

FAMILY GUY

"Believe It or Not, Joe's Walking on Air"

Production #5ACX15

Written by

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TABLE DRAFT
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“BELIEVE IT OR NOT, JOE’S WALKING ON AIR”

CAST LIST FOR #5ACX15:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS (SUB: KIM FERTMAN)
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
BAVARIAN GUY.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
BERNICE.....WANDA SYKES (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
BONNIE.....JENNIFER TILLY (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
BULLFROG #1.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
BULLFROG #2.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
BURL IVES SNOWMANTBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
CELINE DION.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY
COWBOY.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
DR. HARTMANSETH MACFARLANE
DWARF.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
FATHER.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
FDR.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
GAY TRAFFIC COP.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
GUY.....TBD (SUB: MARK HENTEMANN)
HERBERT.....MIKE HENRY
JAMIE FARR.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
JOE.....PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
JUDAS.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
“KAISER VON ONE THUMB SLIGHTLY BIGGER THAN THE OTHER” GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
KOOL AID GUY.....SETH MACFARLANE
MAYOR MCCHEESE.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
MEXICAN GUY.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
MURIEL.....NICOLE SULLIVAN (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
OLLIE.....PHIL LAMARR (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
PARKER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
PONTIUS PILATE.....TBD (PATRICK MEIGHAN)

PONTIUS PILATE.....TBD (PATRICK MEIGHAN)
PORTLAND.....TBD (SUB: MARK HENTEMANN)
QUADRIPLEGIC MAN.....SETH MACFARLANE
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
QUENTIN.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
SEAMUS.....SETH MACFARLANE
SNOW WHITE.....TBD (SUB: CHERRY CHEVAPRAVATDUMRONG)
TOM TUCKER.....SETH MACFARLANE
TORTOISE.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
TV ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
YOUNG WOMAN.....TBD (ALEX BORSTEIN)

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - EVENING

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

PETER, JOE, CLEVELAND, and QUAGMIRE sit at a booth drinking beers. Quagmire is finishing a story:

QUAGMIRE

So, I said to her just add a pinch
of cumin and she fought me like
hell. But finally she gave in and
we both took a bite and we looked
at each other and we both said...
cumin.

The guys **laugh**.

CLEVELAND

Men make the best chefs.

Peter takes a drink of beer and **sighs**.

PETER

This is great. A bunch of guys
hangin' out. Just like "The
Monkees."

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - DAY (FLASHBACK)

We see a WACKY MONTAGE of Peter and the guys in various costumes. They all have Beatle-esque mop-top haircuts and are hamming it up in the style of the old "Monkees" TV show as we hear Peter sing the following song:

PETER

WE'RE WACKY, AT THE BEACH/ IN A
HOUSE FULL OF ECLECTIC PROPS-- LIKE
A STUFFED GORILLA!

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

WHO'D HAVE ONE OF THOSE IN THEIR
HOUSE?/ AND THIS SONG WAS PROBABLY
WRITTEN BY NEIL DIAMOND UNDER A
DIFFERENT NAME/ SO LET'S RUN AROUND
IN FAST MOTION/ YEAH!/ LET'S RUN
AROUND IN FAST MOTION/ BY THE
OCEAN/ AND WE MAY BE COMING TO YOUR
TOWN!

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - EVENING (BACK TO PRESENT)

The guys still sit at the booth.

JOE

Quagmire, tell that story about the
girl with the inside-out anus.

QUAGMIRE

Oh, you mean Blossom?

PETER

Oh, that's a great story.

QUAGMIRE

Alright, so I'm skulking around the
intensive care unit and all of a
sudden this smoking hot chick--

LOIS (O.S.)

Hey, boys!

WIDEN TO REVEAL LOIS, BONNIE, and BERNICE (Cleveland's
girlfriend) have entered, **chatting with each other.**

PETER

What the hell are you guys doing
here?

LOIS

Oh, we just decided to have a little girls' night out.

BONNIE

Yeah, you guys talk about this place all the time, we figured we'd give it a try.

CLEVELAND

Bernice, we haven't really been dating long enough for you to be hanging out with my friends' wives.

BERNICE

Shut up, Cleveland.

CLEVELAND

Okay.

The women settle into a nearby booth.

LOIS

So anyway, the clerk said don't worry about it and he rang it up like I had the coupon.

BONNIE

Oh, was he the one with the ponytail?

BERNICE

I've seen him playing guitar in the park.

LOIS

Oh, and he's got a long pinky fingernail, that means he does coke.

LOIS/BONNIE/BERNICE

Ooooh!

LOIS

(LOOKING O.S.) Ohp! Time out!
Jukebox! (TO OTHER WOMEN) Hey, you guys wanna dance?

BONNIE/BERNICE

Yeah, totally! / Hell yeah, I just got my corns removed!

The ladies **giggle** and **chatter** excitedly as they head over to the jukebox. Lois puts a quarter in and they start dancing with each other to "I Will Survive".

ANGLE ON the guys in their booth.

PETER

Oh my god, this sucks! The Clam's the only place we got to get away from the women. This is a bigger disaster than when Snow White let that eighth dwarf in the house.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

SNOW WHITE stands with SEVEN DWARVES. An EIGHTH DWARF stands in front of her.

SNOW WHITE

So what's your name?

DWARF

Rapey.

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - EVENING (BACK TO SCENE)

The girls sit back down at their table.

BONNIE

Oh my god, that was so much fun!

LOIS

You know, boys, we might just make
this our regular spot.

Peter looks at her for a beat, then takes Joe's gun, puts it in his mouth, and pulls the trigger, killing himself. Blood **sprays** all over the wall. We then cut to a close-up of Peter's face, undamaged.

JOE (O.S.)

Peter. Peter?

PULL OUT to REVEAL Peter was daydreaming.

PETER

Sorry, Joe, I just had one of my
"Scrubs" fantasy moments.

QUAGMIRE

It's the best show you're not
watching.

CLEVELAND

I hate shows that cut away from the
story for some bull shit.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY (CUTAWAY)

ANGLE ON HITLER riding a unicycle and juggling fish.
Calliope music **plays**.

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

Fellas, our way of life is being
threatened and we gotta do
something about it.

CLEVELAND

Couldn't we just ask the women to
leave?

PETER

Nah, nah. I got something way more
expensive and time-consuming in
mind.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

EXT. GRIFFINS' BACKYARD - SAME

Peter, Cleveland, Joe, and Quagmire stand, smiling at
something O.S. They're dressed in tool-belts and workmen's
clothes.

PETER

Well, men, the Quahog Men's Club is
complete.

OPPOSITE ANGLE, revealing that they've built a slightly
ramshackle clubhouse in the backyard. It has a crude sign
that reads "QUAHOG MEN'S CLUB: NO BALLS, NO ENTRY."

PETER (CONT'D)

It took six weeks and cost eight
thousand dollars, but it was worth
it. I have no qualms about the
fact that I've depleted our life
savings to build this shed.

Lois comes outside.

LOIS

Peter, I wish you'd get rid of this
thing. It's an absolute eyesore.

PETER

What do you care, Lois? You girls got the Clam, we got the Quahog Men's Club. Besides, we're not hurting anybody.

LOIS

What are you talking about? You ripped a whole chunk of wall out of the house!

WIDE ANGLE ON the side of the house. STEWIE'S tiny head pops up from behind the hole.

STEWIE

What is this?! There's something wrong with the house! I don't like change!

ANGLE BACK ON Peter, Lois, and the guys.

LOIS

And that secret tunnel entrance from inside the house has gotta go.

PETER

That was supposed to be a secret, Lois.

LOIS

There's a fifteen foot hole in the kitchen!

PETER

(BEAT) You're a fifteen foot hole. I'm sorry, I should've said that after you left.

LOIS

Peter, you can't just slap together
flimsy structures in the yard.

PETER

Why not? Herbert did it.

ZIP PAN to HERBERT'S yard where Herbert has set up a small,
makeshift stand with a sign that reads "QUAHOG BOYS CLUB:
FREE POPSICLES AND SHOULDER RUBS."

HERBERT

(SINGING, TO HIMSELF) Y-M-C-A /

IT'S FUN TO STAY AT THE Y-M-C-A

(THEN) Mmmmmmmmm.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - SAME

STEWIE sits in front of a computer with RUPERT by his side.

STEWIE

Well, let's see what's going on in
the chat room today. You know what
I love about the Internet, Rupert?
There are no stupid opinions or
petty arguments that go on for
pages. People just get on, say
something smart, and get off.

SFX: "PING!"

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Ooh, what have we here?! A young
minx named "SteinBecky." (TYPING)
"To SteinBecky, from SweetNSassy.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Hey, SteinBecky, wassup?" Oh, look, Rupert, she wrote "how R U?", but see, she just typed the letters "R" and "U" instead of spelling out the entire words, which means she must be super busy. I'm lucky she made the time for me. Let's see. (TYPING) "Doing good, just kickin' it cyberstyle. LOL. Smiley face. Goofy face with tongue sticking out."

SFX: "PING!"

STEWIE (CONT'D)

She says "Goofy face with tongue sticking out" too! Oh Rupert, this could be my soulmate. Although I'm not the first person to find a kindred spirit. Like Judas and Pontius Pilate.

EXT. JERUSALEM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

JUDAS leans against a tree, thinking out loud. THE ROMAN CONSUL, PONTIUS PILATE, stands nearby.

JUDAS

You know, sometimes I feel like someone should just--

PONTIUS PILATE

--crucify Jesus of Nazareth
oh my god!

JUDAS

--crucify Jesus of Nazareth
oh my god!

JUDAS (CONT'D)

Shut up!

PONTIUS PILATE

No, you shut up!

JUDAS

(EXTENDING HAND) I'm Judas.

PONTIUS PILATE

Pontius. This is so weird because just today I was thinking about how I wanted to find the son of god and nail him to some wood.

JUDAS

Dude. (GESTURES AND DOES "THE TWILIGHT ZONE" THEME)

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG MEN'S CLUB CLUBHOUSE - DAY

INT. QUAHOG MEN'S CLUB CLUBHOUSE - SAME

Peter, Quagmire, Cleveland, and Joe sit around a table, playing cards and wearing fezzes. The clubhouse looks like a smaller version of a Viking longhouse, but with wood panelling and vinyl bar stools.

QUAGMIRE

Alright, Peter, this is a tough one. Are you ready for this? Would you have sex with Cleveland if it meant you could have sex with Angelina Jolie?

PETER

Ah... yeah, I'd probably do it.

QUAGMIRE

Hang on, hang on-- missionary. And you have to look him in the eye. No closing your eyes and pretending it's somebody else.

Peter thinks a beat, then looks Cleveland in the eyes for a beat.

PETER

I think still yes.

CLEVELAND

Thank you, Peter.

QUAGMIRE

Alright, here's another one. Who would you rather have sex with? A very pregnant Gina Gershon or Jenny McCarthy after a car accident?

PETER

Hang on, hang on-- Look, I know this is a men's club, but why does it always have to be about sex? Look, alright, how 'bout this: who would you rather start a small business with, Janet Reno after a safari, or the fat guy from "My Name is Earl."

QUAGMIRE

That still sounds like a sex question.

PETER

It is not.

QUAGMIRE

Well, what the hell does "safari"
have to do with it?

CLEVELAND

What's the guy from "Earl"'s credit
rating?

PETER

651.

CLEVELAND/JOE

(CONSIDERING) That's not bad. /
Better than mine.

CLEVELAND

Does he have an idea, or do I have
to come up with it myself?

PETER

He's got an idea, but it's not
quite there.

QUAGMIRE

I'd have to give it to Janet Reno,
'cause I've always had this
business plan for home delivery of
prescription medications, and
that's more her market.

JOE

This is stupid! I wanna talk about
vaginas!

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG MEN'S CLUB CLUBHOUSE - LATER

We hear thumping **music** playing from inside.

INT. QUAHOG MEN'S CLUB CLUBHOUSE - SAME

The place is now filled with MEN, all in fezzes. Everyone is drinking. Peter stands with Quagmire, Joe, and Cleveland. They are all a little drunk.

CLEVELAND

Well, I'd say the men's club
inaugural ball is a huge success.

PETER

Hey, guys, let's play a party game.
Let's go stand over near Brian, and
we'll take a drink every time he
says "bonerific."

JOE

Bonerific?

PETER

Yeah, it's his catchphrase. He
says it all the time.

GUYS

Okay. / I'm in. / etc.

The guys cross over to BRIAN. Peter can barely keep from **giggling**.

PETER

Hey Brian, how you feeling tonight?

BRIAN

Good. I'm having a nice time.

The guys all look at each other.

QUAGMIRE

Are you feeling terrific, or any variation on that word?

BRIAN

Oh, sure. No complaints. My skin's a little dry.

Another long pause.

JOE

He's not saying it, Peter.

QUAGMIRE

Yeah, this game sucks.

BRIAN

What game? What's going on here?

Peter leans into Brian and **mutters** something softly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What?

Peter leans in and mutters again.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

No. Why would I say that? It's not even a word.

PETER

What isn't a word?

BRIAN

Bonerific.

PETER/CLEVELAND/QUAGMIRE/JOE

AHHHH!!!!

They all drink.

PETER

Did I tell you?! You can't keep
this guy from saying it! Now it's
a party! (LONG BEAT) So... what
else is new, Brian?

ANGLE ON another group of guys partying to the song "**Shout**".
THE QUADRIPLEGIC MAN "sings" along. He has his hand of the
volume knob of his voice box and keeps **turning it up** a notch.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN

A little bit louder now. Shout.
(LOUDER, OVER MUSIC) A little bit
louder now. Shout. (LOUDER) A
little bit louder now.

He **turns up** the voice box again and it turns to **feedback**. He
quickly turns the volume back down.

QUADRIPLEGIC MAN (CONT'D)

I think that shattered my bag.

ANGLE ON Cleveland talking to OLLIE WILLIAMS.

CLEVELAND

I've been watching you on the
television. Your little weatherman
minstrel show is making us all look
bad.

OLLIE

Look, I'm just doing what I have to
do. I have two children, a
mortgage to pay, and a wife who
refuses to work. And, frankly, I
don't want her to.

(MORE)

OLLIE (CONT'D)

And just between you and me, I'm
nailing Diane.

Cleveland nods.

CLEVELAND

Right on, my brother.

They **dap**. Tom Tucker passes.

TOM TUCKER

How's it going, Ollie?

OLLIE

Drinkin' a forty!

TOM TUCKER

Fantastic.

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - NIGHT

Lois, Bonnie, Bernice, and MURIEL are drinking wine.

LOIS

Alright, one more pre-party drink
and we'll head off to the Clam.

MURIEL

It's cheaper to drink at your house
first.

BONNIE

(RE: MUSIC) Boy, they sure are
making a lot of noise out there.

LOIS

Those idiots have done nothing but
hang out in that stupid shed for
the last two days.

BERNICE

We should crash that party.

LOIS

Hey, you know what, Bernice is right. They're always trying to get away from us. We should march in there and remind them that they have wives. Catch them off guard like the tortoise did to the hare.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY (CUTAWAY)

The TORTOISE passes the HARE who is napping on the side of the road.

TORTOISE

Oh, I see y'all sleeping there. For a second I thought you might be dead, but now I'm noticing your furry little stomach's going up and down with each breath. Whatcha dreamin' about? How you's gonna spend that prize money after the race? You gonna spend it on carrots or maybe a decorative ring for your little pink penis? Your penis is sleeping too, I can see. Well, I got a race to run.

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG MEN'S CLUB CLUBHOUSE - NIGHT

INT. QUAHOG MEN'S CLUB CLUBHOUSE - SAME

The party is still in full swing. There's a knock on the door. Peter answers it. It's the girls.

LOIS

Hey, boys, mind if we join the party?

PETER

Sorry, Lois, no girls allowed.

QUAGMIRE

Oh, come on, Peter. It'd be good to have some chicks in here.

PETER

Quagmire, you nuts? This is a men's club.

SEAMUS

Thar's the problem. The ratio be terrible. It's a total mast-fest in here.

JOE/CLEVELAND

You know, I kinda agree. / Yeah, this is sorta lame.

BERNICE

Well, we can fix that. C'mon, girls, let's dance!

Lois and the girls enter and start dancing with the guys.

PETER

Hey, stop it! You women can't dance in here! Well, I know two people who'll take my side on this. The stuffy parents from "Dirty Dancing". Right, guys?

WIDEN to REVEAL the STUFFY PARENTS from "Dirty Dancing", who are in fact dancing.

FATHER

Sorry, Peter. Even we're getting into it.

PETER

(SHAKING HIS FISTS WITH FRUSTRATION) Ohhhhh!

ANGLE ON Bonnie, who sits down next to Joe.

JOE

What's the matter, Bonnie? Don't you wanna dance?

BONNIE

Oh, it's okay, Joe. I don't mind sitting here with you.

JOE

What I mean is... I don't wanna hold you back.

BONNIE

Don't be silly, honey. It's just as nice watching other people have fun.

Joe hangs his head. **ANGLE ON** Peter sulking. The KOOL AID GUY walks up to him.

KOOL AID GUY

Hey, where's the restroom?

PETER

(POINTS) It's in there.

The Kool Aid Guy walks through the door, closes it, then reemerges a moment later with only a little bit of Kool Aid left **sloshing** around in his pitcher body.

KOOL AID GUY

Thanks. (WHISPERING IN PETER'S EAR)
You're gonna need some clean towels
in there.

EXT./ESTAB. SWANSON'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

INT. JOE AND BONNIE'S KITCHEN - SAME

The phone **rings**. Bonnie picks it up.

BONNIE

Hello. (BEAT) Oh, hi, Lois. (BEAT)
Yeah, last night was fun. (BEAT)
Oh, it's okay, I'm used to not
dancing. Although, I will say-- I
mean, look, I love Joe more than
anything in the world, but it's
times like that I sure wish my
husband could move his legs.

ANGLE ON Joe, who is listening from the other room.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

It's okay though, I knew what to
expect after Joe's accident and I'm
prepared to live the rest of my
life this way.

INT. JOE AND BONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Joe wheels away from the door, depressed.

JOE

Poor Bonnie. She deserves so much
better than me.

Joe looks at a picture of FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT, which sits on a
table.

JOE (CONT'D)

How did you manage, FDR?

FDR

Well, Joe, my friend, and you are my friend, I always hated being a cripple.

JOE

Really?

FDR

But it was okay because my wife looked like a shaved lumberjack and she couldn't give me a stiffy even if she tried. (RACE CAR NOISES)

JOE

What-- what was that?

FDR

Sounds like a race car, doesn't it?

JOE

You're no help at all.

Joe wheels around and out the door.

EXT. SWANSON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe wheels out onto the lawn and looks up at the sky.

JOE

As god is my witness, I, Joe Swanson, will walk again!

FDR (O.S.)

Come back inside, I'm lonely.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

INT. DOCTOR HARTMAN'S WAITING ROOM - SAME

Peter and Joe wait patiently. Joe sits in his wheelchair.

JOE

Thanks for coming with me, Peter.

PETER

No problem, Joe. Sorry I was running late, I, uh, had to finish tearing down the men's club. Worked out well, I sold all the lumber to the Texas militia so they could build a really short fence on the Mexican border.

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A Texas COWBOY stands with a rifle guarding a very short wooden fence. A MEXICAN GUY stands on the other side. He runs over to one end.

MEXICAN GUY

Maybe I come around this side!

COWBOY

No, no, no!

MEXICAN GUY

Okay, maybe I come around this side!

COWBOY

No, no, no, no!

MEXICAN GUY

Okay, maybe I climb over top!

COWBOY

No, no, no!

MEXICAN GUY

You need help building more fence?

COWBOY

(SHORT BEAT) Okay, come on over.

The Mexican guy starts to climb over.

INT. DOCTOR HARTMAN'S WAITING ROOM - LATER (BACK TO SCENE)

Dr. Hartman exits out his patient, MAYOR MCCHEESE.

DR. HARTMAN

I'm sorry, Mayor McCheese, but I'm not sure if any cosmetic surgery is even possible.

MAYOR MCCHEESE

Look, if it's a financial issue--

DR. HARTMAN

It's not an issue of money, your head is a cheeseburger. There's no bloodflow to it. It's just dead cow meat.

MAYOR MCCHEESE

Alright, well, I appreciate you giving it to me straight.

DR. HARTMAN

Alright, then, have a tasty afternoon.

MAYOR MCCHEESE

(CAN'T HELP BUT CHUCKLE)

DR. HARTMAN

Ahhh, there's a smile.

INT. DOCTOR HARTMAN'S EXAMINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joe sits on the examining table facing Dr. Hartman. Peter is also there.

DR. HARTMAN

So what can I do for you, Mr. Swanson?

JOE

Doc, I can't take it anymore. I wanna walk again. And I'll do whatever it takes.

DR. HARTMAN

I think I see what you're getting at. I restore your mobility and you murder my wife. Criss-cross.

JOE

No, that's not what I meant at all.

PETER

Doc, he wants new legs. Is there anything you can do about that?

DR. HARTMAN

Well, there is a highly experimental new procedure. It's essentially a leg transplant. But it's extremely expensive and there's an incredibly long wait list, so I don't think I can help you.

PETER

Would you do it for a Scooby-snack?

Peter pulls out a box of Scooby snacks.

DR. HARTMAN

Rokay!

He tosses one to Dr. Hartman, who catches it in his mouth.

INT. DOCTOR HARTMAN'S OFFICE - SHORTLY AFTER

Peter and Joe sit across from Dr. Hartman. They all look at a computer screen.

DR. HARTMAN

Now, Mr. Swanson, through the magic of digital imaging, we'll select the legs most suited to your body from our inventory of donors.

ANGLE ON the screen. Dr. Hartman clicks through various images. Each one shows Joe with different legs. On the screen we see Joe with midget legs, a woman's legs, a black guy's legs, a fat guy's legs, Seamus's legs, Big Bird's legs, the bottom part of a horse, and finally normal-looking Joe legs.

JOE

Hey, what about these?

DR. HARTMAN

Ah, good choice. These are the only ones we have in stock that aren't hilarious.

JOE

I'll take 'em!

PETER

Alright, Joe. You're gonna be happier than bullfrogs on vacation in Ethiopia.

EXT. ETHIOPIAN STREET - DAY (CUTAWAY)

We see a small starving AFRICAN VILLAGER sitting on the side of the road with FLIES all over his face. Two BULLFROGS sit nearby, **snapping** the flies off of the villager with their tongues.

BULLFROG #1

Ah, this is fantastic! This is even better than they said it was in the brochure!

BULLFROG #2

Oh, yeah, I feel like a pig, but, come on, we're on vacation!

BULLFROG #1

Exactly, don't hate yourself, we're on vacation.

BULLFROG #2

Uch.

BULLFROG #1

What?

BULLFROG #2

Ah, nothing, I just got a little bit of the guy.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Joe lies on the operating table as Dr. Hartman and his ASSISTANT SURGEONS stand around him.

DR. HARTMAN

Now, just relax, Mr. Swanson, and let the anaesthetic do its job.

JOE

Alright, Doc, I trust you.

DR. HARTMAN

Good. Now, I'll just pop in the how-to video, and we'll get started.

JOE

(ALARMED) What?!

Dr. Hartman pops in a video.

ANGLE ON the TV. A SMILING MAN faces the camera.

JAMIE FARR

Hi, I'm Jamie Farr, and you're about to perform leg surgery. First off, what's your name?

DR. HARTMAN

Dr. Hartman.

JAMIE FARR

Great name, but I'm gonna call you "Pal"!

JOE

NOOOOO!

Joe loses consciousness.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - SAME

Stewie sits at his computer exactly as we saw him earlier. Rupert sits by his side.

STEWIE

Well Rupert, let's see if I have any new messages from the adorable SteinBecky.

The computer makes a "you've got mail" sound.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh my! Six new messages. I'm going to answer each one individually, so as to savor the experience. Like a fine cheese.

Just then, Brian appears at the door.

BRIAN

Hey, what's going on?

Stewie covers up the screen.

STEWIE

Uh, something called "my personal business." Which means it's none of yours.

BRIAN

It's gay porn, isn't it?

STEWIE

That was one time, and it wasn't gay porn, it was Greek art. Now go away!

BRIAN

Alright, I'm leaving.

Brian exits. Stewie turns back to his computer, excited.

STEWIE

(READING) "Dear SweetNSassy, let's put this relationship to the test. How about we meet?" Oh my God! Rupert! She wants to meet me at the park! I'm more atwitter than a gay traffic cop!

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A GAY TRAFFIC COP wears a yellow vest over a police uniform with shorts and white gloves. A whistle hangs around his neck. He dances and gestures in a peppy manner as he directs cars through the intersection.

GAY TRAFFIC COP

Getting your kids to school.
Getting your kids to school, and
stop. Okay, left turn. Go Mazda,
you earned it, you waited. Signal,
signal, signal, left turn. And
dump-truck, stop. Wait your turn.

EXT. QUAHOG GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - SAME

Peter, Quagmire, Cleveland and Bonnie sit in the waiting room.

CLEVELAND

He's been in there an awful long
time. I hope everything's alright.

BONNIE

My Joe's a fighter. He'll come out
of this.

ANGLE ON the operating room door. It **swings** open, revealing Dr. Hartman.

DR. HARTMAN

Gentlemen, I give you... the new
Joe Swanson.

Joe walks out, confidently sporting a new pair of legs. The guys **gasp** with big smiles.

JOE

Well, what do you think?

PETER/QUAGMIRE/BONNIE/
CLEVELAND

That's great, Joe!/ Fantastic!/ Oh,
honey!/ They still got that new leg
smell.

Dr. Hartman holds up a transparent trashbag with two severed
legs inside.

DR. HARTMAN

I put his old legs in a bag, if you
want them.

PETER

Oh, great. You know what, we'll
take 'em home, we'll give 'em to
Brian.

BONNIE

Come on, Joe, I'll drive you home.

JOE

Are you kidding? I've got working
legs for the first time in fifteen
years, and I'm gonna use 'em. I'm
walking home!

DR. HARTMAN

(HANDS ON WHEELCHAIR) I'm sorry,
Mr. Swanson, hospital rules: you
have to leave in a wheelchair.

Joe **punches** Dr. Hartman in the face. He goes down.

EXT./ESTAB. SWANSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. JOE AND BONNIE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Over darkness, we hear:

JOE (O.S.)

YEAH! YEAH! GET SOME! GET SOME!

GET SOME! YEAH! SEX! SEX! SEX!

Joe turns on the light, and we see him and Bonnie lying in bed, post coital.

BONNIE

Oh Joe, that was amazing.

JOE

(COCKY) I know. I was there.

BONNIE

I've never done it six times in one night.

JOE

Well, get ready, 'cause you're gonna do it seven times in one night.

BONNIE

Oh, I don't know, Joe, I look like a run-over squirrel down there.

EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire sit watching TV.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Coming this fall on Fox, a new reality show: "Who Wants To Marry Corky From 'Life Goes On?'"

INT. STUDIO STAGE - DAY (ON TV)

TIGHT ON CORKY'S FACE.

CORKY

You won't believe what happens!

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Joe enters and approaches the guys.

JOE

Come on, guys, let's go!

QUAGMIRE

Go? Where we going?

JOE

Listen, these new legs have given me my life back. I wanna do all the things I could never do when I was handicapped. And you guys are my best friends. I want you to experience it all with me.

PETER

You can count on us, Joe. Hey, what'd you do with your old wheelchair?

JOE

I gave it away.

EXT. DOWNWARD-SLOPING QUAHOG STREET - SAME TIME

CHRIS rolls down the hill in Joe's wheelchair.

CHRIS

Weeeeeee! Hahaha!

Chris **wipes out** and **crashes** through the front window of Herbert's house.

INT. HERBERT'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Herbert sits in his chair with a shawl over his lap as Chris lands facedown on the floor. Jesse sits nearby.

HERBERT

Jesse, get the gimp out of the
cellar.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Joe scales the side of a snowy mountain with Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire. Joe climbs ahead of the group, faster and stronger than the others.

JOE

Ah, this is great! I feel so
alive! (SHOUTING BACK TO THEM) Come
on, ladies! Kick your high heels
off and get moving! You guys are a
disgrace!

Joe scurries up the mountain. **ANGLE ON** the rest of the guys,
who are **wheezing** and sweating.

CLEVELAND

Fellas, I don't think this is such
a good idea.

QUAGMIRE

Yeah, this doesn't seem safe.

PETER

Y'know, I figured this would be
rough, so to lighten the mood, I
brought along my new buddy from
work, Trevor.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE TREVOR, a guy in slacks and a short-sleeve,
button-down shirt.

PETER (CONT'D)

He's gonna fit right in, and I'm
sure he'll join us on many of our
future adventures.

Trevor loses his footing and falls to his death, **screaming**.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, he hated Mondays.

INT. GYM - DAY

Joe, dressed in a karate robe, paces in front of Cleveland, Peter and Quagmire, also in karate robes.

CLEVELAND

I don't know about this, Joe.

JOE

There is no fear in this dojo!

PETER

Joe, we don't even know what a dojo
is--

JOE

There is no mercy in this dojo!

QUAGMIRE

Joe, why don't you take it down a
notch?

JOE

NO MERCY!

Joe does a **roundhouse kick** to Quagmire's face, then proceeds to expertly **kick** the crap out of Peter and Cleveland. After all three of them are rendered unconscious, Joe stops and bows reverently.

JOE (CONT'D)

Joe-Joe-Swa.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Stewie sits on a bench, nervously waiting for his online date to arrive. He holds a bouquet of flowers. A LITTLE BIRD lands on the bench.

STEWIE

Hello, Mr. Bird. You know what I'm doing? I'm waiting for a girl. You're probably here looking for worms. We've both got our own agendas. Let's just try and stay out of each other's way, shall we?

Just then, Brian walks up, also holding a bouquet of flowers.

BRIAN

What the-- what the hell are you doing here?

STEWIE

What are you doing here?! Go away, I'm meeting a date!

BRIAN

So am I.

STEWIE

(REALIZING) Oh. Oh dear.

BRIAN

Oh my god. Wait, wait, no, no. You're "SweetNSassy"?!

STEWIE

You're Becky Stein?!

BRIAN

No, I'm Steinbeck-y. As in pertaining to Steinbeck.

STEWIE

Oh, god. Oh, this is a disaster.

BRIAN

Yeah, you know what? It gets a lot worse. I took a Cialis.

STEWIE

What?

BRIAN

I took a Cialis.

STEWIE

Well, that's rather presumptuous, isn't it? What, did you think you were gonna get laid?

BRIAN

I-- I don't know. I just wanted to play it safe.

STEWIE

Well, how long ago did you take it?

BRIAN

About a half hour.

STEWIE

Huh. Well, I guess we can go home.
(LOOKS DOWN) I see that way is north.

EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Peter, Cleveland, and Quagmire sit in a booth. They all look exhausted.

QUAGMIRE

My god, Joe is running us ragged.

PETER

Yeah, I haven't been this exhausted since I took that night job as the stick up Celine Dion's ass.

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

CELINE DION sits in front of a mirror, putting on make-up before a show. We hear the **crowd cheering** in anticipation.

CELINE DION

All right, Celine, the audience is waiting.

PETER (O.S.)

(MUFFLED) Yeah. Just remember to beat your chest every time you say "heart."

CELINE DION

Yes, they love me.

PETER (O.S.)

(MUFFLED) Talk about your kid a lot as if no one else has ever had one and can't possibly understand the profound experience you are having.

CELINE DION

I only wish that I were not so ugly.

PETER (O.S.)

(MUFFLED) You're not ugly, it's just that you're so far ahead of everyone else, beauty can't catch up with you. (THEN) Okay, let's do this.

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME (BACK TO PRESENT)

Joe enters, talking loudly on his cell phone. He's carrying a bicycle over his shoulder.

JOE

(INTO PHONE) Yeah, Dave Matthews Live, I'll burn you a copy. (BEAT) Alright, stay cool.

Joe hangs up.

CLEVELAND

Hey, Joe, whatcha got there?

JOE

Mountain-bike.

PETER

Oh, Joe, I don't know. My thighs are still chafed from that powerwalk. I am just slathered with Desitin.

JOE

Don't worry. I'm not taking you pansies. I'm taking my new friends.

THREE HANDSOME ATHLETIC-LOOKING GUYS walk up behind Joe. They are much more in shape, attractive versions of Peter, Cleveland, and Quagmire.

JOE (CONT'D)

This is Parker, Quentin, and
Portland.

CLEVELAND

Is Portland the black one?

JOE

Portland is the black one.

PETER

Joe, what the-- what the hell is
this?

JOE

Well, Peter, I realized over the
last few days the only reason I
hung out with you guys is that I
was crippled and you were lazy. I
decided it's time I got some
friends more suited to my status.

Quentin gives Joe a fist bump.

QUENTIN

Giggity, brah.

QUAGMIRE

But, Joe, we've been friends for
years.

JOE

Hey, we all make mistakes. C'mon,
dudes, let's go exercise.

Joe and his new friends exit. The guys looks sad. The
claymation BURL IVES SNOWMAN (from "Rudolph the Red-Nosed
Reindeer" waddles in.

BURL IVES SNOWMAN

Well, our friends are all saddened by the loss of their pal, Joe. But they knew the best thing for them to do was to get the women back to Christmas Town.

PETER

Excuse me, but this does not concern you. And frankly, it doesn't even accurately reflect what's going on here.

BURL IVES SNOWMAN

I'm sorry, I've been drinking here since noon. And someone stole my banjo.

PETER

Oh, I didn't mean to be insensitive.

BURL IVES SNOWMAN

Well, too late.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois sits with Peter, drinking coffee.

LOIS

Peter, I wish you'd go over and patch things up with Joe.

PETER

Hey, screw him, Lois. He doesn't need us anymore now that he's got his cool, new friends. I tell ya, those legs have turned him into a complete jerk. It's like giving a monkey the keys to an amusement park.

LOIS

How is that?

PETER

How is what?

LOIS

How is it anything like a monkey having the keys to an amusement park?

PETER

I don't know. The hours would be erratic. Maintenance would probably suffer to some degree. The prizes for the games of chance would all be bananas.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I-- Lois, don't call me on this stuff, just go with it. Support me in these moments. I'm hurt. I lost my buddy.

LOIS

Well, do something about it, Peter. Take charge.

PETER

You know what, you're right, Lois. I gotta take charge. Like my great grandfather, "Kaiser Von One Thumb Slightly Bigger Than The Other" Griffin.

INT. BAVARIAN PALACE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

"KAISER VON ONE THUMB SLIGHTLY BIGGER THAN THE OTHER" GRIFFIN stands with his back to the camera. He looks at a map of the world and is wearing a large helmet with a spiky point on it. A BAVARIAN GUY enters.

BAVARIAN GUY

Kaiser, the Prussians have challenged us to a thumb war.

"KAISER VON ONE THUMB SLIGHTLY BIGGER THAN THE OTHER" GRIFFIN turns slowly, tapping his thumbs together under his chin. We see that one thumb is substantially larger than the other.

"KAISER VON ONE THUMB
SLIGHTLY BIGGER THAN THE
OTHER" GRIFFIN

Have zay now?

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - LATER

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Brian sits on the couch.

TV ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Now available on DVD, it's
"Mastectomy Girls Gone Wild."

EXT. BEACH - DAY (ON TV)

A GUY holds a camera as a YOUNG WOMAN pulls up her shirt.

YOUNG WOMAN

Wooo! You shoulda seen them. They
were hot!

GUY

Wow, I could imagine!

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

Stewie enters and sits down next to Brian.

STEWIE

Heyyy, Brian.

BRIAN

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Hi, Stewie.

STEWIE

That was pretty crazy before, huh?
At the park?

BRIAN

Yeah, about that-- I don't suppose
we can just pretend it didn't
happen?

STEWIE

(OVERLY CASUAL) Yeah yeah, totally.
But I don't know... you said some
really beautiful stuff to me in
your e-mails.

BRIAN

Yeah, I really wasn't saying it to you. I was saying it to somebody else who I thought you were.

STEWIE

Well yeah, but no, but I mean you were saying it to me, but I was actually surprised at how much we have in common. I mean, theoretically, you and I could really have some kind of relationship.

BRIAN

Are you gay?

STEWIE

I'm not a big fan of labels like gay and straight. I just think personalities can be attracted to each other.

BRIAN

But you wanna date me?

STEWIE

Well, see, now there you go again with the labels.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

I mean, you can call it whatever you want, uh, dating is one name, um, I see it like just a couple guys who live in the same dorm, hanging out at three AM, just talking about their worlds, and how they in-tah-twine.

BRIAN

Alright, whatever.

They sit there for a beat, watching TV. Stewie's hands are on his knees. The hand closest to Brian casually drops to the sofa. **CLOSE-UP** on Brian who glances down. **ANGLE ON** Brian's POV. Stewie's hand is resting on the couch between them, but the pinky is splayed out just a little bit with the tip of it touching Brian's leg. **CUT BACK** to a two-shot. Brian moves just a tiny bit further away. **CLOSE-UP** on Brian. He glances down again. **BRIAN'S POV:** Stewie's hand moves over a little bit, the pinky once again touching Brian's leg.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

STEWIE

Uh, I don't feel like doing anything today. I'm so tired. I just wanna sit here and relax.

Over the previous line, Stewie stretches his arms and one hand falls palm-up on Brian's leg.

BRIAN

Move that, please.

STEWIE

Is that you? I thought that was the sofa. Hey, you know what? We should get some dinner tonight.

BRIAN

What?

STEWIE

Yeah, just grab a bite. Catch a movie. Maybe snag a beverage.

BRIAN

You think using words like grab, and catch, and snag makes you sound more casual?

STEWIE

Whaddaya say?

BRIAN

No.

STEWIE

What? You don't eat? You don't eat dinner? Alright, but I'm buying.

BRIAN

(BEAT) Okay, one dinner. But it's just you and me as friends.

STEWIE

Hey, that's all I'm talking about, slow down.

They sit there for a beat.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

I betcha we have fun though.

EXT. SWANSON'S HOUSE - LATER

Peter **rings** the doorbell. After a moment, the door opens and Joe emerges, followed by Bonnie, who is in tears.

BONNIE

Joe, please, can't we talk about this?!

JOE

There's nothing to talk about. I've outgrown you, Bonnie. I need to spread my legs and fly. Keep the kid.

PETER

Joe, what the hell? You're leaving Bonnie?

JOE

Outta my way, Peter. Me and my new friends are gonna go surf-gliding and try to somehow work a mountain bike in there.

Joe hops into a convertible with his three new friends. It has a trailer with Wave Runners and other extreme sport equipment on it.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hey, Parker, you bring the balance bars?

PARKER

No! I brought the extreme balance bars!

JOE

Yeah, extreme!

PARKER

Extreme!

JOE

(TO PETER) Extreme!

Joe gets out of the car and runs back to Peter and Bonnie.

JOE (CONT'D)

Extreme!

Joe runs back and jumps into the convertible.

JOE (CONT'D)

Extreme!

QUENTIN

(REVEALING TATTOO) Check out my
barbed wire tattoo!

PARKER

(REVEALING TATTOO) Check out mine!

PORTLAND

(REVEALING TATTOO) Yeah!

JOE

(REVEALING TATTOO) Extreme!

They **peel out**, doing a donut on the lawn before driving off.

PETER

I'm sorry, anyone with a barbed
wire tattoo on their arm is a
douche.

EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Peter sits with Cleveland and Quagmire.

PETER

And then the bastard completely
blew me off, and you know what
else? He's got a barbed wire
tattoo on his arm.

QUAGMIRE

What a douche.

CLEVELAND

What'd Bonnie say?

PETER

Oh yeah, I forgot to mention, he
left Bonnie, too.

QUAGMIRE

Peter, we gotta do something.

PETER

You're right, Quagmire. We made
this monster. And now we're gonna
have to destroy it. Boys, there's
only one thing to do. We gotta re-
cripple Joe. It'll be a public
service. Like when I did that anti-
domestic violence ad.

INT. STUDIO - X (FLASHBACK)

Peter stands, facing the camera.

PETER

Ladies, maybe sometimes you just
shut up sometimes. Oh, am I
drinking up all the money that you
earn for the family?

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

God, I wanna hit you so bad.

Together we can make a difference.

EXT./ESTAB. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - SAME

Stewie and Brian sit across from each other at a table, both looking at menus. **ANGLE ON** Brian, looking at his menu. **ANGLE ON** Stewie, looking at his menu. **ANGLE BACK ON** Brian, looking at his menu. He glances up at Stewie. **ANGLE ON** Stewie, who is grinning widely at Brian over his menu.

BRIAN

What?

STEWIE

Oh, nothing, just watching you think. Hey, you wanna order two different things, and then we can split them?

Brian **sighs** with a **low growl**.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Hey, Brian?

BRIAN

Yeah?

STEWIE

I'll do it any way you want.

BRIAN

What?

STEWIE

I'll order any way you want. We don't have to split.

BRIAN

Look, you know what, this wasn't a good idea. I'd like to go home.

STEWIE

Well, sure, we can go home after dinner. We can hang out, sit on the couch, you can pop it in me.

BRIAN

What?!

STEWIE

Pop a movie in the VCR. That was me pretending to be the VCR. I was just doing a bit. It'll be fun though, just you, me and a bunch of seamen.

BRIAN

What?!

STEWIE

I rented "Pirates of the Carribean." Most of the characters are seamen.

BRIAN

Alright, look, I've had enough of this. I know what you're trying to do. You wanna have sex with me? Fine, have sex with me, right here, right now! I'll just turn around, bend over and you can have sex with me, right here in this restaurant! Come on, do it!

EVERYONE in the restaurant stops eating and looks at Brian.

STEWIE

(BEAT) Uh, I'm not gay, man. My
god, get over yourself.

He throws money on the table and exits with his hand up.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(CALLING O.S.) Taxi!

EXT. SPOONER STREET - DAY

Peter huddles with Cleveland and Quagmire.

PETER

Alright, fellas, it's time to
execute operation "Re-Paralyze
Joe." Everybody clear on the plan?

QUAGMIRE/CLEVELAND

Check.

PETER

Watches synchronized?

QUAGMIRE/CLEVELAND

Ehh./ Close enough.

PETER

Alright, let's do this.

We see the following over "**Mission Impossible**"-type music:

1. Joe exits the Mini Mart. Cleveland and Quagmire, in fake beards and mustaches, tail him with perfect spy-like execution.
2. Cleveland and Quagmire stealthily trade a briefcase.
3. Joe passes a businessman reading a newspaper on a park bench. He lowers the newspaper and it's Cleveland.
4. Joe passes a workman cementing a sidewalk. He looks up and it's Quagmire.
5. Cleveland and Quagmire trade the briefcase again.

6. Quagmire pulls a van into an intersection, diverting traffic and causing Joe to make a left turn.

7. Cleveland spots Joe and adjusts his watch, angling the face just right to create a ray of sunlight on the side of a nearby church steeple.

8. Cleveland and Quagmire trade the briefcase one more time.

9. Outside of Joe's house. Joe comes walking up the front path, and, after all this elaborate lead-up, Peter comes running out of the bushes screaming like a madman...

PETER (CONT'D)

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

...and **brutally whacks** Joe in the small of the back with a lead pipe. Joe goes down in an awkward, unconscious heap.

The guys look at him for a beat, then:

CLEVELAND

(TO QUAGMIRE) What was in the briefcase?

QUAGMIRE

I have no idea.

EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Joe, back in his wheelchair, sits with Peter, Cleveland and Quagmire.

QUAGMIRE

Hey, listen, Joe, I'm sorry we had to resort to such drastic measures.

PETER

Yeah, it's just that operation "sit Joe down and give him a good talking to" didn't sound as sexy.

JOE

You guys had every right to do what you did. I was acting like a first-class jackass. I hope you can forgive me.

CLEVELAND

Aw, it's just good to have our old Joe back.

PETER

Come on guys, let's all go home and pee in something that's not a bag!

JOE

Alright! Let's go-- Wait a minute!
They all point at him and smile.

PETER/QUAGMIRE/CLEVELAND

Ahhhhhhh!

PETER

(HUMS THE "FAMILY GUY" THEME)

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW