

**FAMILY GUY**

"Brian: Portrait of a Dog"

Production #1ACX07

Written by

Gary Janetti

Created by

Seth MacFarlane

Executive Producers

David Zuckerman  
Seth MacFarlane

TABLE DRAFT  
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## “Brian: Portrait of a Dog”

### CAST LIST FOR #1ACX07:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN  
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN  
MEG GRIFFIN.....LACEY CHABERT  
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
ALEX TREBEK.....SETH MACFARLANE  
ANN LANDERS.....TBD (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)  
ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
AUSTRIAN .....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
BLUE M&M CANDY.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
BUCK.....TBD (SUB: GARY JANETTI)  
CASHIER.....TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)  
CHARLES MONTROSE.....TBD (SUB: GARY JANETTI)  
CITY COUNCIL MEMBER.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)  
DAUGHTER.....TBD (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)  
DIANE.....LORI ALAN (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)  
DOG POUND OFFICIAL.....TBD (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)  
DOUGH BOY.....TBD (SUB: ANDREW GORMLEY)  
DUCK BOY.....SETH MACFARLANE  
ELDERLY COUNCIL WOMAN.....ALEX BORSTEIN (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)  
FEMALE ATTENDANT.....TBD (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)  
GOD.....SETH MACFARLANE  
GUY #1.....BUTCH HARTMAN (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
GUY #2.....SETH MACFARLANE  
GUY IN BUSINESS SUIT.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)  
ICE CREAM GUY.....SETH MACFARLANE  
JESSICA FLETCHER.....ALEX BORSTEIN (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)  
KIRK.....SETH MACFARLANE  
KLINGON.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
LIZA MINELLI.....LORI ALAN (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)  
MARY.....TBD (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)  
MOTHER.....TBD (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)

OFFICER.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)  
ONLOOKERS.....ALL  
SECOND COP.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)  
SECURITY GUARD.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)  
SPOCK.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)  
STAGE MANAGER.....SETH GREEN (SUB: GARRETT DONOVAN)  
SUSAN.....TBD (SUB: RACHAEL MACFARLANE)  
TOM.....SETH MACFARLANE  
VET.....TBD (SUB: MIKE BARKER)

COLD OPEN

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

The GRIFFINS watch TV.

PETER

C'mon everyone, that "Eight is  
Enough" reunion show is about to  
start.

INT. BRADFORDS' HOUSE - DAY (ON TV)

DICK turns to MARY.

DICK

Mary, have you seen Nicholas?

MARY

Yeah, Dad. He's been in the bathroom.

SUSAN enters and **chuckles**.

SUSAN

Yeah, for the last three days.

DICK

(BEAT) Aw, maybe I should make him a  
sandwich.

Susan **laughs** again.

SUSAN

Oh, Dad, that's your solution to  
everything.

Dick **smacks** her three times and continues **smacking** her as she  
falls to the ground. Mary grabs Dick's arm, stopping him.

MARY

Dad! Dad!

DICK

(RAGING, EYES BULGING) What?!

MARY

Eight is enough!

Mary and Dick start to **laugh**. A shaking, disheveled Susan looks up, revealing that she's **laughing** also.

DICK

(WARMLY) You know I love you girls.

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

As happy, "**Eight Is Enough**" music plays from the TV, the Griffins watch the screen in wide-eyed, slack-jawed disbelief.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

A pile of Lois' clothing lays next to Stewie. He is furiously cutting up one of her blouses as he talks to his TEDDY BEAR.

STEWIE

That hausfrau's cheap rayon blouses  
will make a serviceable parachute  
should I need to abandon my jet in  
mid-flight... once it's built, of  
course. Rupert, did you call that  
architect at Lockheed yet? Oh, of  
course you didn't, you worthless  
little--!

He **smacks** the bear.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

See what you made me do? You think  
I enjoy hitting you? Well, actually  
I do.

Stewie raises his hand to **strike** Rupert again when Lois enters with Brian.

LOIS

Oh, my favorite blouse! Stewie, my  
clothes are not for you to play with,  
understand? Thanks for telling me,  
Brian.

BRIAN

Well, I don't like to rat on the kid,  
but I know how hard it is for you to  
keep an eye on him while you're  
teaching piano.

LOIS

I don't know what we'd do without you.

Lois smiles and exits with her clothes. Stewie glares at  
Brian.

STEWIE

I'm on to you, oh yes. Your pathetic  
attempts to hinder my work have not  
gone unnoticed. You prance about  
this house like the cock o' the walk,  
but will you be prancing... when...  
when... there's nothing to prance  
about. Hmm? Will you be prancing  
then?

Stewie scampers off.

BRIAN

You just want to eat him up.

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

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

Peter, Lois, Chris, Stewie, and Brian are watching TV.

PETER

Oh, look, it's my favorite "Star  
Trek" episode.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

This is the one where Kirk and Spock  
go to work in the candy factory.

**INT. CHOCOLATE FACTORY (ON TV)**

KIRK and SPOCK, wearing chefs hats, stand before a conveyor belt of chocolates speeding past them. They desperately try to stuff them under their hats, down their pants, in their mouths, etc.

KIRK

My God, they just keep coming. These  
chocolates are hurtling towards us  
like asteroids! There must be  
thousands of them!

SPOCK

Six million, four hundred and  
eighteen to be precise.

A KLINGON in an apron enters.

KLINGON

Good work, men. (CALLING OFF) Speed  
it up!

The belt moves faster.

KIRK

(LUCY IN TROUBLE SOUND) Llllllllll!

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

Meg enters. She's got big sweat stains on her shirt under her arms.

MEG

(SIGH) It is so hot out there!



FAMILY

(A LA CARSON AUDIENCE) How hot is it?

MEG

(OFF-GUARD) Um, I don't know, like  
around ninety-eight, ninety-nine?

There's a beat. Peter turns to Lois.

PETER

(CONFUSED) I don't get it.

MEG

Ew, I think I got a little sweaty.

LOIS

Why don't you cool off in front of  
the air conditioner.

Meg stands in front of the a.c. A gust hits her and the  
~~perspiration~~ from her body blows off of her, hitting the wall  
behind her with a **splat**, creating an outline of her form.

STEWIE

(TO CHRIS) You. You seem to know all  
the players in this poorly-acted  
farce. (POINTING TO MEG) What do they  
call that one?

CHRIS

That's Meg, dude. You know that.

STEWIE

Meg, you vile-smelling girl, you're  
not to touch any of my things! Do  
you hear me? Dirty, dirty girl.

LOIS

Well, all I can say is, thank god for  
the a.c.

PETER

Forget god, more like thank  
Westinghouse.

They all **laugh**.

**EXT. HEAVEN - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

GOD

(MOCKING PETER) "More like thank  
Westinghouse."

He points a finger towards earth.

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

The Griffins' air conditioner **explodes**. They react.

**EXT. HEAVEN - CONTINUOUS (CUTAWAY)**

God puts his hand to his mouth.

GOD

(SARCASTIC) Oops.

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

The sun beats down upon the yard. The family, all heavily perspiring (Brian is **panting**), stands around a freshly dug grave. Peter pushes the old air conditioner into the hole with a **crash**.

LOIS

(REVERENTLY) Would anyone like to say  
something?

Brian glances over and sees a nearby shrub turn brown and die.

BRIAN

(CONCERNED) Uh, maybe we should all  
get out of the sun.

MEG

When are we gonna get a new air  
conditioner?

PETER

Sorry, kids, we can't afford it this  
month. We're just gonna have to find  
other ways of staying cool.

**INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY**

Peter and the family stand at the counter, looking at the  
flavors.

PETER

Lessee... chocolate, strawberry...  
monkey-berry? What's that? What's  
in the monkey-berry?

ICE CREAM GUY

Just berries.

PETER

That's it?

ICE CREAM GUY

Well, of course. You don't think  
we'd put actual monkeys in the ice  
cream, do you?

(MORE)

## ICE CREAM GUY (CONT'D)

You don't think we'd breed and raise monkeys just so we could grind them up and secretly blend them in the ice cream and then serve them to the public and not tell them that they're not only eating ice cream but also monkey, do you?

PETER

(BEAT) Wow. When you say it, it sounds so ludicrous.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NEXT AFTERNOON****INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Lois, Chris, Meg and Brian watch TV. There are several fans on.

**INT. NEWSROOM - DAY (ON TV)**

TOM and DIANE sit at the anchor desk with their shirts unbuttoned.

DIANE

Meanwhile, here at home, Quahog remains in the sweltering grip of a freak heat wave.

TOM

Uh, I don't think you should use the word "freak," Diane. Some people might find it offensive.

**INT. TOM'S KITCHEN - EARLIER THAT DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Tom is sitting at the table with his SON who is half-duck/half-boy.

TOM

Finish your oatmeal, son.

DUCK BOY

Why bother? I'm just a freak! A  
freak!

Tom dies a little inside.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY (ON TV) - (BACK TO PRESENT)

TOM

We're all a little different, Diane,  
each one of us.

DIANE

Good point, Tom. We're certainly  
feeling the effects of this heat wave  
even here in our studio, (CLEARS HER  
THROAT) uhh-hmmmfreak, so stay inside  
and stay cool.

She fans herself with her papers.

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

CHRIS

I think I saw one of her nipples.

LOIS

Chris, that's a terrible word,  
nipple. I'll chalk that up to the  
heat, Mister.

Stewie enters dressed only in his diaper.

STEWIE

Am I to strut about all day like a  
beggar child on the streets of  
Calcutta? (TO LOIS) Unless you expect  
me to start dancing for tips I  
suggest you fetch me something linen  
to throw on before I call Child  
Services.

LOIS

(SLIGHTLY IRRITATED) Please don't  
threaten Mommy. She's very hot.

MEG

Chris, you're hogging up all the fans.

CHRIS

Yeah, well you're hogging up all the  
ugly.

Peter enters carrying a flyer.

PETER

Check this out, you guys. The Rhode  
Island Dog Show Championship is in  
Quahog this year.

BRIAN

Huzzah.

PETER

First prize is a thousand bucks.  
That's like two weeks salary.

MEG

Oh, my God! We're poor.

LOIS

If we win, we could use that money  
for a new air conditioner.

MEG

Hey, Brian, you could win for sure.  
You could do your impression of a  
barbershop quartet.

**EXT. GRIFFINS' FRONT PORCH - EVENING (CUTAWAY)**

The family sits **sipping** lemonade, enjoying the sound of Brian **singing**. He sounds like four guys harmonizing.

BRIAN

(SINGING) "We were sailing along, On  
Moonlight Bay. We could hear the  
voices singing, they seemed to say..."

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

BRIAN

Sorry, I don't do Dog Shows. It's  
not my thing. Why don't you ask  
Chris?

CHRIS

Would I get to keep the money?

PETER

C'mon, Brian, it'll be like takin'  
candy from a baby.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Peter stands next to a baby carriage and the baby's MOTHER. Peter, with a dull, blank expression on his face (which never changes throughout this scene), reaches his arm out to take the baby's lollipop. The Mother **slaps** his hand. Peter once again reaches his arm out to take the lollipop. The Mother once again **slaps** his hand. This happens a few more times, increasingly faster.

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

MEG

Please, Brian? We really need an air conditioner.

BRIAN

(WAVERING) I don't know. I mean, I don't even know where my papers are. Can't you get the money some other way?

PETER

Believe me, I've been trying. I even went on a game show.

**INT. JEOPARDY SET (FLASHBACK)**

Peter and two other CONTESTANTS listen to ALEX TREBEK read the answer.

ALEX TREBEK

For eight hundred dollars, "This chemical dye is used in over ninety percent of all cosmetics."

Peter **buzzes** in.

PETER

Diarrhea!

Everyone **laughs**. Peter looks confused.



PETER (CONT'D)

What? (REALIZING) Oh, sorry. What is  
diarrhea?

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

PETER

C'mon, Brian. The whole family's  
depending on you. And if there's any  
money left over, I'll buy you that  
golf bag you've had your eye on.

BRIAN

She is a beauty. And I have been  
getting some hot spots on my coat...  
The family rushes toward Brian, happily.

ALL

Atta boy! / Yay, Brian / Thanks, big  
guy!

BRIAN

Down! Down!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Peter reads from a dog book. Brian stands by.

PETER

Okay, let's go over the commands.  
Sit.

Brian **sighs**, pulls up a chair and sits cross-legged. Lois  
enters. Peter turns the page in his dog book.

PETER (CONT'D)

Good. Roll over.

BRIAN

Peter, I'm already shvitzing like  
crazy here. Let's call it a night.

PETER

C'mon, we got a lot of stuff to  
cover. We haven't even started our  
frisbee work.

BRIAN

I need a drink.

Brian goes into the kitchen.

LOIS

Don't push too hard, Peter. You  
gotta take Brian's feelings into  
consideration. After all, it's only  
a Dog Show.

PETER

Lois, honey, I love you, but you're  
sucking all the energy out of the  
room.

Brian re-enters with a martini. Peter turns another page.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, next. Speak.

BRIAN

Bon jour. Alors, c'est un plaisir de  
vous rencontre...

PETER

In English.

BRIAN

(RESIGNED) All right, all right.

(BEAT) Arf.

PETER

(BEAT) Good.

Peter turns the page. Lois watches Brian, concerned.

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

**INT. GRIFFINS' BATHROOM - SAME**

Brian **blow-dries** his body. When he gets to his face, he can't help but "bite" at the hot air from the dryer. He switches the blower off and begins brushing himself. There's a **knock** at the door.

BRIAN

Come.

Lois enters with a gift box.

LOIS

I got you a little something. You know, for the show.

Brian opens the box. It's a beautiful leather collar. Brian is touched.

LOIS (CONT'D)

It's Italian. Do you like it?

BRIAN

It's exquisite.

LOIS

It's not for everyday...

BRIAN

Clearly. I'm gonna put it on right now.

He puts it on. Lois looks at him with maternal fondness.

LOIS

I know how hard you've been working  
and, well, the whole family  
appreciates it.

BRIAN

Thank you, Lois.

LOIS

I should go. We'll be waiting  
downstairs whenever you're ready.

And Brian... you look very handsome.

She smiles and exits. Brian **sighs**, puts a couple of drops in his eyes, takes a **deep breath**, and puts on a big phony smile.

BRIAN

(A LA FOSSE) Show time.

**EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG TOWN SQUARE - DAY**

**EXT. DOG SHOW - DAY**

There's a good-sized CROWD in attendance. SHOW DOGS and THEIR OWNERS abound. The family walks on the field towards the bleachers.

PETER

Aw, Brian, you are gonna blow these  
mutts away.

Brian looks around at the other dogs getting their teeth checked, being led on short leashes, etc. He shudders.

BRIAN

Peter, I'm not really comfortable  
with all this--

He notices a DOG is sniffing his butt.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED) Do I know you?

The dog wanders off.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I don't think I can do this.

PETER

How about a pill? Something to relax  
you before we go on?

LOIS

Peter, are you offering Brian drugs?

PETER

Not drugs, Lois. Just the little  
blue things celebrities take to help  
them perform.

LOIS

Well, those celebrities are wrong.

PETER

(STUNG) Lois, if Liza is wrong, then  
I don't want to know what right is.

**INT. LIZA'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)**

There's a **knock** at the door.

STAGE MANAGER (O.S.)

Two minutes to curtain, Ms. Minelli!

We see a bleary, desperate-looking LIZA MINELLI talking to  
someone o.s.

LIZA MINELLI

C'mon, baby, mama's gotta sparkle,  
it's time to make life a cabaret.

**REVEAL** she's talking to the BLUE M&M CANDY, who is up against the wall, terrified.

BLUE M&M CANDY

Lady, for god's sake, I'm just a hard-shelled chocolate candy! Get help!

**EXT. DOG SHOW - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)**

Stewie, miserable from the heat, fans himself and then tries to get out of his stroller. He calls to Meg.

STEWIE

You there, child-woman, I'll give you a shiny new dime if you roll me into the nearest lake!

MEG

Let me see if I can find you a juice box.

STEWIE

Get the lead out, Pudgy.

Meg walks away.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(EXASPERATED) Oh, for god's sake!

Stewie fusses with his safety belt. Brian looks at him.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

What are you looking at? Shouldn't you be jumping through a hoop right about now?

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Next, Peter Griffin and his dog, Brain.

BRIAN

This is going well.

Brian follows Peter to the obstacle course area. Brian half-heartedly goes through the circuit, Peter running alongside him. The audience **applauds** as he completes each obstacle.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

A beautiful performance from Brain

Griffin!

Brian stops between two obstacles, lights up a cigarette, takes a slow drag, stamps it out and continues the course.

**ANGLE ON** a LITTLE BOY in the audience with his MOM.

LITTLE BOY

Wow, smoking looks cool! I'm gonna  
start!

**ANGLE ON** -- The Griffins watching.

ALL/CHRIS

Go, Brian! / Yay, Brain!

**ANGLE ON** Peter and Brian on the field.

PETER

All right, Brian, we got it all sewn  
up.

Peter puts a biscuit on Brian's nose.

BRIAN

What the hell is this?

Brian takes it off his nose and looks at it.

PETER

(SHEEPISH) No, ah, see, you're supposed to leave it on your nose until I say, "Treat, boy." Hehehe.

BRIAN

Oh, I don't think so.

PETER

C'mon, it's for the air conditioner.

Peter starts to put the treat back on Brian's nose, but Brian grabs his hand.

BRIAN

I said, I don't think so.

**ANGLE ON THE STANDS** -- A murmur runs through the crowd. Lois and the kids watch.

LOIS

(HORRIFIED) Oh, god, he can't expect Brian to do that.

CHRIS

It's easier than it looks, Mom.

**ANGLE ON PETER AND BRIAN** -- Peter glances around nervously.

PETER

Hehehe. Treat, boy. Treat, boy.

(SOTTO) Brian, you're embarrassing me.

BRIAN

Gee, I wonder what that feels like.

Brian starts walking off the field.



PETER

Brian! Come! Don't you walk out on  
me!

Peter realizes everyone is still watching him. He tries to  
cover by calling to the o.s. Brian.

PETER (CONT'D)

Uh...I now command you to leave!  
Yup, keep going! Uh... that's right,  
flip me off. Good boy! Hehehe.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

## INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - DUSK

The family drives home. The mood is very tense.

PETER

I hope you're happy, Brian. I was humiliated in front of the entire town.

LOIS

To be fair, Peter, that's not the first time that's happened.

## INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

People are gathered as an AUSTRIAN MAN speaks.

AUSTRIAN MAN

As Quahog's sister city, ze people of Vienna proudly present you wiz zis vun-uf-a-kind beautiful chocolate Nativity scene.

The crowd **oohs** and **aaahs** at the chocolate Nativity scene.

PARISHONER

Hey! Somebody ate the third Wise Man.

All eyes shift to Peter, who has a thick ring of chocolate around his mouth.

PETER

Uhh... in some Bibles, there's only two.

**INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - DUSK (BACK TO PRESENT)**

PETER

Brian, this is the one thing I ever asked you to do for this family. Well, this and not do that thing when you drag your ass across the carpet.

BRIAN

One time I did that, one time--

LOIS

Peter, Brian, please. Let's just have a nice family car ride, like we always do.

CHRIS

You mean, like the time Dad hit that deer?

**EXT. WOODS - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

We see two cars that have had a fender bender. Lois sits in the passenger seat of one car; a DOE sits in the passenger seat of the other. Peter and a BUCK stand near the point of impact.

PETER

Looks like it's just a ding. There's no reason to get the insurance companies involved.

BUCK

Yeah, well, I should still take down your information, though.

PETER

Really? Cuz, you know, you could probably just buff that out.

BUCK

(SLIGHT EDGE) I... I would really feel better if I got your information.

**INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - DUSK (BACK TO PRESENT)**

MEG

Yeah, and how about the time we picked up that hitchhiker?

**INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

The family drives with JASON (in hockey mask with hatchet) from the "Friday the 13th" movies.

LOIS

Three weeks at a secluded summer camp. I'm jealous, it sounds too delicious.

**INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - DUSK (BACK TO PRESENT)**

PETER

You know, Brian, maybe I had you pegged wrong, maybe you really don't care about this family.

BRIAN

Peter, if you cared about me, you'd never ask me to do something so degrading.

PETER

Look, we all have to do things we  
don't like.

INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

They're in bed. Peter looks satisfied.

LOIS

Now we get to cuddle.

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

PETER

So next time I ask you to do  
something, I expect you to do it,  
okay?

BRIAN

Stop the car.

PETER

Is that what you want, Mister?  
Because I'll stop!

LOIS

(TRYING) Who wants to sing show  
tunes? (SINGING) "In olden days a  
glimpse of stocking was looked on as  
la-la-la-la-la, heaven knows..."

BRIAN

Pull over. Now.

Peter **screeches** to a halt.

PETER

Fine.

LOIS

Brian, don't do this...

STEWIE

Is the doggie going bye-bye? Oh, I'm  
so sad.

Brian gets out and starts walking away behind the car,  
steamed.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Quick, back up!

**EXT. QUIET SUBURBAN STREET - A LITTLE LATER (NIGHT)**

Brian is on a very well-manicured street in an upscale  
neighborhood. A patrol car comes up behind him and its  
searchlight hits Brian.

BRIAN

Great.

The police car pulls up in front of Brian. An OFFICER steps  
out and approaches him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Is there a problem, Officer?

OFFICER

Can I see your license, boy?

BRIAN

(BRISTLING QUIETLY) "Boy."

Brian reaches up to his collar, then realizes his license  
isn't there.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh god, I left it on my other collar.

OFFICER

(SUSPICIOUS) The one you're wearing  
is pretty fancy. Musta cost somebody  
a bundle.

BRIAN

(TO HIMSELF) I don't believe this.

People in the houses peer through their curtains and blinds.  
He checks Brian's eyes with his flashlight.

OFFICER

You been chasing cars tonight, boy?

BRIAN

The name is Brian. I was just out  
for a little walk.

OFFICER

Without a leash?

Brian **sighs**. The Officer opens the back door.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Why don't ya hop in. (CHECKING) Oh,  
did you go already?

**INT. GRIFFINS' FRONT ENTRYWAY - LATE**

The Officer is at the door with Brian, writing up a ticket.

PETER

Don't suppose you could let us off  
with a warning, huh?

OFFICER

(WRITING TICKET) Sorry, sir, but  
leash laws are for his own good. He  
seems like a good fella.

PETER

He sure is. I keep a picture of him in my wallet. (SLYLY) Right here next to the picture of Mr. Lincoln. Do we understand each other?

OFFICER

(HANDS TICKET) Mr. Griffin, the fine is only two dollars. (TO BRIAN) But after the first offense, the penalty goes way up. You be a good boy.

BRIAN

(SUBSERVIENT) Oh, lordy, lordy, I never roam again.

The Officer smiles and leaves. Peter shuts the door.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Jackass.

PETER

Look, Brian, it's been a long day, let's hit the sack. (MAKING PEACE) Lois changed the sheets today.

BRIAN

(COOL) Thanks, but I'll be sleeping on the sofa tonight.

Brian exits.

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

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME**

Everyone but Meg and Brian watch a local morning chat show on the small countertop TV.



## INT. NEWSROOM - DAY (ON TV)

Tom and Diane host. Their banter is perky and happy.

DIANE

Good morning, Quahog. Well, the heat wave has finally broken, Tom.

TOM

It sure has, Diane. You know what they say. If you don't like the weather in New England, go back where you came from.

DIANE

Um, I don't think that's the expression...

TOM

Yeah, I guess I had one too many bloody marys this morning. But any--

Tom **coughs** up a little spittle onto his chin and wipes it off with his sleeve.

TOM (CONT'D)

Aw, god, I hope the boss isn't watching.

Diane **chuckles** as Tom tries to clean himself up with his tie.

## INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

I don't know how those two manage to be so perky in the morning.

Meg enters.

MEG

Something smells good.

LOIS

Homemade cinnamon buns. Fresh from  
the tube.

Lois reaches over and pokes the tiny Poppin' Fresh DOUGH BOY.

DOUGH BOY

(GIGGLES) Nothing says lovin' like  
something from--

Lois begins flattening him with a rolling pin.

DOUGH BOY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing, you  
crazy b--

Lois flattens his head with a **squish**.

LOIS

They're Brian's favorite. This  
oughta cheer him up.

Brian enters, very distant.

PETER

Hey, buddy.

Brian silently takes his section of the paper and a cup of  
coffee.

LOIS

Wow, Brian, your summer coat is  
really coming in nicely, isn't it,  
Peter? So full and shiny.

Brian grabs some toast and starts to walk off.

BRIAN

I'll be on the veranda.

PETER

Aw, c'mon, Brian, Lois made you  
cinnamon buns.

BRIAN

May I have one on a plate or are you  
planning to balance it on my nose?

PETER

C'mon, you're not still sore about  
yesterday? Can't we go back to the  
way things used to be?

**BLACK SCREEN (CUTAWAY)**

**(NOTE: THIS ENTIRE CUTAWAY IS SHOT IN BLACK & WHITE. THE ANIMATION IS IN THE STYLE OF "STEAMBOAT WILLIE.")**

Over silent movie-ish music and the sound of a flickering projector, Peter and Brian's heads appear in separate oval frames under the title: **"PETER AND BRIAN IN 'FIXIN' THE SHED'"**

**EXT. BACK YARD - DAY (BLACK & WHITE)**

Peter and Brian, dressed in overalls, work on a half-built tool shed. Peter carries a long 2x4 over his shoulder and turns from side to side. Brian, who is too short to be hit by the swinging 2x4, just stands in place, watching Peter. Peter finally turns all the way around, then puts the 2x4 down. He wipes his brow with a hanky. Just then, a safe drops out of the sky and lands on Brian. Peter rushes over to the safe and uses a stethoscope to "crack" the safe. He opens the safe's door, and inside is Brian, who gives Peter a "That's another fine mess" look. Peter gives a sheepish, "Gotta love me" look back. They share a silent laugh.

**INSERT TITLE CARD: "Ha-ha-ha-ha!"**

**EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS (BLACK & WHITE)**

Peter and Brian walk off into the sunset, arms around each other. "THE END" flashes on the screen, then the film threads out and the screen flickers white.

## INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - MORNING (BACK TO SCENE)

BRIAN

I can never go back to the way things were. Not after the way I was treated. Not after the things I've seen.

CHRIS

What did you see? Was it breasts?

LOIS

Chris, that's a terrible word, breasts.

PETER

Aw, geez, how bad do you really have it here, Brian? I mean, when I found you, you were nothing but a stray.

BRIAN

(STUNG) You swore you would never speak of that.

## EXT. FREEWAY OFF-RAMP - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Brian, unshaven and filthy, stands at the intersection holding a cardboard sign that reads: "Will Sit For Food." He takes a drink from a bottle in a brown bag. Peter pulls up to a stoplight. Brian drops his sign and moves towards Peter's car.

PETER

Uh, no thank you! I just had it cleaned! No, uh...

Brian **squirts** some window cleaner on the windshield, then wipes it clean with crumpled up newspaper.

PETER (CONT'D)

Aw, geez.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - MORNING (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

You've got everything you could possibly want right here. Now just eat your cinnamon bun and stop bein' a bad dog.

BRIAN

How dare you. (A BEAT) How dare you!

PETER

How dare I? (A BEAT) How dare I?

Brian **slams** down his coffee cup and starts for the door.

PETER (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?

BRIAN

Out.

PETER

Hey, you're not going anywhere without your leash.

BRIAN

I don't need your damn leash and I don't need you!

He storms out.

PETER

He didn't even take the pooper scooper.

**EXT./ESTAB. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY**

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - SAME**

Brian walks up to the counter and puts a box of plastic baggies on the counter.

BRIAN

And a pack of Marlboros.

The CASHIER just stares at him. Brian looks at him, then glances outside.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Oh, that, yeah.

He taps the box of baggies.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'll clean that up on my way out.

CASHIER

(POINTS) See that sign?

Brian looks. There's a sign that says, "No Dogs Allowed."

CASHIER (CONT'D)

Now why don't you be a good boy and go tie yourself up to that parking meter. I don't want any trouble.

The cashier starts reaching under the counter for what is obviously a gun.

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

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

The family (minus Brian) watches TV.

**INT. FIELD - DAY (ON TV)**

A MOTHER and DAUGHTER, dressed in white, sit talking in a field of wildflowers. Classical tampon music plays.

DAUGHTER

Mom...I'm having a problem with...  
freshness. What should I do?

MOTHER

Sounds like you've been having impure  
thoughts again. Better lock yourself  
in the closet and pray for the lord  
god to keep satan out of your vagina.

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

LOIS

(WISTFUL) That was Brian's favorite  
commercial.

MEG

Dad, when's Brian coming back?

PETER

(SEARCHING) Brian...Brian... no, it's  
not ringing a bell.

LOIS

Peter, stop it, we all miss him. Go  
find him and bring him home.

PETER

He made his choice, Lois. He doesn't  
want to be a part of this family.  
Besides, we don't need Brian, we can  
get another pet.

CHRIS

No, way, Dad, we can never replace  
Brian.

STEWIE

Silence, you flatulent changeling!  
That mongrel is probably decomposing  
on the side of a dirt road as we  
speak. (BRIGHTENING) Let's get a  
kitty!

PETER

See gang, Stewie's got the right idea.

STEWIE

(PROUD) Yes...well...go, Stewie.

LOIS

I don't know, Peter...

PETER

Lois, trust me, we'll get a lovable  
kitty cat and everybody'll feel a lot  
better.

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NEXT DAY**

The Griffins' new Siamese CAT is crouched on top of the  
fridge. The family nervously looks up at it.

PETER

Heeere, kitty, kitty. Come on down,  
niice and easy, that's a good kitty.

A lit firecracker flies down from the fridge.

**SFX: FIRECRACKER GOING OFF**

The family jumps.



PETER

What the hell was that?

**SFX: ANOTHER FIRECRACKER GOES OFF**

The family jumps again.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

Brian, looking a little downtrodden, walks into an Italian restaurant.

BRIAN

(TO HOST) Something near a window,  
preferably a booth.

**SMASH CUT TO:**

Brian being kicked out the kitchen door into:

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

He sees LADY and the TRAMP (similar-looking dogs, not the trademarked designs) sitting at a checked-tableclothed table, nudging a meatball back and forth with their noses. Brian eats the meatball.

BRIAN

(TO LADY, SWALLOWING) Poorly  
seasoned, you didn't miss much.

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

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME**

Lois is cooking. Peter enters and glances at the table.

PETER

How come you're still setting a place  
for Brian?

LOIS

Because when he comes home, I want him to know he never left our thoughts. I know you're thinking about him, too, Peter.

PETER

That's ridiculous.

**INT. PETER'S BRAIN - CONTINUOUS (CUTAWAY)**

Two GUYS, wearing headphones, sit at monitors watching Peter's thoughts on dozens of video screens.

GUY #1

"Ridiculous." Right. I got one screen of the pork roast, two screens hoping there's pie for dessert and twelve screens of Brian thoughts. What about you?

GUY #2

I got sixteen screens of Brian thoughts, two hoping for pie, and one of Michelle Pfeiffer with a Hitler mustache. (THEN) Oh, wait that's just a fly.

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

PETER

Nothing could be brianer from the truth, Michelle. Hey, is there pie?

LOIS

Peter...

PETER

Forget him, Lois, we have a new pet  
now. And we love our fluffy kitty--

Peter turns and we see he's got a huge scratch down the side  
of his face.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ow! Man, it hurts when I make the  
"e" sound.

LOIS

Peter, that cat is a hateful, wicked  
creature. Nobody in their right mind  
could love that animal.

**INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Stewie sits with the **purring** cat, stroking it. The cat has  
dead eyes.

STEWIE

(STROKING CAT) Who has pretty claws?  
You do! Ooh, they're so sharp!  
Would you like a saucer of milk, hmm?  
(TO TEDDY BEAR, HARSHLY) Rupert! A  
saucer of milk for Mittens, and for  
me... (MENACING) well, you'd better  
know by now!

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Brian, looking unkempt and dirty, walks up to a water  
fountain. He takes a drink. PEOPLE look on in horror.

## ONLOOKERS

(OVERLAPPING) Ooh, gross!/ Did he  
just drink from the fountain?  
Disgusting!/ Dirty dog! / Yuck!/ I...  
I think I might be gay.

A COUPLE OF POLICE OFFICERS spot Brian.

## OFFICER

Hey, you! Stay!

Brian takes off running, an officer in hot pursuit. Brian runs around a corner.

**EXT. MARRAKESH MARKETPLACE - CONTINUOUS**

**MUSIC CUE: RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK theme (or sound-alike)**

Brian, still pursued by the cops, runs through the marketplace crowded with BEDOUINS and CAMELS. He overturns a couple of fruit carts, buying himself some time. The cops manage to get over the carts. They look around and spot a SHORT BEDOUIN hurrying away from them, a tail protruding from its robe. The cops grab the Bedouin and rip her veil off. We see it's not Brian at all, just an ugly woman with a tail. The cops are freaked out.

The cops search the crowd, but Brian's gone. Disgusted, they turn around and head back to their part of the world. We PUSH IN on a wicker basket. The top pops up, revealing Brian hiding inside. The top of the basket next to him pops up, revealing an attractive brunette WOMAN a bit past her prime.

## BRIAN

Joyce DeWitt?

Joyce puts her fingers to her lips and says, "Shhh."

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT****INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME**

A lonely Lois sits having a cup of coffee.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Lois and Brian share a cup of coffee.

LOIS

Mmm. You know what this reminds me  
of?

BRIAN

What?

LOIS

Senior trip. Paris.

BRIAN

That cafe!

LOIS

With that waiter?

BOTH

(BEAT) Jean-Luc!

They laugh.

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)**

Lois is still laughing. She looks at Brian's empty chair.

LOIS

(DEEP, SAD SIGH)

**INT. QUAHOG BUS STATION - NIGHT**

Brian is huddled on a bench, trying to sleep. A SECURITY  
GUARD shakes him gently.

SECURITY GUARD

Sorry, pooch, you gotta sleep  
outside. No dogs allowed in the bus  
station.

Brian gestures towards the bathroom with his thumb.

BRIAN

Uh... my blind guy's in the john.

SECURITY GUARD

(KNOWINGLY) I'll point him in your  
direction.

Brian **sighs** and starts for the exit.

**INT. PETER AND LOIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**CLOSE ON LOIS**

LOIS

Peter, why don't you just admit that  
you miss Brian?

**WIDEN** to reveal Peter is curled up at the foot of the bed,  
where Brian used to sleep.

PETER

What makes you say that?

LOIS

It's time you forget your foolish  
pride and go bring him home.

PETER

(SITS UP) Aw, you're right, Lois.

Who'm I kidding? This family needs  
Brian. I need him.

Just then the cat drops from the ceiling onto Peter's head.  
Its claws dig in.

PETER (CONT'D)

God, I hate this freakin' cat.

**EXT. STREET - DAY (MONTAGE)**

Peter is putting up fliers with Brian's picture on them.  
(Brian looks very natty -- this is a posed photo.)

Peter is at the airport showing people a picture of Brian. All shake their heads "no."

Peter at a newsstand. Same thing.

Peter is in a Korean restaurant, talking to the COOKS. He holds up the picture of Brian. They shake their heads and hold up a picture of a different dog, and then, smiling, they indicate a nearby roast. Peter looks ill and runs out.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

A burnt-out, unshaven Brian is walking on all fours. A Brian flier is on a nearby phone pole.

BRIAN

(HOARSE) Spare some change?

GUY IN BUSINESS SUIT

Why, so you can buy another bottle of booze? (THEN, NOTICING BRIAN'S PICTURE ON FLIER) Why don't you try to make something of your life, like this dog?

BRIAN

That's me! (SADLY) I mean, it was me.

GUY IN BUSINESS SUIT

Yeah, sure.

He starts away. Brian is angered.

BRIAN

I mean it. That was me. I've just fallen on hard times, that's all.

GUY IN BUSINESS SUIT

Get away from me, you crazy animal.

The man pushes Brian aside.

BRIAN

(RAGING) You want me to be a crazy  
animal? Okay, I'm a crazy animal!

He lunges at the man and **bites** his leg.

GUY IN BUSINESS SUIT

Help!

**SFX: POLICE SIRENS**

A CROWD starts to gather as Brian **barks** like a dog.

BRIAN

Who wants to be next?! You?! You?!

Peter sees Brian from across the street. As Peter crosses the street, we see that the airport, newsstand, and Korean restaurant are all next to each other behind him.

PETER

(CALLING) Brian! Brian! I've come  
to bring you...

As Brian turns to look at Peter, two POLICEMEN jump him and throw him into a police car. They speed off.

PETER (CONT'D)

...(SOFTLY) home.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. POUND - DAY

INT. POUND - SAME

Brian shares a cell with a PIT BULL.

BRIAN

Hi.

The pit bull **growls** and advances a little towards Brian.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(SCARED) I know karate.

Brian does a couple of lame karate-style moves. The pit bull advances again.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(POINTS BEHIND PIT BULL) Oh look, a  
tasty little baby.

The Pit Bull quickly turns around to look. Brian kicks the pit bull between his hind legs. The pit bull doesn't even flinch, he just **growls** more.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(SHEEPISH) Well, I see somebody's  
been neutered. (LAUGHS NERVOUSLY)

The pit bull is about to move in for the kill when a kindly FEMALE ATTENDANT comes for Brian.

FEMALE ATTENDANT

Come on, sugar, it's time.

BRIAN

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Thank god.

She leads Brian out of his cell.

**INT. POUND SENTENCING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

As Brian is led in we see an OFFICIAL standing with the ARRESTING OFFICER behind a desk. The Griffins are present.

DOG POUND OFFICIAL

(OFF BRIAN) Oh, he's cute. Aren't you precious? (THEN) Lethal injection. Next!

The family reacts.

LOIS

(GASP) Oh, no!

PETER

You can't do this! He's terrified of needles! Don't you have some kind of gas? Aw, geez, what am I saying?

STEWIE

(CHEERY) Who's up for a little lunch? Something festive... Did someone say "clambake?"

The Female Attendant leads Brian out.

FEMALE ATTENDANT

(TO BRIAN) I'm sorry, sugar.

Brian mouths "I miss you" as he exits through the doors.

PETER

(EMOTIONAL) I miss you too, buddy. Don't worry, I'll get you out of this. I'm gonna get us the best help there is!

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

Peter is writing a letter.

PETER (V.O.)

Dear Ann Landers, if anybody can help  
us, it's you...

**INT. ANN LANDERS OFFICE - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

ANN LANDERS is at her desk reading letters. A VET is there holding her CHIHUAHUA and a hypodermic.

VET

Miss Landers, are you sure you want  
me to do this?

ANN LANDERS

I told you, he keeps peeing on the  
rugs.

She opens another letter. The dog bites the vet, who then drops him. He also drop the needle, which sticks into Ann Landers.

ANN LANDERS (CONT'D)

Oww!

VET

Oh, my god! Ms. Landers!

ANN LANDERS

(DYING) Tell my readers... the proper  
way... to hang toilet paper... is  
with the end facing...

She dies. Her little dog runs over to a rug and lifts its leg.

**EXT./ESTAB. POUND - DAY**

INT. POUND VISITING AREA - SAME

Lois sits across from Brian. The Pit Bull sits next to Brian, across the glass from his PIT BULL GIRLFRIEND, who sits next to Lois.

LOIS

(QUIET STRENGTH) You're looking well.

BRIAN

Don't get too close. They say I'm dangerous. That's why The Man's gonna put me down.

LOIS

Don't say that, Brian. Peter's working on your appeal. You'll see, justice will be served.

BRIAN

(BITTERLY) Ha. I may have been born with my eyes closed, but now I see the world for what it is. I'm a second-class citizen, Lois.

Peter enters.

PETER

Brian, great news, the City Council agreed to hear your case!

BRIAN

You're kidding! How'd you manage that?

PETER

I just appealed to their sense of  
justice.

**INT. CITY COUNCIL MEETING HALL - EARLIER (FLASHBACK)**

An elderly female CITY COUNCIL WOMAN is gathering up her things. Peter enters.

PETER

Are the others all gone? And I  
rushed all the way here in nothing  
but bicycle shorts and a clingy tank  
top, I must look a sight...

She takes him in and smiles.

**INT. POUND VISITING AREA - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

BRIAN

If I prepare my case I might have a  
chance after all. I don't know how  
to thank you, Peter.

LOIS

We're family. This is what we do for  
each other. Right, Peter?

She looks over to see Peter staring at the Pit Bull's  
Girlfriend, who **whimpers** as she presses her left three  
nipples up against the glass.

LOIS (CONT'D)

(EMBARRASSED WHISPER) Peter, don't  
stare.

**INT. POUND - LATE (MONTAGE)**

Brian, in his cell amid tons of law books, is preparing his  
case. Brian looks up as the Female Attendant approaches.

She slips a leash on the pit bull. He's slowly led away. Brian goes back to his work with renewed desperation.

Brian practices his argument. He's got a diagram set up and he uses a pointer.

Late at night, Brian continues studying. He reaches under his mattress and pulls out copy of "Barely Legal Bitches" magazine. The cover carries the disclaimer, "All Models Over 3 (21 in dog years)." A trashy looking DOG is on the cover. He checks to see if anyone is watching him.

**INT. CITY COUNCIL MEETING HALL - DAY**

A dais of five CITY COUNCIL MEMBERS sit facing several rows of seats. Brian, in suit and tie and carrying legal briefs, is led in.

FEMALE ATTENDANT

(TEARING) Good luck, sweetness.

BRIAN

Thanks, Tawana.

PETER

Lookin' sharp, Brian.

BRIAN

(FINGERING LAPEL, SOTTO) Armani.

LOIS

How were you able to put your case together so quickly?

BRIAN

Montage.

CITY COUNCIL MEMBER

This meeting was called to review the judgement in City of Quahog vs. Brian Griffin.

Brian gets up and takes a few dramatic steps, then faces the council.

BRIAN

Justice. (TAKES OFF HIS GLASSES) For all? Or for some? Does a dog not feel? If you scratch him, does his leg not shake? He is man's best friend, but what manner of friend is man? I would like to cite, if I may, the case of "Plessy v. Ferguson"...

CITY COUNCIL MEMBER

Wait a minute. Why are we listening to a dog?

General **murmurs** of assent from the other council members.

BRIAN

(THROWN) I may be a dog, but... does not every dog have his day?

CITY COUNCIL MEMBER

Take him away.

Peter stands.

PETER

Wait! Please, I gotta say something.

The elderly City Council Woman from the earlier flashback smiles at Peter.

ELDERLY CITY COUNCIL WOMAN

(FLIRTY) Let the young man speak.

PETER

All Brian's ever wanted is the same respect he gives us.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, that and Snausages. He's mental for those Snausages. And sure, sometimes we have arguments, like when he's asleep on the bed, and Lois is in the ood-may but Brian won't am-scray...

LOIS

(TOUCHING HIS ARM) Peter.

PETER

(BUILDING MELODRAMA) The point is, he's a member of our family first and a dog second. And I'm real sorry I forgot that, buddy. Sometimes we all need a second chance. Sometimes we all need to forgive!

The family is very emotional.

CHRIS

(WEEPY) I stole twenty dollars out of Mom's purse.

MEG

(WEEPY) I've tried pot.

LOIS

(HUSHED) We'll discuss this later.



CITY COUNCIL MEMBER

That was lovely, Mr. Griffin.

Unfortunately the council is not so easily swayed.

PETER

I'll give you a hundred dollars.

CITY COUNCIL MEMBER

Hmm. Each?

PETER

Total.

They discuss the offer.

CITY COUNCIL MEMBER

Deal. He can go.

The family **cheers**. Everyone hugs Brian.

STEWIE

Travesty! Mistrrial! Bottle!

He takes a slug from his baby bottle. The family exits City Hall.

**EXT. CITY COUNCIL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

The city council steps are filled with PEOPLE. They silently part to let Brian pass. The family follows. He crosses the street to the park and walks up to the drinking fountain. A COP is about to stop Brian. A SECOND COP touches his arm.

SECOND COP

Let him go.

**Music** builds to a crescendo as Brian drinks from the fountain. Lois wipes a tear from her eye. Then, head held high, Brian proudly walks off into the sunset with his family. One man slowly starts to **clap**. Nobody else joins in. He becomes self-conscious and stops.

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

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY

The family is watching TV.

PETER

Jessica Fletcher at her High School  
reunion. I have a funny feeling  
about this.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM (ON TV)

JESSICA FLETCHER of "Murder, She Wrote" is in her high school  
gym.

JESSICA FLETCHER

Charles Montrose! After all these  
years.

CHARLES MONTROSE

Jessica Fletcher, why I haven't seen  
you since you had the...the...

JESSICA FLETCHER

You can say it, Charles. Abortion.  
I'm not ashamed.

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

PETER

Aha! So she's the killer!

LOIS

Come on, kids, bedtime. G'night,  
Brian. Welcome home.

Lois **kisses** Brian on the forehead. Meg and Chris say "**good  
night.**" They exit.

STEWIE

Dog.

BRIAN

Yeah?

Stewie gives him a slight nod of grudging respect, then exits. Peter and Brian continue watching TV. They both **laugh** at something at the same time. They look at each other for a beat. Brian **licks** Peter on the cheek.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

If you ever tell anyone about that,  
I'll kill you.

THE END