



FAMILY GUY FANON

"Fattest in the West"

PRODUCTION # 22FGF06

Written by

The Super Blackwing

Original Series created by

Seth MacFarlane

(FINAL DRAFT)

July 31, 2023

COLD OPEN

[At the West Manor, Carol West is sitting in the living room with her and Adam West's baby Robin West and her Polyamorous Husbands - minus Joseph and Arthur - watching TV at the West Manor]

Joseph: The mail's here! [hands Carol mail] Here's yours Carol, and let's see if I got the order right: [while handing mail to each person's name he says] Edwin, here's your joke book. Henry, your Nazi propaganda book. Edward, your wine collecting guide for Europe. Bernie, your monthly magazine Bird Fever. Wayne, your complete series DVD of *That '70s Show*. Harim, your "Best Places to Visit" book. Tracy, you're paycheck. Melvin, a letter from Carrie Fisher Middle School. Hennessey, letters from you're fisherman friends. Clyde, you're uh... [notices Clyde's mail is wet and doesn't feel like knowing what's in there] mail. And my classical book!

Carol: Joseph, you've getting better at remembering the list order of which of my current husbands are first and last.

Edwin: Joseph, you forgot one, Arthur!

Edward Speaking of Arthur, where is Arthur? We usually all get mail.

Joseph: Oh, he contacted me and told me he's working long hours at the police station, so I just sent a drone to give him his mail.

[Cuts to the said drone flying into the Quahog Police Station, where Arthur and Officer Killroy are seen in the lounge until the drone comes up to Arthur and hands him his mail]

Arthur: My mail! Thank you, Joseph!

[The drone then files away]

Officer Killroy: What was that?

Arthur: Oh, it's just something one of my friends made to deliver mail when one of us aren't around to collect our mail when it comes.

Officer Killroy: Do you ever think they can use that drone to spy on you?

Arthur: Doubt. They're my guys, and I know them well enough to know they wouldn't do that to me.

Officer Killroy: Huh. Hey, you got any juicy secrets from them you want to share?

Arthur: Do I?

[As the two begin to tell secrets, the camera shows that the drone Joseph made is behind a corner recording everything. With it cutting back to the others at the manor looking at the live feed on the TV. All having devilish faces]

Henry: Oh, Arthur. Naive little Arthur.

Hennessey: *Beyooooond* clueless!

Wayne: Hey yo, that man's as dim as a newborn lamb.

Robin: [chuckles] I love the white trash we all can be to each other.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

[On an early Friday morning, around 5:59 AM, we see a look on Wild West's Ranch as the sun rises and beams off it, inciting the rooster to begin its usual "Cock-a-doodle-doo" mostly seen on cartoons. As it begins its awakening call, we see Wild West waking up from his sleep upon hearing the sound]

Wild West: [lip smacks] Ahh.

[Wild West stretches to get any possibly limp bones out, and moves to do his normal morning routine. He takes a shower, using his washcloth for his arms, legs and... privates, before using he pulls out his scrubber and scrubs his back to finish off his shower. Next, he's seen wrapping up cleaning his teeth as he spits out his scrubbed paste he used. He then looks up at his cabinet mirror and winks at his handsome self with a smile of his shiny white teeth. Then, he's seen in his workout room, doing his usual lifts of 300 pound weights like they're nothing]

Wild West: 97, 98, 99, 100! [Puts the weight back] Nothing beats a good round of lifting heavy weight a hundred times.

[Finally, he does what's most important to him, cleaning his cowboy hat by hand. Something he still does despite having a washing machine, that he glares at annoying while he scrubs his hat]

Wild West: [to his washing machine] I know you want me to throw my hat in there. But I'm not gunna. 'Cause you can't beat a good ol' manual washing.

[As he finishes cleaning it off, he puts his trusty hat on, throws on his usual cowboy attire alongside, and he heads outside his ranch to put his fingers in his mouth to whistle through his teeth, and...]

Wild West: (Whistles) Ginger!

[Being summoned to the cue, his trusty horse, Ginger, comes running to him, skidding when she gets close. Wild comes up to Ginger and gives her a good head scratch]

Wild West: I see you're getting better at my whistle calling. [climbs aboard Ginger] Ready, Ginger?

[Ginger neighs back in response]

Wild West: Ginger, away!

[Ginger and Wild ride off from the ranch to the town of Quahog, where it begins a montage of Wild helping out around Quahog. First it showcases him in front of a newly constructed bridge, announcing its reopening]

Wild West: I now consider this newly rebuilt bridge that was surprisingly left unfinished by my cousin... opened!

[Wild cuts the red line to open the bridge and gets an uproar from citizens. Next, it shows a woman holding on for her dear life on her final finger. With it slipping off as she falls to her doom... until Wild comes in and lassos her to catch her, saving her life. The woman hugs Wild in happiness]

Woman: Oh, thank you Wild! You save me. With no thanks to him.

[It then pans to show the husband of the woman, lazing about. Finally, Wild and Ginger stop off at a house with a man holding onto Wild]

Wild West: Here we are! Made it to your son's birthday party in record time.

Man: It totally is faster when you cut through the trees.

Wild West: Did I get you here, or did I not?

[After the montage ends, it goes to Quahog Mini-Mart, where Chris is doing aisle inspection while Carl is watching a news report on the TV hanging near the door]

Chris: Hey Carl, turn up the TV! I wanna hear the news.

[Carl complies and turns up the TV, with it panning to show the channel Carl's on is Channel 5 News, Tom and Joyce are seen doing their usual bits]

Tom: [reading from his paper] "Seth, Charles, Alex, Mike, and William." And those are all the people who've I lost bets to gambling.

Joyce: Tomorrow, the entire Channel 5 News station will host a special intervention report on Tom's crippling gambling addiction and how it landed him thousands of dollars in debt. For now, we join Asian report Tricia Takanawa live at Town Hall minutes before Mayor Wild West's announcement. Tricia?

[It then does a scene transition to show Tricia behind Town Hall]

Tricia: Joyce, behind me is the majority of Quahog civilians awaiting the mayor's announcements. [walks to the crowd] Now let's get some reactions from these awaiting citizens. [taps the shoulder of Stan Thompson, Meg's biological father and gets him to turn around] How excited are you to hear from the mayor?

Stan: Uhh... I don't know how to answer that question as I've recently moved to Quahog, so I am the most neutral party here. [looks at the camera] Hi, Meg!

[It then cuts to Tricia interviewing Change for a Buck]

Change for a Buck: I'm only here to see what new low he sinks.

[It then cuts to Tricia interviewing Change for a Buck]

Man: ...Then I caught my son doing architecture, even though I told him to stop having hobbies. So I started beating my son with whip to get him to stop, then my arm got tired, and I went here. Wait, what was the question, again?

[A few minutes later, Mayor Wild West gave a whistle out to the crowd, alerting them of his presence, and came into the Town Hall on his horse, Ginger. He rode her up to the podium, with him getting off her and walking to the speech stand and taps the microphone before speaking into it]

Wild West: IS THIS THING ON?

[The loud voice from the speaker and high-pitched noise that came out from it caused everyone to cover their ears and scream in annoyance of the sound. Which caused Wild West to back a foot away from the microphone]

Wild West: Woah! Sorry. We just upgraded our audio equipment that hasn't been changed since the 90's, and it's kind of touchy.

[Wild West's non-binary assistant Zephyr walks close to the microphone]

Zephyr: I told him to test it beforehand, but noooo! It'll be fine to use something new during a major announcement with no testing beforehand.

Wild West: Alright, you made your point.

Zephyr: While I also have this, may I also mention you didn't throw out the old equipment and placed them in a shed out back Town Hall? As well that old equipment is still hooked up to the speakers throughout town?

Wild West: I'll get to it later.

Zephyr: You sure? Or are you gonna go play with your Quahog playset again?

Wild West: It's not a playset! It's a miniaturized version for special use and *you know that!*

Quagmire: Hey! Is this a meeting or a leaked version of your bickering fights? Cause if it's the latter, you're doing a good job at selling it.

Wild West: Crap, the meeting. [clears his throat to begin for real] Howdy, partners.

[Zephyr clears their throat to give a "ahem" to Wild]

Wild West: Oop, my bad. Howdy, acquaintances.

Zephyr: Eh, close enough.

Wild West: Today is a special day for me as mayor, as today's Mayor Inspection Day!

Peter: Woah, hold up. You're pregnant?!

Zephyr: [sighs] No, you stupid dumbass. It's "*Inspection* Day"! Not "Excpetation Day"!

Wild West: [to Zephyr in a hush tone] Lemme handle him, Zephyr. [to everyone normally] What my assistant meant to say was today's the day you all can tell me how you've felt about me in the past year I've been mayor. I've sent 'ya all surveys to fill out and resend back to me.

Zephyr: They'll be delivered to your houses in about... [looks at their watch] now.

[The crowd stays silent, not moving or doing anything. Just standing in their default model sheet poses]

Wild West: What are you all waiting for?! Go!

[In between saying "Go", Wild pulls out a gun and begins shooting in the sky. And in an instant, all the citizens scramble out]

[Cuts to the Quahog civilians returning back home or finishing watching the announcement on TV and opening their mailboxes to see the surveys, beginning a montage of multiple civilians filling out their surveys. With the first people seen filling it out is the Swanson family, who are filling out their surveys]

Joe: [reading the survey] "Question 1. How satisfied are you with the current mayor's management of the city's resources?"

Bonnie: Well, he did do a better job fixing some issues we all had with our previous mayor.

Kevin: Mom, our last mayor wasted money on stupid crap nobody needed and only lasted in office because the people in this town are morons. Literally anyone would look better in comparison.

[Joe and Bonnie stare at Kevin in genuine shock of what they heard]

Kevin: Yeah. You heard me. This town's citizens are morons!

[It then cut to Spinazola Apartments, with Stan Thompson and Meg, alongside the apartment manager Lou were filling in their surveys]

Stan: [reading the survey] "What do you believe are the mayor's most significant accomplishments during this term in office?" Okay, I'll be honest, you two. I don't know him well enough to give a good answer, so Meg, what do you think his is most noteworthy accomplishment?

Meg: [thinks about it] The one I can think of is the time he redesigned Quahog to be western.

Lou: Yeah, and it ended up getting bandits coming to the town. I had four bandits attack my complex during their riot.

Stan: My God! That must have been horrible.

Lou: Actually, it wasn't. They decided to crash at my complex for four months then left. The only worse part of it was their ruckus at night.

Cutaway #1

[In a flashback, Lou is trying and failing to sleep as he hears the bandits shooting willy nilly in their apartment, shattering and breaking items. Lou puts a pillow to his head, but still hears them and groans in frustration]

Lou: I gotta start looking into improving the thin walls.

End

[At the same time, the Polyamorous Husbands and Carol were on the same question, stumped]

Edward: So, what are we puttin'? we need to put something.

Harim: The best thing I can say about him is that he took the spot of mayor, and I'm saying anything more. Nothing negative, nothing positive.

Tracy: Agreed.

Edwin: Come on, Wild's done more for this town. For one, he... he... um...

Melvin: Yeah, next time Edwin, think before you speak.

Clyde: Gloogamoogaboogeesha!

Hennesey: See? Even *Clyde* is saying you should have thought about that!

[It then cut to the Quahog Mini-Mart, where Carl is filling in his survey]

Carl: [reading the survey] "Do you feel the mayor has supported businesses in your city adequately?" Hmmm, [turns to Chris] Hey, Chris, how's the mini mart holding up?

[Cuts to Chris looking at the structure of the mini mart from a room, which is shown to be held up by thousands of Jenga blocks]

Chris: It's holding up fine.

[Chris walks out, but slams the door on his way out, causing the Jenga blocks to fall over and the whole mini mart to collapse in on itself. Chris and Carl emerge the rubble of the mart, covered in dust and coughing]

Carl: [writes on his survey] "Support for business is subpar"

[Cuts to the Brown House, with Cleveland, Donna and Roberta being seen filling their surveys in their living room]

Cleveland: "Do you think the mayor has been successful in connecting with citizens on important issues?"

Donna: "Successful in connecting on important issues". That's one damn of a laugh!

Roberta: He never talked about the police brutality incident with that poor black man being suffocated to death by that awful police officer. Sweeping it under the rug like it was a "happy mistake", when it's clear it wasn't!

[At the same time at Buck's Casino, Change for a Buck is on the same survey question while at a roulette table]

Change for a Buck: And he never connected with the issues of Native Americans faced in the past! Acting like that never happened. Well, guess what, buddy! They did! And ignoring said issues only makes things worse.

[A person then snaps their fingers at Buck, which reveals to be Lois]

Lois: [snaps her fingers] Buck, I'm ready for my 42th roulette try. And this time, I pick 6.

[Buck spins it and the ball stop on a slot]

Change for a Buck: I'm sorry Lois, but it landed on 7.

Lois: [slams her fist on the table] God Damn it!

[Finally, it cuts to the Griffin household, where Peter and Brian are filling in their surveys, but Peter's scratching his head]

Peter: "What feedback or criticism would you like to provide to the current mayor for consideration?"
[groan] This test is too hard!

Brian: Peter, that's a survey. You can't get any questions wrong.

Peter: Oh. That's a relief. I thought I was gonna get graded for this.

[About four days later (Tuesday), Mayor Wild West's at his desk, using a knife to carve a wooden boot, when his assistant Zephyr came in with the data charts from the surveys]

Zephyr: Well Mayor West, the results from your survey have come hot and fresh.

Wild West: [puts his boot aside and takes the data charts] Ah, let's see how Quahog loves and respects me.

[Wild West begins to look at the charts, but as he continues to look at it, his eyebrows droop down and his smile fades]

Wild West: They... don't really respect me?

Zephyr: Yeah, turns out your reception was a rather broken base in Quahog.

Wild West: I-It's just, I knew people didn't like me, but I didn't know there was so much of a dislike group. I mean listen to some of their comments, "Step down from our previous mayor", "Pales to his cousin Adam", "His gruff voice drones on and on", "His voice puts me to sleep." Now, that's just insulting. I don't put people to sleep with my voice-

[Wild stops when he hears snoring, which is revealed to be coming from Zephyr]

Wild West: ZEPHYR!

Zephyr: [snaps back awake] Huh, who, wha, huh?! Oh hey, Mayor West. Where'd you come from?
[Wild glares at them] Hey, I was tired! And to be honest, you should have seen some of the red flags beforehand. Remember last week's "West Reads"?

Cutaway #2

[In a flashback, Wild West is seen reading *Catcher in the Rye* as part of a usual town hangout, with Ginger looking at the book on his lap as well]

Wild West: "Here's my idea. I know this guy down in Greenwich Village that we can borrow his car for a couple of weeks. He used to go to the same school I did and he still owes me ten bucks. What we could do is, tomorrow morning we could drive up to Massachusetts and Vermont, and all around there, see. It's beautiful as hell up there, It really is."

[At the line, "What we could do is", the camera zooms out to reveal Wild's voice has made most of everyone fall asleep, with him being oblivious to it all. The only ones who are awake are Stan and the Griffins, and even then they're dozing in and out too]

Stan: Is this really the person you made mayor of your town?

Lois: Pretty much.

Brian: Uh-huh.

End

Zephyr: On the bright side, most citizens have all agreed your audio readings are good ways to fall asleep.

[Zephyr gives a nervous chuckle to see if they were able to make Wild feel better with their making fun of the situation. But Wild instead rubbed his stubble and lets out a long sigh that sounds like he aged 10 years from doing it]

Wild West: I still can't believe that after all I've tried to do to repair Quahog after what my cousin did to the town, the best I have to show for it is a mixed reception.

Zephyr: Hey, keep your chin up, Mayor West. This is just your first few years of being mayor, and your cousin had multiple years being Quahog's mayor. They're more use to your cousin's eccentric energy compared to your calmer energy. Besides, a more mixed reception is better than a negative reception.

[Zephyr gives Wild West a good pat on the shoulder and walks out to attend to work, leaving Wild to still think about it. Later that night at Wild West's ranch, while his horse Ginger is sleeping fine, he's seen tossing and turning in his bed, mumbling and clutching his sheets, as he begins to have a nightmare, where of a large crowd of people marching through town]

Tom: In local news, a revolution was taking place in Quahog. The citizens had had enough of Mayor West's tyrannical reign.

[The crowd stops in front of Wild West's ranch and begins to chant.]

Crowd: Down with the Mayor! Down with the Mayor!

[Cut to Mayor Wild West, who's currently in his ranch relaxing until he hears the chopping down of his door. Startled, Wild falls out of his chair and tries to run to his exit on the other side of his ranch, only to get his right foot stuck in the killed bear rug near the door and end up hitting the door hard, blacking out. When he wakes up again, he sees he's tied up in his bedroom, helpless to do anything.]

Wild West: What are you doing?! Let me go!

[The crowd begins to chant louder.]

Crowd: Down with the Mayor! Down with the Mayor!

[Wild in a panic, tries to summon Ginger with a voice only whistle, only to have a handkerchief tied around his mouth, with his mustache being the only thing not put behind the handkerchief]

Citizen #1: That'll shut him up!

[The crowd moves closer and Peter steps forward with a razor.]

Peter: We're taking back Quahog, partner! Starting with your mustache!

[Peter begins to slowly approach Wild West to shave his mustache, with Wild West struggling to break free to avoid it, but can't as people hold him back to avoid squirming. As the razor begins to shave his mustache, Wild West then screams his lungs out, which is enough to snap him out of his dream, waking up in a sweaty mess. He looks around to see he's back in his ranch, with no angry crowd, no broken-in ranch, and no lost mustache. He sighs in disappointment as he falls back on his pillow with a grimace.]

[A few days with the same nightmare happening over and over again (Friday), keeping him up all night, Wild has shown to gotten so little sleep from them, that he's fallen asleep while signing papers, with drool coming out of his mouth. Zephyr comes in to check on Mayor West and they notice Mayor West's dozed off and shook him to wake him up]

Zephyr: Mayor West, wake up!

Wild West: [half-awake] Mmphf?

Zephyr: Sir, this is the fifth time this has happened this week. Are you still thinking about the data charts?

Wild West: Oh, no Zeppy, I'm just getting a little nap in - of course I'm still thinking about the damn data! I haven't slept in days and I feel like crap! Oh, that's it! I need to tackle this head-on. And I need to do it not my way, but the Adam way.

Zephyr: So how would your cousin Adam deal with reception?

Wild West: Well, when I visited him, he told me how he dealt with complaints is treat them as junk mail and throw them in the trash.

Zephyr: That's really how he dealt with it?

Wild West: Yeah, he was an idiot. In fact, one time he became a redneck for a few months all over some negative reception and adapted to their lifestyle ... to get more positive reception. Culture embracement, that's it! Zephyr, we need to run an extra test!

Zephyr: Alright, I guess filling important documents can wait.

[The two go into a montage of them examining the handwriting of all the surveys, jotting notes down, and looking it over with other members on the staff and them nodding in agreement with the data. The two return back to Town Hall]

Wild West: Let's see. Through our research and studies, the most disliked group I have at 69% on the chart - [chuckles] 69 - is... the obesity community?

Zephyr: Are-Are you sure that's not a error?

Wild West: Zephyr, this can't be a mistake. We did this three times and got agreement from the other members, meaning this is a 100% accurate number of the people who hate me.

Zephyr: Accurate? We took a hundred random surveys that were negative out of the *thousand* there were! The majority of the hundred seemed to have been from that fat community.

Wild West: Doing it for a couple thousand would take too long. Besides, I feel the best thing to do as a mayor is to adapt to cultures. Being mayor's like being a higher class president. And presidents adapt to cultures all the time.

Zephyr: [sarcastic] Yeah, while failing miserably at doing that.

Wild West: So, if I need to gain weight, I'm gonna gain as much damn weight as I need!

Zephyr: Mayor West, I know you want to do this, but I beg you to please not go through with this. You have no idea how much harm you'll cause to your body and health-

[Wild ignores him and puts his fingers in his mouth to whistle through his teeth, and...]

Wild West: (Whistles) Ginger!

[Ginger speeds into his mayor room, catching Zephyr off guard. Wild gets on her and does a "Hey-ya!" to send her onward, as Zephyr can only look on]

Zephyr: Annnnd you've ignored me. [lip smacks] This is not gonna end well. No doubt about it.

[Cuts to Wild West on Ginger on a walk during the evening night time, in thought]

Wild West: Okay Wild, think. If you were to get into a fat community, where'd you go? [notices a sign and pulls back on Ginger] Woah, back up, girl.

[Ginger backs up to the sign they passed, with the sign for a community center that read: "Tonight: National Association of American Fat People meeting", with the bottom of it saying, "No Fat Chicks allowed". With it, Wild got an idea and go off Ginger, giving her a pat of reinsurance]

Wild West: You head home, girl. I'll get a personal ride home.

[Ginger neighed back and headed off, as Wild waves her safe travels. After she's a good distance gone, Wild heads into the center and sees multiple rooms, before stumbling on the NAAFP meeting

room. Peeking inside, Wild saw multiple fat guys sitting in big chairs meant for them, since most of the chairs originally offered broke from weight]

Wild West: These guys look perfect to base my new lifestyle around.

[Wild then entered the room, signed his name on the participates sheet, and whistled to find a seat, blissfully unaware of the stare most of the guys were giving him]

Wild West: Howdy, partners. Do any of you by chance know where you keep the spare chairs?

[The members just give him stares, not feeling comfortable telling him anything]

Wild West: Don't know, eh? It's fine. I'll-find a chair.

[Mayor West heads to the closet and begins digging for a chair in a messy chair pile, as Peter walks in ready to start the meeting]

Peter: Welcome, proud fat members. Sorry I'm a little late, I had to go BM in the bathroom. But on the bright side, everyone seems to be here, and I'm glad we're making progress on getting prepared for meetings beforehand so we can use our time in a more bigger state. everyone's doing better at making it to the meetings. [grabs the sign-in sheet] Now, roll call. Todd?

Todd: Here!

Peter: Victor?

Victor: Present!

Peter: Wild We- W-W-Wild West? Did something write this as joke again?

Wild West: It's no joke, sir!

[Peter looks to see Wild West struggle to pull a chair out of a pile, and after yanking it hard, sees that the pile is about to collapse, and quickly slams the door to avoid a mess]

Wild West: Oop! I'm sure that'll be fine. But, yes. I, Mayor Wild Wild West. seek to be accepted in your fat community.

[Wild West finds a spot in the front to sit, but the majority of the fat guys stare at him and move their seats back, which Wild notices]

Dan: We don't like your kind, Wild!

Dominic: Yeah! Get lost!

[The group starts booing Wild and throwing their bags of chips at him to get him to leave, which causes Wild to look down at himself]

Peter: [chuckles] Excuse us, [gets Wild up and takes him out] I'll, uh, discuss things with our surprise host. as we get things settled.

[Peter escorts Wild out and closes the door so none of the members here the conversation]

Peter: What the hell are you doing here, Wild?

Wild West: Peter, I need to be honest. I'm here because of that recent town survey. It turns out I'm not well-liked, and in an ironic sort of fate, the most disliked community that hates me is the same

one you're running in that ol' room. Please help a cowboy brother out and help me become one of them.

Peter: No problemo! Should've said that earlier. There are plenty of options we could try to transform you into a fat man with pride. We could do a Robert De Niro.

Wild West: Robert De what?

Peter: You know, *Raging Bull*? He insisted he put on sixty pounds for a part in the movie! [to viewer] Not even kidding on this one, look it up.

Wild West: Eh, I don't know... that depends... What's the average weight of a member in your group?

[Peter pulls out a list]

Peter: I did a scale reading with everyone a week prior, and most weighed between 350 to 400 pounds. How much do you weigh, Wild?

Wild West: 194 pounds, [flexing his muscles] and *a////////* muscle, baby!

Peter: Let's see, [doing "calculations" on note paper] If I carry the 7, minus the 4, and add the 2... [camera shows his "calculations" show nothing but a doodle of Brian and some other scribbles] a good weight for you is 388 pounds. Basically, I'll put you on a fat diet and double your weight.

Wild West: Woah, woah. Maybe... maybe there's another option we could try that won't risk my health.

Peter: We could try a fat suit for you instead.

[Scene flip to Peter in the dressing room putting the final touches on Wild's fat suit]

Peter: There! Done! And it took three hours, taping five pillows, and a lot of grease, but I completed your suit. How 'ya feel, Mayor West?

Wild West: [after a beat] I think I want to try the Robert De Niro way instead.

[Scene flips back to the NAAFP meeting, with Peter and Wild re-entering, with Wild cleaning himself off from the remnants of the experiment]

Peter: Alright, fellas, Mayor West is not here for no harm. He's come to our group to become a member of our society.

[The members murmured in surprise and wonder, confused by what Peter said]

Dan: An outsider wanting to become one of us? That's never happened for our group.

Victor: Yeah, the only time someone not part of our group came in was the contractor.

Cutaway #3

[Flashbacks to the contractor comes into the meeting room, whistling, only to stop whistling when he sees all the members breathing heavily, letting out snack farts, and some coughing in the mix. When they spot him and look at him, he immediately turns back around and leaves]

End

Peter: Regardless of that moment, Wild wants to be one of us, and will treat like a member! Now who wants to go to McBurgertown?

[The group - minus Peter and Wild - cheer and head to the door, only for some of the members to get stuck]

Peter: Aw crap, not again. [walks to the closet] I'll get the poking broom.

[It then cut to the NAAFP arriving at McBurgertown in their group van - covered in messy stains from rainy rides and greasy foods none of them bothered to clean up - and all exit to enter into McBurgertown, their usual go to for food]

Peter: Now Mayor West, if you wanna become like us, you need to eat like us. Now what do you normally eat?

Wild West: Eh, beef, beans, cornbeard, and dried fruits.

Peter: Well, prepare to ditch all that with the new fat diet.

[Peter walks up to the McBurgertown cashier, who's a teenager]

Cashier: Welcome to McBurgertown. How can I help you?

Peter: Hi, I like to place two orders: uh, for the first one, can I have, uh, [recounts his fat group members] 17 McBurgertown burgers?

Dominic: Can't I have more burgers?

Peter: No, we've been over this. We're a bigger group and I'm able to afford one for each of us. [to the cashier] And for the second order, I'll take uh, 2 of the same burgers [looks to see his group giving him death stares] There for me and Wild! [back to the cashier] Put the first on my unlimited burger pass and the second on my credit card.

[Peter hands the cashier his credit card]

Cashier: 19 burgers comin' up!

[The cashier rings up the credit card and soon, the orders are filled, and Peter takes the orders, handing the first order to the NAAFP members who were sitting at a large booth made for them]

Peter: Here you guys go! Dig in.

[As the NAAFP ate their burgers, Peter took Mayor Wild West to a booth away from them with the burgers he ordered for them]

Wild West: Eh, I don't know Peter, I-I'm not comfortable eating from a fast-food restaurant.

Peter: Hey, you wanted a fat diet. And this place is the best place to have a diet like this. It's like, the hub for fat people.

Wild West: [looking at his burger] But does it have to be so... greasy?

Peter: Aw, come on, Wild. This is the real deal for a fat guy.

Wild West: Do you think anyone will see me?

Peter: Aside from the group? Nah, only us are around here at this time. And the cashier doesn't care much about anyone. See?

[Peter points back to the cashier, who's now on his phone]

Peter: So you'll be safe. Now come on, Wild. Give it a taste.

[Peter unwraps a burger and hands it to Wild, who looks back at the burger and shrugs as he takes it and takes a bite of a burger. To his surprise, his hat flies off and fireworks appear on his eyes, as we see a perspective of his taste buds on his tongue, which are loving it and having a field day with the burger bits]

Wild Bud #1: [rubbing the chewed burger bits] It's like a voice from the heavens!

Wild Bud #2: Where were you all my life?

[Cuts back to reality, where Wild West is still frozen from eating the burger. He then begins to gobble up the burger until he finishes it in seconds. With him eating it so fast he made his clean-shaven mustache messier and greasier.]

Wild West: Why I reckon, this is wonderful!

[He then reached for Peter's burger and He shoved all of it into his mouth]

Wild West: You weren't kidding! I want more of this food!

[Wild heads up to the cashier and begins to order more food and indulge on the burgers, biscuits, french fries and even the chicken fajitas. While he was eating all the food, his body experienced some changes. His stomach was becoming rounder and bigger and was pushing outward the more he ate. His arms and legs were growing some fat and his face was getting rounder and chubby with fat. His chin and six pack were engulfing in the new fat he was gaining - with his chin having a double chin form under it - his clothes strained at the seams as his stomach and body expanded with each passing moment, and his belly button had seemed to turn from an innie to and outie due to the massive weight gain. Yet Wild kept eating until he felt full. With him sighing in pleasure and burping out while rubbing his belly, signaling he was done]

Wild West: That... was so fucking good.

Peter: Wow, talk about a surprise. Look at yourself!

[Peter redirected Wild to a mirror where Wild saw what had become of his body. His face was rounded out and his cheeks became bigger - with his chin being engulfed in the chubby fat his face got and his neck becoming one with his head - his belly being nearly as big as an exercise ball - and grew so large he couldn't see his feet anymore. Any muscle he had been almost gone and replaced with thick rolls and creases of fat. A far cry from his original looks when he was a skinny man. Compared to someone else, Wild was delighted to see his new look. So much so he started jumping in celebration with so much force he caused the area to shake, flipping some of the objects - and Peter - over by complete accident]

Wild West: Woo-hoo-hoo! I did it! I'm now a morbidly obese, toilet-busting Quahogian! I'm-I'm-

[Wild slowed down and took a big breath. With him getting winded out fast, but was greeted by the NAAFP group coming and checked on him due to the noise he made]

Victor: Mayor West, are you okay?

Wild West: Whew! Yeah, I'm okay. [pants and wheezes] Just not used [pants] to being this big and heavy ... I probably shouldn't overdo it.

[The group helped Wild back up, who was struggled to get to his feet]

Fat Guy #3: [while poking Wild's fat] Wow, Wild. Did you double you weight?

Wild West: [pants] Yes, my little partneroo. I did it for you guys. And I would do it again.

[The buttons on Wild's shirt popped off and revealed the extra weight it was holding back]

Peter: Well, that's the power of McBurgertown for you Wild. It does this to most skinny people who first go to eat here. Each burger basically makes them gain close to 49 pounds per burger. It's so amazing, they even made a documentary about it.

Cutaway #4

[Cut to said documentary called *Double Weight Dave*, where Dave is seen outside McBurgertown]

Dave: Hi, I'm Dave. And today, I'm going to begin an experiment where I eat nothing but McBurgertown for 30 days to see how my health will turn out [heads to the door] Wish me luck.

[Dave enters McBurgertown and cues a timecard saying "4 days later...", with it showing a now overweight Dave with a doctor on both of his sides]

Dave: So, after the fourth day of eating, I've gained so much weight from McBurgertown, that I've been advised by medicals to quit the experiment before I killed myself. [clutches his heart] Yaah! Heart attack!

[Dave collapses as the doctors look at him in fear]

Doctor #1: Oh crap! Someone get the defibrillator fir him and fast!

[The doctors rush to make sure Dave doesn't die and give him all the electric shock to bring his heart back online]

Dave: [narrating] And in an editing note for my current state, if I don't have at least one burger every day, I put myself in risk of dying.

End

Wild West: All one needed to do is just eat for a few days, or in my case a Burgertown rush, to become a fat person?

Peter: Yep, it's both surprising and semi-disturbing.

Todd: [to Peter] Is it true? Is he really fat?

[Peter pats Wild's new belly, feels the fat in his arms and legs, and then to make sure its true, scans him with a weight scanner to get the result back: 388 lbs]

Peter: Yep. He is!

[The NAAFP group cheers for Wild West]

Peter: Congratulations, Wild West. You've officially become a member of the fat community.

[Peter boops Wild's new belly]

Wild West: Hey, that tickles. And from this day forward, I Mayor Wild Wild West will be part of your culture, and announce my new obese look to Quahog next week.

[Peter pulls out an XXL black bathrobe and hands it to Wild West]

Peter: Until then, best to wear this if you go out in public.

Dominic: Let's take this champ to our group!

[Peter, Wild West and the NAAFP exit McBurgertown. But Wild West, who goes out last, gets stuck in the door due to the weight he put on]

Wild West: Aw crap, I'm too big to fit out.

Peter: Don't worry, Wild. Gentleman.

[Peter grabs Wild West's hands and the NAAFP members all grab hold of each other and pull to get Wild out. They do succeed in getting Wild free, but not before tearing a huge hole in the joint]

Wild West: That... could've been better.

Peter: Don't worry. Happens to all of us all the time.

[The boss at the McBurgertown, Eric (from "Baby Not on Board") storms outside, furious]

Boss: What the hell, you guys again?! We just fixed that door from last time!

Wild West: Relax, I'll vemo you repair money. [to the NAAFP guys] Though I'd make bigger doors for us.

[The group and Wild laugh it off as they leave, though not without the boss shaking his fist in anger]

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

[The next morning (Saturday), Wild West is back at his Ranch, the same way the story began, and is seen sleeping in his bed. The covers he has on his bed are barely covering him and the bed frame on the verge of collapsing. Compared to before where he was awakened by his rooster at 6 AM, he instead overslept the rooster and has an alarm set for him for 8 AM, which goes off right as we see him. He uses his fist to turn off the alarm, but his arm is so buffy with the newly added fat he ends up smashing the alarm. He wakes up and gets out of bed, with it showing him barely able to fit his regular sleep attire, takes his hat off his hat rack while scratching his ass as he walks out his room, getting stuck in the door frame but pushing out, leaving cracks in the space, and walks through the main foyer of his house, making loud clumping noises from his weight yet continuing as normal.]

[He reaches the bathroom to pop out of his tight sleepwear and does his normal morning routine seen previously. Except it's done a little differently. When he showers, the scrubber he used previously for his back only he now also uses to clean his fat crevices. When he cleans his teeth, he tries to reach his toothbrush and toothpaste placed on his sink, but his fat stomach is in the way and he can't reach either. So he instead gets lazy and downs a ton a mouthwash he had in his cabinet, gargles and spits it out. He looks at the mirror to see his now chubbier self with a smile that has fading in yellow teeth.]

Wild West: Eh, good enough.

[When he's working out in his workout room, he's heard struggling. But not on some weights, but rather doing a simple sit up, as he's groaning and sweating madly. He manages to get one sit up in, before collapsing and calling quits. He wheezes as he pulls himself up]

Wild West: [wheezing] No... wonder they don't like to do exercise [pants] It's too rough with tubby bodies!

[When he gets cleaning his hat, he struggles to clean it due to his big stomach now getting in the way and not being able to be as precise as he was before. After a moment, he looks at his washing machine and sighs, as he throws the hat in there to wash it in]

Wild West: You win this round, washing machine.

[As he dressed back in his cowboy attire, he struggles putting his blue pants on, as they make his legs feel tight, with or without doing it fully. And when he put his collar shirt on, he had a bigger struggle buttoning the shirt. Thinking for a second, Wild sucked his stomach in to button his shirt]

Wild West: I may be fatter, but I can still wear my clothes like a boss!

[...Until he stops holding his stomach in and lets it relax, with his shirt being stretched beyond its limit until all the buttons on his shirt popped, alarming him. And then his belt snapped, and pants ripped]

Wild West: Hmmm, maybe I do need some new clothes. That's the fourth pair I blown.

[It then panned to show Wild West's other pairs of clothes he failed to put on and ruined]

Wild West: I'll just go into Quahog and get something my size. Surely, they'll have something for me. [heads out the door but stops] But if I'm going out and I want this to be a secret until the big reveal [pans to the rack with the XXL black bathrobe Peter gave him], just to be safe.

[Wild then walks up to the rack and takes the robe to put on him to obscure his look, and for extra measures puts on some dark sunglasses, a bandana, some sandals and a different hat to look less like himself. He heads outside his ranch - after barely squeezing through the door - where he puts his fat

fingers in his mouth to whistle for Ginger, but ends up making a couple of feeble attempts to whistle instead]

Wild West: Wha-? I can't whistle with these fat fingers and my fat cheeks! Curse you, obesity! [groans] No matter, I'll just get her myself.

[In Ginger's stable, she's seen sleeping until she hears a loud clumping sound, which startles her awake. It happens again, and again. As it comes closer, she gets ready to be prepared for what it might be and gets ready to ram into what is coming up... only for it to be the obese Wild West walking to her stable, panting]

Wild West: Morning (pant) Ginge- OOOPMH!

[Ginger didn't hear Wild and acted on instant, ramming into Wild until she notice too late and stopped, sending Wild flying on the ground. Ginger neighs in embarrassment to Wild, apologizing]

Wild West: It's fine, Ginger. You acted on how I trained you. Sorry I couldn't whistle for you. Fingers are too fat. Listen, I need a ride from you to get into town.

[Wild climbs aboard Ginger, after struggling and flailing around, and Ginger immediately starts to feel his new weight, her legs shaking from the pounds]

Wild West: Ginger, away! [signals her forward, but after a while notices her not moving] I said, Ginger away?

[Ginger's legs give out and then collapses onto the ground from Wild West's weight, panting for air]

Wild West: Aww... I guess I'm too heavy for you, girl.

[Ginger whines in disappointment, but Wild scratches her in reassurance]

Wild West: Don't worry girl. You did the best you could. Go on ahead to Town Hall, [looks out to the sun] I'll find a way to get to town myself.

[Wild West's way to get to Quahog is by hitchhiking. He holds out his thumb with the sign "Need a Ride 2 Quahog" somewhere far from his ranch. However, none of the cars stop to pick him up. With one car speeding past him not before throwing a can at his head]

Driver #1: Lose some weight, fat ass!

[Wild West rubs his head from the pain, grumbling until he gets an idea. He rewrites the sign to say "Gimme a ride or you all die" and tries again. With this time, a car immediately stops for him. straining himself, Wild squeezes into the back row of the car, with the car getting slightly unbalanced]

Driver #2: Uh... where to?

Wild West: To the Quahog Mall, good sir.

[The driver begins to drive off to Quahog. But while Wild is watching, he notices he's not buckled in. He reaches for the seatbelt, but his weight ends up tipping the car all the way over and off the road. With it tumbling into a nearby river. Afterwards, it then smash cuts to the driver taking Wild to a mobility dealership and kicking him out of his car before driving off. With the owner noticing Wild and walking up to him]

Wild West: Hi, where's the best model for a 388 lbs man?

[At the Quahog Mall, Wild West arrives in his new mobility scooter he bought at the dealership, driving around the mall looking for where the clothes area is. As he does this, he gets weird looks across the multiple citizens, even in the elevator, but pays no mind. When he reaches the third floor of the mall, he heads into a store called Fit for All and looks around to see the models of people of different sizes. From skinny people all the way to the really fat people wearing clothes that fit them, before encountering the owner of a nearby employee who's putting clothes on display]

Wild West: Excuse me, I'm looking for some new clothes that fit my size. Something that's not restrictive and feels loose to wear.

Owner: New clothes, huh? What's your size, about a XL?

Wild West: No. A triple XL.

Owner: [lip smacks] Ah. I think you need to be directed to this section for clothing.

[The owner points to a section that has a sign that reads: "Really Fat People Clothing". Wild then was seen in a dressing room with the owner trying out some XXL shirts and pants, with him currently trying on a 4XL purple shirt, some XXL black pants and some tan shoes]

Owner: Sir, this'll be the best way to look and feel comfortable in your body. Most of our clients say this pack is the best type of clothing for people their size.

Wild West: They aren't kiddin'. I feel not tight in my clothes. I'll take a good five pairs.

[In line, Wild West is holding pairs of his XXL shirt and pants, sitting in his scooter in blissful ignorance, before a member of the clothing staff comes up to him and taps him on the shoulder]

Staff Member: Uh, sir? I think you should be over there.

[The member points to a line of very fat men in line for clothes, wheezing and coughing. With Wild getting on the line not before bumping into Change for a Buck - who just got off-line and knocked down his clothes.]

Wild West: Oof! Sorry, sir.

Change for a Buck: [sighs] It's fine, happens too often. [as he gets his stuff, he looks up to see who bumped him] Say do I know you?

Wild West: [after a beat, pulls down his hat] No.

[As Wild scoots on the line, Buck can't help but raise an eyebrow. Later on, at the Mini-Mart, Wild is looking for some items to buy for him while Chris and Carl, who are at the counter, stare at him]

Carl: [whispering to Chris] Is that Mayor West?

Chris: [whispering to Carl] If it is him, check out his gut [points to Wild's fat belly]. Really let himself go.

[Wild then comes up to the two with items to buy]

Wild West: I'll take these normal chips to go. And don't worry about bags, [holds out his bag of clothes from Fit for All] just put them and the receipt in here.

Carl: Sir, that's a pack of spicy chips.

Wild West: [turns beat red in embarrassment] They are?! I thought they were normal chips. Hmm, maybe I should get some glasses.

Chris: I surprised it took *this long* to figure out, sir. We saw you bumping into multiple displays earlier.

[Chris points to the displays Wild accidentally knocked over in his poor eyesight. With cans, paper towels and all types of items being on the floor. Later on, Wild West is at an ophthalmologist, checking for prescriptions for glasses with the doctor]

Doctor: [while spinning the prescription wheel fast and talking fast] one two three four five six. Which one do you like?

Wild West: Uhhh... I don't know, they all kinda look the same. Mostly 'cause you moved too fast. Cou-Could you do it again and go a little slower?

Doctor: [spins the wheel a little slower and talks a little slower] one two three four five six.

Wild West: Man, I still didn't get a good look. Why are you going so fast?

Doctor: You asked for the fastest doctor in the building. And my motto is "Have a pair of glasses in ten minutes or less".

Wild West: Ah.

Doctor: Now do you need one more look?

Wild West: I guess I'll take number three. That one looked the best, I guess.

[Around the evening, Wild West scooters back to the NAAFP building for the meeting that's going on with his new thick round glasses and opens the door to see his local members, talking among themselves]

Peter: Hey guys, look it's Wild West!

[As Wild squeezes his fat belly through the door, the group welcomes Wild in with pats on the back and compliments]

Victor: So, how was your first full day being the Fat Wild?

Wild West: It was an interesting one. Most people gave me weird looks, I needed to get some glasses, [while feeling his tummy] and I got stuck in a few doors.

Peter: Well, for news, Todd didn't cough anything weird as of right now.

[Then Todd begins to cough out chickens]

Victor: Todd, we gotta talk, man.

[Soon then, Wild West began to feel guilty about himself]

Wild West: You know, I feel kind of bad, you guys. I think I might be a bit too big, and I think some people might not like the new obese me. And I'm worried about what my assistant will say to me.

Dan: Aw, don't feel bad about yourself, Wild.

Dominic: Believe us, most people will complain to us about our weight all the time. Most times, they're just jealous about how better we are for our attitudes and general acceptance of ourselves.

Wild West: Huh. I never really thought of it like that.

Fat Guy #3: Hey Peter, did you order food for us?

[A knock on the door is heard]

Delivery Person: Order for 20 burgers from McBurgertown?

Peter: Did I order food? What do you think I am, some kind of no food bringer?

[It then cuts to Monday, Wild West heads to Town Hall on his scooter late, due to him oversleeping, to see Ginger already "parked". Wild gives Ginger a smile back to give her reassurance as he parks his scooter, and the two go up to the entrance door. Wild opens one of the doors but can't get through due to his fat belly getting stuck in the small opening. He pushes his belly out, and then opens both of the doors to enter inside Town Hall. Then, after letting Ginger through, he slowly closes the doors and makes a dash for the restrooms to change into a pair of his clothes he bought. While he's doing that, his assistant Zephyr was impatiently tapping their foot in Mayor West's office while looking at their watch that reads: 10:30 AM]

Zephyr: Where the hell is Mayor West? He was supposed to be here an hour ago! And on the one time he has tons paperwork to sign.

[Zephyr looks at the mayor's desk to see the piles upon piles of paperwork, all needing a signing. Zephyr then starts to get worried]

Zephyr: Maybe he's missing?

[The heavysset Wild comes through the doors to his office with his new attire and munching down some chips, with Ginger squeezing behind Wild]

Wild West: Call off the search party, partner.

Zephyr: [sigh] Mayor West, we've been over this. My pronouns are...

[Zephyr then stopped and frozen when they saw Wild's new look, and only stuttered in complete shock.]

Wild West: Thoughts?

[After a moment, Zephyr inhales before...]

Zephyr: Oh my God, Mayor West, what happened to you?! You've turned into a big ball of fat!

Wild West: I know! And I wear this fat!

[Zephyr walks up to Wild and starts to feel his new body]

Zephyr: You look a completely different person! What did you do in a weekend that caused this big of a blow up?!

Wild West: I signed up to be part of a fat group called the National Association of American Fat People, or NAAFP for short, and helped me gain this girth by gorging at McBurgertown. Boy, they make some really fattening food.

Zephyr: I can't believe you done this to yourself Mr. West! You traded your good looks and handsome body for a chubby face and a - [touches Wild's belly and lifts his shirt to see it's real fat] fat belly. How much weight did you gain?

Wild West: I doubled by weight. So, about 390 pounds.

Zephyr: Oh no, dear this is bad. That's really bad! Look, don't worry sir. I'll set up an appointment with a liposuctionist for you to get that fat out and-

Wild West: Uh, no we can't do that, Zeps. If I do, I won't be able to use this for my permanent change.

Zephyr: Nonsense, there's a lot of people who I can hook you up with that can... Wait, you *want* to stay like this?

Wild West: Duh! This fat you see will give me the reception boost I need for being mayor.

Zephyr: But Wild, you have a good enough reception already.

Wild West: Mixed reception is not good reception. Besides, I've been fat for a few days and I think being this way rocks! Sure, I can't reach for items I could've when I was thin, do workouts correctly, fit my old clothes, whistle, ride on my horse, have to ride on a scooter to get anywhere, can't see that well without glasses, get stuck in doors and need to sit on the toilet to take a piss instead of just standing up...

[Zephyr and Ginger glance at each other in disgust at the thought of what Wild said]

Wild West: But why would I wanna go back to being thin? I can go on faster lines, eat to my heart's content, and I kinda like having a different way to live my life. Plus, ... hmph!

[Wild held his left fist on his mouth until...]

Wild West: BrrRRRUUUUAAARRRrppphh! I can be more loose on my gentlemen-ness. Most fat people don't even care about things like that.

[Zephyr and Ginger are completely disgusted by his lack of manners, and the fact his loud throaty burp smelled bad. With Zephyr and Ginger almost throwing up due to the smell, gaging]

Zephyr: Ignoring how disgusting you were, there's gotta be better ways to deal with this than destroying your body. Look, you're a day behind there's loads of paperwork needed to be signed by you. Why don't you take some time to sign some papers and rethink this over?

Wild West: Zeps, I've made up my mind. I'll be like this for the rest of my life.

[Zephyr and Ginger exchange nervous looks at each other]

Wild West: Don't worry, everything will be the same as always will be regardless of my weight.

[While talking, he heads to his chair at his desk to sit on it, only for it to break on his weight]

Wild West: Except for a new chair.

[Zephyr buries their face in their hands as it moves to a nearby day calendar, as some papers fall off to indicant the time passing. A few days fall off, then if gets to the point where a whole has passed! And then more fall to reveal... months have passed? However, Zephyr comes and tries to glue some days back on the day calendar]

Zephyr: Damn it, I hate this newer day calendars! The glue never sticks on 'em!

Ginger: [snorts]

Zephyr: I know! Months fell when only three days passed!

[From behind them, Wild zooms across the halls of Town Hall on his new scooter chair]

Zephyr: Cut it out, Wild.

[Wild comes close to the two and screeches his chair to a halt with an annoyed face]

Zephyr: You have no idea how much I hate that chair.

Wild West: I can take a gander at your hatred, partner.

Zephyr: Now Wild, you have one more day to call this off! I hope the past few days have let you take a look at what you've done to yourself.

[Wild thinks about it for a good second, but shrugs it off]

Wild West: Nah, I don't care. [his watch starts to beep] Up, I gotta go! I have another NAAFP meeting to attend!

[Wild jumps off his chair and dashed toward the front doors and - still being used to his old body - uses the right door instead of both and gets his fat body stuck in the doorway and begins to struggle to get out, with Zephyr and Ginger glancing annoyed looks at each other that just say: "This man right now."]

Zephyr: Mayor West, you gotta snap out of this delusion of thinking being a sweat obese man will magically fix your reception.

[Wild continues to struggle to get out, and begins to start running to see if he can loosen out. Zephyr just simply opens the left door, which causes Wild to dash forward and cartoonishly fall down the stairs]

Zephyr: Not to mention you're new lifestyle has costed you. Your hair's a mess, there's grease spots on your shirt and mustache, and you look almost as if you're out of breath!

Wild West: Zephyr, please. I'm perfect... [wheezes] ...fine.

[Ginger grumbles in disappointment at Wild's denial]

Zephyr: Ginger's right. You're in such poor state you couldn't even finish a sentence. And what about the papers you need to sign?! 'Cause I saw a lack of papers being filled out.

Wild West: [props himself up] Oh, nag, nag, nag. Chill, Zeps. There's a stamp in my desk that has my signature imprinted in it. Use black ink and choose for me. I'm going to see people who care about this new look.

[Wild leaves in a huff on his mobility scooter while Zephyr groans]

Zephyr: God, it's like I'm talking to a bratty teenager. Except in this case, the teenager's a grown senior.

[Ginger looks at Zephyr with a sly look]

Zephyr: You know where the meeting ground is, right? [Ginger nods] And you have the sly idea I have too, right [Ginger nods back] Lead the way, Ginger!

[Zephyr and Ginger run off after him... only to return and get Wild's signature stamp]

Zephyr: Rrrright after these papers are filed.

[Zephyr then begins to speedrun filing papers, and thankfully we skip that through a scene transition that Zephyr riding on Ginger across Quahog looking for Wild]

Zephyr: So this is how it's like riding you, huh Ginger? I gotta say, I understand why Wild like riding on you so much.

[Ginger comes to a stop when she reaches the building where the NAAFP meetings are held]

Zephyr: Is this the place, girl?

[Ginger nods in approval, making Zephyr jump off and head inside with Ginger, where they hear music]

God's really flabby with an ass so wide.

[Zephyr and Ginger look around the rooms, looking for which room might be the room where the meeting is held]

His arms look like pillows with cake mix inside.

[The final room down the hall they head to is where the music is coming from at its highest volume]

God's man boobs are flabby and they hurt when he jogs.

[The two peak their heads through the door to see the members singing their group anthem as Wild watches them in awe]

And the back of God's neck looks like a pack of hot dogs.

Peter: And that's our group anthem, Mayor West!

Wild West: [taps his right index finger on his engulfed chin] Eh, it's good. But it's missing something. A good tune and a faster tempo.

[Wild pulls out his guitar from his tummy folds, with Zephyr and Ginger cringing at the thoughts of it being in there]

Zephyr: Gross.

[Back on the group, Wild is tuning the guitar and then plays a short test string to see if he can still play it with his fatter fingers, which he thankfully can]

Now let's try this from the top, with music and a little faster! One! Two! One, two three four!

[Wild strings and intro bit and after a good point, points to the group members to begin singing again at the tempo beat]

Stand up all fat men.

Stand up straight.

Stand up because no chair can hold your weight.

[As they continue to sing with the new music and tempo, Zephyr and Ginger move away from the situation and talk over the music]

Zephyr: God, this whole thing is really creepy. Not just Wild being into a fat group, but becoming one of the just irks me.

[Ginger neighs back to Zephyr]

Zephyr: I'm about as clueless to do as you, Ginger. I don't know what to say to him. I mean look at him...

[Cuts back to show Wild singing along with the NAAFP members in the new version of their anthem]

Zephyr: He's absolutely memorized by the group. It's like it opened something in him.

[Back on Zephyr and Ginger]

Zephyr: But we need to think of something. His reputation depends on this, and I have a feeling it'll crash and burn badly for Mayor West unless we do something. We just gotta use tough love.

[Ginger nods while giving a sort of "Hmph!" noise. The next morning, the Friday hours before the big reveal, Wild enters Town Hall using both doors this time, eating a cheeseburger he bought from McBurgertown, alongside extra large fries and a large soda in his cart also bought from the fast food joint, and enters his office]

Wild West: Hey Zeps, I was able to get my friends at the NAAFP to go around Quahog to hang flyers to promote my new change *and* work on the campaign. We're all planning on making this one of the biggest events in my career! Nay, my *life!*

[Wild stops speaking upon he sees a frowning Zephyr and Ginger, with the former sitting in his mayor chair with a paper]

Zephyr: Wild Wild West, we need to have a serious talk your future.

Wild West: Uh oh, full name. [gets out of his mobility chair and makes his way to the chair set up near his desk for him, with him sinking deep into it] Something up?

Zephyr: Now, Mr. West, let's quietly and calmly discuss the pros and cons of your... controversial plan, shall we?

Wild West: Well, Pro: I got a majority of people on my good side.

Zephyr: Con: You're endangering your health.

Wild West: Pro: I'm not as much of a depressed mess as I was a few days ago.

Zephyr: Con: You're setting a bad example for the citizens as mayor.

Wild West: Pro: My, uh, extra fat is keeping me warm.

Zephyr: Con: You're sweating like a pig and it's disgusting.

Wild West: Pro: Uh... um... I'm fat and proud?

Zephyr: Con: You're hygiene is declining. Con: You can't do simple tasks anymore, and Con: It's starting to affect your town rescues.

Cutaway #5

[Wild West is seen riding on his scooter when he hears...]

Woman: Help! Someone help me!

Wild West: Huh?

[Wild scooters over to see a woman in shark infested water]

Wild West: Don't worry! I'll save you! Now where's my lasso? I knew I put it somewhere in my folds. [reaches into his tummy folds to locate his lasso, but he pulls out a bag of Taco Bell] Not my lasso. [throws it aside and reaches again to pull out a donut] Not my lasso. [tosses the donut in his mouth and reaches again to pull out a miniature guy, wheezing from being stuck inside] Hey, I don't remember you being in there. How long have you been in there?

Mini Man: Three days!

[The miniature guy jumps off Wild's hand and leaves, with Wild reaching in his folds one more time and finally finding his lasso]

Wild West: There's my lasso! [looks down to throw his lasso to save the woman, only to see she was eaten already, with a bloody pool around the water where she were and some rips of her clothes being all that's left] Whoops.

[Wild looks to his sides before putting the lasso back in his folds and humming innocently, as he drives off]

End

Wild West: Pro: Uh...

Zephyr: Con: My and Ginger are having a hard time looking at you the same way we used to. Like, [pulls out a mini mirror and places it close to Mayor West's face] take a good look at yourself, Wild West. What have you become?

[Wild takes a long look at the mirror and starts to feel himself. His chubby face, his fat belly, and even his messy hair]

Wild West: I see your point, Zephyr.

Zephyr: Thank you.

Wild West: You're trying to get me to quit this stunt 'cause you're jealous of me.

Zephyr: Wait, what? J-Jealous?! Wild, this meeting was done because we're worried about your health and the possible damage this will do to your reputation! If you go out and reveal this look to the world, everyone will think you're joke. Which is why we want you to quit this before it's too late.

Wild West: Oh, no. I see how it is. You don't have the same faith *I* do in this stunt, and are afraid of change and want the old me back. Well lemme tell 'ya why. This belly is my ticket to better reception. And nobody's gonna take it away from me! Not even you two!

Zephyr: Wild, you won't get any good from this stunt! You'll be known as a waste of a mayor!

[Ginger snorts and Wild gasps in utter shock of his close allies and that shock turns into anger]

Wild West: [coldly] You two... that take back... NOW.

Zephyr: No. Never. Not until my real mayor comes back.

Wild West: [squints his eyes in an angry manner and continues his cold demeanor] You two, get out. [to Zephyr] You're fired, and [to Ginger] you're disowned!

[Zephyr and Ginger were agast by what Wild told them. The two people who were his close companions he outright threw out without a single thought. Wild then puts a cardboard box on his desk]

Wild West: Pack up whatever you need and get out! I don't need either of you two! I got the fat guys!

[Wild storms to his mobility scooter and begins to scoot off to the door]

Zephyr: This isn't like you, Wild. The real Wild would never fire his close companions. What happened to that Wild West we knew and loved?

Wild West: I'll tell ya two what happened: He's dead. Just like our relationship!

[Wild slams the door on his way out, with so much force the objects in the room wobbled a little, leaving his ex-partners to pack up. While Zephyr didn't have anything to pack, they did see a photo frame on Wild's desk and decides to leave a "farewell note". They grab a nearby pen and wrote: "Goodbye forever, dick!" in big letters on the glass. They then went up to the now homeless Ginger and they gave her a good neck scratch and escorted her out]

Zephyr: Don't worry, Ginger. I'll be your new owner. We don't need that fat jackass! [Ginger glares at them] Not to be rude to you. [smiles a tad embarrassed]

[It then cut to the big reveal night at Town Hall and about everyone in town came to see it (or well, most of the background characters in the show). Behind the curtain is obscuring Wild West and the NAAFP members working to make it as big as possible, with Wild]

Dan: Two minutes until showtime, everybody!

[Peter and Wild peeked through the curtains]

Peter: Big house tonight.

Wild West: Yeah...

Peter: Now remember. This moment may seem a little smaller, but we're currently live on TV, and websites! The current statistics show that we're currently the most watched thing on tonight.

Wild West: Huh, wonder what those people watching at home think.

[Meanwhile, it showed the normal people watching the announcement. At the Swanson house, Chris and Cleveland Junior were on the middle and right side of the living room couch, getting pumped for the announcement. Kevin is on the left side, bored out of his mind and having a wine bottle in his right hand]

Chris: Are you excited to see what Mayor West's new look will be, Kevin?

Kevin: [deadpan] No.

Junior: Are you even semi-interested about Mr. West?

Kevin: Not really.

Chris: Then why did you want to watch the live announcement?

Kevin: Because there's nothing good on TV otherwise and I forgot the password to our streaming service.

Chris/Junior: Ah.

[It then showed Stan, Meg and Lou at Spinazola Apartments, watching the announcement]

Meg: What do you think Mayor West will reveal at the big announcement, Dad?

Lou: Maybe reveal what he looks like without makeup?

Stan: [groans] Lou, we've been over this. Not all people over 50 wear makeup.

Lou: Then question why he looks so good in his 70's?!

[At the PansexuWhale, Carol's Polyarmous Husbands are currently talking about the same conversation]

Henry: Maybe he'll come out as a bisexual?

Hennesey: Ha! Doubt it.

[Then it cut to Chateau Stewmont, Stewie's treehouse he built in "The Munchurian Candidate", where Stewie, Hudson and Rallo were seen on the couch, talking about - you guessed it - the same conversation]

Hudson: Maybe he'll reveal he got a new kid?

Stewie: If he had one, he would have been seen with one prior.

Rallo: Plus, with his age, highly doubt he would have any of that left in him to produce another child.

[At the House of Brew's, the Coffee Shop Girls (Lois, Bonnie, Donna, and Elle) are looking upon the high TVs to see the announcement, with now one minute left]

Lois: Here it comes, girls! In just one minute, Mayor West will reveal his new look! Aah! This is so exciting!

Bonnie: What's your predictions on what his new look will be?

Elle: I've heard, I heard, it involves something with... fat! [laughs]

Donna: Seriously, who is this bitch and why is she hangin' around our friend circle?

[Finally, at the Drunken Clam, Change for a Buck is talking to his friends Dr. Hartman and Seamus about what he saw of Mayor West a few days prior mere seconds before the announcement]

Dr. Hartman: What? Now way.

Change for a Buck: Yes way! I saw him at the mall a few days ago on a scooter. He bumped into me and knew that mustache he was hiding in a heartbeat.

Seamus: Yarr. Ye tell the most outlandish stories, Bucky!

Change for a Buck: NO, I'M TELLING THE TRUTH! I KNOW IT WAS HIM! And you're one to talk with your stories, Seamus! It's like every time you have a new story for how you lost your limbs.

[The group's then shut up by the Beer Bar Buddies - missing Peter - Quagmire, Joe and Cleveland]

Joe: Shut up! We heard you guys from four booths down!

Quagmire: Dammit, we're trying to hear the TV!

Cleveland: The meeting's about to start anyways.

[Cleveland points to the TV's at the Clam, with it then panning to show the stage of Town Hall and Peter coming up to the podium]

Peter: Evening, citizens of Quahog. As you all have seen from adverts, Mayor West is going to be undergoing a new. So are you all ready to see him?

[The crowd cheers]

Peter: I can't hear you!

[The crowd cheers even louder]

Peter: No, I seriously can't hear you, [starts picking inside his ear] I think I have wax in my ears. But, from your looks I can see you're all ready to see him. So without further ado, Heeeere's your new mayor!

[Peter moves away from the curtains and Wild West comes through them to reveal his new fat look to the citizens and the whole television world]

Wild West: Ta-daaaa!

[The entire crowd in an instant, gets slack jawed at what they see. The Beer Bar Buddies and Buck's friend group - minus Buck - literally spit their drinks out]

Change for a Buck: HA! I knew it!

[The Coffee Shop Girls do the same spit take with their coffees]

Bonnie: Oh my God.

Donna: What the fuck did he do to himself?

[Back on Wild]

Wild West: Presenting my new look.

[Both groups at the Swanson house and the Chateau Stewmont are slack jawed while Wild West continues on the TV]

Wild West: [off-screen] I've been examining the negative results from our Mayor Inspection Day, and I decided to adapt to the most negative crowd and change my appearance to meet them halfway.

[At Channel 5 News, everyone is looking just dumbfounded at what they're all seeing the live feed]

Joyce: Holy shit, look at that stomach, it's got fold in them.

Tricia: Joyce, I've seen better stomachs in older men.

Ollie: MAN'S FAT!

Tom: Say, Joyce, can I borrow you Mace?

[Joyce shrugs and hands it to Tom, who aims the Mace at his eyes and starts to spray]

Tom: YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH! [after spraying for a good while, he gets it to where he can't see Wild's new look anymore] That's better.

[At the Pewterschmidt mansion, Carter, Babs and Tatum are also dumbfounded at what their seeing, though Carter's seen off-frame]

Wild West: [off-screen] Though I'm sure you all will enjoy the new appearance look as I do...

Tatum: Is, he... like... Is this real?

Babs: Tatum, sweetie, I don't even know, myself.

Carter: Well, I can tell one thing [cuts to him rubbing his eyes], rubbing my eyes isn't making him go away [removes his hands to show his eyes have gotten swollen from rubbing too much, which get Babs and Tatum in shock] And I think I've swollen my eyes.

[Cuts back to Wild at Town Hall]

Wild West: And I assure that this change will be met with great positivity from all of you.

[Smash cut to Wild reading feedback letters a day or so later at his office, with a shocked look on his face]

Wild West: My reputation's gotten worse?!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

[Wild West's behind his desk and in his updated chair made for him looking at all the negative reception he got from the new surveys in his office alongside Peter, completely slack jawed at the reception]

Wild West: I-I-I don't understand. I thought my reception would increase with my weight gain, not tank!

Peter: Yeah, uh, turns out you've become a controversial topic thanks to your weight gain. You're trending on Instagram [shows Wild the people on Instagram clowning him and making memes of him], Twitter, and you're being mocked on radio shows.

[Peter plays a recent recording from a *Weenie and the Butt*, or *Devon and Lawrence*]

Devon: Well, Lawrence, we have about one week until our contracts expire and we're out of jobs.

Lawrence: That's right, Devon. But we're still doing better than whatever our mayor's doing as of recent!

[An airhorn sound plays three times then a fart sound]

Jingle Girls: Roasted by pedos! 97.1, FM MMMMMM!

[Peter turns off the radio recording and sees Mayor West sulking in his chair, depressed]

Wild West: So I bulked up to a yoga ball for nothing, huh Peter?

Peter: Hey, chin up Mayor West. They're all just not use to the new you. It'll be better in the morning. Trust me.

Wild West: [sighs] I hope so.

[As Peter leaves for the door, Wild tries to leave his spot, but finds he's stuck in between his chair and desk due to his fat belly]

Wild West: D'oooooh, I'm stuck!

Peter: You, uh, need help?

Wild West: No, just, get me a pillow.

[Peter opens the closet to get a pillow and places it on Wild's face, and begins to leave again]

Peter: Good night, Mayor West.

[He shuts off the light and leaves, not seeing the depressed Wild weeping into his pillow. Later that night, a meeting is held where multiple Quahog residents from far out are in, and talking among themselves until a gravel is banged from the main runner of the meeting, being Change for a Buck]

Change for a Buck: Hear ye, hear ye. I call to order this meeting about the state of our Mayor. Now, I assume that we all have negative feelings of Mayor West's new look.

Seamus: Ye looks like a whale!

Roberta: Man looks like a dough ball!

Carter: Anyone noticed his sweat during the announcement?

Change for a Buck: He looks like a travesty, an insult to our town, and I speak for us all that we should give our so-called mayor [pulls out a baseball bat] a reality check!

Residents: Yeah!

[The crowd now is being led by Change for a Buck, carrying torches and pitchforks and draws more mob supporters with them. As they pass Spooner Street and pass the Griffins' house, Stewie opens his window to yell down.]

Stewie: Hey! Keep it down! People sleep here, you know!

[In the master bedroom, Lois is currently getting a torch ready as Peter looks out the window in bed. Brian's on the foot of the bed.]

Peter: Lois, why's there an angry mob at this hour?

Lois: Oh, they're going to Mayor West to attack him for his new look. I'll be joining them and will be gone for the night.

Peter: Alright, good night honey.

Lois leaves as Peter turns to sleep. Brian glances at his watch for a BEAT and then Peter shoots up like a rocket.

Peter: Attack Mayor West?!

Brian: And there's the realization.

[Peter jumped out bed and quickly got his clothes on to go save Mayor West. While the planned riot is going on, Wild is seen tossing and turning the best he can sleeping on his desk, as he begins to have another nightmare - as a sort of bookend to the first act - where it now shows him floating in a dark empty void. Wild looks around his surroundings]

Wild West: Hello? Anyone? Where am I?

[Wild's then redirected towards a mirror that shows his former skinny self in the reflection]

Mirror!Wild West: Jesus, Wild.

Wild West: Wha?

Mirror!Wild West: What did you do to yourself, man?

Wild West: I-I made myself more beloved for the negative reception. I improved myself for the better of my reception,

Mirror!Wild West: Yeah, sure. But reception is just a number that can be easily changed at any moment. The real question is: Are *you* proud of what you done to yourself?

[The word "yourself" echo as the mirror disappear and leaves Wild alone]

Dream!Zephyr: You're in such poor state you couldn't even finish a sentence!

[The sound of his ex-assistant from their nudges to stop gets Wild to look to his left in worry to see their face staring him angrily]

Wild West: Zephyr?!

Dream!Zephyr: God, it's like I'm talking to a bratty teenager.

[The word "teenager" echos as Zephyr's head vanishes. As they do, Dominic and Dan who encouraged his downward spiral float around Wild. Wild gets uneasy.]

Dream!Dan: Aw don't feel bad, Wild.

Dream!Dominic: Most people who complain about our weight are just jealous.

[Peter then floats by with McBurgertown bags.]

Dream!Peter: Who wants burgers?

[Wild starts to freak out and decides to run away as Zephyr's head and slowly comes forward to him, repeating what they said during their fight]

Dream!Zephyr: Wild, you won't get any good from this stunt! You'll be known as a waste of a mayor!

[Their face is then replaced with mouths that multiply until they are all that is seen around the black void]

Mouths: Lose some weight, fat ass!

[The words "fat ass" repeats again and again, and again. And while it's repeating, Wild starts to float above the floor and start spinning around to be engulfed by the voices. Wild West then screams his lungs out, snapping him out of his dream, and freeing him from the desk. As he woke up with such force, he broke off the piece of the desk that he was stuck under. As he looks around at his desk to see the mirror his ex-assistant showed him, as well as seeing a photo frame on his desk. It was hard for him to see as Zephyr's "farewell note" they left on it from earlier muddled up the photo and made it impossible to make out, so he removed the photo from the frame and saw it was a photo of him, Ginger and Zephyr taken of them from the "Week Reads", with Wild holding a glass of moonshine, having an arm around Zephyr and Ginger being on the right side of the two of them.]

[As he looks upon the photo and then the mirror and finally takes a more honest look at himself compared to last time. He finally sees the cracks in him. His chubby face, bulging belly, sweaty pits, messy hair, and every other problem he would normally point out yet was so into his delusion, he let himself look over them. Seeing how much he fell in a few days, Wild sighs in disappointment as he grimaces with the realization: Zephyr and Ginger were trying to help him out, and he lost them because of his own rash decisions.]

Wild West: Oh, Zephyr and Ginger were right... what was I thinking? I had a great handsome body, and I gave that all up. And for what? To become a big tub of lard that can barely fit through doors and sweats everywhere? I should've listened to them from the start. I gotta find them. Maybe I can get help from them if I pled good enough.

[Wild walks out of his office and heads outside. But upon opening the entrance doors, he notices a crowd of angry citizens with pitchforks]

Wild West: Uh... hey, everybody. What are you all doing here with pitchforks and torches that make it look like you're an angry... mob?

Lois: We want that sexy man I think about while having sex back! [beat] And in case you're hearing this, Peter, it's only for two out of four times in the month.

[Cuts to a rightfully pissed off Peter positioned behind a Town Hall window]

Peter: *[sarcastic]* Wow, that *really* makes me feel better about myself. Thanks.

[Back on the scene]

Tricia: Wild, around us is a mob of angry people mad about your recent look.

Seamus: An' the best way we think can make ye get a clue... *[deep voice]* Be through 'arsh force.

Stan: Get and beat 'em up!

Wild West: AAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

[Wild slams the door behind him and rushes to barricade the door, pushing a chair in front of the door and then retreats back to his office and loops back around to his desk, breathing hard and clearly panicked]

Wild West: Okay... maybe they won't get me here... but in case they do...

[Wild opens up his desk to see some paper and quill pen and begins to write his will/testament very sloppily]

Wild West: I, Mayor Wild Wild West, with a dying legacy and no friends around me, hereby bequeath...

[The window behind him shatters, causing him to yelp. However the people who shattered his window is reveal to be Peter and his NAAFP guys]

Peter: Mayor West! Over here, we'll you to safety.

[Wild immediately grabbed a gun he stored in his cabinet, clearly not being in the right head space, and aims it at the guys with his trembling hands, causing all the guys to put their hands up]

Wild West: S-S-Stay away! I-I-I warnin' ya!

Todd: Mayor West, put the gun down. We're not here to hurt you.

[Wild, not listening, rapidly fires it to get them to duck to avoid being shot and gives him enough time to flee out his office before they could grab him]

Peter: *[off-screen]* Sorry in advance, Mayor Wild!

[Now in the hallways of the Town Hall, starts to tiptoe backwards as he says what's at the bottom and looks rapidly all over the place]

Wild West: Alright citizens, I know you're mad at me for my new decision. Fine. I deserve it. Tell you what, I'll just be standing here in the middle of the hall, completely defenseless ...

[Wild finishes tiptoeing to a window that showcases]

Dr. Hartman: There's our fat disgrace of a mayor!

Carter: Let's tear him apart!

Wild West: Yaaaaaaahhh!

[Wild takes off]

Dr. Hartman: *[to Carter]* Yeah, I *really* notice how similar we sound.

[Wild heads for the bathrooms inside the Hall and locks behind him to stall for time. Ito catch his surroundings]

Wild West: Nowhere to run, or hide. Unless...

[Wild looks up to see a small square window in the bathroom. As he looks, he thinks...]

Wild West: [thinking] An exit! But... [looks down upon himself] could I still fit?

[His thoughts are short-lived as he hears glass shattering and the door violently shake before bangs are heard. No doubt they would break through and so he hurriedly jumps up a nearby desk and squeezes his way out of the square window, though not without breaking some bricks off and clumsily falling on the ground. During this, his hat flies off him and floats in the wind. Though Wild didn't notice this or bother as he ran to hide before he got caught.]

[Meanwhile, houses back, Lou knocks on the door of a house, which is revealed to be where Zephyr lives - and where they're currently holding Ginger. Zephyr semi-sleepy, comes from their bedroom and passing the sleeping Ginger in the living room to answer the door]

Zephyr: H-Hello?

Lou: Excuse me, sir..

Zephyr: Uh, actually, I'm non-bi-

Lou: Whatever's. Look, a town riot's starting a Town Hall, and I knocked to see if you wanted to tag in.

[In an instant, Zephyr's eyes bulge open in shock, as well as waking Ginger up and making her come close to Zephyr]

Zephyr: A town riot?!

Lou: Yeah, everyone agreed that they didn't like the mayor's new looks and are taking the matters into their own hands. Do you want a pitchfork or a torch?

Zephyr: Oooh, noooooo!

[Zephyr runs back inside and then, after a fast wardrobe change, runs aside Lou with Ginger as the two run off to the Town Hall]

Lou: So, do you want a pitchfork or a torch?

[While running, Zephyr hops on Ginger]

Zephyr: Oh no, no, no, NOOOOOO! Why didn't he listen to us? This was exactly what was going to happen! Come on, Ginger, we gotta save him.

Ginger: [neighs]

Zephyr: "If I'm so angry at him, why am I going to save him despite him firing you?" Well, why are *you* going alongside me to save him despite being disowned by him? [Ginger doesn't reply back] I thought so... Now, faster Ginger!

[The two speed off as fast as a bullet to Town Hall, to hope they're not too late. Unsurprisingly, they see Town Hall being raided by the rioters, though they're currently being moshed in alongside some of the NAAFP members trying to fend them away from Town Hall]

Zephyr: Alright, we gotta find the mayor and retreat him out of the town. Should be easy. After all, with his signature hat, he stands out in a group of fat guys.

[As if on cue, Wild's hat flies down to the duo, which Zephyr catches and Ginger gives a glare to]

Zephyr: On second thought, maybe we have our work cut out for us. Alright, just divide and conquer.

[The two split to begin to speed searching for Wild. Zephyr comes up to a fat guy and taps him on the shoulder]

Zephyr: Mayor West?

Dan: No, I'm Dan.

[Ginger moves to another fat guy and does a nudge instead]

Dominic: Not Mayor West. I'm Dominic.

[Zephyr moves to another fat guy]

Zephyr: Mayor West?

Fat Guy #3: Nope.

[Ginger moves to another fat guy]

Ginger: [whines]

Fat Guy #4: Sorry.

[Zephyr does one more fat guy]

Zephyr: Please tell me it's you, Mayor West?

Victor: I'm Victor.

[Ginger comes back to Zephyr]

Zephyr: I got nuthin'. You?

[Ginger shakes her head "no" in disappointment and neighs with the same inflection]

Zephyr: Same feeling, Ginger. I hate the stunt Mayor West pulled too. I can't even tell which fat guy is *our* fat guy! [holds his hat] Especially without his hat. Okay, this isn't working and we need a new way to find him. We just need to think like Mayor West. Let's think: I'm Wild West in this moment, being a tubby shell of my former glory, and being chased by a mob of angry citizens, where would I be? [beat as they think and then snaps their fingers] The one place no one would think to look!

[Behind Town Hall, where nobody is, Zephyr and Ginger head to the shed, and open it to see the tubby Wild stress eating ice cream that's slowly melting, before turning to see Zephyr and Ginger]

[Ginger neighs in excitement]

Zephyr: You're right, Ginger! That's *our* fat guy!

Wild West: Zephyr? Ginger? I'm guessing you came to tell me "I told you".

Zephyr: No, Wild. We came to *help* you.

Wild West: You two would do that? E-Even after I fired you two on whims? And not without any snarks at my weight or my hairbrained plan backfiring? You truly came in my time of despair?

Zephyr: Of course. Sure, this was a stupid plan from the moment you ate a burger. And sure, you may have been selfish, self-centered, and sold us out for some chance at better numbers on a chart that won't matter in a few years, but when the world's against you, we'll always be by you.

[Ginger comes up to Wild and like a cat, rubs her head nearby Wild, making him feel better. Until Ginger smells something... being Wild's sweat. And immediately gets out of sight upon smelling it and snorts at Wild]

Zephyr: Ugh, yeah I do smell it. Look I'm sorry, but man do you reek! It's just as bad as they said it was at the meeting!

Wild West: I got lazy with showering, okay? Been oversleeping. [smiles sheepishly]

Zephyr: [rolls their eyes and sighs] We'll deal with this later. For now, we need to focus on getting you out of here.

Wild West: But how? It's too crowded! None of us will never be able to get out of here alive! If only...

[The trio's eyes turn to the old audio equipment Wild didn't take out, with Zephyr getting an idea]

Zephyr: Wild, for once I'm glad you were lazy about the equipment!

[Wild and Zephyr quickly do a quick set up of the machine and plug it in without being near it]

Zephyr: Wild, use your calling whistle to distract them.

Wild West: But I can't whistle, see? [showcases his feeble attempts to whistle thanks to his fat fingers and chubby face] Nuthin' but spit.

Zephyr: The problem is that your fingers are too fat. [Zephyr puts their left fingers into Wild's mouth] Try it now.

[Wild does a test whistle, and to his surprise, he's able to do a whistle with Zephyr's fingers]

Wild West: It works, Zeps!

Zephyr: Now whistle as hard and as loud you can!

[Wild gets close to the audio equipment and with all the might his lungs can offer...]

Wild West: (WHISTLES AS LOUD AS HE CAN)

[At the same time, the riot is getting so bad the people have fended off the fat supporters and are now violently shaking the doors to break through until the whistle Wild blew echos off from the speakers throughout Quahog, alerting the citizens]

Kevin: That's Wild's whistle!

Carl: [pointing down the alley the sounds are echoing off] It came down there! Come on!

[Zephyr looks upon the crowd charge after the noise]

Zephyr: Okay, we bought ourselves some time. But it's not our friend, so we need to move! Ginger, we need transportation!

Wild West: Uh, problem. I'm too heavy to ride on her. Why did you think I rode on a mobility scooter? Can't get anywhere on her.

Zephyr: Simple question with simple answer: Got your carriage from last year's Romanian event?

[Wild and Zephyr are then seen strapping a carriage onto Ginger and Wild hops into it while Zephyr gets on Ginger]

Zephyr: Let's to your ranch to hide out, stat!

Wild West: Right! He-yaw! [*notices Zephyr*] Oop, don't need to correct me. They-!

Zephyr: We have an angry mob behind our backs! We don't have time for correcting pronouns! Go, Ginger, Go!

[Ginger sprints off, running as she can run to get the trio back to Wild's Ranch. When they reach the ranch, Zephyr unhooks the carriage from Ginger and Wild hops out of the carriage, but the citizens have noticed the ruse and are approaching the ranch]

Zephyr: Wha? How did they follow us?

[Their question is answered when they look down to see Wild's trail of sweat, and gives Wild a dirty look, who smiles sheepishly. With no time, the three run into the ranch and took no chances. Wild locks the door, while he and Zephyr find multiple items like a dresser and a chair to barricade the door with. The citizens come to the door and bang angrily as the two humans take a breather]

Zephyr: Woo! Mission accomplished!

[But to Zephyr's shock, one of the citizens (being Stan) break into a window and enters in]

Wild West: Damn it, we forgot about the windows.

[As more and more citizens enter through the windows, the three back away until they're cornered, and Zephyr uses the pole of a broom to poke some of the citizens away. With the situation getting more and more tense as the citizens get closer to the trio, Wild gets tensed as well, until...]

Wild West: ENOUGH!

[This standing for his ground gets everyone to stop]

Wild West: I get it! I know you all hate me because I made myself look like a disgrace for some numbers. And I'm sorry. [*sighs*] I know from today I failed as your mayor, just because of I got up with the group that hated me. Now *everyone* hates me.

[The citizens murmur in confusion for what Mayor West said]

Mayor West, we didn't hate you. We hated *your* choice.

Seamus: We was worried it would 'arm yer lifespan.

Dr. Hartman: No joke, I think it would be a miracle if you lived two years longer in that state.

Wild West: Wait, s-so you all don't hate me?

[The crowd goes a big "Eeeeeeeh...", indicating his reception was mixed]

Change for a Buck: Well, we all may not like you, but we do care about you being mayor. And I'm sure we all want you to be our mayor for as long as possible.

[As the citizens agree with that statement, Wild smiles, with that gentle saying fizzing out his fears and make him realize he was making a fuss over nothing. but the sweet moment is interrupted when Peter and his NAAFP guys burst through the door with fire hosts]

Peter: Wild, I brought help!

[The guys spray the group, which yelp and groan and complain in response to being sprayed, all while Wild, Zephyr and Ginger watch in shock out of how out of nowhere that was]

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

[As the controversy settles, Wild West and Zephyr are seen in the Wild West Ranch living room, on the couch like how a lot of Family Guy episodes end with the family in the living room to recap the episode]

Wild West: Whelp, I'm glad to know that even my detractors care about me. Not to mention my relationship with my citizens it stronger than ever. Now we can go back to the way it use to be.

Zephyr: Uh, Mayor West, we aren't entirely back to normal. You're still fat, remember?

[The couch legs on the right side break from the pain of Wild's weight and bring the couch down, with Wild and Zephyr yelping in response]

Wild West: Oh, yeah. [pokes his belly] Man, I really let myself go. But I promise you, Zeps, I'll regain my former glory and return to my original look!

Zephyr: You want me to get the cowboy workout tapes for you?

Wild West: Don't. I'll get 'em.

[Wild tries to move to get them, but he's in such poor shape he can't and clumps down on the couch]

Wild West: Eh, maybe later. [looks at his right hand to see his watch] Ooh! *Seinfeld's* on!

[Wild then turned on the TV as the theme to *Seinfeld* played, with Zephyr groaning]

Zephyr: This is gonna take a while.

[The screen then cuts to black, ending the episode]

END OF TAG/SHOW