

WILD CAKES

INT. FAMILY GUY HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Lois bakes a cake, Peter picks his nose and reads a newspaper.

LOIS

(exhausted)

Peter, I wish that just once you could help me cook, instead of sitting there, doing nothing.

PETER

Lois, I'm a man. Real men don't debase themselves by cooking food they didn't kill. You know how it is.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAVANNAH DESERT - DAY

Peter dressed in traditional aborigines hunting loincloth, holding a spear, peers out of the bushes. Looks at his prey in the distance.

Next to a small lake, a family of wild cakes are grazing. They look like typical birthday/wedding cakes but with feet and mouths. Baby cakes are frolicking around, grown up cakes are catching fish.

Peter hungrily licks his lips, advances, pounces.

The cakes scatter, making wild cake noises.

Peter catches a small baby cake, stabs it. Blood sprays. He's about to eat it, when a huge shadow is cast over him. He looks up, it's a huge alpha male cake.

Peter gulps.