

FAMILY GUY

"Peter Griffin: Husband, Father... Brother?"

Production #3ACX06

Written by

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Directed by

Created by

Seth MacFarlane

Executive Producers

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TABLE DRAFT
November 1, 2000

"Peter Griffin: HUSBAND, FATHER... BROTHER?"
Cast List for 3ACX06

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

ANNOUNCER.....TBD(SUB:STEVE CALLAGHAN)
BABS.....TBD(SUB:ALEX BORSTEIN)
BASKETBALL PLAYER.....TBD(SUB:MIKE BARKER)
BLACK COMEDIAN.....TBD(SUB:MIKE HENRY)
BLACK PROFESSOR.....TBD(SUB:GENE LAUFENBERG)
BUS DRIVER.....TBD(SUB:MIKE BARKER)
CAMERAMAN.....TBD(SUB:DAVID GOODMAN)
CARTER.....SETH MACFARLANE
CHAPTER PRESIDENT.....TBD(SUB:MIKE HENRY)
CINDY.....TBD(SUB:ALEX BORSTEIN)
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY
COACH.....TBD(SUB:MIKE HENRY)
COP.....TBD(SUB:DAN PALLADINO)
DONALD.....TBD(SUB:SETH MACFARLANE)
HITLER.....TBD(SUB:SETH MACFARLANE)
JAKE.....TBD(SUB:SETH MACFARLANE)
JILL.....TBD(SUB:ALLISON ADLER)
JUMPING GIRL.....TBD(SUB:ALEX BORSTEIN)
LEAGUE MEMBER.....TBD(SUB:KEN GOIN)
LEAGUE MEMBER #2.....TBD(SUB:MATT WEITZMAN)
LEPER.....TBD(SUB:STEVE CALLAGHAN)
LIBRARIAN.....TBD(SUB:ALEX BORSTEIN)
MAN IN CROWD.....TBD(SUB:MATT WEITZMAN)
MUSEUM GUIDE.....TBD(SUB:SETH MACFARLANE)
NATE.....TBD(SUB:SETH MACFARLANE)
PADDY FLANNIGAN.....TBD(SUB:MIKE BARKER)
PLAYER #1.....TBD(SUB:SETH MACFARLANE)
PLAYER #2.....TBD(SUB:MIKE BARKER)

"Peter Griffin: HUSBAND, FATHER... BROTHER?"

Cast List for 3ACX06

RAPPER.....TBD(SUB:MATT WEITZMAN)
REGIS.....TBD(SUB:MIKE BARKER)
SCIENTIST #1.....TBD(SUB:SETH MACFARLANE)
SCIENTIST #2.....TBD(SUB:MIKE BARKER)
SCIENTIST #3.....TBD(SUB:DAN PALLADINO)
SOLDIER.....TBD(SUB:GENE LAUFENBERG)
THOMAS.....TBD(SUB:SETH MACFARLANE)
TOM.....SETH MACFARLANE
TONYA.....TBD(SUB:ALLISON ADLER)
WAITRESS.....TBD(SUB:ALEX BORSTEIN)
WHITE PASSENGER.....TBD(SUB:MIKE HENRY)
WIFE.....TBD(SUB:ALEX BORSTEIN)
WILLIAM GRIFFIN.....TBD(SUB:SETH MACFARLANE)

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - NIGHT

INT. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH GYMNASIUM - SAME

A basketball game is in progress. PETER, LOIS, BRIAN, MEG and STEWIE sit in the stands. A PLAYER slam dunks the ball and everyone **cheers**. Another two points show up on a scoreboard which reads, "PUMPING AORTAS - 22, VISITORS - 18."

LOIS

(SHOUTS) Go Aortas!

The MASCOT, a realistic, veiny heart with a protruding aorta and skinny leotard legs, starts running back and forth in front of the crowd. He faces them and begins **pounding** his chest to the rhythm of the beat of the heart. The crowd mimics him and **chants** "Boom-boom... Boom-boom..." a la a heart beat. Blood **spurts** out of the mascot's aorta.

PETER

I wish they'd put Chris in already.

LOIS

Peter, relax. It's his first game.

ANGLE ON the game where TWO PLAYERS **collide** and fall to the ground. A referee's **whistle blows**.

PLAYER #1

Oh god, I'm sorry, you were right in my blind spot. Who are you with?

PLAYER #2

(PULLS OUT CARD AND PENCIL) Geico.

PLAYER #1

(PULLS OUT CARD AND PENCIL) Me, too.

PLAYER #2

Well, that'll make it easier.

The players quickly write down their information. **ANGLE ON** the COACH.

COACH

Griffin, get in there!

LOIS

Oh, they're sending him in! Yay,
Chris!

PETER

Atta boy, Chris!

CHRIS runs to the spot where the players fell and enthusiastically wipes the sweat off the floor with a towel. Peter turns to TOM TUCKER sitting next to him.

PETER (CONT'D)

That's my son. I taught him how to
wipe.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Tom Tucker's upside down faced son, JAKE.

JAKE

Why won't you teach me how to wipe,
Dad?

TOM

Because you don't have a bottom, son.

JAKE

Aw!

Chris runs back to the bench and "high-fives" several of the PLAYERS, most of them black.

BASKETBALL PLAYER

You and that towel are representin'!

CHRIS

Yo, that sweat's just frontin', G.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the Buddy Cianci

Junior High cheerleaders!

ANGLE ON the floor. The CHEERLEADERS run and tumble to the center of the court and form a human pyramid. CINDY, the cheerleader on top, yells to the crowd.

CINDY

(TO CROWD) Is everybody pumped up?!

CROWD

Yeah!

CINDY

Give me an "A, O, R!"

CROWD

A, O, R!

Stewie looks around, excited and bewildered.

CINDY

Give me a "T, A, S!"

STEWIE/CROWD

T, A, S!

CINDY

What does that spell?!

STEWIE/CROWD

Aortas!

CINDY

Who's gonna win this game!

STEWIE/CROWD

Aortas!

Everyone **applauds**. The cheerleaders come out of the pyramid and jump around, do splits, etc. **ANGLE ON** Stewie.

STEWIE

My god, what just happened to me?

It's those sirens! They had us all completely under their spell. Why, they could've told me to do anything and I would've done it with a smile and a curtsy. I must unlock the secret to their mind-control powers. Then I can take over the world one glorious gymnasium at a time!

PETER

Lois, can we go now? I'm starving.

LOIS

The game's almost over, Peter. Try to think about something else.

Peter begins to stare, mesmerized by a cheerleader. She moves seductively, smiling at Peter, a la "American Beauty." The lights go out, leaving a single spotlight on her. She slowly undoes the top two buttons of her sweater and hundreds of turkey legs pour out and float through the air toward Peter, who begins to drool. A few of the turkey legs slide around Peter's head and body, slowly and erotically, as he **moans** softly. One of them slides into his mouth and he begins to chew on it.

DISSOLVE BACK TO REALITY. We see that Peter is in fact chewing on a chunk of Lois' hair.

LOIS (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Peter, stop it!

Peter quickly snaps out of it and releases her hair.

PETER

Oh, sorry.

INT. GRIFFINS' CAR - LATER

The family drives home.

PETER

Hey, nice job out there tonight, Chris. You wiped the floor with that towel.

CHRIS

Yo, did y'all check me when that hottie was all up in my Kool Aid? She knew I was all that. Yeah, and I was lookin' to break off a little somethin' somethin', but my crew gave me the four-one-one on that skank and she's all about the bling-bling.

Peter **slams** on the brakes and pulls the car over.

LOIS

Peter, what's wrong?!

PETER

He's speaking in tongues, Lois. Our son is possessed.

Peter opens the glove box and pulls out a Bible and a small vial. He tosses the Bible to Meg.

PETER (CONT'D)

Meg, start at Psalm Forty-one and don't stop reading 'til I tell you.

Peter begins sprinkling Chris with liquid from the vial.

PETER (CONT'D)

The power of Christ compels you! The power of Christ compels you!

CHRIS

Aaaa! Aaaa!

PETER

It's working!

BRIAN

You're dousing him with Drakkar Noir.

LOIS

Peter, stop! He's not possessed.

PETER

Oh, yeah, well how do you account for him talking like Korean TV?

MEG

Dad, it's street. He talks like that to be cool. Lots of kids do it.

PETER

Oh. Well, that's kinda weird.

LOIS

Peter, it's just a phase. You've gone through a few yourself, you know.

BRIAN

Yeah, like those two weeks you were convinced you were invisible.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Lois, Meg, Chris, and Brian sit on the couch watching TV.

REGIS (O.S.)

(ON TV) Oh, I know. Sixteen thousand is a lot of money. Take your time.

Peter walks in, fully naked and holding a sandwich. He walks over and stands in front of the TV, blocking their view. He takes a bite of his sandwich, then scratches his left butt cheek for a beat. He then turns and casually walks back out of frame.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Chris sits at the counter eating chips and watching TV.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY (ON TV)

A gang-type RAPPER walks down the street.

RAPPER

I WAS BROUGHT UP ON THE STREETS / NO
MOMS AND DADS / I HAD TO FEND FOR
MYSELF WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS / BUT
TODAY I'S HURTIN' AND I'LL TELL YOU
WHY / I GOT A HANGNAIL! / HANGIN'
FROM MY CUTICLE / A HANGNAIL! / AND
IT AIN'T BEAUTIFUL / IT HURTS LIKE A
BITCH THAT I DID LAST NIGHT--

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter enters.

PETER

Hey, Chris. Whatcha doing?

CHRIS

Just layin' back in da cut. Peepin' at this here homey. Yo, Pops, me have some cheddar? Some player haters be throwin' salt in my game. Grilling me over my gear. I needs to be Mackin' style!

PETER

(BEAT, THEN) Well, uh, the important thing is you tried, son.

Peter, uncomfortable, quickly exits.

EXT. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL YARD - DAY

The cheerleaders practice as Stewie watches them from behind a chain-link fence. Stewie checks a pocket watch.

STEWIE

Splendid. It'll be hours before Lois wakes me for my next feeding. That should give me plenty of time to infiltrate this coven and learn their mind control secrets.

Stewie climbs over the fence, and walks over to a couple of the cheerleaders who are stretching on the grass.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Hi, there. Name's Stewart. Just transferred here from upstate. Got kicked out for drugs. Yep. Dropped a little too much of the old LBJ.

They ignore him. There's a beat.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(UNDER BREATH) Think like an
adolescent, think like an adolescent.
(THEN) Um, what do you say we all go
somewhere after practice and try to be
different?

They get up and join the rest of the girls, who are finishing
a routine choreographed to **music**.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(INWARDLY) Very well then, I shall
have to employ flashier methods.

Cindy **shuts** the music off.

CINDY

Okay, that was much better, but it
still sucked worse than anything I've
ever seen. What's wrong with you
guys?

Suddenly we hear an **uptempo song**. The girls turn to see
Stewie doing a dance of his own. His moves are a bit erotic
(think Leroy in "Fame"). After one of Stewie's more
outrageous moves, a cheerleader, TONYA, turns to another,
JILL.

TONYA

(RE: MOVE) What do you call that?

JILL

(IMPRESSED) Wicked.

Stewie ends his dance. The cheerleaders **applaud** and rush
over to him.

CHEERLEADERS

Oh, look how cute he is! / He must be
one of the teachers' babies. / He
wants to be a cheerleader, too!

Stewie smiles to himself as they continue to fawn over him.

STEWIE

My, so it's that easy to win you over.
Consider yourselves lucky I'm not
after your hymen.

EXT./ESTAB. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

Peter and CLEVELAND are at the bar drinking beers.

PETER

So, I ask Chris to pass the potatoes
and he rattles off all this "yo-yo-yo-
boyeeeeeeee." I said to him, we are
not a rich family, we can't afford all
those vowels. I don't know what he
was saying. I wrote it all down. I
was hoping you could help.

CLEVELAND

You know, Peter, it's offensive to
assume that all black people speak
street. I, however, happen to have
quite a mastery of it. Let's see.

Cleveland takes the paper and shakes his head as he reads it.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

Oh, my. Are you sure this is what
Chris said?

Peter nods.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

Peter, he's planning to murder you and
Lois in your sleep tonight! (THEN,
CHUCKLES) I'm just joshin' you!

(MORE)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

He just wants some more Mountain Dew
next time y'all go to the Stop 'n'
Shop.

PETER

I can't believe I'm losing touch with
my own son.

CLEVELAND

Peter, perhaps Chris has adopted
another culture's mannerisms because
he doesn't know enough about his own.

PETER

Gee, I never thought of that. You
know, I should teach Chris about his
Irish roots. Besides, we haven't
spent any time together since we went
to Pennsylvania.

EXT. PUXYTAWNY, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A CROWD, including Peter and Chris, is gathered around a hole
when a GROUNDHOG sticks its head out. Everybody **applauds**.

PETER

Aaah! It's one of those dogs that
guards the gates of hell! I got it!

Peter grabs a stick and starts chasing the groundhog,
whacking at it wildly.

EXT./ESTAB. MUSEUM OF IRISH HERITAGE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

A sign reads, "Museum of Irish Heritage."

INT. MUSEUM OF IRISH HERITAGE - SAME

Peter, Chris and Brian walk through the museum.

CHRIS

Dad, I don't want to be here. I wanna
be chillin' with my homeys.

PETER

Now, Chris, it's important you learn
about your Irish heritage.

They all walk on and enter an exhibit entitled, "A Day in the Life of the Irish Man." Behind the glass, we see an ANIMATRONIC IRISHMAN standing at a bar. He drinks a mug of beer, sets down the beer, then robotically rotates to his left, and in one continuous motion **smacks** his ANIMATRONIC WIFE, who holds her face. The Animatronic Irishman then rapidly resets back to the bar and the entire action repeats.

Chris, Brian and Peter continue on to the "Day in the Life of the Irish Woman," where they see an ANIMATRONIC IRISH WOMAN on her knees, praying fervently at the edge of her bed. She then robotically rolls onto her back and an ANIMATRONIC BABY drops from between her legs and **cries**. She rapidly resets and the entire action repeats.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MUSEUM OF IRISH HISTORY - A LITTLE LATER

Peter, Chris and Brian stand before a large screen with a crowd of other MUSEUM-GOERS as a MUSEUM GUIDE speaks.

MUSEUM GUIDE

Ancient archaeological evidence
indicates that Ireland was a much
different place before the discovery
of alcohol. Most experts believe it
was something like this.

ANGLE ON the screen where a film begins.

EXT. FUTURISTIC CITY - DAY (ON SCREEN)

We see a domed metropolis filled with futuristic buildings, flying cars, monorails, moving sidewalks and lots of healthy, happy PEOPLE.

INT. FUTURISTIC LAB - DAY (ON SCREEN)

We see a group of SCIENTISTS surrounded by extremely advanced computer equipment.

SCIENTIST #1

(IRISH BROGUE) Gentlemen, today we,
Ireland's top scientists, have found a
way to convert our entire population
to pure energy while maintaining full
sentient and intellectual capacities.

They all **murmur** their excitement. ANOTHER SCIENTIST then
enters.

SCIENTIST #2

Hey, Michael McLeod's just invented a
new kind of beverage in his basement.

Scientist #2 pulls out a bottle. Scientist #1 takes it.

SCIENTIST #1

(READING) Hmm. Whiskey.

Scientist #1 takes a **swig** and passes it around. The other
Scientists take their **swigs**.

SCIENTIST #3

I guess we could do that energy thing
tomorrow.

SCIENTIST #1

Yeah, I don't really feel like it
anymore.

SCIENTIST #2

You know what's great? Boobs.

They all **yell** their assent and begin to go berserk, **breaking**
beakers, **ripping** each other's shirts off, wrestling, etc.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MUSEUM OF IRISH HISTORY - LATER

Peter, Chris and Brian walk toward "O'Brien's Cafeteria."
Just before walking in, Brian takes a last hit off his
cigarette, then grinds it out in a standing ashtray which
reads, "Angela's Ashes."

INT. O'BRIEN'S CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Peter, Chris and Brian sit down at a table. A red-headed WAITRESS comes over, rolling a cart of food. She puts plates of food on their table.

WAITRESS

Today's special is Lucky Charms on
soda bread with cabbage. Would ye be
liking some Irish Spring with that?

PETER

Yes, please.

The waitress holds a bar of soap over Peter's plate. She takes a knife and carves a couple of slices onto his food.

PETER (CONT'D)

That's plenty, thanks.

The waitress exits.

CHRIS

(CALLS AFTER HER) But I like it, too!

The waitress doesn't hear him. Suddenly, a spotlight shines on a small stage in a corner of the room. An Irish FOLKSINGER is at the microphone. THREE MUSICIANS accompany him.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Lads and lasses, put your unwashed
hands together for Paddy Flannigan and
the IRA Terroristones!

The band begins to play an **Irish jig**.

PADDY FLANNIGAN

(SINGING) WELL, I KNOW A GOOD LAD AND
HIS NAME IS SEAN / HE'D SURE LIKE TO
SEE ALL THE PROTESTANTS GONE / AT THE
END OF HIS SHIFT AT THE OL' STEEL
MILL, HE SETS A BOMB, AND SOME BRITS
HE DOES KILL / WHEN A BRIT DON'T DIE
IT MAKES HIM MAD / SO HE GOES BACK IN
AND CUTS OFF HIS GONAD / THEN HE TELLS
ALL US CATHOLICS HIS WONDERFUL TALE /
AS WE SIT IN THE PUB AND DRINK WAY TOO
MUCH ALE!

The bar, including Peter and Chris, **applaud.**

EXT./ESTAB. QUAHOG PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Peter and Chris walk up the steps.

CHRIS

You were right, Dad. Being Irish
rocks!

PETER

That's more like it, son. Now, today
we're gonna learn about the Griffin
family history.

CHRIS

What's a library, Dad?

PETER

It's a place with a lot of old books
where homeless people come to shave
and go B.M. C'mon, let's go inside.

INT. QUAHOG PUBLIC LIBRARY - SAME

Peter walks up to a kindly, old LIBRARIAN, who sits at the information desk. Peter hands her a piece of paper.

PETER

Excuse me, do you have any of these books?

LIBRARIAN

Let's see... (READS) "Silver Dollars," by Hugh Jeriolas.

Peter **snickers**.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

Hugh Jeriolas. I don't know that author. What else... (READS) "Stuck Between Her Teeth," by Harry Nutz.

Peter **snickers** again.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

I don't have that one. But I do have his first book.

She hands him a book entitled "'Cup 'em Gently' by Harry Nutz."

PETER

(AT A LOSS) Oh. Thanks.

Chris comes over holding a stack of books.

CHRIS

Look, Dad, I found this book on our genealogy.

PETER

Way to go, son.

They sit down at a table and open a large, aged book.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, look, here's a picture of your
great-granddad, William Griffin.

CHRIS

It says here he was a World War One
pilot who died in a dogfight.

ANGLE ON the book, where we see a picture of WILLIAM GRIFFIN
behind the controls of a World War I biplane. We **ZOOM IN** on
the photo and it comes to life.

EXT. SKY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

William Griffin steers the plane through enemy **gunfire**.
Suddenly a GERMAN SHEPHERD and a RETRIEVER leap up from the
floor beneath him, **barking** and **tearing** at each other.
William tries to separate them.

WILLIAM GRIFFIN

Hey, hey, knock it off! See, this is
why I wasn't gonna bring you guys!
Aaa! Aaa!

The plane plummets to the ground and **explodes**.

INT. QUAHOG PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

(RE: BOOK) And his great-grandpa was
Thomas Griffin. A great philosopher.

We see a picture of THOMAS GRIFFIN in a pensive pose. Again,
we **ZOOM IN** on the photo as it comes to life.

INT. 1880 BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

In an impoverished-looking room, Thomas sits in a chair
staring off into space. His WIFE enters, carrying a baby.

WIFE

Thomas, would you please go look for a
job?

THOMAS

(DEEPLY REFLECTIVE) Why...?

INT. LIBRARY - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

CHRIS

Wow! That's cool! Go back even
further, Dad!

PETER

(CHUCKLES) Okay, settle down, spaz.

(READS) In 1840, Nathaniel 'Nate'

Griffin used to groom horses. (THEN,

RE: PHOTO) What the hell--?

We quickly **Zoom In** on the photo of NATE GRIFFIN. He is
leaning against a wagon wheel. He looks exactly like Peter
except... he's black.

PETER (CONT'D)

Holy crap, I'm black!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lois, Meg, and Brian sit on the couch with the genealogy book open across their lap. Peter and Chris stand in front of them. Chris holds the rest of the stack of library books.

LOIS

Peter, I can't believe it. You're really black?

PETER

It's gotta be a mistake. Just a big misunderstanding like World War II.

INT. HITLER'S OFFICE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

HITLER is in his office alone. A breakfast tray sits in front of him. He takes a sip of orange juice and **spits** it out.

HITLER

Aach!

A SOLDIER runs in.

SOLDIER

What is it, Mein Fuhrer?

HITLER

The juice! I hate the juice! Get rid of the juice!

SOLDIER

Ja woll, Mein Fuhrer!

He **clicks** his heels together and exits.

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

LOIS

I gotta say, Peter, the man in this book does look an awful lot like you.

PETER

C'mon, Lois. Our heads are nowhere
near the same size.

He holds the picture up to his head, comparing sizes.

PETER (CONT'D)

My head, his head, my head, his head.

(THEN) Stupid woman.

Brian grabs one of the other books Chris is holding.

BRIAN

(OFF BOOK) "The Diary Of Nate
Griffin."

Brian opens the book and reads.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(READING) "May 7th, 1836. Hot today.
I was brushing down Lucy, the new
colt, when she let out a fart right
near my face. So I took her head and
stuck it by my butt and blew a huge
fart right back at her! She's just a
horse, but I could tell she knew she
was outmatched."

PETER

Hehehehe.

BRIAN

Uh, that laugh's in here, too. See?

(POINTS TO BOOK) "Hehehehehe."

Everyone stares at Peter for a beat.

PETER

Holy crap, it's true!

CHRIS

Cool! I get to be black and Irish!

MEG

Yeah, and now I can wear clothes that actually show off my big butt!

LOIS

Well, Peter, I think it's wonderful you've discovered this exciting layer of your ancestry. (BEAT, THEN) Oh, I gotta tell Bonnie I'm sleeping with a black man!

Lois exits hurriedly into the kitchen.

EXT. BUDDY CIANCI CAFETERIA LUNCH BENCHES - DAY

Stewie and the girls sit at a bench.

TONYA

Oh my god, update, (MIMES AN EXCLAMATION MARK) exclam! Scott Martin just asked me out again.

JILL

Oh my god, this is date number three. Are you guys gonna do it?

STEWIE

I wouldn't advise that. (THEN) He's just a boy. Your first time should be with a man. I recommend Mr. Sorensen, English Lit. There's something so sexy about a man who can quote Lord Byron in the afterglow.

JILL

(GASPS) Here comes Scott!

STEWIE

(LOOKS DOWN) Oh, my god! Oh, my god!

SCOTT MARTIN passes by with his tray and Stewie and the girls act casual. As soon as he's gone, they burst out **laughing** and fall all over each other. As they continue to **laugh**, Stewie discretely pulls out a mini-tape recorder.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(INTO RECORDER) Have yet to discover their mind control secret. Also, trying to comprehend their obsession with the homosexuals from 'N-Sync.

Stewie puts the recorder away, and pulls out a pocket watch.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Good Lord! Lois will be getting home in five minutes.

Stewie hurries over to the exit door, then turns back to the girls.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Bye, guys! Oh, and Tonya, call me when you get back from your date. I want to hear everything!

Stewie takes off running. The "**running home**" music from "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" begins to play.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Lois drives.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

As Stewie runs down the street, he looks up at a car next to him and sees Lois. He quickly darts behind a house.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Stewie runs through a backyard where a POOL GUY skims the pool. As Stewie passes him, he grabs the long skimmer and uses it to pole vault himself over the fence.

EXT. BACKYARD NEXT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

TWO GIRLS in bikinis sunbathe on lounge chairs. Stewie runs past them. After a beat, he walks back into frame and extends his hand to one of the girls, who shakes it.

STEWIE

Hi, Stewie Griffin. (SHAKES OTHER
GIRL'S HAND) Stewie Griffin, hey.

EXT. GRIFFINS' DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lois pulls into the driveway. She gets out and enters the front door.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE/SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Stewie stands next to his house. He looks up to his room on the second floor. He pulls out a motorized grappling hook from under a fake, hollowed out rock. He **shoots** it at his window where it **sticks**, then winches himself up.

INT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE/STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Lois walks up the stairs.

INT. STEWIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stewie crawls through the window and jumps into his crib where a dummy "Stewie" already sleeps. Stewie pulls back the blanket to reveal a pillow and a football. He crawls under the covers and the Ferris Bueller **music stops playing**. Suddenly, he hears **snoring**. He bolts up and sees that his toy alligator tape recorder is playing.

LOIS (O.S.)

Stewie, time to wake up.

Stewie picks up the football and throws it at the alligator, **hitting** the stop button. Lois enters.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Wake up, sleepy head.

Stewie pretends to wake up, **yawning**. Lois strokes the side of Stewie's cheek.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Oh, how did you get to be so cute?

STEWIE

Months of practice.

Stewie bites the air coyly as Lois pulls her hand away. Lois exits. Stewie **exhales**.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(BEAT, THEN) Bitch.

EXT. CLEVELAND'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Cleveland wipes down his Harley Davidson. Peter approaches.

PETER

Hey, Cleveland, you got a minute? I really need to talk to you.

CLEVELAND

I was just going for a ride. Hop on.

Cleveland mounts the Harley and Peter mounts it behind him. They both don helmets. Cleveland **kick starts** the bike and they pull onto the street. Peter wraps his arms around Cleveland's stomach as they ride.

PETER

(OVER ENGINE NOISE) So, I found out I have a black ancestor.

CLEVELAND

(ALSO OVER ENGINE) Is that right? Well, that's fantastic, Peter.

PETER

Yeah, except now I don't know who I am anymore. I mean, am I Archie Bunker or Doctor William H. Cosby?

CLEVELAND

Don't lean into the turn!

PETER

(STOPS LEANING) Sorry. (THEN) I guess it's just that, well, I really have no idea how to be black.

CLEVELAND

Your fingernails are digging-- thanks. (THEN) Look, Peter, there's no right way to be black. You should just be yourself.

PETER

That's easy for you to say. You've been black for like, what? Well, ever since I've known you.

CLEVELAND

Perhaps you should go out and commingle amongst your newly found brethren. You know, absorb the culture. Wheelie time!

Cleveland pops a wheelie then comes back down.

PETER

You're right, Cleveland, I should be hanging around more black people like myself. Thanks.

They approach a red light and come to a stop. Peter still clings tightly to Cleveland as the bike **idles loudly**.

CLEVELAND

Hey! Peter, what the--

PETER

(QUICKLY) It's the vibration.

EXT./ESTAB. THE APOLLO THEATER - NIGHT

INT. THE APOLLO THEATER - SAME

The house is packed and the AUDIENCE is **laughing**. Peter, the only white guy there, stares at the stage, expressionless.

BLACK COMEDIAN

Who here used to wear a lot of Gerry Curl? (AUDIENCE APPLAUDS) Y'all know that Exxon Valdez thing? That ain't how it happened. Some brother just fell in the ocean.

The audience **laughs** wildly. Peter looks around blankly.

AUDIENCE

Woo hoo!/ Yeah, man./ You tell 'em.

PETER

Oh, yeah, I remember that. And all
those seals died.

Everyone **stops laughing** and stares at Peter. The room is
dead silent.

PETER (CONT'D)

It was all over the news.

In the dead silence everyone keeps staring at him.

PETER (CONT'D)

The channel two news with Dan Rather.

(BEAT) Although I think Connie Chung
might have been substituting for him
that night. (BEAT, THEN STANDS)

Well... about time for me to be
hitting the old dusty trail.

He makes his way down the aisle, passing a WOMAN in a
feathered hat.

PETER (CONT'D)

I like your hat.

He crosses off camera. After a few moments, he returns.

PETER (CONT'D)

Can't get out that way.

He heads in the opposite direction and crosses off screen.
We hear a **door open** then the **sound of an alarm**.

PETER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Ohp, found the emergency exit!

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

The chalkboard reads, "African-American Studies." A BLACK
PROFESSOR addresses the class.

BLACK PROFESSOR

...and 1967 was the same year that
Thurgood Marshall was named to the
Supreme Court of the United States.

ANGLE ON the amphitheater full of predominantly black
STUDENTS and Peter. Peter jumps up and begins shaking his
fist enthusiastically.

PETER

Woo woo woo woo woo!

The room goes dead silent as the class and professor stare at
Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

Well, I should probably be saddling up
now.

He walks down his row and off screen. After a beat, we hear
a **door open**, then a **fire alarm**.

PETER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Ohp, found the fire door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Peter comes upon a playground where TWO BLACK GIRLS turn rope
as a third black GIRL jumps double-dutch style.

GIRLS

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE/ CREAM ON TOP/
TELL ME THE NAME OF YOUR SWEETHEART.

PETER

Hey, can I try?

JUMPING GIRL

Sure.

The girls keep turning the ropes as the jumping girl steps
aside. Peter jumps in and immediately gets tangled in the
ropes, falling to the pavement. Peter starts to **bawl**.

JUMPING GIRL (CONT'D)

It's okay, mister.

PETER

(DISTRAUGHT) No, it's not. I'm
hopelessly white!

JUMPING GIRL

C'mon, you've got it in you. You're
just trying too hard. Stop thinking
and just be.

PETER

Just be. My god, you're right. Just
be. (BEAT) Hey, what's your name?

JUMPING GIRL

Epiphany Jones.

Peter jumps back into the swinging ropes and nails it.

PETER

I'm doin' it! I'm doin' it!

Epiphany starts jumping with Peter. They do a complex patty
cake routine.

PETER (CONT'D)

NOT LAST NIGHT BUT THE NIGHT BEFORE /
LOIS DRESSED UP LIKE A WHORE / WHEN A
STRANGER TALKS LIKE ME / TELL AN ADULT
IMMEDIATELY.

The girls and other KIDS that have gathered **cheer**.

EXT./ESTAB. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - SAME

Stewie enters the empty locker room. He looks around for a
beat, then opens one of the lockers. He begins rummaging
through its contents.

STEWIE

Damn. There must be some clue to the
source of their mental manipulation
techniques.

He finds a pamphlet. He reads the cover.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

"Your Body and You." (OPENS IT) "Every
four weeks for three to four days,
it's entirely normal for every young
woman to"-- (REVULSED) Oh, my god!
Oh, that's the most disgusting thing
I've ever heard in my life!

Stewie turns sharply as he hears the cheerleaders
approaching. He quickly jumps into the locker and closes the
door. The cheerleaders enter. Stewie peers out from the
locker's vents. Cindy throws down her pom-poms.

CINDY

That totally sucked! You guys call
yourselves cheerleaders? Well, I call
you cheerlosers!

STEWIE

(SOTTO) Hmm, this Cindy is definitely
the alpha of the group.

CINDY

And what happened with the pyramid? I
almost broke my neck!

STEWIE

(GASPS) The pyramid! Of course! That
must be the key to their power.

(SNAPS MINI-RECORDER ON) Mission
objective: eliminate Cindy and take
her place at the top of the pyramid!

Stewie **gasps** as the girls start taking off their uniforms.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

They're getting nude! Oh, I mustn't
watch.

(MORE)

STEWIE (CONT'D)

It's not the proper thing to-- Whoa!
I say, nice ones, Janine! And look at
Lisa in all of her curvaceous glory.
(THEN) Oh, I can't wait until I'm
older. Then I can start masturbating!

EXT./ESTAB. THE QUAHOG AFRICAN-AMERICAN LEAGUE - DAY

INT. THE QUAHOG AFRICAN-AMERICAN LEAGUE - SAME

The room is packed with BLACK MEN. A banner on the wall reads, "Unity Through Brotherhood Since 1979." Cleveland and Peter sit near the back.

PETER

Hey, thanks for bringing me here,
Cleveland.

CLEVELAND

Just try not to embarrass me, like you
did that time at The Gap.

INT. THE GAP - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter, holding a big pile of clothes, stands with Cleveland.

PETER

Hey, Cleveland, I'm gonna try some of
these on. (PULLS OUT A PURSE) You mind
holding my purse?

Peter hands his purse to Cleveland and exits to the dressing room. Cleveland stands self-consciously holding the purse as TWO GUYS walk by and **snicker**.

INT. THE QUAHOG AFRICAN-AMERICAN LEAGUE - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

The CHAPTER PRESIDENT is addressing the room from the podium.

CHAPTER PRESIDENT

Welcome. You know, it's not easy
being a black man in this world!
We've worked hard to get to where we
are! Years of struggle!

(MORE)

CHAPTER PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

And perseverance! So, I ask you, my brothers: whoever owns the silver Camry that keeps parking in my spot, please cut it out, or I will have your black ass towed. Now, I believe Brother Cleveland has an announcement. Cleveland stands up.

CLEVELAND

Yesterday I received reparations from the family that enslaved my ancestors. Everyone **applauds**.

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

Now, the family has become poor white trash since then, so they only gave what they could: A written apology with numerous grammatical errors, and this tray of scrumptious Rice Krispie treats. I share them with you all in the hopes that one day your wounds may be healed as well. Everyone **cheers** as Cleveland takes a treat and passes the tray to Peter.

LEAGUE MEMBER

Hey! Why is he taking one?

CLEVELAND

Oh, this is my friend, Peter Griffin. He recently discovered he was black.

LEAGUE MEMBER #2

He doesn't look very black to me! Everyone **murmurs** in agreement. Peter stands.

PETER

Gentlemen, please. Judge me not by the color of my skin, for I have always been there with you. (BUILDING INTENSITY) I was there when George and Weezie moved on up to the East Side. And I was there when Raj and Rerun got their first apartment.

MAN IN CROWD (O.S.)

Amen!

PETER

I was there when Lamont proposed to single-mother and divorcee, Janet Lawson. And when Benson ran for governor himself.

PEOPLE IN CROWD (O.S.)

Testify! / I'd vote for him!

PETER

Hallelujah, those were happy times! But I was also there for the bad times. When Florida lost James to that tragic auto accident.

PEOPLE IN CROWD (O.S.)

Poor Florida!/ On Thanksgiving!/ Sad holiday!

PETER

And I was there when Tootie got those terribly painful braces. Oh, and all those times the Devil made poor Flip Wilson do it? I was there.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

So, before you decide that I don't
belong here, remember this: I was
there!

The men stand up and give Peter a rousing **ovation**.

ANGLE ON the chapter President **clapping**.

ANGLE ON Cleveland **clapping**.

ANGLE ON THE FAT ALBERT GANG cheering as they often did in
their show.

DONALD

Way to go, Peter, you tell it like it
is!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

BABS and CARTER PEWTERSCHMIDT sit on the couch. Chris and
Meg sit on the floor in front of them. Lois stands off to
the side, arms folded, looking a bit chagrined.

CARTER

Now, Chris, this one's for you: How
many white Presidents have there been?

CHRIS

All of them!

CARTER

Very good. Babs, give him a caramel.

Babs holds out a caramel. Chris grabs it and runs outside.

EXT. YARD - CONTINUOUS

Chris scurries up a tree, and squats on a branch eating the
caramel like a squirrel.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter enters a la Dwayne from "What's Happening!!"

PETER

Hey-hey-hey! (THEN) Hey, Lois, what
are your parents doing here?

LOIS

Oh, they surprised us with a visit
after I told them about your recent
discovery. (FORCED) Isn't that nice?

PETER

It's aiight. (TO CARTER) Wazzup, Pops?

Peter extends his hand "brother"-style to Carter. Carter uncomfortably takes it. Peter brings him in for a hug which concludes with Peter gently bumping his fist against Carter's back twice. Peter then moves to Babs.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, Moms. Gimme some sugar.

Peter **kisses** Babs on the cheek.

CARTER

So, Peter, we hear you're black now.

PETER

Yep. I even got my own posse.

Peter opens the front door revealing THREE YOUNG BLACK MEN.

PETER (CONT'D)

Big dawg, T-bone, Shades. You guys go
make some sandwiches, we'll hook up
later.

The posse walks through the living room and into the kitchen.

CARTER

(TO THE POSSE) My jacket's in the
kitchen. Please don't write on it.

Chris enters from outside.

CARTER (CONT'D)

(THEN) Well, I think Chris and Meg
should know the Pewterschmidt side of
their ancestry, too.

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)

Kids, did you know the Pewterschmidts
were among the first to colonize
America?

Chris and Meg walk over and sit on either side of Carter on
the couch as he takes out a scrapbook.

PETER

(NERVOUS) Now, kids, don't be taken in
by the Man. Stay black and proud.

CARTER

Here's your ancestor, Silas
Pewterschmidt, warding off dangerous
predators at the first Thanksgiving
dinner.

ANGLE ON an ETCHING OF SILAS PEWTERSCHMIDT waving a torch at
frightened INDIANS just outside the woods as the first
Thanksgiving takes place in the background.

CHRIS

Cool!

Carter turns the page.

CARTER

And here's a picture of--
He quickly turns the page.

CARTER (CONT'D)

Oh, never mind that one.

PETER

Wait, wait, what was that?

CARTER

Uh, that was nothing. Just some
fellow we fed and took care of in
exchange for doing a few chores.

PETER

You mean a slave! Lemme see that.

Peter grabs the book and turns back to the previous page.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

ANGLE ON a photo of a PRE-CIVIL WAR MR. AND MRS. PEWTERSCHMIDT posing atop a horse-drawn carriage. We **TRUCK IN** on a familiar looking BLACK MAN standing next to the carriage holding the reins.

PETER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

It's Nate!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The family is where we left them.

PETER

Lois, your family owned my family!

LOIS

Daddy, is that true?

CARTER

It appears so. Boy, this is pretty embarrassing.

PETER

Yes, it is! And don't call me "boy!"

BABS

(GESTURES WITH HANDKERCHIEF) Peter, please, calm down. It happened a long time-- Oops.

Babs accidentally drops her handkerchief on the floor. Peter picks it up and hands it back to her.

PETER

Here you-- Oh, my god, I just picked up your cotton handkerchief. Shame on both of us.

CARTER

Babs, I think it's time we went to bed. Things will look better in the morning. Come here, kids, give Grandma and Grandpa a kiss good night!

Chris and Meg start to walk over. Peter grabs them.

PETER

No! You don't have to take orders from them anymore.

The Pewterschmidts start to head upstairs when Carter steps on a toy fire truck and loses his balance.

CARTER

Whoa...!

Carter grabs onto the drapes to keep his balance. The drapes and rod come off in his hands. As he flails around, the rod **whips** Peter, leaving a gaping hole in his shirt and a red slash down his back.

PETER

Aaah! You can whip me all you like,
white devil, but you'll never break my
spirit!

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Chris, Meg, and Brian sit at the table with their grandparents. Lois is at the stove.

CHRIS

Hey, Mom, want me to get Stewie?

LOIS

No, that's okay. He ate earlier.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stewie looks at his reflection in the mirror on the door.

STEWIE

Look at how fat you are. You disgust
me. Oink, oink, fatty. Oh, yes,
you'll take butter on that English
muffin, because you're the
cheerleading squad's token blimp! You
don't deserve to eat!

Stewie sticks his finger down his throat and **retches** into the toilet.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Peter enters wearing a traditional African dashiki.

PETER

Good morning.

LOIS

Peter, what on earth are you wearing?

PETER

It's a dashiki. And don't call me Peter. That's my slave name. From now on, call me "Kichwa-Tembo."

CHRIS

Cool! And I'll be "Mambutu O'Malley!"

PETER

Gee, Carter, I'm surprised you'd let Meg and Chris sit at the same table as you. But I guess they're still at that "cute" age.

CARTER

Peter--

PETER

Kichwa!

CARTER

(TO PETER) I'd like to have a word with you alone.

Carter exits. Peter follows after him, then after a beat pops his head back in.

PETER

Don't worry, kids, I'm not abandoning you. I'm just going in the other room.

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - CONTINUOUS

Carter lights his pipe as Peter enters. A beat, then:

CARTER

Peter, I think--

PETER

Kichwa!

CARTER

(SIGHS, THEN) Kichwa, we're both sensible men. There must be something I can do to make things right with you.

PETER

Actually, there is. I want reparations, just like Cleveland got.

CARTER

What the hell are you talking about?

PETER

I want an apology and some Rice Krispie treats.

CARTER

Well, I absolutely will not give you an apology. And I'm assuming "Rice Krispie treats" is black slang for "money," so here's ten thousand dollars.

Carter pulls out his checkbook.

PETER

Ten thousand dollars?!

CARTER

Not enough? Fine, make it twenty.

Carter starts writing the check.

CARTER (CONT'D)

How do you spell "Kichwa"?

PETER

Yeah, you know what, screw the Kichwa,
make it out to Peter. P-E-T-E--

INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Tom Tucker sits behind the desk, addressing the camera.

TOM

This just in. Slave owner descendant
Carter Pewterschmidt has paid twenty
thousand dollars, or two million
pennies, in reparations to a local
black man. We now go live to the
local black man.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - CONTINUOUS

Peter stands at a podium on a raised platform. Several
microphones are angled up at him. REPORTERS sit on chairs,
looking up at him as they take notes.

PETER

The money helps, but I'll always feel
my ancestors' pain. (THEN) Hey, from
down there does it look like I'm
talking into a bunch of robot penises?

INT. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH HALLWAY - DAY

We see the door of the girls' locker room.

INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM - SAME

We see Cindy showering (no naughty parts show). We hear
"Friday the 13th"-type music. CUT TO Stewie's feet slowly
walking across the bathroom floor. CUT BACK TO Cindy
showering. CUT BACK TO Stewie's feet continuing to walk.
Suddenly, he trips and falls on the floor.

STEWIE (O.S.)

Augh! Dammit!

ANGLE ON Cindy. She suddenly looks startled.

CINDY

Hello?

CUT TO Stewie's feet **scampering** behind a wall. Cindy pauses, then begins shampooing her hair again. Suddenly, the lights go out.

CINDY (CONT'D)

(GASP) Who's there?! (BEAT) Tonya?

Jill? (BEAT) C'mon, you guys, this isn't funny!

She quickly finishes rinsing off, and opens her eyes... to find Stewie staring at her as he dangles from the showerhead.

STEWIE

Nice ones!

CINDY

AAAAAAAAAAAAA!

Stewie drops down and latches onto her head, covering her nose and mouth with a small cloth. As Cindy **screams** again (muffled) and loses consciousness, we go to **BLACK**.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois is washing dishes at the sink.

PETER (O.S.)

Hey, Lois! Come in here and see what

I did with the money your dad gave me!

Lois walks into the den and **gasps**.

INT. GRIFFINS' DEN - CONTINUOUS

Lois enters to discover that the den is now an exact replica of the set of "Pee Wee's Playhouse."

LOIS

(GASPS) Oh my god, you turned the den

into Pee Wee's Playhouse?

Peter pops up from the porthole window, dressed as Pee Wee Herman.

PETER

GET OUT OF BED / THERE'LL BE NO MORE
NAPPING / IT'S A CRAZY MESSED UP PLACE
WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN / THERE'S A
CHAIR THAT FREAKIN' TALKS / HEY LOOK!
/ THERE'S SOME FISH THAT GIVE ADVICE /
HOLY CRAP! / IT'S SCREWY IN PETER'S
PLAYHOUSE!

LOIS

Peter--

PETER

Wait, wait. Watch this.

Peter walks over to the genie box.

PETER (CONT'D)

(A LA PEE WEE) Hey, Jambi!

He opens the box, revealing Brian's head. His face is painted green and he wears a turban.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, say it.

BRIAN

Mecca lecca hi, mecca hiney-- god, I
hate you so much.

LOIS

Peter, that reparation money should be
going to a worthy black charity.

PETER

Lois, the King of Cartoons will be
here in five minutes and I will not
have you embarrass me.

LOIS

You're acting ridiculous.

PETER/CHAIRY/GLOBEY/BRIAN,
ETC.

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA! You said the secret
word!

The word "Ridiculous" starts **flashing** on Conky the robot's
chest screen. Peter and the furniture characters go nuts.

EXT. QUAHOG STREET - DAY

Peter drives down the street.

INT. PETER'S CAR - SAME

Peter hears a **siren** and checks his rear-view mirror.

PETER

Uh oh.

Peter stops and rolls down his window. The COP comes over.

COP

Hey, you're that black guy I saw on
the news conference, ain't ya?

PETER

Yeah, that's me.

COP

(INTO COLLAR MIC) This is car fifteen,
I'm gonna need backup. I've got a
stolen vehicle here.

PETER

But this is my car--

COP

(INTO MIC) Suspect's getting
belligerent.

PETER

What?

COP

(INTO MIC) Officer down.

The cop falls to the ground. Three other cop cars **screech** up to them.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Peter's car is being towed away by a police tow truck. The cop is filling out paperwork.

COP

We're gonna let you go this time.

You'll get your car back after we

destroy it looking for drugs.

The cop crosses away.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

CAMERA P.O.V. -- The cop is being videotaped from the passenger seat a la "Cops."

COP

(INTO CAMERA) We didn't actually uncover any evidence of a crime, but he must've done somethin'. In my line of work, you can never be too cautious.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

Watch the road!

COP

Oh, geez!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The police car **crashes** into a telephone pole.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

Peter stands waiting for the bus. It pulls up and he boards it.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Peter pays the driver and starts to sit in the front seat.

BUS DRIVER

Oh, no. You sit in the back.

PETER

Hey, I got as much right to sit here
as anybody.

BUS DRIVER

There's vomit on that seat.

Peter looks at it. Indeed, there is vomit on the seat.

PETER

Oh. Okay.

Peter walks to the back of the bus and takes a seat. Just
then, a WHITE PASSENGER boards the bus.

WHITE PASSENGER

(RE: FRONT SEAT) Can I sit here?

BUS DRIVER

Sure, it's just vomit.

The white passenger sits down in the vomit as Peter **growls** at
the injustice.

EXT./ESTAB. THE QUAHOG AFRICAN-AMERICAN LEAGUE - DAY

INT. THE QUAHOG AFRICAN-AMERICAN LEAGUE - SAME

The room is packed. The Chapter President is at the podium.

CHAPTER PRESIDENT

So, it's agreed. Other people are
allowed to call us African-Americans
for at least one more year.

The Chapter President **bangs** the gavel. Peter enters.

PETER

Sorry I'm late, everyone. I was being
discriminated against. Man, it's
unbelievable what we people have to
put up with. I mean, I'd always heard
about it.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I've even had some kicks doing it.

But experiencing it first hand? Wow!

Not fun.

The men stare at him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Uh, why are you guys looking at me
like you're my wife?

CLEVELAND

Peter, we know about your selfish
squandering of your reparation money.
I shared mine. You, however, have
given nothing back to the community.

PETER

Yeah, but spending money on myself
makes me happy. So, in a way, I'm
doing my part to shake the whole
"angry black man" thing.

CLEVELAND

Peter, I think you should go now.

PETER

Why, is the meeting over?

CLEVELAND

I'm afraid for you it is.

Peter exits sadly.

EXT./ESTAB. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH - NIGHT

INT. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH GYMNASIUM - SAME

A basketball game is in progress. Peter, Lois, Meg, and
Brian walk up the stands. Peter gets to a section with
mostly BLACK PEOPLE (some from the African-American League).

PETER

Hi, guys!

The black people see Peter and give him the cold shoulder. Peter continues until he comes upon a section of WHITE PEOPLE.

PETER (CONT'D)

Hey, how's it going?

The white people give him the cold shoulder, too. Peter and the family continue walking up the stands.

PETER (CONT'D)

Geez, Lois, no one wants to sit with me. It's like I'm a freakin' leper.

Peter turns to a section filled with LEPERS.

PETER (CONT'D)

(TO A LEPER) Are those seats taken?

The LEPER pulls his own arm off and lays it across the seats next to him.

LEPER

No, these are saved.

Disheartened, Peter climbs to an empty section near the top.

LOIS

(POINTING) Oh look, there's Chris!

ANGLE ON the floor, where Chris wipes the sweat off of a player's face. He then holds the towel to the player's nose.

CHRIS

Blow!

The player **blows his nose** into the towel. **ANGLE BACK ON** Lois.

LOIS

Yay! Peter, wave to Chris.

Lois turns to see that Peter is gone. **ANGLE ON** Peter, who walks in front of the stands, passing by the cheerleaders. We stay on the cheerleaders after Peter walks out of frame.

TONYA

(WORRIED) Where's Cindy?

JILL

I don't know. But she better show up soon. It's almost half-time.

Jill picks up a pamphlet.

JILL (CONT'D)

(READING) "Every four weeks for three to four days, it's entirely normal--"

(REVULSED) Oh my god! That's disgusting! (SHOWING TONYA) This can't be right!

INT. BUDDY CIANCI BOYS' RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter is at the sink. He leans down to **splash** some water on his cheeks, and when he raises back up, Nate Griffin is staring back at him from the mirror (Nate's reflection is ghost-like).

PETER

Ahh!

NATE

Hello, Peter.

PETER

(GASP) Nate Griffin! Oh my god, you're haunting me because I've been a terrible black man!

NATE

Peter, you gotta stop putting so much importance on race. I know I didn't.

PETER

You didn't?

NATE

No! If I had, do you think I would've slept with your white great-great-great-great-granny?

PETER

I guess not.

NATE

That's right. And I wouldn't have slept with her fine sister neither. You see, Peter, the most important thing is how a man acts. You know what I'm getting at?

PETER

(SIGH) You think I should do something good with that reparation money, don't ya?

NATE

That'd be mighty fine, Peter.

PETER

I guess you're right. Listen, for what it's worth, I'm real sorry my wife's ancestors made you suffer so much.

NATE

Oh, don't worry about me. If it makes you feel any better, I peed in their cereal every morning.

PETER/NATE

Hehehehehe! / Hehehehehe!

NATE

Well, so long, Peter.

PETER

Wait, wait. Before you go, is Steve Allen just as insufferable in heaven as he was on earth?

NATE

Yep. And he's already written fourteen books and fifty-seven songs. So long, Peter.

Nate fades away. Peter starts to exit, then hears a **muffled cry** coming from inside of one of the stalls. Peter opens the stall door and sees Cindy, bound and gagged, wrapped in a bath towel.

PETER

Oh, you junior high girls and your hide-and-seek. Don't worry, I won't tell anyone you're here.

As Peter shuts the stall door, we hear Cindy's futile, **muffled scream**. Peter just smiles and shakes his head.

INT. BUDDY CIANCI JUNIOR HIGH GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

The half-time **buzzer** sounds. The cheerleaders look anxious.

TONYA

Look, we're just going to have to go on without her.

Upbeat music starts. The cheerleaders run onto the court and settle into formation, leaving a vacant spot in the middle. Just then, Stewie, dressed as a cheerleader and wearing a wig and fake boobs, does a series of back handsprings across the floor, landing in the vacant spot with a pasted on smile. The cheerleaders do their choreographed routine and Stewie matches them step for step. Eventually, the music stops and the cheerleaders form a human pyramid, with Stewie scrambling up to the top position. The school mascot (the giant, realistic-looking, veiny heart) tosses Stewie a bullhorn.

STEWIE

(INTO BULLHORN) Give me an "A"!

CROWD

"A"!

STEWIE

Give me an "O"!

CROWD

"O"!

STEWIE

(SOTTO) Alright, that's enough of that. (INTO BULLHORN) Now, everyone, stand up!

Everyone stands. **ANGLE ON** Lois, Brian, and Meg.

LOIS

(TO BRIAN) Oh, isn't that little cheerleader cute?

ANGLE BACK on Stewie.

STEWIE

(INTO BULLHORN) Everyone clap!

Everyone starts **clapping** repeatedly in unison.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Good! Now there's a large hunting knife under each one of your seats. On my command, I want you to-- AAA!

The pyramid suddenly becomes unstable and topples. The girls and Stewie **crash** to the ground. Stewie's wig and breasts are askew.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(TO GIRLS) You idiots, I had them! Cindy was right. We need a lot more work! Quick, back to the pyramid--

Just then, Peter picks up the bullhorn off the floor.

PETER

(INTO BULLHORN) Uh, excuse me. Yeah, hi, I'm Peter Griffin.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Listen, as many of you may know, I recently came into some money. Well, I don't really deserve it. So I've decided to share it with my brothers.

Peter pulls out several wads of cash and throws them high into the air. Everyone **screams** excitedly and charges onto the floor to grab the floating bills.

PETER (CONT'D)

(INTO BULLHORN) Uh, actually, I, I just meant the black guys.

Everyone ignores him as they grab the money. Ecstatic over their newfound wealth, black people and white people jump up and down and embrace each other. Lois approaches Peter.

LOIS

Peter, that was very generous. And look how happy you've made everyone.

PETER

Yeah, it just goes to show you, Lois. It doesn't matter if you're black or white, the only color that really matters is green!

LOIS

Oh, Peter!

Lois and Peter hug. **FREEZE FRAME** on Peter's face. A caption appears reading, "Peter: Went on to become head of the NAACP." **FREEZE FRAME** on Lois. A caption appears reading, "Lois: Wrote a popular series of children's books about a ladybug with diabetes." **FREEZE FRAME** on Meg. A caption reads, "Meg: Whereabouts Unknown." **FREEZE FRAME** on Chris. A caption reads, "Chris: Grew up to become Vice President of Programming for the Fox Network. Fired four months later for championing 'The Charlie Rose Comedy Hour.'" **FREEZE FRAME** on Brian. The caption reads, "Brian: Died of head injury after sliding across a hardwood floor and into the corner of a table." **FREEZE FRAME** on Stewie. A caption reads, "Stewie: Currently working as assistant night manager of a Howard Johnson's in Lexington, Massachusetts. Reprimanded several times for riding his underlings too hard."

END OF SHOW