't know --

STACY stands up, looks around.

MEG
I don't know what --

STACY
She's right here, guys!

MEG
Shhh!

MEG looks around, sees the TEENAGERS advancing on her.

MEG
You sold me out!

The TEENAGERS begin dragging MEG away.

STACY

No -- you don't understand.

SANDRA produces a perfume bottle.

SANDRA

Oh, we can't have all this
struggling.

SANDRA spritzes MEG'S face with it; MEG passes out.

INT. FANCY STUDENT LOUNGE

SANDRA and MEG sit opposite each other in comfy chairs.
The room has mahogany furniture and a fireplace.

MEG

(eyes downcast)

Look, I'm sorry for my Dad. I'm
sorry he does all these stupid
things. I wish he didn't. It's
not my fault.

SANDRA

Oh, you're not in trouble!

WOMAN #2

If you were in trouble, we would
have locked you up in the --

SANDRA glares at WOMAN #2.

WOMAN #2

Sorry.

SANDRA

No, no, Meg, we want you to be
part of the clique.

MEG

You -- what?

SANDRA

Actually, we want you to run the clique.

MEG

But that would make me the coolest kid in school!

SANDRA

Hello -- you're the mayor's daughter. So what you say, goes.

MEG

But I thought this was Krissy Henderson's job.

SANDRA

Krissy did have some issues with this new arrangement -- that reminds me, Zane, push the button again.

ZANE pushes a button. The lights dim momentarily, and a distant, bloodcurdling scream is heard.

MEG

So, what if I told -- you, yes Gwen, the one that always has fifteen boys fawning over her -- what if I told you to give away fourteen of them to the rest of us?

All but one of boys leaves GWEN instantly -- she reacts with shock.

MEG

And you --
(pointing at SANDRA)
what if I told you to do all of my homework for a change?

SANDRA

No. No, it doesn't work like that.

MEG

Gentlemen?

The DRIVER from the Jeep places a call on his cell phone.

DRIVER
Principal Belfries? Yes, you just
found drugs in Sandra Brown's
locker. Yes, she'll be there soon.
(hangs up)
Time to go to the principal's
office, Sandra.

SANDRA
What? No!

THE CROWD starts dragging SANDRA away.

SANDRA
You'll pay for this, Griffin!
You'll pay!

MEG laughs. The school bell tolls.

MEG
Hel-lo! I'm not going to just
walk to class!

Instantly, FOUR BOYS bring her a school desk. MEG sits in
it; they start carrying it off like a sedan chair.

MEG
Halt!

They stop. MEG playfully pushes the button, with the usual
results.

MEG
Wonderful!

INT. LIVING ROOM

PETER happily watches news
coverage of the debate. STEWIE
walks in front of the TV.

STEWIE
So, my corpulent protégé, are you

poised for your first step to
world domination?

PETER

Oh, Stewie, I don't want to rule
the world.

STEWIE

What? But everybody wants to rule
the world!

PETER

No, I just want to make Quahog a...
nicer place.

STEWIE

Ha, yes, that's what you tell the
masses, but what is your real plan?

PETER

I plan to make Quahog the best
city in the U. S. of A.!

STEWIE

My god, you actually *believe* this
hippie-hippie nice-nice garbage?
The *plan* is to raise an army and
march on Providence!

PETER

Isn't it past your bedtime?
Where's Lois?

STEWIE

We are to rule Rhode Island with
an iron *fist*, and if you can't
understand *that*, then you shall
say

(opening his toy chest)

hello to my little friend, the
Hypnostica-

(looking inside)

The Hypnosticator! It's been
stolen!

PETER

Now *that* plan sounded like

something I would oppose with my
life.

Beat.

STEWIE

Very well -- you've made your bed
-- I hope you're prepared to *die*
in it!

STEWIE begins laughing. PETER exits.

STEWIE

What? You do *not* walk out during
a villain's evil laugh; that is
just so rude!

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

BRIAN stumbles down the road, drunk. He pees against a
lamppost.

BRIAN

Ah, last one. Peter, even if they
'lect you mayor... in a way, this
whole town is *my* territory!

BRIAN laughs himself into a coughing fit. An animal
control van pulls up.

VOICE

You been drinkin', son?

BRIAN

Wassit to you?

VOICE

Why don't you run along home?

BRIAN

I haven't got a home... just a
place where *Batman* can have a
party with 20 or 30 of his closest
friends.

VOICE

Why don't you hop in the van? We
can give you a nice rest.

BRIAN

Hmm, I --

NORM enters.

NORM

No, no. He's with me.

BRIAN

Who're you?

NORM

There's as much Scotch as you can
drink if you go along with it.

BRIAN

Okay, but don't try anything funny.
I'm not in college any *more*,
y'know.

NORM

Okay, uh... 'long-lost dog. Thank
God I found you!'
(to the van)
Later, guys.

The van drives off.

INT. BAR

NORM sits across from BRIAN. NORM has a copy of
Interrogation for Dummies.

NORM

(obviously reading)

'I have had many problems with my
boss or superior. I wonder if you
have had any problems with your
boss or superior, Peter Griffin.'

BRIAN

Yeah... the jerk fired me.

NORM

Hmm...

(flip, flip)

'My boss or superior has had numerous run-ins with the authorities. I wonder if you know similar stories about your boss or superior, Peter Griffin.'

BRIAN

Well, there was the time he stole \$200,000 in misappropriated Welfare funds, and --

NORM

Who, who, "Hey there, I'm Brian, I'm talking about two hundred million blah-dee-blah, and using big words like 'misappropriated.'"

BRIAN

I'm just saying --

NORM

Lemme explain what I'm looking for.

A MONTAGE shows NORM lecturing from various presentation slides.

* One has "hookers," "guns," and "Peter" written at three points in a triangle, each edge of which is a two-headed arrow.

* Another has an image of Peter's head surrounded by phrases like "CIA," "Ukrainian Mafia," and "Kathie Lee Gifford." Arrows labeled with question marks point from Peter to the phrases.

After a few more oddities, the montage ends.

BRIAN

I think I can help you.

INSERT OF the front page of the "Quahog Daily News" -- the headline: "Peter Griffin Participated in Drugged Bisexual

Love Tryst with Catherine Zeta-Jones and Melanie Griffith."
Hallelujah Chorus plays.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The CONSULTANTS celebrate.

TRACI

The race is as good as won!

WOLF

Traci, I've... always loved you.

TRACI

Oh, Wolf. I'm gay.

WOLF

(veiled threat)

Yes, and I'm your boss!

END OF ACT II

ACT III

EXT. DOGHOUSE -- DAY

Sounds of "Wheel of Fortune" opening titles.

INT. DOGHOUSE

CHRIS sits on a couch, flanked by MODELS. A few barbells, etc., sit on the floor in front of him.

MODEL #1

Do we have to watch "Wheel of Fortune?"

MODEL #2

Yeah, when are you going to draw us?

MODEL #1

I mean, it's kind of boring.

CHRIS

(sounding slightly less dorky)
Yeah, it's not the same without my Dad.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The WHOLE FAMILY is there (Meg doing her nails, Brian holding a martini).

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV

It shows "___VING ___IV___ ____N.")

INT. LIVING ROOM

PETER

"Loving Conrad Bain!"

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV

CONTESTANT

"Saving Private Ryan?"

('You won' music.)

INT. LIVING ROOM

PETER
What?!

INT. DOGHOUSE
CHRIS sighs. The doorbell rings.

CHRIS
Ok. Just leave your clothes on
the couch and I'll set up my easel.

CHRIS exits.

MODEL #1
Wow! His Dad's the mayor!

MODEL #2
Hm! I wonder what an 'easel' is!

MODEL #1
If this is what it takes to sleep
our way to the top, then we'll
find out.

INT. DOGHOUSE -- FRONT DOOR
CHRIS opens the front door, revealing LOIS from the knees
down.

EXT. DOGHOUSE -- DAY
CHRIS gets out.

LOIS
Christopher!

LOIS hugs CHRIS.

LOIS
It's you! I've been worried *sick*
about you!

CHRIS
Oof. Hi Mom. Ow. Ow.

LOIS
Where have you been, young man?!

CHRIS
Just --

LOIS
Your father said you were staying
over at a friend's, and you've
been gone for two days!

CHRIS
I've been here.

LOIS
What?

CHRIS
Dad says I should stay away from
his media presence during the
campaign. It's not bad, Mom --
Meg's doing her own thing --

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- CLASSROOM
MEG is being fanned with fern fronds. STACY frantically
writes on a sheet of paper at her feet. TED stands close
by.

STACY
I... I've almost finished your
test, Madam.

MEG
Did I say you could speak?!!

STACY gasps, bursts into tears.

MEG
(to TED)
And you -- keep feeding me peeled
grapes!

TED
Of course, Madam.

EXT. DOGHOUSE -- DAY

CHRIS
-- and Brian's been doing his own
thing.

INT. HOTEL ROOM
BRIAN wakes up, brutally hung over.

BRIAN pulls down the covers next to him and sees several
pairs of feet resting on the pillow.

BRIAN looks on the floor and sees mounds of empty cans of
Reddi-Whip.

The room has been ransacked, but BRIAN sees a card on the
night-table.

INSERT OF THE CARD: it reads "Courtesy of QTV News" with
"Thanks!" scrawled underneath.

BRIAN looks around nervously, then quickly tiptoes out of
the room.

EXT. DOGHOUSE -- DAY

LOIS
Where *is* Brian?

CHRIS
Oh! Dad fired him!

MODEL #1 (O. S.)
(shouting)
Chri-is! We're wait-ing!

CHRIS
Ladies, please! I'll be there in
a few minutes!

LOIS storms past CHRIS into the doghouse.

LOIS

What is going on in th-oh my God!

The MODELS scream.

LOIS stomps out of the doghouse, dragging CHRIS with her.

LOIS

This has got to stop.

CHRIS

Ow! Mom!

INT. DINING ROOM -- CLOSE-UP OF TABLE

We see a series of newspapers land on the tabletop. The first is the 'tryst' headline from earlier. The second headline: "Peter Griffin insists Megan is his Only Child." The third headline: "It's a Loveless Marriage of Convenience!" with a wedding picture of PETER and LOIS.

INT. DINING ROOM

LOIS sits at the dining room table looking angry and hurt. The newspapers are on the table in front of her.

PETER is busy getting a suit on -- he fiddles with his cuff links.

PETER

Lois? Honey? What's wrong?

LOIS

You can't *do* this to us, Peter.

PETER

What?

(indicating papers)

That? Heh -- that's just a campaign thing, Lois!

LOIS

Being mayor of Quahog is a big job,
Peter -- it won't get *easier* when
you get elected.

LOIS looks down at the papers, toying with a corner of one.

LOIS
I think I might lose you.

PETER
But... honey... they're throwing a
party tonight -- all for me! For
-- listen to this -- "Mayor
Griffin!"

LOIS
Don't you miss us, Peter?

PETER
Lois, I'm not gonna be just the
guy at Toyco any more!

PETER gets up, looks in a mirror.

PETER
I'm gonna be the mayor of Quahog!

PETER fixes his tie.

PETER
A public figure! I'm gonna be a
star!

LOIS
No you won't, Peter.

PETER
But look...

PETER points to a little TV set up in the dining room.

PETER
I'm on TV!

INT. DINING ROOM -- SMALL TV -- COMMERCIAL
The TV shows debate clips set to cartoonish music.)

VOICEOVER
And remember, if you want zany, madcap fun in city
government, vote Griffin for Mayor. Peter Griffin
He hit a guy with a chair!"

INT. DINING ROOM

LOIS

Peter, before all this started,
had you even heard of McAbee?
They'll forget about you, Peter.
Or they'll stop liking you just as
quickly as they *started* liking you.

LOIS crosses to PETER, hugs him.

LOIS

But we're your family, Peter, and
we'll always love you. And we're
more important, anyway.

PETER

Lois?

LOIS

Mmm?

PETER

(scared)

They'll stop... they'll forget
about me?

LOIS

Pe-ter...

PETER

I gotta *do* something about it --
Lois, where's Brian?

LOIS

(angry)

You fired him!

PETER

I'd better fire whoever came up
with *that* idea.

The front door opens, slams shut. BRIAN rushes into the
room.

BRIAN
Peter -- I think I did something
really bad.

PETER
Brian! Thank God you're back!

LOIS
Brain, don't listen to him.

BRIAN
To what?

PETER
Brian!

BRIAN
What?

PETER
The people are gonna forget about
me!

BRIAN
Forget?

PETER
Or... or they'll turn on me! We
gotta do something more!

LOIS
Do something? You already fired
your best friend, Peter! You just
told our son to leave and not come
back. Megan has gone god-knows-
where. What's more, Peter?
Leaving me?

PETER
Aw, Jeez. What am I gonna do?

LOIS
Yes, Brian, what is he going to do?

Beat.

BRIAN
Concede.

PETER
Concede?

BRIAN
Give up.

PETER
Heh, heh, that's great, Brian. I
can't just give up.

BRIAN
But --

PETER
They'll forget about me right away
if I don't even win!

BRIAN
Listen. If you get elected mayor
of Quahog, Rhode Island, that's
local news. Maybe. But if you're
just about to get the job, and
then *quit*, then it's a story. I
know how these reporters think.

LOIS
Really?

BRIAN
('Oops.' Quickly moving on.)
And, and if you quit, they can't
turn against you -- you can't be
the guy who's doing a crappy job
at mayor, because you're *not* the
mayor.

PETER
Right. I'm just the guy who works
at Toyco.

BRIAN
No. You're the guy that they *wish*
was mayor. And every time McAbee

screws up, every time something in
Quahog goes wrong, they'll say,
"You know who we could use right
now?"

PETER
Who?

BRIAN
"Peter Griffin."

PETER
So I'll get up there tonight, in
front of all those big cameras,
and I'll tell them, "I won't be
mayor of Quahog. I will spend
time with my family."

LOIS
(giggling)
Oh, God, Peter. Why not just say,
"I'm a great big wuss -- please
beat me silly with a crowbar."?

PETER
Hey --

BRIAN
She's right, Peter. We want "I
won't be able to serve as mayor,"
not "My Mafia connections offered
me a hundred thousand to quit."

PETER
Okay, newly-reappointed campaign
director -- what have you got in
mind?

BRIAN
(smiles)
The biggest thing this town has
ever seen!

PETER
Great! What is it!

BRIAN
We'll need a script.

LOIS
Okay.

BRIAN
And we'll need money.

PETER
The Chinese government wired us
five million this morning!

LOIS
Perfect!

BRIAN
And we'll need a little bit of
help... from Adam West.

PETER
Ooo! Batman!

LOIS
Why do we need Adam West's help?

BRIAN
Because this will get him out of
my house.

MONTAGE over 'planning music'

LOIS and BRIAN examine a scale model of the Convention Center. BRIAN simulates an arriving motorcade with toy cars. PETER simulates a "G. I. Joe" helicopter dive-bombing it. A disapproving LOIS plucks the toy from him; PETER mouths "What?"

BRIAN and PETER stand at a mock podium, both reading from scripts -- suddenly they are both encased in a giant net which lifts up around their feet and forms a bag, suspended from the ceiling. Cut to LOIS, chastising STEWIE, who is standing, arms folded, beside a large lever.

LOIS and BRIAN work on a diagram on a chalkboard, showing "Peter," "Batman," and a large approaching crowd of

"Bikers." PETER walks up, erases the word "Bikers," and writes in the word "Ninjas." Cut to LOIS and BRIAN perusing this, impressed.

INT. LIVING ROOM

LOIS, BRIAN, and PETER are surrounded by paper detritus, a smoke machine, and ninja equipment. They're all somewhat disheveled.

BRIAN

(reading)

So, he says, "That was amazing!
What do you say you quit the
politics business and help me?
Together, we can fight crime!"
And you say... ?

PETER

Aw, Brian, this plan is friggin'
sweet!

LOIS

Peter, what do you say in the
script?

PETER

Oh, yeah; "I'm sorry, America.
Batman needs me."

BRIAN

Right, then we start up the thing,
and...

LOIS

... and we're home free!

PETER

Great! Brian, this plan is
foolproof!

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER -- NIGHT, RAINSTORM

A peal of thunder and flash of lightning. The lightning silhouettes STEWIE.

STEWIE walks towards the camera -- he angrily cocks a rifle, and walks towards the Convention Center (which has a "welcome Peter Griffin Election Party" sign and faint festive music).

STEWIE veers off, and walks towards an adjacent, dark, ramshackle building with a large sign: "Rhode Island School Book Depository."

EXT. BOOK DEPOSITORY -- NIGHT
JED works on the sign. CLEL enters.

CLEL
There's a problem with the sign,
Jed.

JED
Aw, Clel!

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY -- FRONT DOOR
The front door opens, silhouetting STEWIE.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY -- STAIRS
STEWIE climbs the stairs.

STEWIE
The cheerful, "Mr. Chips" bastard! "I want to make the world a better place!" -- like a bloody beauty queen contestant.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY -- ROOM WITH A VIEW
STEWIE enters.

STEWIE
Why does it have to end like this,
you puerile buffoon?

STEWIE aims the rifle out the window.

STEWIE

Why must I destroy my creation?
(Tearfully)
You could have ruled as my
mindless puppet.

Two POLICEMEN burst in, catching STEWIE by surprise.

POLICEMAN #1
Hold it right there!

STEWIE
Oh, hello, yes, I was just trying
to get a nice shot -- view!

STEWIE laughs nervously, and hides the rifle behind his
back.

POLICEMAN #2
Can you tell us where to find
Criminal Psychology by Randall
Jakes?

Short beat.

STEWIE
Fifth floor. Second door on your
left.

POLICEMAN #1
(shouting)
Thank you very much!

The POLICEMEN exit.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- RECEPTION
PETER is giving a speech.

NINJAS lurk in the background, unseen by the crowd.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- PODIUM
PETER is at the podium, but we see
BRIAN in the foreground.

PETER
... and I would especially like to

thank Adam West, and -- well, this is a surprise -- Regis Philbin for making this gala event even galer.

BRIAN

(on cell phone)

No, just hold off the ninja attack for now. Yes, you can use sense memory to 'get in the moment.'

BRIAN hangs up.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- PODIUM -- STEWIE'S POV
We see the same scene through STEWIE'S gunsight.

STEWIE (O. S.)

I can't get a shot! He's the biggest, fattest boor in all of Quahog and I can't get a bloody shot!

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY -- ROOM WITH A VIEW
STEWIE by the window lowers the gun momentarily.

STEWIE

Very well. If Regis is in my way, I shall simply have to clear a path!

STEWIE raises the gun.

STEWIE

'Who wants to be a gunshot victim?'

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- PODIUM -- STEWIE'S POV
The gunsight zeroes in on REGIS... who is aiming a small, concealed handgun right back at STEWIE!

STEWIE screams.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY -- ROOM WITH A VIEW

STEWIE drops the gun and swings away from the window as a bullet zips into it and causes it to shatter inward.

The gun, balanced on the windowsill, tilts and falls out the window.

STEWIE groans.

STEWIE

Why must being *evil* be so
difficult all of a sudden?

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- PODIUM

PETER

(reading)

... and I approach the position of
mayor with some regrets, like
being removed from the people, and
unable to use some of my other
talents...

BRIAN

(overlapping, on cell phone)

Okay, ninjas storm the center on
my cue.

A throwing star whizzes past him and buries itself in the wall.

BRIAN

Wait for it... wait for it...

REGIS leaps from his chair knocking people aside, shooting an automatic weapon into the air.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- UNDER THE TABLE

BRIAN stays low and shouting at the cell phone, which is on the floor and out of reach.

BRIAN

Okay, scratch that, hold off on
pretending to attack -- um, if you

could call the cops -- hello?
Hello?

Regis shoots the phone.

BRIAN
Uh-oh.

REGIS addresses the crowd.

REGIS
Everyone simply look ahead, and be
part of my first step to world
domination -- behold: the
Hypnesticator!

REGIS dramatically brandishes Stewie's toy.

INT. BOOK DEPOSITORY -- ROOM WITH A VIEW
STEWIE runs back to the window.

STEWIE
(shouting)
Damn you, Philbin! Damn you to
the darkest abyss of hell!

STEWIE storms away.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- UNDER THE TABLE
ADAM and PETER hide under the table.

ADAM
So this is part of the script,
right?

PETER
Oh. Uh. Absolutely! Yeah.

Regis continues his speech and the Hypnesticator makes
warming-up sounds.

ADAM
That Regis Philbin is good!

PETER
Heh, heh.

ADAM
So, we'll pretend to fight him and
then head out --

PETER
Oh. Um...

ADAM
You get his left, I'll get his
right.

ADAM gets up.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- PODIUM
REGIS twiddles a knob on the Hypnoscicator.

REGIS
Well, we'll just see if you resist
the Hypnoscicator set to eleven!

ADAM approaches REGIS.

PETER gets up, cowers a bit.

ADAM
That's great, but you ninjas -- er,
you Regis, didn't count on one
thing: Adam West.

REGIS aims his gun at him. ADAM is unconcerned.

REGIS
Oh, I counted on it, all right.

PETER watches, wide-eyed.

REGIS
And now...

PETER sees something: a folding chair! REGIS raises gun,
aims.

REGIS
I'm counting you out!

PETER now has the chair in hand -- he whaps REGIS with it and there is a bright, full-screen "Whap!" graphic as the "Batman" TV theme starts.

ADAM punches him ("Pow!"). REGIS drops his gun.
("Clatter!") ADAM picks it up.

ADAM
Ooo! Look!
("Taunt!")
I've got your gun!

PETER
Time to tie up this loose end.
("Pun!")
Brian?

BRIAN
Oh. Yeah. The rope that...

BRIAN stares at crowd, and hands over a length of rope.

BRIAN
(cont'd)
... we just happen to have brought.
("Restrain!" "Loop!" "Knot!")

INT. CONVENTION CENTER -- FRONT EXIT
REGIS is completely hogtied, and flanked by Adam and Peter.)

BRIAN
(stilted)
Um... "well it looks like our work
here is finished."

ADAM
(to PETER)
That was amazing! What do you say
you quit the politics business,
and help me? Together, we can
fight crime!

PETER
I'm sorry, America! Batman needs
me!

BRIAN switches on a smoke machine, which sputters, starts, and fills the podium area with smoke.

The campaign car, now fitted with Batmobile-looking fins, emerges from the smoke.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV
The TV shows footage of the scene. PETER and ADAM drive away.

INT. LIVING ROOM
PETER is on the couch, surrounded by BRIAN, CHRIS, and STEWIE.

PETER
(click)
Look, I'm on CNN!

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CNN

LARRY
And remember, we had him here
first, on Larry King live.

Mysterious music plays over a slowed-down clip from the show.

LARRY (O. S.)
What's he like? And *does* he have
a secret identity?

Clicks back to previous station, showing the Batmobile/car driving away. STEWIE scampers into the shot, steals the Hypnoscicator, and scampers away.

ADAM (O. S.)
(faint)
Great. Now where's my money,
bitch?

INT. LIVING ROOM -- TV -- LOCAL NEWS DESK
A 'Special Report' cuts in.

TOM

We interrupt this story to report that the fearsome yeti -- that is, the legendary Abominable Snowman -
- has been sighted at the Quahog Stop'n'Shop. We go live to Ned Suarez with the story.

NED

Thank you, Susan. Fiscal reform in Rhode Island has been --

JOHN

Ned, Ned -- sorry to interrupt. Has the yeti sighting caused widespread fear and panic among the populace?

NED

(incredulous beat)
I'm here to cover city tax rulings! What's this 'yeti' --

JOHN

Could it just be another Elvis sighting?

NED

This is such **bleep**! You're just making this up, aren't you?

JOHN

The yeti sells commercial time, Ned. Tax reform sells bupkus.

NED tosses the mic and walks out of frame.

NED (O. S.)

That's it. I'm out of here.

A couple of seconds of dead air.

NORM creeps into frame.

NORM
Hookers. Terrorism. A deadly
combination.

TV clicks off.

INT. LIVING ROOM

PETER rubs his eyes.

PETER
I've had a long day.

CHRIS
'Night, Dad.

CHRIS exits.

BRIAN
I'll go mix myself a nightcap.

BRIAN exits.

MEG enters, disheveled.

PETER
Meg, what happened?

MEG
(sulking bitterly)
The proles revolted.
(sarcastically)
Oh -- thanks for conceding, Daddy.

MEG stomps out. A door slams.

STEWIE
At last, witless provider, it is
down to you, and me, and my friend
(brandishing the machine)
Mr. Hypnesticator!

LOIS enters.

LOIS
Oh, Stewie...

STEWIE
Or -- of course -- why didn't I
think of it before! I shall start
from scratch with the slightly
brainier parental unit!

STEWIE powers up the machine.

STEWIE
(commanding tone)
You, mother, shall -- mrrg!

LOIS picks up STEWIE and manages, accidentally, to point
the Hypnoscicator right at him.

STEWIE is instantly entranced,

LOIS
You shouldn't be playing with your
toy, Stewie. It's very late, and
you should be in bed!

LOIS sets STEWIE down.

STEWIE
(faintly)
Yes, mother...

In the background, STEWIE primly puts the machine on the
floor and stomps it into shrapnel. Meanwhile, LOIS sits
beside PETER on the couch.

STEWIE
I shan't play with the machine
(stomp)
ever
(stomp)
again...

STEWIE exits.

LOIS
So, Peter, it's good to have you
back...

PETER
It's good to be back.

LOIS and PETER are about to kiss -- BRIAN enters and
(mercifully) blocks the shot.

BRIAN
("Eww!")
Whoa!

LOIS
Oh. Hello, Brian.

PETER
Well, this is a little
uncomfortable.

BRIAN turns to the camera.

BRIAN
For God's sake... run the credits.

END OF SHOW