

Week 12 - I know you all hate eggplant, but...

How are you coming, Johnson?

Mr. Weed, I've been working on the new G.I. Jew line.

And as you can see, they look (1)_____.

You call these bagels?

I'm glad he's on our side!

[Snoring]

MR. WEED: Peter! PETER: What?

Are you sleeping on the job?

No. There's a bug in my eye and I'm trying to suffocate him.

Peter, I like you. But I need you to be more than just eye candy around here.

It's your job to watch for toys that could be hazardous to (2)_____.

- Now, look sharp! - Yes, sir!

[Snoring]

[Foreboding instrumental music]

And now back to Action News 5. Our top story tonight, "When Toys Attack."

Quite a situation we've got here, Tom.

Quite a (3)_____ we've got here, Tom, indeed, Diane.

The Happy-Go-Lucky Toy Company of Quahog, Rhode Island...

...has released highly unsafe products into the retail market.

Come on, Timmy! Throw the Silly Ball!

Boy! A Pound Poochie!

Come on, Baby Heimlich, spit it out.

Peter, I'm appalled.

Your negligence has damaged this company's reputation.

You're (4)_____!

Jeez. For how long?

[Sad instrumental music]

My God! You got fired?

- Way to go, Dad! Fight the machine! - How do you know about the machine?

PETER: Don't worry. I'll still put food on this (5)_____.

Just not as much. So it might get a little competitive.

Who cares about food? Now we'll never be able to afford my lip injections!

BRIAN: Can we put her out in the yard for a while?

LOIS: Okay, who's hungry?

Jeez. How the hell am I gonna break this to Lois?

If she finds out I got fired for drinking, she's gonna (6)_____ me!

DEVIL: Lie to her. It's okay to lie to women. They're not people like us.

I don't know. Hey, where's the other guy?

[Cars honking]

Come on, you bastard! I'm late for work.

This is perfect!

Look, I don't want your mom to worry, all right?

When she worries, she says, "I told you so" and:

"Stop doing that. I'm asleep." So I'm just gonna tell a little lie, okay?

Not a word to your mom about me getting (7)_____.

LOIS: What's that, Peter?

- Nothing. The lost-my-job smells great. - What?

Meg, honey, can you pass the fired-my-ass-for-negligence?

LOIS: Peter, are you feeling okay?

I feel great! I haven't got a job in the (8)_____.

All right, then let's eat.

I know you all hate eggplant, but...

What on earth was that?

What the deuce are you staring at? It's tuna (9)_____...

...and nothing else.

blame canned fired fish great kids situation table world

-----Key-----

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How are you coming, Johnson?

Mr. Weed, I've been working on the new G.I. Jew line.

And as you can see, they look **great**.

You call these bagels?

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[Snoring]

MR. WEED: Peter! PETER: What?

Are you sleeping on the job?

No. There's a bug in my eye and I'm trying to suffocate him.

Peter, I like you. But I need you to be more than just eye candy around here.

It's your job to watch for toys that could be hazardous to **kids**.

- Now, look sharp! - Yes, sir!

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[Foreboding instrumental music]

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Your negligence has damaged this company's reputation.

You're **fired!**

Jeez. For how long?

[Sad instrumental music]

My God! You got fired?

- Way to go, Dad! Fight the machine! - How do you know about the machine?

PETER: Don't worry. I'll still put food on this **table**.

Just not as much. So it might get a little competitive.

Who cares about food? Now we'll never be able to afford my lip injections!

BRIAN: Can we put her out in the yard for a while?

LOIS: Okay, who's hungry?

Jeez. How the hell am I gonna break this to Lois?

If she finds out I got fired for drinking, she's gonna **blame** me!

DEVIL: Lie to her. It's okay to lie to women. They're not people like us.

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[Cars honking]

Come on, you bastard! I'm late for work.

This is perfect!

Look, I don't want your mom to worry, all right?

When she worries, she says, "I told you so" and:

"Stop doing that. I'm asleep." So I'm just gonna tell a little lie, okay?

Not a word to your mom about me getting **canned**.

LOIS: What's that, Peter?

- Nothing. The lost-my-job smells great. - What?

Meg, honey, can you pass the fired-my-ass-for-negligence?

LOIS: Peter, are you feeling okay?

I feel great! I haven't got a job in the **world**.

All right, then let's eat.

I know you all hate eggplant, but...

What on earth was that?

What the deuce are you staring at? It's tuna **fish**...

...and nothing else.