

Revised Pages: 23, 24, 24A

**FAMILY GUY**

"Petarded"

Production #4ACX09

Written by

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RECORD DRAFT (GREEN) \*  
October 4, 2004

RECORD DRAFT (YELLOW)  
August 12, 2004

\*cast list only\*  
RECORD DRAFT (PINK)  
August 5, 2004

RECORD DRAFT  
August 4, 2004

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**"PETARDED"**

CAST LIST FOR #4ACX09:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN  
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN  
MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS  
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE  
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

AGENT JESSUP.....GARY COLE  
ANNOUNCER.....PHIL LAMARR  
BRITISH MAN.....MICHAEL YORK  
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY  
CLEVELAND JR.....MIKE HENRY  
CLORIS.....TBD  
DIANA.....ALEX BORSTEIN  
DR. UNITAS.....RALPH GARMAN  
JAKE.....RALPH GARMAN  
JAPANESE MAN.....DANNY SMITH  
JOE.....PATRICK WARBURTON  
JUDGE.....PHIL LAMARR  
MAITRE'D.....MICHAEL YORK  
MAN.....MIKE HENRY  
MAYOR WEST.....ADAM WEST  
MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE.....SETH GREEN  
MORT.....JOHNNY BRENNAN  
MURIEL.....NICOLE SULLIVAN  
NICK NOLTE.....RALPH GARMAN  
PATRICK SWAYZE.....TBD  
PRIEST.....GARY COLE  
PUNDIT #1.....DANNY SMITH  
PUNDIT #2.....LEN MAXWELL  
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE  
ROCKY.....SETH GREEN  
SEE-N-SAY VOICE.....SETH MACFARLANE  
TEST ADMINISTRATOR.....LEN MAXWELL  
THE FATMAN.....DANNY SMITH  
TIMER.....LEN MAXWELL  
TOM TUCKER.....SETH MACFARLANE  
VAGINA.....SETH MACFARLANE  
WOMAN #1.....BARCLAY DEVEAU

WOMAN #2.....ALEX BORSTEIN  
WOMAN #3.....NICOLE SULLIVAN  
VERN.....TBD

ACT ONE

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

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

PETER, LOIS, JOE, BONNIE, CLEVELAND, MORT and QUAGMIRE are setting up Twister.

LOIS

Oh, Peter. This game night was a great idea.

PETER

Yeah, this'll be a lot more fun than last Saturday when we went to see "The Vagina Monologues."

**INT. THEATRE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

On stage, the BOTTOM HALF OF A WOMAN'S TORSO, wearing nothing but bikini underpants, stands at a microphone with a "Tonight Show"-style curtain behind it.

VAGINA

So, uh, in international news, no luck yet finding Osama Bin Laden. So the government is trying a new tactic: they've hired Jeff Gilooly. (BEAT) Gilooly. (THEN) Sorry, I guess that joke was not so fresh, but you know...

\*

\*

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

Peter, Lois, Joe, Bonnie, Cleveland, and Quagmire are all entwined on the Twister board. Mort is not.

MORT

I don't care for Twister. Too much pressing of bodies with the arm hair and the noses breathing. Eewww.

Mort spins the Twister arrow.

MORT

Okay, Joe. Right foot red.

JOE

All right, let's do it!

Joe picks up his lifeless right leg and flops it over his shoulder, touching the red dot with his foot.

JOE

Yes! I'm the king! \*

**INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - LATER**

**ANGLE ON** a game board, which has a drawing of Martin Luther King, Jr. drinking from a public water fountain while giving a thumbs up.

We see black dice with white numeral marks. Everyone is playing on the dining room table.

CLEVELAND

Thanks for including "Two Decades of Dignity" in the game night rotation, guys. \*

LOIS

Aww, we're always happy to play your civil rights board game. It makes us all feel a little less guilty.

Peter is moving his game piece (a 1950's bus) around the board. He lands on a space and draws a card that says "Race Card" on the back. \*

PETER

(READING) For whistling at a white woman, go directly to jail. Aw, man. Does anybody ever win at this game?

CLEVELAND

You don't win. You just do a little better each time.

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

**INT. GRIFFIN'S LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Peter, Lois, Mort, Joe and Quagmire are dressed in FULL PAINTBALL GEAR.

PETER

Okay, everybody, time for paintball!

LOIS

Peter, I thought we agreed on laser tag.

PETER

Lois, lasers? In the house? C'mon.

BRIAN

Oh, I forgot to pick up the paintball guns.

**ANGLE ON** Joe, who opens a box of police pistols.

JOE

Well, we could use these. I brought them from the office.

Joe hands out the guns.

LOIS

Peter, is it safe to be firing real guns at each other in the house?

PETER

All right, all right, nobody fire at Lois. (MOCKING) She's scared. (THEN)

All right, one, two, three, go!

**EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - SHORTLY AFTER**

We hear **gunshots** and **laughter**, and see flashes through the windows.

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

Everybody **fires** wildly at each other, running about the room chaotically, sneaking out doorways, popping up from behind couches, etc. Quagmire gets **shot** in the leg.

QUAGMIRE

Ow!! Dammit, Peter, that hurt!

PETER

Relax, Quagmire. You're doing better  
than Peter Weller from the beginning  
of Robocop. \*

**PAN OVER** to PETER WELLER lying on the ground, being shot at  
by everyone else. \*

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

LOIS

Well, now that the mess is all cleaned  
up and we're back from the Emergency  
Room, it's time for the last game of  
the night: Trivial Pursuit.

PETER

Aw, man, I hate Trivial Pursuit. It  
always makes me feel so stupid.

BRIAN

Stupider than the time you locked your  
keys out of the car?

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Peter is locked inside his car. His keys are on the ground  
outside the door.

PETER

Dammit! Hey! Somebody!

MR. BERLER (from episodes 2ACX04 and 3ACX02) walks by the  
car.

PETER

Sir! Sir! Sir! You see those keys  
there?! Sir!

Mr. Berler keeps walking.

PETER

Oh, screw you!

After a beat, Peter sticks an unraveled coat hanger out the window and tries desperately to reach the keys with it. Peter hooks the keys, but then the coat hanger falls out of his hand. Peter **wails like a child** as he **pounds** on the window, shaking the car.

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

**ANGLE ON** Mort Goldman. Stewie's head leans into frame in the foreground.

STEWIE

(SOTTO TO BRIAN) The Semite will be  
our toughest competition.

Brian's head leans into frame in the foreground next to Stewie's.

BRIAN

(SOTTO TO STEWIE) Don't worry. He'll  
crumble on "Sports and Leisure."

PETER

All right, Brian. This one's for you.

(READING) What naturally occurring  
element has the highest melting point  
of all metals?

BRIAN

(UNSURE) Uh, Cadmium?

PETER

Sorry, tungsten. (UNDER HIS BREATH,  
QUICKLY) Dumbass. My turn. What do  
you got?



LOIS

Okay, here we go. What color is a fire truck?

PETER

Ahhh, oh god, I always get these. Okay. (PUTS HANDS ON TEMPLES) Fire truck, fire truck, fire truck. What color are those red fire trucks? Oh god, I can picture them now, all red and everything...

LOIS

That's right, Peter. They are red.

BRIAN

(SOTTO TO LOIS) Uh, Lois, what are you doing?

LOIS

(SOTTO TO BRIAN) I switched Peter's questions to the Pre-school edition. Just let him have his moment. (THEN, TO PETER) Good for you, Peter.

PETER

Good thing I just watched that National Geographic special on fire trucks.

**EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

A herd of GAZELLES graze peacefully.

**ANGLE ON** a totally realistically drawn fire truck laying in wait behind some tall grass.

BRITISH MAN (V.O.)

A solitary killer, the fire truck  
stalks its prey.

The fire truck moves stealthily forward in a couple of quick, jerky movements, accompanied by the **hydraulic hiss** of the engine. The gazelles perk up momentarily, then go back to grazing. The fire truck then races forward, **sirens blaring**, as the gazelles scatter. It chases them about, finally targeting one, and extending its ladder, bashing it repeatedly into unconsciousness. It begins to "feed" on the carcass.

BRITISH MAN (V.O.)

The fire truck can consume eight times  
its body weight.

Two ambulances approach the carcass. The fire truck aggressively **blares** its **horn**, protecting its food. The ambulances back off with a **back up beep**.

BRITISH MAN (V.O.)

The ambulances will have to wait their  
turn.

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

Everyone is still playing Trivial Pursuit. Peter is asking Brian a question.

PETER

Brian, name the 16th century  
ecumenical body that marked a major  
turning point for Christianity in  
Europe.

BRIAN

Uh, I think that was the Council of  
Trent. \*

PETER

(LAUGHS) You could not be more wrong!  
The answer is Phyllis Diller. \*

BRIAN

Uh, aren't you reading the pink--

PETER

My turn!

LOIS

Peter, this is for the win. (READING)  
Say the word "what."

PETER

(EXPLOSIVE SIGH) Ahhh... wow, okay.  
This really separates the men from the  
boys. Ahhh... (EXPLOSIVE SIGH)

LOIS

Peter, just say "what."

PETER

Ah, ah, ah. Now, now, Lois, Lois,  
Lois. This is not a race. Uh, I  
wanna say "who"... (MUMBLES TO  
HIMSELF, TRYING TO FIGURE IT OUT FOR A  
LONG TIME) Uh, fantastic four. Steak,  
steak, steak, steak, small amount of  
peas. (THEN) Is it "what"?

LOIS

That's right. You win, Peter!

PETER

Oh my god, I won. I won!

CHRIS

(TO MEG) My dad is smarter than your  
dad.

MEG

We have the same dad, idiot.

CHRIS

Yeah. But mine's smarter!

PETER

What a feeling! This is even better  
than that time I met Timer, the cheese  
guy.

**INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

We see TIMER, the guy from the ABC health and nutrition short  
"Hanker for A Hunk A Cheese": Yellow, skinny legs, western  
wear, etc...

TIMER

(SINGING) A HANKER FOR A HUNK-A, A  
SLAB OR SLICE OR CHUNK-A / A HANKER  
FOR A HUNK-A CHEESE. / WHEN YOUR GET  
UP AND GO HAS GOT UP AND WE--

There is a **knock** on his door. Timer opens it to reveal Peter.

TIMER

Howdy, partner!

YOUNGER PETER

Uh, pardon me, sir, I live next door.  
It is three-thirty in the morning. I  
am very tired.

Timer makes a sandwich of round cheese and crackers.

TIMER

Look! A wagon wheel!

YOUNGER PETER \*

What the hell is your problem?

TIMER

I just smoked a whole bunch of crack! \*

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

Peter is at the door saying goodbye to the last of the guests.

PETER

Goodnight, losers!

Peter closes the door.

PETER

Well, game night was a success.

BRIAN

Peter, you do know that all your questions were incredibly easy?

PETER

Yeah, easy for me. Goodnight, morons.

Peter goes upstairs. Brian and Lois watch him for a beat.

BRIAN

(TO LOIS) You ever stop and think,  
'Wow, I'm married to that guy'?

LOIS

Nah, I just repress it.

Lois closes her eyes and concentrates with effort,  
"repressing it."

LOIS

All gone.

**FAST ZOOM** into Lois' skull.

**INT. LOIS' SKULL - CONTINUOUS**

We see a throbbing tumor growing on her brain.

PETER TUMOR

(SINGING TO "ROCK ME AMADEUS") I'M A  
TUMOR, I'M A TUMOR. I'M A TUMOR. I'M  
A TUMOR, I'M A TUMOR. I'M A TUMOR.

(MORE)

PETER TUMOR (CONT'D)

I'M A TUMOR, I'M A TUMOR. OH OH OH,

I'M A TUMOR.

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

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME**

The family, minus Peter, is at the table ready for breakfast. Stewie sits in a high chair. He reaches over and picks up the milk carton.

STEWIE

Let's see who's on the carton today.

Well, hello there, Tabitha. Age one  
and a half, last seen at the carousel.

You're certainly kidnappable.

Peter enters with a "People" magazine under his arm.

PETER

Good morning, family. You know, you  
really should read this morning's  
People magazine. There is a most  
thought-provoking article on Meg  
Ryan's Lhasa-apso.

BRIAN

Oh, I see, now you're gonna talk down  
to everyone just because you won a  
game of Trivial Pursuit.

PETER

Okay, professor. What's the name of  
Meg Ryan's dog?

BRIAN

I don't know.

PETER

You call yourself a professor, yet you don't even know the name of Meg Ryan's dog.

BRIAN

I didn't call myself a professor, you did.

PETER

Well, well. Who's the professor now, professor?

BRIAN

If anyone needs me, I'll be out back vomiting up a foamy blend of pent-up anger and Gaines Burgers.

Brian exits.

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

Peter is lying on the bed watching a political talk show.

**INT. TALK SHOW STUDIO - DAY (ON TV)**

PUNDIT #1

The Administration's plan for peace in the Middle East is shallow and pedantic.

PUNDIT #2

I agree.

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

PETER

I agree as well. Shallow and pedantic.

\*

**INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - DAY**

Peter and the family are sitting down to dinner. Peter takes a bite of meatloaf. He chews it, and considers the taste.

PETER

Hm.

LOIS

Everything all right, Peter?

Peter arrogantly dabs the corners of his mouth with his napkin.

PETER

Well Lois, since you asked, I find this meatloaf rather shallow and pedantic. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm trying to read.

Peter, now WEARING READING GLASSES on top of his regular glasses, holds a book. Peter fans through the book in two seconds. \*  
\*

PETER

Done.

BRIAN

You didn't read that book, you just flipped through the pages.

PETER

Oh, I read it.

BRIAN

Then describe it for us.

PETER

Well, I found it shallow and pedantic. \*

Brian looks at the book.

**ANGLE ON** the cover, "Slander: Liberal Lies About the American Right" By Ann Coulter.



BRIAN

Okay, but that's just a coincidence. \*

PETER \*

Brian, don't try to use big words. \*

They don't sound natural coming out of  
your mouth. \*

BRIAN \*

Peter, this is idiotic. This is even  
dumber than that soda you came up  
with. \*

**INT. PEPSI BOARDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Peter stands before a boardroom full of EXECUTIVES.

PETER

Gentlemen. I give you... Crystal  
Pepsi.

Peter pulls a cloth off a two-liter bottle of Crystal Pepsi.

PETER

All the great taste of regular Pepsi,  
but without that troublesome opacity.  
What if you're drinkin' a regular  
Pepsi and somebody's comin' at you  
with a knife? You won't be able to  
see 'em past your Pepsi. And then  
who's dead, huh? You! You're dead!  
Stabbed! (BEAT, CALM, HOLDING UP  
PEPSI) Crystal Pepsi.

**INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

BRIAN

You know what? Fine. You are a  
genius, Peter. As a matter of fact,  
let's make it official. Have you ever  
heard of the MacArthur genius grant?

PETER

(BEAT) Perhaps.

BRIAN

Well, if you qualify as a genius, the  
foundation will give you a \$500,000  
grant just to sit around and do  
whatever you want.

PETER

Wow, imagine what a genius like me  
could do with all that money.

**INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)**

Peter is sitting in a big easy chair with a FUR COAT, A PIMP  
CANE AND A BIG RING. CLORIS LEACHMAN stands in front of him.

PETER

All right, Cloris Leachman, I've  
bought you legally. Have I mentioned  
how much I enjoyed your performance in  
"North Avenue Irregulars"?

CLORIS

Yes, it's all we've been talking about  
for six hours.

PETER

Well I'll say it again. (HANDING HER  
THREE LITTLE BEANBAGS) Now juggle  
these beanbags.

CLORIS

I don't know how--

PETER

(SCREAMING) God help you, Cloris,  
juggle the beanbags!

**EXT./EST. MACARTHUR TESTING FACILITY - DAY**

**INT. GENERIC CLASSROOM SETTING - SAME**

A wide shot of the classroom reveals that several EGG-HEAD  
TYPES are taking the test with Peter. A Frank Oz-esque TEST  
ADMINISTRATOR stands in front of the class.

TEST ADMINISTRATOR

You may begin your exam... now.

We PAN ACROSS as each one has a calculator on their desk, on  
which they punch computations, then fill in answers on their  
tests. We end on Peter, who, instead of a calculator, has a  
See-n-Say. He yanks the cord.

SEE-N-SAY VOICE

A dog says "Arf!" "Arf!"

Peter feverishly writes down the answer, and pulls the cord  
again.

SEE-N-SAY VOICE

A cow says "Mooooo!"

Peter slaps his forehead, mumbling "of course," as if he  
should have known that one, then feverishly fills in the  
blank.

**EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY (A FEW DAYS LATER)**

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

Peter enters with the mail. He holds one envelope up high.

PETER

Here they are, Brian. My test results. (HANDING HIM LETTER) Read 'em and weep.

Brian opens the envelope and reads the letter inside.

BRIAN

Uh, Peter, according to this, you're not a genius. In fact... you're mentally retarded.

PETER

Oh, yeah? Would a mentally retarded man have just wet his pants in anticipation of the good news?

Brian just stares at him.

PETER

Aw, hell.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

**EXT./ESTAB. RHODE ISLAND STATE OFFICE OF MENTAL HEALTH - DAY**  
**INT. 1950'S-STYLE DOCTOR'S OFFICE - SAME**

The Griffins sit in the office across from DR. UNITAS, a crew-cutted, cigarette-smoking, 1950's-style doctor.

He points at a chart with numbers that read from top down: "Average," "Mentally Retarded," "Creationists."

DR. UNITAS

So, as you can see, you are just over the line of mental retardation.

PETER

Don't you mean just under the line?

DR. UNITAS

(SUDDENLY FURIOUS) The day I'm corrected by a re-- (CATCHES HIMSELF)  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Just, please, trust the analysis.

PETER

(STANDING) Well, I demand a re-test!

**CHYRON:** One re-test later.

Peter and the family sit in the same office as Dr. Unitas holds up the results.

DR. UNITAS

Retarded.

PETER

(STANDING) I demand a re-test!

**CHYRON:** Another re-test later.

Same people, same place.

DR. UNITAS

Retarded.

PETER

(STANDING) I demand a re-test!



PATRICK SWAYZE (CONT'D)

And now, let's all dirty dance.

Everyone gets up and happily "dirty dances" together.

**INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY**

Peter is on the phone. Lois is feeding Stewie, and Meg and Brian eat at the table.

PETER

Hey, Sally? It's Peter Griffin...

That's right, senior prom... Yeah, it's been a while. So listen, uh, I just found out I'm retarded, and uh, I'm just callin' to let you know you might wanna get yourself tested...

Hello?

Peter hangs up.

LOIS

You know, Peter, mental retardation is not something you can catch.

PETER

Well, excuse me for being retarded!  
(SIGH) My whole world has been turned upside down. Black is East, up is white.

BRIAN

Peter, I hate to say I told you so about not being a genius, but... (GETS IN PETER'S FACE) YEAH!! IN YOUR (BLEEP)IN' FACE, (BLEEP)WAD! (THEN) I'm sorry about that.

MEG

I can't believe this is happening to me. I can never go back to school again!

STEWIE

Oh yes, Meg, everything was going swimmingly for you until this. Yes, yes, this is the thing that will ruin your reputation. Not your years of grotesque appearance, or awkward social graces, or that Felix Ungerish way you clear your sinuses. Fmuh! Fmuh! It's this. Do you hear yourself? I might kill you tonight.

LOIS

Look, Peter, you're still you. No piece of paper from the city is gonna tell me you're any different from the man I married. And your life's not gonna change because of it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A loud **hammering sound** comes from the front yard.

PETER

What's that?

**EXT. SPOONER STREET - CONTINUOUS**

WORKMEN have just finished putting up a "Caution: Special Dad" sign in front of the Griffins' house. The sign is a silhouette of Peter chasing a ball into the street. Peter and the family look at the sign.



PETER

What are they doing? Why are they trying to publicly humiliate me like this? I mean, what is the purpose -- Ooh! Shiny red ball!

A red ball **bounces** into frame, and Peter chases it into the street, exactly like the silhouette on the sign.

LOIS

Peter, watch out!

Cars **screech** and **crash** to avoid Peter.

**EXT. JOE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY**

Joe is leaning over the open hood of his car.

PETER

Hey, Joe. Uh, can I talk to you about something kinda personal?

JOE

Shoot.

PETER

Well, I took this test, and uh, the thing is, it sorta turns out, well, I just found out that I'm technically mentally retarded. And, um, I just wanted to ask, you know, how do you deal with it?

JOE

Deal with what?

PETER

You know... with being retarded.

\*  
\*  
\*

\*

143 JOE

Peter I'm not retarded, I'm  
handicapped.

144 PETER

Hmm. Denial. Interesting. That's  
how I felt yesterday. But...

145 JOE

(GETTING ANGRY) Peter, I'm not in  
denial.

146 PETER

Okay, okay, calm down, spaz. You know  
what, we'll talk about your problem  
when you're ready.

147 JOE

(FURIOUS) PETER! LEAVE! NOW!

**INT. JOE AND BONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Joe dials the phone. Cleveland answers, and the screen  
splits. (NOTE: The following lines are performed like the  
song "Hugo and Kim" from "Bye Bye Birdie.")

148 JOE

HI CLEVELAND.

149 CLEVELAND

HI JOSEPH. / WHAT'S THE STORY MORNING  
GLORY? / WHAT'S THE WORD HUMMING BIRD?

150 JOE

HAVE YOU HEARD PETER GRIFFIN IS SLOW?

Immediately the screen splits again, then again, and again,  
until the screen is filled with Quahogians (including TOM  
TUCKER) on the phone singing/gossiping about Peter.

151 ALL

CAN HE STILL DRIVE A CAR?

(MORE)

\*

ALL (CONT'D)

/ CAN HE DRINK IN A BAR? / WILL THEY  
LET HIM HAVE KIDS? / IS HIS LIFE ON  
THE SKIDS?

152 QUAGMIRE

HELLO, MRS. GRIFFIN / IT'S YOUR  
NEIGHBOR QUAGMIRE / NOW THAT PETER'S  
MENTAL / YOU PROBABLY HAVE SOME NEEDS  
/ OH!

153 ALL

HE'S RETARDED / HE'S RETARDED / HE'S  
RETARDED / HE'S RETARDED / HE'S  
RETARDED! / PETER IS -- / HE'S  
RETARDED / HE'S RETARDED / HE'S  
RETARDED / HE'S RETARDED / HE'S  
RETARDED! / PETER IS -- / HE'S  
RETARDED / HE'S RETARDED / HE'S  
RETARDED / HE'S RETARDED / HE'S  
RETARDED! / PETER IS... SLOW!

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**EXT./ESTAB. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

**INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

Peter and Lois enter, DRESSED UP FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN.  
They approach the MAITRE'D.

154 PETER

Griffin. Party of two.

155 MAITRE'D

Oh, Mister Griffin. We've been  
expecting you...

**INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - LATER**

**ANGLE ON** Lois at a table. Other patrons gawk at them.

156 LOIS

Peter, it's for liability reasons.

Let's just try to enjoy our meal.

**WIDEN TO REVEAL** Peter WEARING A BRIGHT ORANGE HELMET and WATER WINGS. They have food in front of them. Peter has a bowl of soup.

157 PETER

I kinda get the helmet, but what's

with the water wings?

LOIS

Well, you did order the soup.

PETER

Like something could happen--  
Peter's head **falls** into his bowl of soup.

PETER

(GURGLING) Aaa! Get me out, get me  
out!

Lois pulls his head out.

PETER

(REALLY SHAKEN) These water wings  
didn't help at all!

**INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - NIGHT**

Peter is driving as he and Lois head home from dinner.

PETER

This is the worst day of my life.

LOIS

Peter, there are plenty of people who  
have had worse days.

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

**CHYRON:** Hiroshima, Japan. August 6, 1945.

A JAPANESE MAN approaches his car and sees he has a parking  
ticket on it.

JAPANESE MAN

A parking ticket? I was gone five  
minutes.

A car drives by and **splashes** a dirty puddle onto the man's  
white pants.

JAPANESE MAN (CONT'D)

What the --? How could this day get  
any worse?

A tiny shadow over him starts getting larger. He looks up. \*

JAPANESE MAN (CONT'D) \*

Oh. My. God. \*

The shadow gets larger and larger until we realize the shadow is a BABOON who falls on top of him, **screeching** wildly as it **pummels** him. \*

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

PETER

I wish I could just close my eyes and  
make this all go away.

Peter closes his eyes.

LOIS

Peter, look out! \*

Peter opens his eyes and **slams** on the brakes, as we hear a loud **thud**. \*

PETER

Holy crap!

Peter and Lois run out of the car and we see Tom Tucker lying in the road with his limbs at various odd angles. \*

LOIS

Oh, my god! Mr. Tucker, are you all  
right?

TOM TUCKER

(ANGRY) Do I look like I'm all right?  
Wait a minute, you're Peter Griffin,  
aren't you? \*

PETER

Yeah. \*

TOM TUCKER

Listen, I'm terribly sorry for causing all this trouble, and I think it's a wonderful thing that you're so self-sufficient. Here...

Tom reaches into his pants pocket.

TOM TUCKER

Take these bits of string as my gift to you.

PETER

No way! I hit you with my car and you give me a gift? Oh, my god! I can do anything I want!

**EXT./ESTAB. CHURCH - DAY**

**INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS**

Peter and the family sit at their pew. The PRIEST is at the pulpit.

PRIEST

And on the sixth day, God said, "Let the Earth bring forth the living creatures and--"

PETER

Aaa! I think that's about how loud I can yell. Although, I might be able to yell louder! Aaaa! Oh, that actually may have been a little louder. So, as of now, Aaaa! is my record. Barely edging out Aaa!

**INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY**

Peter **kicks** open a stall in the ladies bathroom with a **thud**.  
(Note: We don't see the women.)

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

(SCREAMS)

PETER

Sorry, retarded.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)

Oh, that's okay then.

Peter **kicks** open the next stall door.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

(SCREAMS)

PETER

Don't know any better.

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)

Bless your heart.

Peter **kicks** open the last door.

WOMAN #3 (O.S.)

(SCREAMS)

PETER

Jeez, didn't you hear me a second ago?

I'm retarded.

WOMAN #3 (O.S.)

Aw, you're just curious. Well, let me  
show you how everything works down  
there.

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

**INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Griffins, minus Peter, are all at the dining room table eating dinner. Peter enters with his arm around a 40-something African American man who wears a nurse's uniform, VERN.



PETER

Hey, everyone. Say hello to my state-appointed inspirational social worker, Vern.

They ad-lib hellos.

VERN

It's truly a pleasure to meet you all. Hey Peter, looks like you got yourself one super family. High-five!

Peter and Vern **high-five**.

VERN

All right!

They sit down.

LOIS

So Vern, what exactly is it you do?

VERN

(INSPIRATIONAL) I'm here to lend a hand to my main man, Peter. Right, Peter?

PETER

Right!

VERN

High-five!

They **high-five**.

VERN

All right!

Peter scarfs down his food.

PETER

Done!

He **smashes** his plate against the wall.

LOIS

Peter!

PETER

What? I don't know any better.

LOIS

Peter, I don't like this. You're really starting to take advantage of this whole situation.

VERN

(ENTHUSIASTIC) Peter's just expressing himself. High-five for expressing yourself, Peter! High-five!

Peter giggles as they high-five.

VERN

All right!

STEWIE

This man seems bent on diluting the already watered down significance of the elevated hand slap.

BRIAN

Hey, Stewie, high-five.

Stewie excitedly holds up his hand.

STEWIE

Well, it's about time!

BRIAN

Psych.

Brian pulls his hand away and coolly runs it past his ear.

STEWIE

Damn. I look even more foolish than when I was at that cocktail party.

\*

\*

**INT. COCKTAIL PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Stewie is walking through a party toward the backyard.

STEWIE

Oh, I love what you've done with the  
place. What have you planted out  
there? Are those azaleas?

Stewie **smashes** right into the plate glass sliding door. He  
tries to cover for the fact that he's really hurt.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(HOLDING HIS HEAD) Oh. Ah. Oh that  
glass is clean. What, what do you  
clean it with? I -- Uh... Might  
wanna put some decals on there. You  
know, like a butterfly, or something.

**EXT./ESTAB. MCDONALD'S - DAY****INT. MCDONALD'S - CONTINUOUS**

MAYOR WEST approaches the counter to make his order, where a  
MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE stands.

MAYOR WEST

I'll take a stained glass window and a  
book of stamps, for here.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE

Sir, we only serve...

Mayor West extends his index finger and places it on the lips  
of the stunned employee.

MAYOR WEST

Shhhhhh... Let's not spoil the moment  
with foolish talk.

**PAN OVER** to the entrance as Peter and Lois walk in.

PETER

All right. My first trip to

McDonald's as a retarded guy.

Peter heads toward the counter, grabbing food off people's trays as he goes.

PETER

Mmm... that's good... next time add

cheese... can I lick your tray?

Thanks.

Peter licks the brown tray. Peter then pushes people aside as he cuts to the front of the line.

PETER

Excuse me. Pardon me. Comin'

through. Yeah, I'll have a uh...

jeesh, ya think you know what you

want, then you get here and... what do

you recommend? Ooh! Is this thing

on?

Peter grabs the ordering microphone.

MCDONALD'S EMPLOYEE

Uh...

PETER

(INTO MICROPHONE) Attention McDonald's

customers: (BEAT) testicles. That is

all. \*

**ANGLE ON** several customers who spit out their food, stare at their meal, etc. Lois grabs the mic from Peter.

LOIS

Give me that. (INTO MICROPHONE) Sorry

folks.

(MORE)

LOIS (CONT'D)

(HAND OVER MIC) Oh my god, is that what my voice sounds like? All whiney and nasally? Ecch.

PETER

You know what? I'm just gonna get my own food.

Peter climbs over the counter.

LOIS

Peter, get back here!

PETER

No freakin' way.

**ANGLE ON** a golden bubbling fry-o-lator.

PETER (V.O.)

(AWESTRUCK) The fry-o-lator. Oh, I am so takin' this.

Peter **grunts** as he struggles to pick up the still-operating machine. He finally manages to hoist it up, and the grease flies out of it off-screen.

LOIS (O.S.)

Aaaah!

PETER

Uh-oh, Lois, you look worse than that Rocky Dennis kid from "Mask."

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

ROCKY DENNIS and DIANA, the blind girl, sit on the fence.

DIANA

Rocky, I don't even know what you look like. Can I touch your face?

ROCKY

Of course, Diana.

Diana smiles and starts to touch Rocky's face. Her smile suddenly turns to a look of horror.

DIANA

Oh, god. Oh! What is this? What --  
what -- what is all this? Am I  
touching the outside of a house? Oh,  
my god, you're a monster.

ROCKY

I'm beautiful on the inside.

Diana continues to feel his face.

DIANA

Yeah, but Rocky, there's a limit --  
Oh! Oh, what is this now? What is  
this over here? Does your face have a  
pelvis?

**EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG HOSPITAL - DAY**

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Peter, Meg, Chris and Stewie all are gathered around Lois' bedside. She is unconscious, BANDAGED FROM HEAD TO TOE, and hooked up to several machines. Brian enters.

BRIAN

Guys, the doctors said she has some  
first and second-degree burns from the  
french fry oil, and she may -- god,  
she smells delicious! Does anyone  
else smell that?

PETER

Oh, god, what have I done? I'm the  
worst husband ever.

As if on cue, a child services agent, AGENT JESSUP, enters the hospital room.

AGENT JESSUP

Make that the worst father ever. Hi, \*  
I'm agent Jessup from Child Services.  
Kids, why don't you go ahead and take  
two steps away from your father -- \*  
(BEAT) and then another 422 down to  
the van waiting to take you to your  
new foster homes.

PETER

You're taking my kids away?!

AGENT JESSUP

Yes. You're mentally unfit to take \*  
care of them.

Vern enters.

VERN

High-five, Peter!

PETER

Not now, Vern.

VERN

All right!

END OF ACT TWO

**ACT THREE****INT. GRIFFINS' BATH ROOM - EVENING**

Vern bathes Peter as Brian stands by.

PETER

I can't believe they took my kids  
away.

BRIAN

Well, at least your friends rallied  
together to take care of them.

**EXT./ESTAB. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT****INT. CLEVELAND'S DINING ROOM - SAME**

Stewie is sitting at the table with Cleveland and CLEVELAND  
JR. \*

CLEVELAND \*

How was school today, Cleveland Jr.? \*

CLEVELAND JR. \*

We played kickball. (LAUGHS) Then it  
was Billy's birthday. We ate a  
cupcake. (LAUGHS) \*

CLEVELAND \*

No wonder you don't want your burger. \*

STEWIE \*

So, this is what it's like to be  
black, hmm? Living la vida negro. \*

**EXT./ESTAB. GOLDMANS' HOUSE - NIGHT****INT. GOLDMANS' LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Mort and Chris sit in chairs. MURIEL sits on the couch.  
Chris reads a comic book. Mort reads the paper. Muriel is  
knitting. A beat. \*

CHRIS \*

Boy, I sure do miss my mom and dad. \*



MURIEL

Mort, he's homesick for his parents.

Tell the boy a story.

MORT

Chris, did I ever tell you I'm  
bi-anused?

CHRIS

No way!

MORT

It's true. The other children used to  
make fun of me for it. Some called me  
four-eyes two-anuses. Others called  
me doublemint ass. Both were creative  
nicknames, but I didn't care for  
either of them. The end.

CHRIS

I feel better!

**EXT./ESTAB. QUAGMIRE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**INT. QUAGMIRE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Meg and her nerdy friends PATTY, ESTHER, and RUTH, are  
WEARING PAJAMAS, and have set up sleeping bags in Quagmire's  
living room for a slumber party.

MEG

Thanks for letting my friends stay  
over, Mr. Quagmire.

QUAGMIRE

Well, this is a difficult time for  
you. You need to be surrounded by  
your friends right now.

(MORE)

## QUAGMIRE (CONT'D)

(BEAT) Your young, supportive, nubile,  
nerdy-but-doable, underage, jail,  
jail, jail, friends. (BACKING AWAY)  
Okay Meg, I'm just gonna lock myself  
in the panic room over there, here's  
the key. No matter what I say, don't  
let me out 'til morning.

MEG

Well, okay. If you say so.

Quagmire closes the door. Meg locks it.

QUAGMIRE

(SCREAMING, BANGING ON DOOR) Let me  
outta here!

MEG

But you said not to.

QUAGMIRE

Forget what I just said! Let me out!  
Uh... I left my insulin in your sleeping  
bag! There's bees in here. Killer  
bees! And... and... a grizzly bear.  
And he's got a chain saw! (MAKING BAD  
CHAIN SAW SOUNDS) ZZZZZZZZZRRRRRRRRZZZZ!  
The chain saw noise is really upsetting  
the bees!

**EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG HOSPITAL - DAY**

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME**

Peter enters from the bathroom, holding up his pants. Lois  
is still wrapped in bandages.

PETER

Lois? How ya doin', honey? Uh,  
there's, uh, no toilet paper in the  
bathroom. I'm just gonna...

Peter wraps some of her bandage around his hands.

PETER

There we go.

Peter heads back into the bathroom. After a beat, we hear a  
toilet **flush** and Lois' bandage unravels at a fast speed from  
her leg.

PETER (O.S.)

Oh, god! Hang on! Hang on! Hang on!

Hang on!

Peter races back in, grabs a pair of scissors and cuts the  
bandage.

PETER

My apologies, Lois. I didn't give  
that one a lot of forethought.

Brian enters.

BRIAN

The doctors still don't know how much  
longer she's gonna have to be here.

PETER

I feel horrible, Brian. I put Lois in  
the hospital and I lost the kids.  
Life gave me lemons and I did not make  
lemonade. I just chucked 'em at cars.  
I'm a bad husband and a terrible  
father.

BRIAN

Oh come on, you're not a terrible  
father. Remember when you gave birth  
to your children?

**INT. DELIVERY ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Peter lies in a delivery room, with his legs up in stirrups.  
Lois and DOCTORS in surgical scrubs stand by.

PETER

Aaa!

LOIS

Breathe, honey! Breathe!

PETER

Get it out! Lois, you bitch, how  
could you do this to me?! Aaaa!

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)**

BRIAN

Peter, you just need to show what a  
good father you are. Then you can get  
the kids back from Quagmire, Cleveland  
and the Goldmans.

PETER

Wait a second, Brian, you're right.  
And the best way to do that is to show  
what terrible parents they are. This  
plan is so perfect it's retarded.

**INT. GOLDMANS' HOUSE - LATER**

Mort speaks to Agent Jessup.

MORT

We've been taking very good care of  
Chris.

(MORE)

MORT (CONT'D)

He eats three square meals a day. He does his homework every night and we taught him how to pick his nose with a tissue on his finger.

The doorbell rings. Mort answers it, revealing Peter wearing a FAKE MOUSTACHE.

MORT

May I help you?

Peter holds up a box.

PETER

Yes, Mr. Goldman. I have your daily delivery of drugs. We have your coke, your smack, your PCP, your STP, your HBO, your uppers, downers, sideways, your angel dust, your devil dust, your guy in purgatory dust...

MORT

Those don't belong to me.

NICK NOLTE enters.

NICK NOLTE

Hey, those are mine.

PETER

Crap. Worst possible moment for Nick Nolte to show up.

**INT. CLEVELAND'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Stewie watches TV.

**INT. BLACK LIMBO SET - X (ON TV, BLACK AND WHITE)**

A forty-two-year-old MAN stands in front of a black background, framed from the waist up. He looks into the CAMERA.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MAN

I got a wife. Three kids. A great job. (BEAT) And colon cancer. Sure, I'd heard about colon cancer, but I always thought it was something that "other people" got. They say I have three months left.

The man lifts his hand into frame, revealing that he's holding a cigarette.

MAN (CONT'D)

It's too late for me.

**WIDEN** as he lowers the cigarette behind him. We now see that he is not wearing pants. He squints intensely, as he "inhales." He then lifts one leg slightly and a cloud of smoke rises from behind him.

MAN (CONT'D)

But it's not too late for you.

**INT. CLEVELAND'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)**

Peter ushers in seven skanky-looking PROSTITUTES.

PETER

All right, come on, ladies. Right this way. This'll show 'em that Cleveland's not fit to be a parent.

The Prostitutes take their seats in the living room. Stewie leans in to one of the prostitutes.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

So, tell me. Is there any tread left on the tires at all? Or at this point would it be just like throwing a hot dog down a hallway?

Agent Jessup and Cleveland enter.

PETER

Oh, my lord. Look who's here. Agent  
Jessup, look at all these prostitutes.

The prostitutes freeze and we hear a children's chorus as  
numbers appear over the prostitutes' heads.

CHILDREN'S CHORUS

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

PETER

(TO CAMERA) Seven. Seven prostitutes.

CLEVELAND

This is a shakedown!

AGENT JESSUP

Mr. Griffin, this isn't going to work.

CLEVELAND

Yeah. Peter, you and five of those  
prostitutes get out!

**EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG COURTHOUSE - DAY**

**INT. COURT ROOM - SAME**

Cleveland, the Goldmans, and the Griffin kids sit in the  
court room gallery. Peter and Brian sit together at the  
defendant table. The JUDGE (from 3ACX03) presides. Agent  
Jessup is finishing presenting his case.

AGENT JESSUP

So, in conclusion, Peter Griffin,  
you've inspired me... to distrust all  
mentally challenged parents. Thank  
you, your honor.

Agent Jessup sits down.

JUDGE

And thank you, Agent Jessup, for your  
comically misleading remarks.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Mister Griffin, do you have anything to say in your defense?

PETER

Your honor, I would like to call to the stand my surprise witness, The Ghost That Never Lies.

The courtroom "ooohs."

PETER

But, uh, I'm the only one that can see or hear him, so I'll let everyone know what he's sayin' and doin'.

AGENT JESSUP

Objection, your honor. This is ridiculous.

JUDGE

Overruled, I'll allow it. You better be going somewhere with this, Mr. Griffin.

PETER

Thank you, your honor.

Peter approaches the empty witness stand.

PETER

Ghost That Never Lies, did you witness the events that took place on that fateful day? (BEAT) You did. (GETTING COCKY) Well, how interesting. And do you see the culprit or culprits in this courtroom today? (BEAT) You do.

(MORE)



PETER (CONT'D)

Would you kindly point him or them out for the court. (BEAT) Don't point at me, you jackass! We had a deal, 250 bucks to point at those guys. Aw, man this sucks! Bailiff, get him out of my sight.

The BAILIFF doesn't move.

JUDGE

Well, if there's nothing further, I hereby

PETER

Uh, wait, your honor, there is something further. Look, I know I screwed up big time. But I only did it so I could get my kids back. I love 'em. And I think it's a bum rap that just because I'm retarded that makes me an unfit parent. There are plenty of unfit parents out there who aren't retarded, but they got to keep their kids. Bing Crosby, Joan Crawford, I think the Ramsey's still got one left. It's just wrong. I miss my kids. Chris and his sticky Hawaiian Punch fingers.

**ANGLE ON** Chris, who's fingers are stuck to Meg's hat.

PETER (O.S.)

Meg's inner beauty. Hell, at this point I even miss her outer ugly.

**SLOW PAN** to Meg, who smiles.

PETER (O.S.)

And little Stewie, with his baby  
bottom that's as soft as a baby's  
bottom.

**PAN TO** Stewie.

STEWIE

God, he's right, I have got the best  
ass. (ASIDE TO NEARBY WOMAN) Thanks to  
Dr. Rick Burman of Santa Monica,  
California.

PETER

I just want 'em back, your honor, and  
you're the only one who can help me.  
Whaddaya say?

JUDGE

Are you kidding? You're a monster. In  
fact, if I could, I would put you in a  
place where you would be removed from  
the general public. Perhaps locked in  
a big secure building with other  
dangerous people for a pre-determined  
period of time based on the nature and  
degree of your offense. Unfortunately,  
as far as I know, no such place exists,  
so I have no choice but to set you  
free.

PETER

(EXCITED) Does that mean I get my kids  
back?

JUDGE

Absolutely not. Case closed.

The judge **slams** his gavel.

PETER

Aw crap! (THEN) Oh, it was prison you  
were thinking of. Prison.

JUDGE

(KICKING HIMSELF) Aww! I already  
banged the hammer.

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now back to "Jake and the Fatman."

**INT. LIVING ROOM CRIME SCENE - NIGHT (ON TV)**

JAKE and THE FATMAN look over a crime scene. Jake inspects  
something on the floor. The Fatman sits in a chair across  
the room, **breathing** with a bit of difficulty.

JAKE

Hey, look over here on the carpet.  
That's a cigarette butt. This is  
probably evidence.

THE FATMAN

Oh. What do you think was in that danish?  
You think it was it cheese? 'Cause I got  
a little problem with cheese.

JAKE

Hey, I'm talkin' about evidence here.  
There's lipstick on this.

THE FATMAN

Well, can you bring it over to me?

JAKE

I can't move it, this is a crime scene.

THE FATMAN

Well, can you describe it to me?

JAKE

You know what, forget it. I'll take care of this, okay?

THE FATMAN

No, no, no, no, no. Just let me close my eyes for a minute.

JAKE

Look, I know his wife is a smoker. Just yesterday when we saw her at the Country Club she had a Virginia Slims in her hand.

The Fatman snores. He's fast asleep.

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

Peter sulks sadly as he and Brian sit on the couch watching TV. \*

BRIAN

So that's it, Peter? You're just giving up?

PETER

I don't know what else to do, Brian. I guess we're never gonna be a family again.

The door opens and Lois enters. \*

LOIS

Hello, Peter! \*

PETER

Oh, my god! Lois! You're all better!

LOIS

That's right. And the doctors say  
I'll smell like french fries for the  
next six months.

PETER

I'll enjoy that.

LOIS

And Peter, I've got a surprise for you.  
The kids enter.

PETER

You got the kids back! I love you so  
much, delicious french fry wife!

CHRIS

Now we can live with you again even  
though you're a dangerous retard.

PETER

Don't say "retard," Chris. We prefer  
to be called "little people." Because  
there's nothing wrong with being  
mentally challenged. In fact, I've  
learned that we are superior people.  
Above all you dumb brainy smarties.  
Some day you will beg us for mercy.  
And we will consider it.

LOIS

Isn't it wonderful that everything's  
back to normal?

PETER

Yeah. Well, no thanks to The Ghost  
That Never Lies. Well, well, speak of  
the devil. You got anything to say  
for yourself? Uh-huh... Yeah, I  
know, but -- Yeah, but -- I -- I  
know. All right, lower your voice.  
(PAUSE) Can I just get a word in  
edgewise here? (PAUSE) See, you're  
twisting it. (TO LOIS) You see how  
he's twisting it? You know what,  
we'll go hash this out at the Clam.  
Ghost, you're drivin'.

Peter throws his keys in the air. The keys fall to the  
ground. Peter walks outside.

PETER (O.S.)

Ooh, shiny red ball!

We hear cars screech and crash.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW